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JUNE TO NOVEMBER, 1873.

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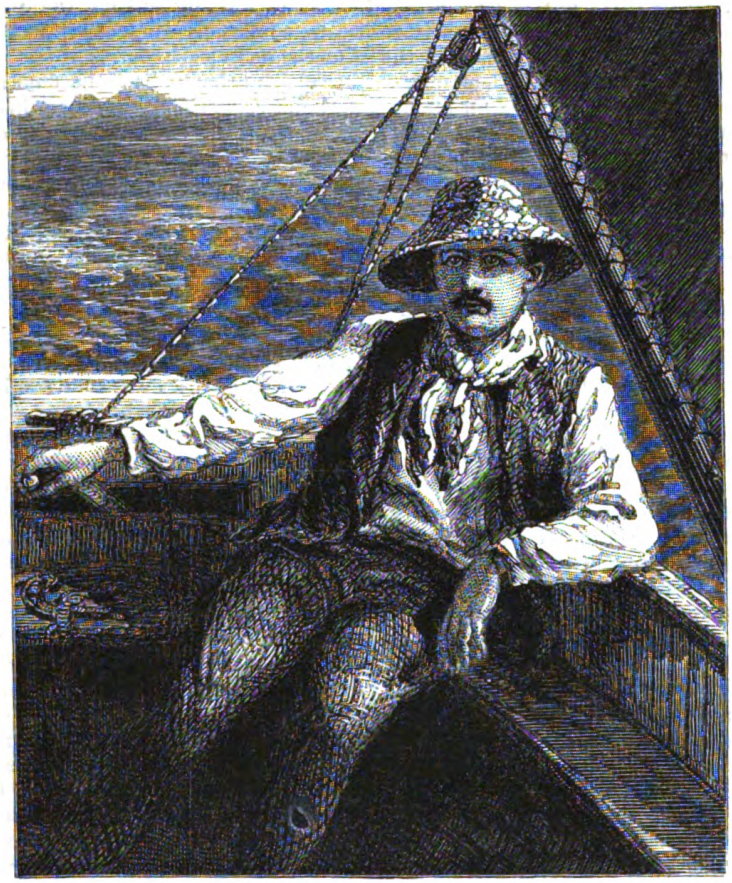
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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCLXXVII.—JUNE, 1873.—Vol. XLVII.

CHEAP YACHTING.



CHEAP YACHTING IN BUZZARD'S BAY—TEMPE'S KNOBS IN THE DISTANCE.

THE day of wooden and sailing vessels, for purposes of war and commerce, has probably passed. Only twenty years ago, the boys of America, more especially those of the North Atlantic coast, used to read with pride, and repeat with enthusiasm, the exploits of Paul Jones, Decatur, Hull, and Perry, the heroes of our infant navy. We knew by heart the stories of the old *Bonhomme Richard*, the *Constellation*, the firing of the *Philadelphia* at Tripoli, the saucy *Enterprise*, the ill-fated *Chesapeake*, and the immortal *Constitution*. Of the merchant marine we fondly cherished the names of those noble clippers, the *Sovereign of the Seas*, the *Dreadnaught*, the *Red Jacket*, and a host of others, the fastest in the world, and eagerly flocked to the wharves to gaze at them when they came to port. Cooper and Marryat were our favorite authors in fiction. *Midshipman Easy*, *The Pilot*, and Dana's *Two Years before the Mast* were our delight, and presented to the youngsters who longed to be afloat a fair picture of the sailor's lot.

But the romance is now all gone from poor Jack's life. He is only an ill-paid,

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overworked laborer. His old enemies—land and water sharks—still survive; but the rollicking, generous, brave Yankee tar is disappearing. The next generation will only see of him the absurd caricature that appears on the stage, and will infer that the Ancient Mariner was, for the most part, a lunatic.

The new era of machinery and iron will, no doubt, benefit commerce, and produce more highly educated and scientific officers; but the fireman and the steward's boy can no longer hope to carry out the venerable old rule, "Go in through the hawse-hole to get to the cabin." To the seaman of the old school these steamers and iron-clads, without top-hamper or sails, are an abomination and a curse. His occupation is gone, and he must vanish from off the face of the earth. None felt this more keenly than noble Farragut, who, from the time he first smelled powder on the *Essex* till his last cruise was done, ever loved a tapering mast and a swelling sail.

The outlook for the future is not encouraging. It has always been the policy of the United States, until now, to have in time of peace a small fleet, but a good one. We had few vessels, but they were the best of their kind. The frigates and sloops we sent to sea in the war of 1812 were larger, better manned, and more powerfully armed than any of their class in the British navy. Hence the glorious results. This policy was begun during the Revolution, and has only recently fallen into disuse. The *Princeton*, the *Susquehanna*, the *Niagara*, and the *Merrimac*, with her sisters, were intended to be the most formidable men-of-war of their rates afloat. At the present time we have not a ship in the navy worth boasting of.

Our mercantile marine, as we all know, is choking to death.

Are the United States, then, to leave the ocean, and confess themselves an unmaritime nation?

This question has been happily answered by the spirit of individual enterprise. The honor of the American flag has been maintained by the New York Yacht Squadron. We still stand at the head of the world for speed, model, rig, and elegance of schooner yachts.

The first decked vessel built within the old United States of which we have any account was constructed on the banks of the Hudson, during the summer of 1614, by Schipper Adrian Van Blok. This vessel De Laet terms a yacht. In this "yacht" Blok passed through Hell Gate into the Sound, and steering eastward, discovered a small island, which he named after himself,* going as far as Cape Cod by the Vineyard passage.

The two-masted, fore-and-aft rig was first adopted by the hardy Cape Cod mariners, and the schooner is essentially a Yankee craft. Neptune forbid that the long-worn garland of fir be plucked from the brows that so long have carried it!

Whatsoever shall encourage the youth of the present day to love the sea, teach them to brave its fancied dangers, or arouse in them a desire to excel in the art of navigation, must be of benefit to the whole country.

To the New York squadron is due the credit of having, during the past twenty years, so largely increased the interest of Americans in yachting, that the victories of our pleasure craft have become matters of national concern. Our fleet schooners have raced across the Atlantic, gained cups in the British Channel, roamed among the West India Islands, and laid their bones on the reefs of the Mediterranean. Not content with this, their adventurous owners now plan voyages around the world, and long wanderings among the genial isles of the Pacific.

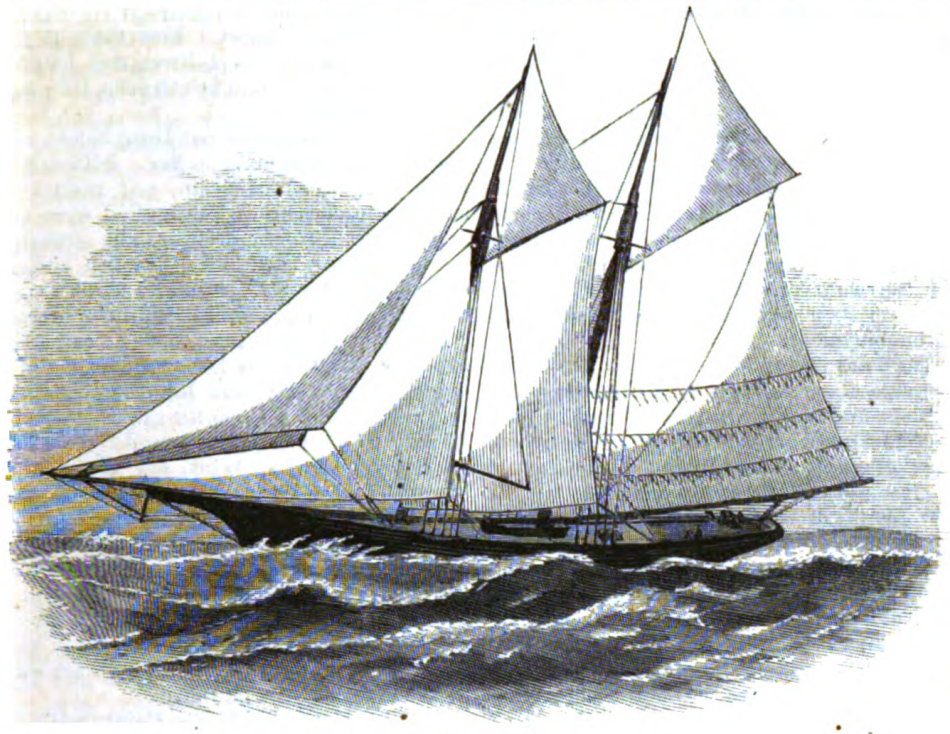
The sport, however, is deemed so costly that of the many thousands who admire and long for it, only a few hundreds have found a way to compass their desires. Those who have neither a fortune nor the friendship of a yacht owner generally content themselves with reading exciting accounts of regattas and cruises in the newspapers, or listening to the stirring stories of luckier men. Many treat themselves to a steamboat excursion to a fishing-bank with a large and strange crowd. Some form clubs, charter a coaster, and crawl from port to port in the Sound and on the Eastern coast. All these plans have their charms, but want the essential elements of a true yachtsman's enjoyment. He commands his vessel, and is responsible for her. He goes when he pleases, returns when he chooses, and changes his course whensoever he deems fit. To start with the wind, not knowing how far you will go—to make a harbor only when the weather or your own caprice dictates, with no other will to conflict with yours, no surly or lazy skipper to obey, and no fellow-passenger's equal rights to consult—this is true pleasure-sailing. Add to the above the study of winds and currents, buoys and beacons, ballast and trim, sail and helm, and anxiety about rocks, ledges, squalls, and fogs, and you have genuine yachting.

Supreme command, ample time, an observing mind, and a spice of danger, are requisites of an entirely happy cruise.

The *Sappho*, *Dauntless*, *Magic*, and others of the class that have made our national reputation, doubtless cost their owners from twenty to fifty thousand dollars a year. This enormous expense is within the means of so few that the mass of the community think pleasure-sailing a pastime only accessible to

* Cooper's *Naval History*.

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THE "SAPPHO."

the very richest. Yet any man of moderate fortune may keep his yacht in summer for a trifling sum, provided he has an ardent love of salt-water, a cool head, and a steady hand.

It was my fortune to land in England in 1851, just after the *America* had beaten her fleet of British rivals, and to behold the astonishment of the English at so unexpected an event. John Bull was fair-minded, however, and gave unstinted praise and hearty congratulations to the Yankees. Probably many an American dates from that victory the beginning of an intense eagerness to excel in all water sports.

The summer of 1870 found the writer, blessed with plenty of leisure, in the fair city of New Bedford, at the mouth of Buzzard's Bay, on the southern coast of Massachusetts. This old whaling port is too well known to need description. The inhabitants and visitors who carefully explore the harbor and neighborhood declare its attractions superior to those of Newport.

I there made an attempt to solve the problem of cheap yachting, urged by reasons that usually impel men to do things cheaply. I could not afford any great expense, and I was determined to have a cruise. Previous experience on fishing and sailing parties had shown that no mere passenger can ever learn to manage a sail-boat except in very light breezes. If there is a skipper, he always takes the tiller as soon as any skill is required. If amateur sailors are all the crew, they are constantly meddling, advising, and disconcerting, unless some one is "facile princeps." I therefore determined to be captain of my boat. As it must necessarily be small, only one companion could well be taken along. But as a green hand might become timorous, and I should be held responsible for his safety, and as an old hand would laugh at blunders, or mutiny in case of danger, I decided to go alone.

A voyage of this kind, however, must not be undertaken without careful study and preparation. A rash start may result in speedy disaster, and cool one's courage for the future. I first made many trips about the harbor in a row-boat, fixing bearings and buoys in my memory, exploring all shallows and rocks, and shaping out in my mind's eye the whole basin where two feet of water remained at all tides. Careful attention was given to the prevailing winds, to places where flaws from the land might be dangerous, to signs of fog, and the run of the tides. Nor were the best fishing-grounds for tautog and scup neglected. The impetuous blue-fish, too, was courted, but without success.

The next step was to go out sailing with a skipper, watch his movements, analyze the manœuvres of jibing, luffing, running off and on the wind, and learn the proper way of reefing, anchoring, and shooting into the wharf. After a week or two of mental training like this, of pulling a heavy row-boat fifteen or twenty miles a day, and

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swimming in rough water, a man is ready for any adventure.

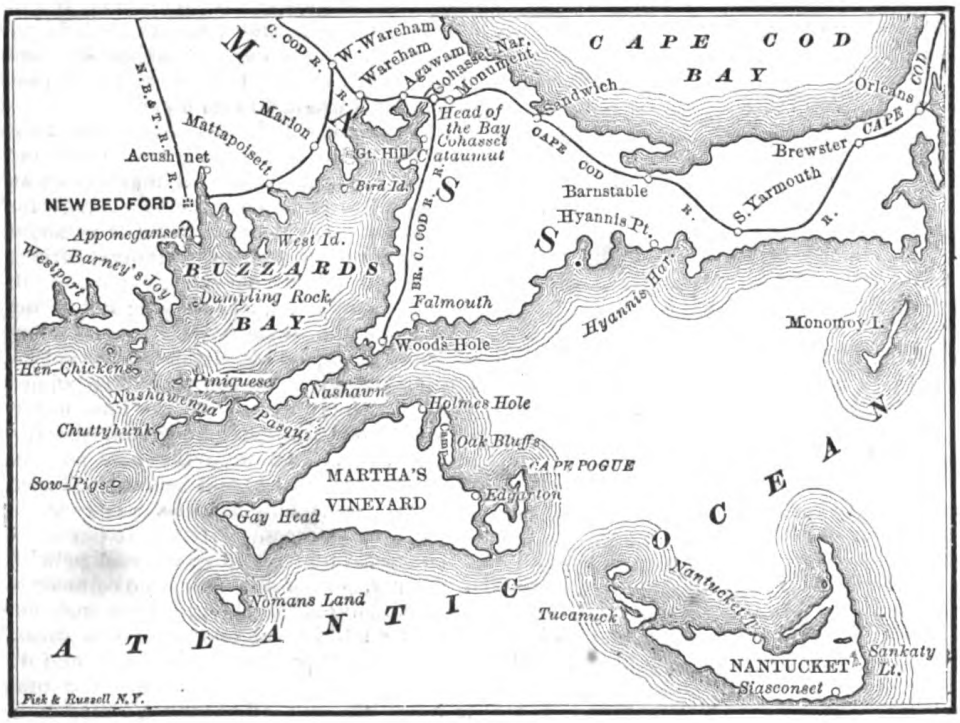
The outfit for the voyage was then fixed upon with studious care. Old army experience was here a great help. The same rule was adopted as when starting upon a march. First gather together all you think you want. It will be an unwieldy mass. Throw out every thing you can possibly dispense with, then something more. Now add one luxury that you are sure will console you for the want of useful articles discarded. You are then equipped for hard work and calm enjoyment.

Here are the articles of prime necessity: the oldest and thickest suit of clothes you possess, and a few changes of under-clothing, ancient army woolen and India rubber blankets, a great-coat, and a Coast Survey chart—all in a tight valise or canvas bag; a few pounds of hard-tack and boiled meat in a box, and a gallon of water. Let the last be carried in a large wooden keg, with a small nozzle and stout handle, and only half full. Haply this keg shall prove a life-preserver in case of capsize. It is on record that a Sandwich Island woman once swam twenty-eight miles to the shore from a foundered vessel with only the help of a ship's bucket.

The luxury I chose was a set of fishing implements, selected with care at a first-rate dealer's. A well-balanced bamboo rod, a multiplying reel, two hundred yards of linen bass-line, with a small box of swivels, hooks, spoons, and such gear, are enough to insure delightful sport. You may, if you choose, add a few hand-lines and bait for still fishing. He loves not the sea who neglects the angler's art.

The boat was picked out long before, and several trial trips made in her. Fifteen feet in length, broad of beam, cat-rigged, of eighteen inches draught, decked over forward, with a roomy cockpit, she promised to be buoyant, stiff, and quite fast enough to suit a beginner. With a stout kedge and line, a pair of oars to make ash breezes with, baggage and stores stowed carefully, the tiny yacht hoists her sail at noon of a bright August day, and hugging closely a light southwest air, gently glides from the wharf. "Where are you bound?" is asked. "I don't know." "When are you coming back?" "I don't know," is again the answer. Slowly crawling under the lee of the New Bedford shore, past Palmer's Island, where, by-the-way, a gem of a hotel might be built, we make for mid-channel, my yacht and I. The ripple under the bow becomes a streak of foam, soft rocking changes to quick nodding to the choppy waves, and we are soon at the mouth of the harbor.

On the right is Clark's Point, with its famous shell road, and the stout little granite fort at the southern end. It was here the British landed during the Revolution, and marching toward the town, surprised an ancestress of mine, fleeing from her house with the most valuable piece of property she



MAP OF BUZZARD'S BAY.

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could think of in the emergency—a pair of bellows!

Beyond are Apponegansett, Dumpling Rock, with light-keeper, famous for chowder, and the line of coast stretching westerly toward Westport, Rhode Island. Southward lie the Elizabeth Islands, light blue in the distance. On the left is dingy Black Rock, sterile West Island, and a low shore, gradually rising hazily in the direction of the upper bay. The southwest breeze is coming straight from the open sea, and shapes our course; so, slacking the sheet, we bound gayly before it up the bay.

Before proceeding farther I will devote some space to the most important preliminary of successful water voyaging.

In order to fully enjoy the land and sea about us, and even for safety's sake, we must first learn how to handle a boat skillfully.

Once out in the middle of the bay, I began to realize how different theory is from practice. With all my previous observation and attention to detail, I soon found myself at fault. A heavy sea was rolling in, the wind was rising rapidly, and the boat rushed over the tops of the waves with startling speed, pitching into the trough beyond as if she intended diving to the bottom. In all my experience hitherto there had been an extra man to take in sail, but now I had to stay by the tiller, and the halliards were made fast forward. If the rudder were left for a moment, we should broach to and capsize, and there would be nothing but the water-butt to continue the cruise with. I did, indeed, try coming up to the wind for a second or two, and was so near going over that I once for all learned the folly of that manœuvre. There was nothing for it, apparently, but to keep straight on or get the sail down. Waiting for a lull, I sprang to the halliards, let them go, and got back just in time to save a catastrophe. But, alas! I had forgotten a very important precaution. I had not overhauled my running rigging. The rope was old and spliced, and would not run through the blocks. The sail still kept up, and pulled like a runaway horse. Here was a dilemma—a choice between rolling over and turning a somersault. Vainly I yawed the boat and jerked the sheet; the obstinate canvas would not take an inch. The situation was getting serious, and desperate measures became necessary. Lashing the tiller hard a-starboard, I made a frantic rush forward, and threw my whole weight upon the bolt-rope. I thought it would never give, but just as the boat jibed and the boom got inboard, down came the sail, and we lay like a log upon the water. Thankful for safety, and glad not to have any witnesses of my blunder, I took the lesson to heart. Thereafter all my running rigging was made fast to after-cleats, and kept free. I afterward asked a well-known and experienced boat owner and fisherman of those waters, with a view to getting instructions for future use, what he would have done if he had got caught in such a scrape. "I wouldn't 'a got caught in it," said he, with vast disdain; and not a word more did I get out of the trusty but somewhat crusty skipper.

If the art of sailing, like that of war, is best learned from our own mistakes, I must have pretty effectually mastered it during the summer. Going before the wind is easy enough, if you mind the helm well; but the knack of getting full speed while running close to the wind, without making too much leeway, is only acquired by long practice and close attention. There is no more pleasing sight than to watch a thorough seaman beating against a head-wind, and there is nothing more absurd than a novice's effort to do the like. At first I spent hours in doing what afterward took only half hours. I jibed ship when I hadn't the slightest intention so to do, much to my astonishment and dismay. There is something thrilling in the first jibe. It is no joke. You find the boom coming inboard as gently as a feather, and before you have had time to wonder why it does so it springs over the other side like a catapult, hitting your head, perhaps taking a turn of the sheet about your legs, and leaving you thankful you are not pitched overboard.

On starting from a wharf it is not advisable to turn round and wave adieux to your friends, or you may do as I did once, and run into another boat moored close by. The skipper said nothing, probably because there were ladies present, but his face was sad and his look was unkind, and until I had rounded the point I felt uncomfortable and sheepish, for until then I could see him standing upon the wharf, leaning against a post, with an expression on his countenance of mingled contempt for my awkwardness and pity for the inevitable drowning that must soon overtake me. It is well not to anchor on the flats, at high tide, for a nap. You may find yourself high and dry for hours after you awake.

To tack gracefully is most essential to proficiency in navigation, and one goes through a series of most provoking failures before acquiring this accomplishment. To miss stays and have to scull round into the wind with canvas flapping and boom swinging furiously is highly mortifying, especially before company. The beginner, however, will have to endure it many times before he finally learns to get the sails properly full, to put the helm down gradually, and to keep off judiciously when fairly around. To avoid collision, with the least possible deviation from one's course, is still harder. At first I used to be disturbed by vessels that were miles away, and would run away in the most undignified manner from any thing near by, whether I had the right of way or no. Once I threw the an-

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THE SKIPPER OF MARION.

chor overboard without making the cable fast to the boat.

Such are some of the trials I went through before I felt entirely at ease in my boat. Many days and more than one cruise were needed to accomplish this result. Boat sailing is an art that no amount of reading, theoretical instruction, or observation can teach. Every man must learn it for himself, by practice, in good weather and bad, by day and by night. Once acquired, it is the source of healthful recreation and most exquisite pleasure.

Now, gentle reader, if you are not weary of the preliminary disquisition, pray give me your company to the pleasantest cruising-grounds in all America. Let the squadrons of big yachts show their speed and prove their strength in waters of deeper blue: we will creep along the shores that entranced the Norsemen centuries ago. No inlet shall be too shallow for us, no harbor too narrow, no island too small to land upon. We will be joyous explorers by sea and shore.

Turning the head of our yacht to the northeast from New Bedford Harbor, we bowl merrily up the bay. That big black buoy you see so far out from shore marks the end of a reef stretching out from West Island. Larger craft have to go outside. We will run over without a care. Look down and you will see the big rocks all about us. Yonder, on our port bow, is a spindle, the sign of a lone rock, and beyond is Mattapoisett light-house, with the town. Do you not like these Indian names? The coast throngs with them, such as Cataumut, Potomska, Cohasset, Wamsutta, Acushnet, Agawam. Round about us you see many skiffs at anchor, fishing for tautog, sea bass, and scup. We shall try for nobler game by-and-by.

You notice that the breeze is strengthening. It is the prevalent air hereabouts in summer, and almost always freshens in the afternoon. It comes cool from the ocean, and makes the climate of this region delightful in summer.

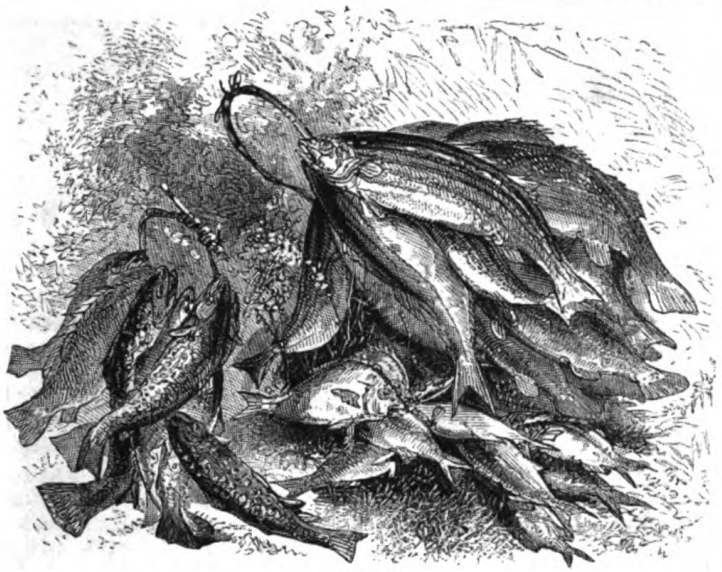
That light-house ahead is on Bird Island, and stands guard at the entrance to the upper bay. We are now near Marion Harbor, and will anchor off the point to fish a while. If you wish to catch tautog, let your sinker lie on the bottom, and don't pull the line until the fish runs away with the hook. For scup keep your bait off bottom, and jerk lively at the bite. They do not afford much sport, but are delicious eating. Now that we have a mess, we will make a port at Marion, which lies at the head of the picturesque cove ahead. The inhabitants foolishly changed the name of their town from Sippican a few years ago. They are, nevertheless, a kind and hospitable people. We can get our fish cooked and find good beds at a farmer's house for a trifle, or go to the Bay View House, a cottage-like hotel, which is fast becoming a summer resort for oppidans.

You are badly sunburned and cramped by sitting so long in the boat, but you will soon get used to it.

Dawn of the next day finds us creeping

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slowly toward the mouth of the land-locked harbor, and past the exquisitely picturesque little island which guards its mouth, with a light air from the north-east, which dies away and leaves us becalmed for a few hours. We improve this opportunity for a swim. The water is delightfully warm, and you may stay in as long as you like without chill or languor.

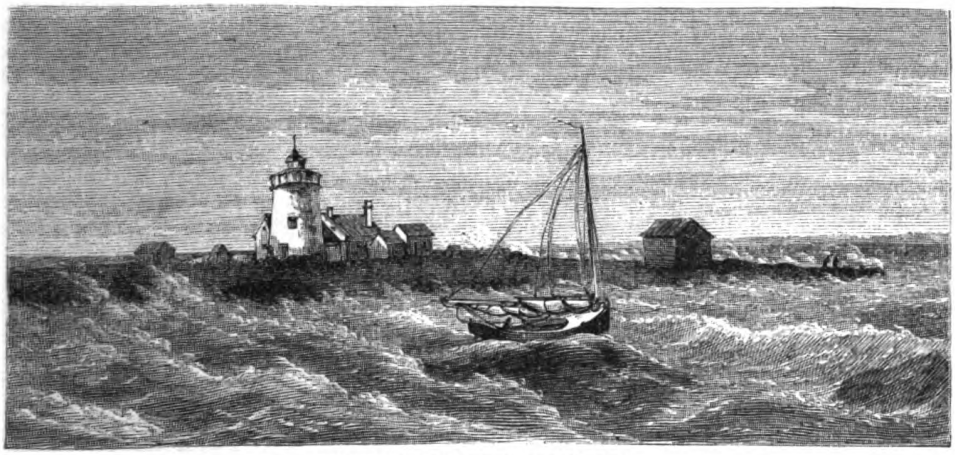


SOME FISH.

The usual south-west breeze now lightly blows. It will last all day, so we will run out into the bay and try our luck with the blue-fish. The fishermen about here use hand-lines and eel-skin "drails," as they call their trolls. They get more fish, but have none of the fun of playing them. I shall try my new spoon-hook. To joint the rod, attach the reel, and have fifty yards of line out is the work of a moment. Steering close to the wind, I easily regulate our speed, and await the sport with tiller in one hand and rod in the other. Suddenly down goes the point of the rod, and out flies the line. Ha! he's hooked; he breaks water; a six-pounder at least! He tugs viciously; he runs deep; he leaps frantically into the air. It is worth a week's journey just to play that fish. Slowly the winding reel draws him to the side. Beware of his last flurry near the boat. He gets a little line while I haul in the slack of the sheet, but at last is safely brought to gaff. Look out for his teeth: he can bite like a mad dog. Hurrah! we are in the middle of the school, and the new spoon works bravely. Will you try your luck, my friend? Let the rod lie easily across your left arm, and keep your thumb on the band to check the line. Now you have him hooked. Don't give him any slack, nor be too eager to reel in. Take time, but make him feel the spring of the rod. See! there's another one trying to get the spoon away from the first. They say about here that if the blue-fish jumps up and shakes his head at you, it means that he is not coming aboard. He certainly has a queer knack of getting rid of the hook. When you hear your spoon jingle you may bid good-by to the fish.

The epicure tells us to bleed and draw the blue-fish at once, and to cook and eat him as soon thereafter as we can. We accordingly land on Bird Island, where the cheery light-keeper, always glad to see strangers, gives us a broil such as no city table can boast.

The island is separated from the main-



BIRD ISLAND LIGHT, BUZZARD'S BAY.

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LONG PIER, MARTHA'S VINEYARD.

land by a shallow strait, with a reef of rocks stretching almost across. I ran through there once in a gale of wind, with a line of breakers from shore to shore. I got into Marion Harbor, drenched and exhausted, with my boat half full of water, and have wondered ever since why I wasn't dashed to pieces. It was fiercely exciting, and my life was insured, but I wouldn't try it again.

As the sun begins to sink we hoist sail for Great Hill, which looms up almost grandly five miles ahead. On a point at its foot stands the Marion House, a prominent building, standing in bold relief against the hill. With broad piazzas on three sides, and long windows, all overlooking the water, the building serves as a landmark for all the adjacent waters. No better base of operations can be chosen by those who wish to explore the upper bay.

Before sunset we will climb Great Hill. Though not much to brag of as a hill, it looks down quite proudly on the flat country hereabout. The view from the top is charming. Far to the eastward stretches the cape—Cape Cod—so dear to the heart of the Yankee, low and sandy, dotted with villages. You can trace the windings of a score of inlets, each with its little clump of masts. Southeastward lies Falmouth, a favorite trouting resort of Webster, who loved the cape best of all the earth, and was as happy as a boy when he could go on a trip like ours. That smoke at the northeast is from the foundry at Agawam. It is one of the oldest in the country, and cast guns for our forefathers in the Revolutionary war. But the sun has gone down, and so must we. You may, if you choose, pass the night at the hotel. I long to sleep in the open air again. It will bring to memory the happy army days of 1861–1865. I scud up the neighboring creek to a land-locked basin, anchor under the lee of a beautiful grove, and roll up in the faithful blankets that first did service in Virginia. The sighing of the wind through the trees, the gentle ripple of the tide, lull me. I take a last look at the stars, and sleep like a tired soldier once more—

> "Canopied by the blue sky,
> So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful
> That God alone was to be seen in heaven."

In the morning we run up to Wareham, famous for its oysters, a quiet town, but full of industry, and a heavy importer of coal. Here we will go ashore for a day, and I will take you to some fresh-water ponds in the neighborhood, where black bass and pickerel abound. First we will visit the State fish-hatching establishment in Agawam. A drive of four miles brings us to a small, low, wooden building, in a wild nook, spanning a narrow brook. Therein we may watch the life of a trout from the time he leaves the egg till he is a foot long, and able to take care of himself. The young fry are kept in shallow porcelain boxes, arranged in descending rows, each box overflowing into another, a little below. As they grow the fish are transferred to protected pools and branches of the stream, the different sizes being kept apart, as nothing is so fond of trout diet as the trout itself. Under the floor of the house is the basin for large fish. Take up a plank and give them some min-

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nows. They are tame as kittens, and leap at any thing you offer, be it your hand or your nose. Many have little numbered silver tags fastened in their backs. These are taken out every season and weighed, to measure their growth. Some of them have been to sea to exhibit their ornaments, and come back to the old home.

From here we turn off into a by-road, not wide enough for two teams abreast, and make our way through the Plymouth woods, low stunted growths of oak and pine, very like the Virginia Wilderness, to a pond whose name we will not reveal. Is it not a gem? It is as nature made it. Not a sign of man's presence offends the eye. How clear and pure the water is! how fresh and bright the foliage! Long before the Pilgrims landed it was as it is now. From yonder wooded bluff Massasoit has doubtless watched for game, and on this sandy beach the deer still slake their thirst at eve.

Five years ago these waters were secretly stocked with black bass, which have thrived and increased prodigiously. The guide draws from a hiding-place in the bushes a light row-boat, and pulls slowly along the shore, while we get the tackle ready. Bend on two single gut leaders, one hook baited with a gaudy fly, the other with a live mummy-chog. There! what a rush that fellow made! He's fast to the minnow. Did you ever see a fish leap so high?—four feet, at least, into the air. Gently; give him the butt. Look out! You have another on the fly. He pulls his comrade quite out of water when he jumps. They often break water four times before they tire. What game beauties they are! Reel in steadily. Now I have them both in the landing-net. Both together do not weigh more than seven pounds.

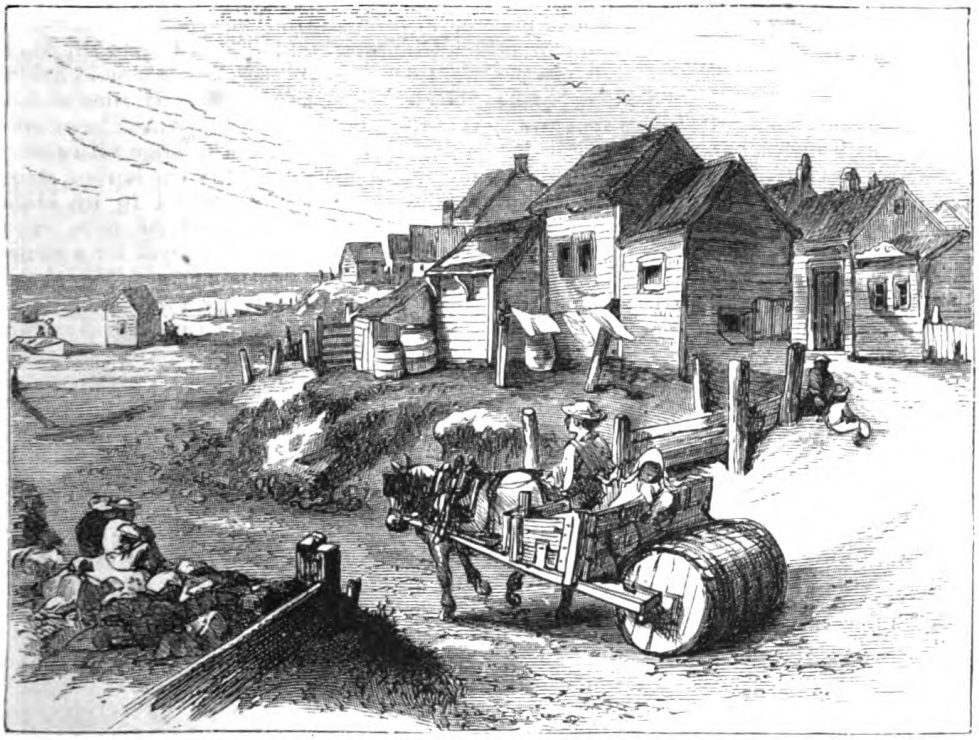
This powerful fish comes from the Northern lakes, and is so greedy of fight as well as of food that the ferocious muskallonge and pike are unable to conquer him. Common pickerel keep out of his way, and no trout can live in his neighborhood.

We might spend a week in this region, whipping the streams for trout and paddling about the numerous ponds. To-night we will stay at a farm-house, and in the morning drop down the channel to the bay again.

On the left, as we glide out from Wareham River, is a high bluff, called Tempe's Knob. Along the base is a favorite ground for blue-fishing and sailing parties. In the calm moonlight nights of summer here you will see dozens of row-boats, loaded with merry parties, awaking the echoes with music and laughter.

Our next port is Cohasset Narrows. The bay here dwindles into a narrow and tortuous river up to the railroad crossing, and then spreads out into a broad sheet, called Buttermilk Bay. Then come Gibbs's Narrows, and another shallow flat, which is the head of the bay.

It is best to get in early. I once tried to run in here after dark. The weather was



SIASCONSET.

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LIGHT-HOUSE, SANKATY HEAD, NANTUCKET.

cloudy, with squalls from the southeast. At times the moon would shine out brightly, but for the most part the night was as dark as a pocket. I explored inlet after inlet in vain till after two o'clock, and then anchored under the lee of a bank and turned in, but was awakened by a visitor from the shore, who fancied I might be an oyster-thief. He was quite amused at the idea of my being out on a pleasure excursion, and evidently thought me a lunatic after his theory about the oysters had been upset.

From the wharf at Gibbs's Narrows, and from the bridge at Cohasset, large numbers of striped bass are caught. At the latter place enthusiastic anglers may be found from May to October. The tide runs between the piers like a mill-race. In the September gale of 1869 the solid stone piers were swept away, and the old bridge destroyed. The elevation of the roadway gives a fine chance to strike and play the fish. They are generally small, but an occasional twenty or thirty pounder gives zest to a whole season. A club from Boston has a house near by.

A mile away to the southward are the village and river called Monument. As there is no structure in the vicinity bearing any resemblance to a monument, the name is probably a corruption of the Indian Monumet. A ship-canal from this point to Cape Cod Bay has been talked of these fifty years. The United States government has agreed, it is said, to build a breakwater and pier at the northern outlet. State aid has been invoked, and surveys been made, but there are no signs that the project will ever be realized. The canal would save coasters a voyage around Cape Cod, and much danger in winter, but capital does not seem to have enough faith in the profits of the scheme to subscribe for the stock.

During the war of 1812 a large part of the commerce between New York and Boston was carried on by small craft creeping down the coast to Sandwich, transhipping their loads to Monument, and continuing the passage in the same tedious way along Long Island Sound. Passengers were often weeks on the way.

We will now take advantage of the northeast breeze and make a long stretch to Wood's Hole, a strait between the main-land and Nashawn, taking care to reach it while the tide is flowing out, or we should not be able to stem the current. It runs so fast that the large channel buoys are almost submerged. We whisk by the ledge with alarming speed, and passing by the harbor, shoot into a lovely basin, hedged in by bluffs crowned with tasteful summer-houses. Here we take leave of the continent for a while. As the wind is fair, let us run across to the camp ground on Martha's Vineyard. What a wonderful collection of tiny houses strewn about helter-skelter, like toys forgotten by children! Poor and rich flock here from all parts of the country to get a day, a week, or a month of sea-air and bathing, according to the length of their purses. You may peer into tents that have done duty in the Army of the Potomac, and find the familiar contrivances of the old soldier brightly bedecked by the tasteful handiwork of his wife. You may gaze boldly into the open doors of the most aristocratic homes without giving offense. It is said that in the crowded season as many as forty thousand people dwell in these cottages by the sea.

I fear the best days of this watering-place are gone. Simplicity is fast disappearing. Tall, pretentious, and gaudy structures are

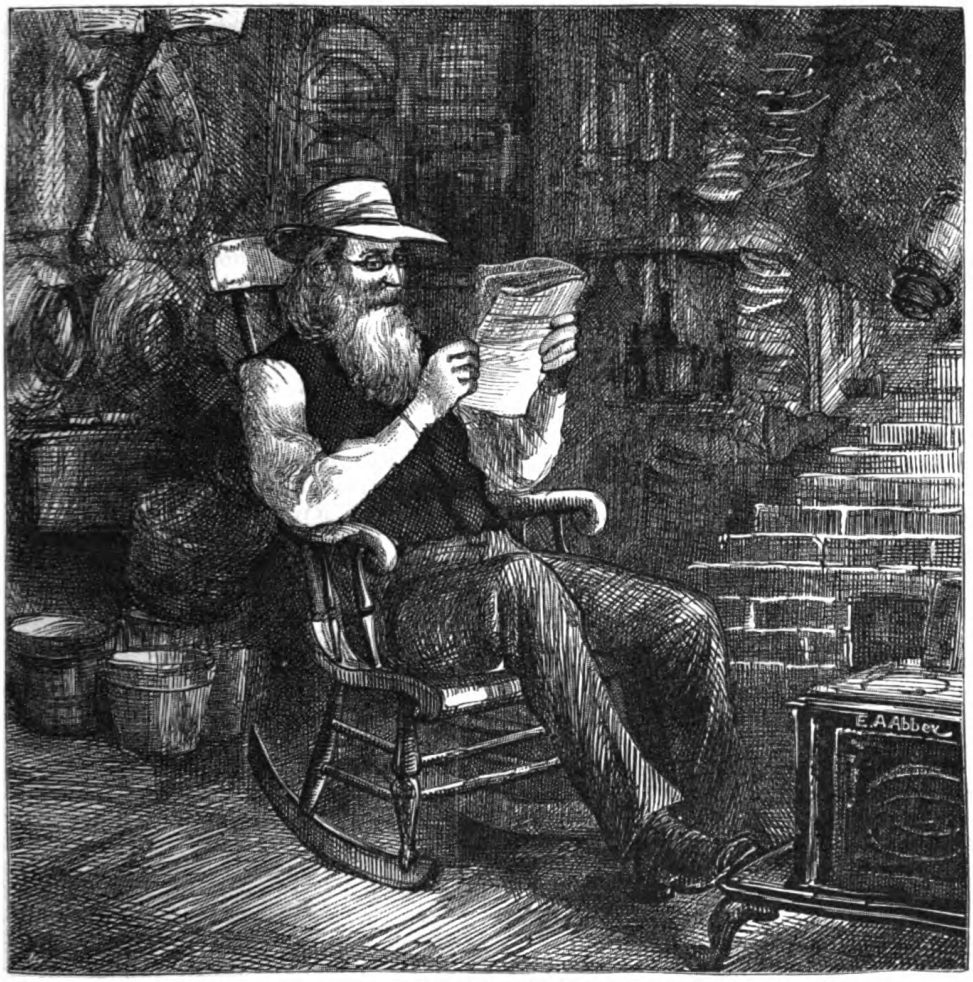
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going up as dwellings and hotels that will ere long take away from the camp-meeting the great charms of lowliness and humility. If it should once become fashionable, its doom is sealed.

We must not leave the Vineyard without a look at Edgarton, a quaint old fishing and whaling town. On a long pier that stretches out into the sea the fishermen bold and lasses bright make their evening promenade, in the proportion of about ten of the latter to one of the former.

Let us now put our boat in charge of a wharfinger, and make a trip by steamer to Nantucket. It will take only a day. The town and harbor have a decrepit and decaying aspect. In former times large ships came in over the bar, and here were the head-quarters of the whalers till New Bedford grew up. No visitor should neglect the drive to Siasconset, a miniature village of low one-story cottages in the southeastern corner of the island. Perched on a bluff that the broad Atlantic is constantly washing away, street after street has been swallowed up by the sea. You may see a house with its back-yard half gone, another overhanging the cliff, and still another moving inland to a safer resting-place.

At Sankaty Head, farther north, is a tall light-house, and the huts of two hermits—ancient mariners, tired of the world, but still fond of old ocean—waiting their summons to "go aloft." Though living near together, they do not affiliate. Indeed, I am told that each one looks at the other as a disreputable fellow and no genuine hermit, thus showing that seclusion and self-contemplation do not always beget humility. The one is, or rather was—for he is since dead—an Englishman, whose history was unknown to the natives—a converted and repentant pirate, some called him. The other is a Nantucketer born, driven from the busy marts of commerce and the vortex of society on the other side of the island by a difference of opinion with his spouse. An inspection of their huts shows a marked contrast. One is neat and light, with a small vegetable garden. I found on the



THE HERMIT OF QUIDNET.

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GAY HEAD, MARTHA'S VINEYARD.

wall an old cut from *Harper's Weekly*, picturing a skirmish in which your humble servant was wounded. The mention of this fact, and pointing out the most prominent figure as my own, excited some interest in the old recluse; but his talk was mainly of "fifty year agone." The other is an old curiosity-shop, crammed with odds and ends of all sorts—a fit den for Quilp, within; without, it is dingy and weather-beaten, and surrounded by trophies of whales' vertebræ hung up on poles. The southern coast of Nantucket makes many wrecks in the course of the year, and a melancholy sight, at the rear of the town, is the stranger's grave-yard, only too full of unknown sailors, found drowned.

We must not fail to read the *History of Nantucket*, written by a Quaker named Macy. The Quakers, being in great majority, declared the island independent and neutral during the Revolution, and were heartily cursed by the Continentals for cowardice and trading with the enemy. A British boat's crew, however, having helped themselves too freely to provisions without paying, were served with a copy of resolutions of a town meeting, to the effect that the Friends would, in all love, lay hands upon them and thrust them forth, if these depredations were not stopped.

I also read somewhere that in the war of 1812 the famous Yankee privateer *Prince of Neuchatel* fought several British men-of-war off the south coast, and that the inhabitants all fled from that part of the island, in horror at the shedding of blood, and the ruthless deeds of men of wrath, putting their fingers to their ears to keep out the angry sound of the cannon. An old lady, however, who was present at the action, assures me that the latter statement is utterly incorrect, and that the shore was crowded with people, who watched the combat to the

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end complacently, and rejoiced at the final escape of the bold privateer.

During the rebellion Nantucket furnished hundreds of men to the army and navy, who did their duty nobly, and the island is now truly loyal.

The Isles of Shoals, off the coast of New Hampshire, are now the only portion of our territory in open secession.

From Edgarton we start in time to catch the tide on its westward flow through the Sound. A host of coasting schooners, and mayhap a large yacht or two, bear us company. The breeze is just light enough for our little boat, and we make good time past Nashawn, whose well-wooded hills bid fair to show us, before many years, a picture of the Elizabeth Islands as they first appeared to the Scandinavian explorer, green with lofty trees to the water's edge.

On barren Pasqui, yonder, is a club-house, where, weary of the city's din, many a New Yorker revels in idleness, salt air, and bass-fishing.

The tide is turning, so we will pass through Quick's Hole, and make a harbor for the night on the north side of Nashawenna. This island, of soft Indian name, is a great sheep pasture, and is fast regaining the forests so improvidently cut down by the first settlers. In an old farm-house of the last century we find the hospitable owner's son deep in agricultural lore, but ready to give us a shot at the birds, a pull at the fish, or accompany us on a tramp over the hills.

From the highest summit we get a view of Gay Head, the western point of the Vineyard, gay indeed with many brilliant colors in the light of the setting sun, the mighty Atlantic, now calmly slumbering, all Buzzard's Bay sapphire blue, and the extreme islands of this chain, sandy Cuttyhunk and Piniquese.

On a lower ridge, amidst the tall grass, we discover a group of mounds, with headstones so weather-worn that "sacred to the memory of" men who died a hundred years before we were born can scarcely be deciphered. All these islands were thickly peopled in the seventeenth century, and the township of Goswold was of no small importance; but now Cuttyhunk is perhaps the only one that can boast of any natives.

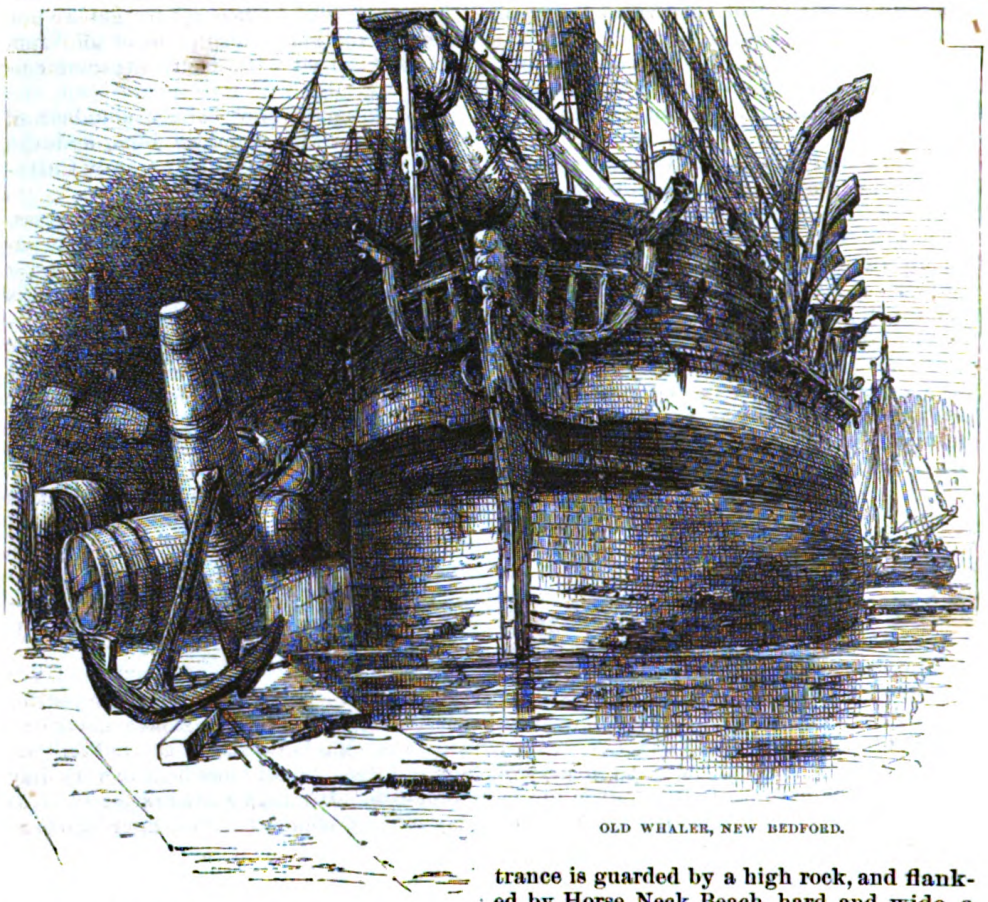
How delightful is the night's rest in this ancient homestead! The wind whistles cool and shrill about the eaves; a wood fire gives a welcome glow; drowsiness creeps on apace. By the going down of the sun and the rising up of the same our sonorous slumbers are measured.

This morning we will try our luck for striped bass. This is the best ground for them in the country, but it was never my luck to catch a big one, so I can not tell you how it feels. Small ones behave very like a blue-fish. It must be the best of sport to play a sixty-pounder for an hour or so, as the gentlemen of the neighboring clubs frequently do, with line and hook and rod that



BLUE-FISHING.

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OLD WHALER, NEW BEDFORD.

you know he can break at any moment but for your skill and patience.

But the heaviest fish ever taken with rod and reel, I fancy, is the shark. A noted fisherman of the other side of the bay accomplishes this feat by using a wire leader and strong hook, with plenty of menhaden bait. The shark having gobbled the savory morsel in shoal water, is stealthily approached and pierced with a lance. As he does not run far, and is easily allured by more food, the process is repeated till he dies. He is a sluggish fish, and never meddles with mankind in these waters; but his death always gives pleasure to the sailor, especially if the latter has seen his voracious brother of the tropical seas. It is no small exploit to capture him with such slender tackle. Who knows but we shall kill whales by trolling a squid from the mast-head, with a dummy engine to turn the reel and a small howitzer to drive the lance? The steam-whalers of the Arctic Ocean do almost as much already.

Our course is now for the main-land again. We might go westward to Seconnet River, and spend a week in Narraganset Bay, but Newport, Fall River, or Providence is a better base of operations for that cruise. We will run into Westport, a perfect gem of a harbor for small craft. The narrow entrance is guarded by a high rock, and flanked by Horse Neck Beach, hard and wide, a favorite resort for driving and picnics for all the dwellers hereabout. A neat hotel and cottages show the popularity of the spot in summer. Last year the members of a Sunday-school from a town near by camped out here on a Monday, intending to bait the stand at the foot of the rock for a week before casting a line. Alas! on Sunday morning an irreverent fisherman from New Bedford, counting on their scruples on the sacred day, took possession of the ground in a boat, and drew out an enormous load of mighty bass. In vain the party expostulated and implored. The arm of the law did not reach so far, and they dared offer no violence.

But while we are listening to this story, what is that portentous sound, growing more and more distinct and piercing as the shadows fall? The birds of prey, fiercest of their kind, the great American mosquitoes, are upon us, avenging the fish, their brothers of watery cradle. O for a few lines of Homer to describe the rush of wings, the shrill cries, the heavy swoop of tireless squadrons to the charge!

"S'ode a destro uno squillo di tromba,
A sinistro risponde uno squillo....
Ecco appare un drappello schierato;
Ecco un altro...."

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The plain English—"Confound it, we must get out from here!"—is, however, best. "In killick!" "Up with the mainsail!" "Pull with a will!" and we eagerly shoot out into the dark, the deep, the much-resounding—ah! best of all, the mosquitoless, sea.

Good reader, why have I till now omitted to mention this direful part of the story? Why did I put you to bed comfortably in farm-houses and sleep out alone by myself? Why have I artfully provided you with pleasant weather, fair winds, and good meals on shore hitherto? It was for fear you might be discouraged by foul weather or coarse fare, and give up a cruise that was delighting you. But now—there's no help for it—you must rough it a little. Besides, as you seemed to enjoy each step forward so much, I wish you to be equally glad to get home again. So we will spend the night awake, under short sail, groping about in the dark. The fog shall dim the friendly lights and hide the line of coast. A drizzly rain from the east shall wet us to the skin and chill us to the marrow. We shall peer into the gloom in vain, seeking for our bearings, anxiously looking out for breakers. We shall sound with the oar, and find no bottom. The next instant we shall bump on a rock, and dismally congratulate ourselves we are not wrecked. With every nerve tense and our hearts in our mouths, we shall pass the weary hours till dawn.

And now that morning has come, the fog has lifted, and the sun come out, as a balmy breeze wafts us up New Bedford Harbor again, even while we hungrily munch our hard-tack and tear our stringy beef, washing them down with stale water, confess that all is fun, the hard as well as the easy part of our adventure. Own up that last night's fatigue and danger and sleeplessness have given a zest to our trip that you would not have missed if you could.

Finally, as you step, sun-browned and hardy, from the little boat that has carried us so far and so safely, into the hot wilting air of the city, pray tell me, will you try it again next year?

> "*I* never was on the dull, tame shore
> But I loved the great sea more and more."

A cruise such as I have tried to picture is not always to be expected; nor should it be attempted without a fair knowledge of boat-sailing and a very accurate knowledge of the coast. It is, in fact, a résumé of a number of trips I have made in the months of July and August. But it is as feasible as delightful to all who will take proper precautions, and in midsummer need take no longer than a week or ten days.

The cost need be no greater than that of board at ordinary, unfashionable watering-places. Stout boats, of sufficient size for two men, may be hired for five or ten dollars a week. Good food and comfortable shelter are easily found for as much more, and there is little need of greater expense, except for luxuries.

From the above scale of prices to that of the highest class of yachts are many steps, yet it is probable that the greatest enjoyment is to be found in the two extremes. In the one there are magnificent appointments, luxurious tables, gay company, and elegant display. In the other are healthful exercise, wholesome fare, silent contemplation, and hardy adventure. In the first are ease for the body and excitement for the mind. In the second, labor for the muscles and food for thought are ever present. In both, the highest degrees of pleasure and instruction may be attained.

All forms of yachting, from the proudest to the humblest, soften the hardest hearts, and give rise in the soul of the true lover of nature to feelings of gratitude and devout worship toward the Giver of all mercies.

THE MARQUIS OF HASTINGS IN AMERICA.

FRANCIS RAWDON HASTINGS, better known in our Revolutionary history as Lord Rawdon, was a son of the Earl of Moira. Born in England and educated at Oxford, he became, in his later years, a distinguished subject of the British realm, whom the government was pleased to honor with important offices and additional titles.

Young Hastings entered the royal army at the age of seventeen years as an ensign in the Sixty-third regiment of foot-soldiers. In the year 1773, when the fires of our Revolutionary war were rapidly kindling, he accompanied that regiment to America, and was stationed a while in Castle William, which guarded the entrance to Boston Harbor. He entered the city of Boston under the command of General Gage, when that officer was there in 1774, charged with the grave duty of closing the port of that offending city to commerce of every kind, by orders of the British ministry.

Boston was then an offending city because its inhabitants, led by pastors and patriots, acted in consonance with their convictions that rebellion against tyranny was obedience to God. It was specially an offending city because its port had been made an enormous tea-pot a few months before, when its patriotic citizens, in the disguise of Mohawk Indians, cast cargoes of tea, taken from British merchant vessels, into its waters, and so committed what was deemed to be an overt act of rebellion. That act greatly incensed the king and his counselors. The ministerial members of Parliament evoked the most terrible roar of the British lion, and one of them raised the factious cry of the old Ro-

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man orators, "*Delenda est Carthago*"—Carthage must be destroyed—and applied it significantly to Boston. Gage was sent to act upon the spirit of that cry, and young Hastings, then nearly twenty years of age, was one of his most efficient subalterns in the work.

From that time until near the close of our old war for independence, Lord Rawdon held rank among the most active and skillful of the British officers in America. He appears to have been a young man of much observation, and zealous in the garnering of precious facts in his experience while he was in this country. He seems to have obtained from some of the accomplished engineers of the British army a series of sketches, in water-color, of many of the scenes and events in his experience here. A considerable number of these sketches have been preserved until the present time, and in consequence of the unthriftiness of Lord Rawdon's grandson and titular successor, the late Marquis of Hastings, they found their way, some of them into the hands of private purchasers, and others into the public auction-rooms of London.

Some of these sketches are in the possession of Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet, of the city of New York, for whom a part of them were purchased at the sale of the personal effects of the late Marquis of Hastings a few years ago, and others at subsequent sales. They were made by different artists, but evidently at about the same period (1775, 1776), and on the same kind of drawing-paper, for the texture of the materials of all is the same, and each sheet bears the same water-marks. The faithfulness of the drawings has been verified by various tests, and they may be accepted as correct representations of the scenes delineated. They now have a secure resting-place in Dr. Emmet's rare collection of drawings, engravings, maps, and autographs which illustrate American history and biography. It is undoubtedly the most complete collection of its kind in the world; and Dr. Emmet is one of the most generous and liberal of the few Americans who indulge in the costly but delightful and useful pastime of gathering up for preservation such precious grains of the fine gold of our history, which might otherwise be forever lost. To the kindness of Dr. Emmet we are indebted for the privilege of engraving from the sketches gathered by Lord Rawdon the illustrations which accompany this paper—a paper designed to define their relations to our past history.

Before proceeding with our task, let us look at a brief sketch of Lord Rawdon's career.

After serving gallantly as a captain in the Fifth regiment in the battle of Bunker Hill, and with Lord Cornwallis in New York and New Jersey, he was promoted to the office of adjutant-general of the British forces in North America in 1778, with the commission of lieutenant-colonel. He was then only twenty-four years of age. His good conduct at the battle of Monmouth, in June of that year, under Sir Henry Clinton, procured for him the command of a corps in South Carolina, with the commission of a brigadier-general, when he was succeeded in the office of adjutant-general by Major André. After much arduous service in the South his health became so impaired by the malaria of the swamps that he was compelled to depart for England before the close of the war. While on his voyage he was captured by a French cruiser, but was not long detained. Soon after his release he received special marks of the favor of his king. He was commissioned a major-general, and was created Baron Rawdon, with other titles of distinction. In 1793 he succeeded his father as Earl of Moira, and the following year he commanded ten thousand troops sent to relieve the Duke of York in Flanders. After a few years of honorable military and civil service at home, he was appointed Governor-General of India in 1812, in which office he remained until 1822, when he became Governor of Malta. While he was absent in India, in 1816, he was created Viscount Loudon, Earl of Rawdon, and Marquis of Hastings. At the age of seventy-two years, in November, 1826, he died near Naples.

In the first picture of the series here given, entitled "Boston, seen between Castle William and Governor's Island, distant four Miles," the "castle," where Lord Rawdon first landed, is the most prominent object in point of importance and antiquity. It is seen upon a bold island (containing about eight acres of land) on the left of the picture. Between it and the ship is seen Boston Neck, in the direction of Roxbury. To the right of the ship, at the middle of the picture, is seen the town of Boston, containing, at the time this sketch was made, about four thousand houses and twenty thousand inhabitants. Beacon Hill and its flag-staff is above all. Further toward the right is seen Charlestown. Just behind the point of Noddle's Island, and more in the foreground, is delineated Governor's Island, upon which, according to the chroniclers, the first apple-trees that grew in the Massachusetts colony were planted by Governor Winthrop. It was called Governor's Island because it was a demesne for the use of the Chief Magistrate.

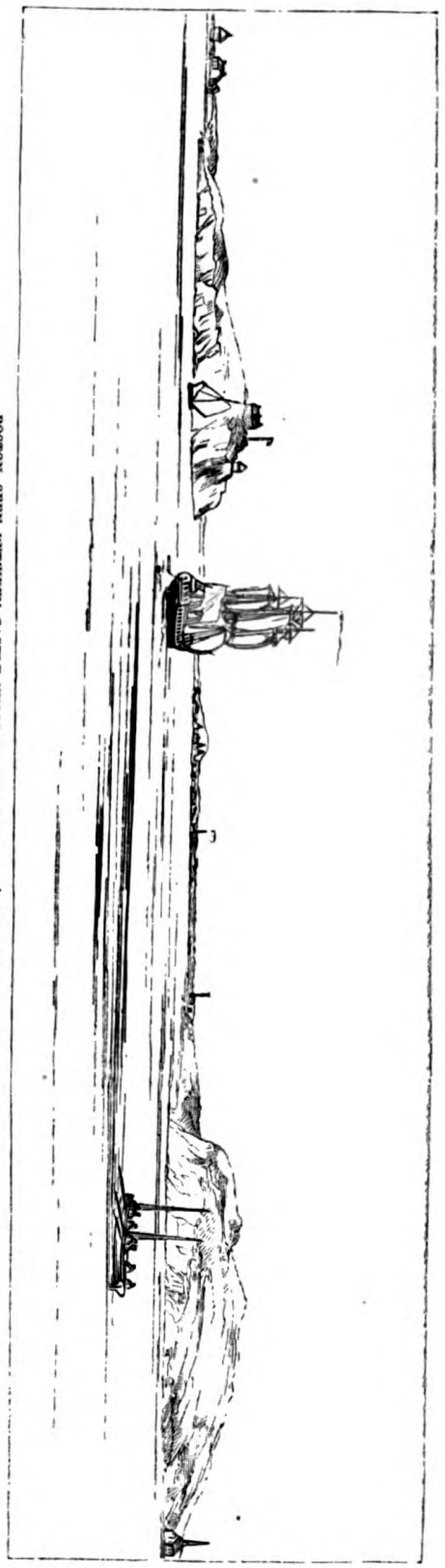
Castle William stood upon Castle Island, which derived its name from the fortification built upon it in the reign of King William the Third of England, at the close of the seventeenth century, by Colonel Romer, a famous engineer. He demolished all the old works that had been constructed there, and reared an entirely new structure, which was named Castle William in honor of the

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king. Before that time the fortifications were irregular works, first begun under the auspices of Governor Dudley, in the year 1634. They were partially dismantled and demolished nine years later. They were repaired the next year (1644), for England was then heaving with the throes of civil war, and it was unknown what attitude the Bostonians might be compelled to take in consequence of those convulsions. Built chiefly of wood, with brick and stone, the fort stood for thirty years guarding the entrance to Boston Harbor, when, in 1674, it was destroyed by fire. It lay partially in ruins until 1689, when it was taken by the people from Governor Andross when they heard of the expulsion of his master, James the Second, from the British throne. This was followed by the erection of Castle William, which name it retained until 1799, when John Adams, then President of the republic, on the occasion of his visit to the fortress, changed its name to Fort Independence. It is now one of the finest of the older forts belonging to our government.

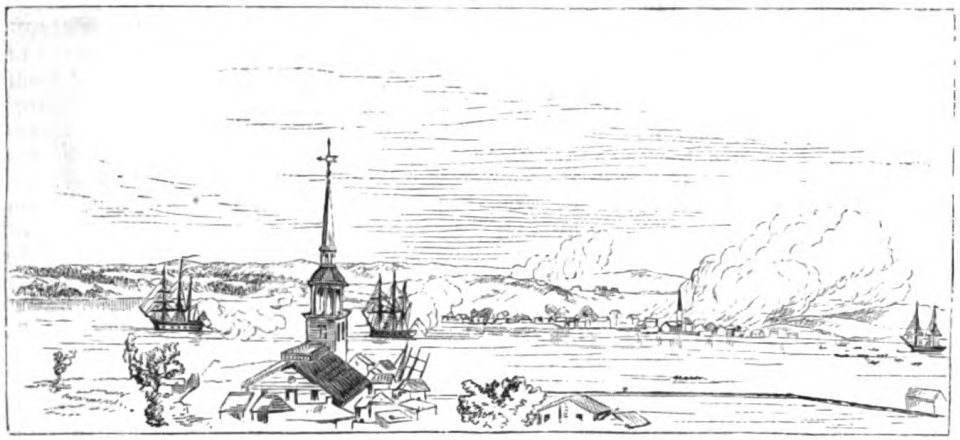
Castle William and Boston Harbor have been theatres conjointly of some memorable events. The first of these in point of time was the deprivation of the castle of its national colors at the very beginning of its infancy as a mere redoubt. That stern, conscientious, and extremely pious bigot, Governor Endicott, whose hatred of Roman Catholics made the figure of the cross appear to his vision an emblem of antichrist, actually cut out the red cross from the British flag, in charge of Ensign Richard Davenport, in Salem, because it had been originally "given to the King of England by the Pope." The fort flag was also taken down because it had the cross upon it, and that guardian of the harbor was left without a token of its real character. A standing order for all vessels passing the guns of the fort to salute it with their flags was disregarded, for their masters saw no emblems of authority there, and the commander of the fort got into serious trouble by attempting to enforce the order. Officers of vessels, who treated the shorn fortification with contempt, boldly declared that the people were rebels and traitors, because they had discarded the king's colors.

The business assumed a serious aspect. Governor Vane called ship-masters before him, who frankly told him that if questioned on their return to England, their simple narrative of facts might cause the colonists a great deal of trouble. There was perplexity and alarm, and two of the ship-masters, to relieve the people, offered to present them with a set of perfect colors. But so fearful were they that they might tolerate a symbol of idolatry that they would not accept them until they could consult the Rev. Mr. Cotton, of Boston, in regard to the matter.



BOSTON, SEEN BETWEEN CASTLE WILLIAM AND GOVERNOR'S ISLAND, DISTANT FOUR MILES.

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BURNING OF CHARLESTOWN.

It was finally concluded, in view of possible trouble, that while the cross in the ensign was idolatrous, and therefore ought not to be there, as the fort belonged to the king, and was maintained in his name, his colors might be used there. They were restored.

When events in the Anglo-American colonies were tending toward revolution, a little more than a hundred years ago, Castle William was a strong fortress, mounting one hundred and twenty guns, and garrisoned by a company of British artillery-men.

When public indignation waxed hot against the proceedings of the Commissioners of Customs, who came to enforce the revenue laws, it was made a refuge for those government officers. To that refuge they fled in June, 1767, before the wrath of a Boston populace. When, in September, 1768, troops came into the harbor with a British fleet from Halifax for the purpose of enforcing the impost laws, the people resolved not to allow them to land. They told them there was room enough in Castle William. The royal governor ordered the troops to disembark. The guns of the war-ships protected the movement; and on a bright Sunday morning, while the people were in their places of public worship, the soldiers marched through the streets of the New England capital with drums beating and flags flying. The inhabitants were compelled to submit to this violation of their quiet Sabbath, their religious feelings, and their rights as free citizens. From that time there was continual enmity between the citizens and the soldiers, which culminated in a mob and a massacre in March, 1770.

Until a few years before this sketch was made, Beacon Hill, one of the three which gave to the peninsula the name of Trimountain, or Tremont (seen in the middle of the picture, and looming above Boston), had retained its original height and form, for the Bostonians had determined to preserve it as a natural object in the midst of the growing town forever. But Thomas Hodson, an inveterate gravel-digger, who owned a part of the northern slope of Beacon Hill, untouched by a love of nature, foiled their designs by making broad excavations which threatened the demolition of the eminence. He would neither listen to remonstrances nor sell his land. Legislative interference was called for, but in vain. Hodson plied his shovel more vigorously as public indignation increased, until he so scarred the hill that the Boston people lost interest in it, and finally consented to have its summit dug down and cast into the neighboring waters. It dwindled to its present height, with its crown of houses, streets, and the State Capitol.

The second picture in the series here noticed is entitled "Burning of Charlestown, near Boston, New England."

This was an incident in the Battle of Bunker Hill — an erroneous name for the focus of that conflict, for the American redoubt was on Breed's Hill, and nearer Boston, and the British fought on the slopes of the latter eminence. But the event has its title in history consecrated by long and common usage, and it will be forever known as the "Battle of Bunker Hill." It was fought on the 17th of June, 1775, almost exactly ninety-eight years ago.

The closing of the port of Boston in June, 1774, awakened for the suffering town the warmest sympathies of the Anglo-American colonies. Expressions of that sympathy and substantial aid were given by the various provinces. The people of Marblehead and Salem offered the free use of their wharves to the Boston merchants. Articles of food of almost every kind were sent to the doomed city; and the corporate authorities of London pointedly rebuked those cruel oppressions by the government by sending the sum of $100,000 for the relief of the suffering poor of Boston.

Gage was warned that a relaxation of

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vigor must be made, or armed resistance would be the resulting alternative; but, bound by his instructions, he used force instead of conciliation for the maintenance of public order. Finally, when he stationed a strong military guard upon Boston Neck, under a false pretense, and so cut off free intercourse between the city and country, the lightning of rebellion, which had for years been curbed within the hearts of the people, leaped forth in manifestations which alarmed the royal servants in Massachusetts, and startled into serious reflections the hirelings of the crown elsewhere on the continent. The people of that province began to arm themselves and practice military tactics daily. The organization known as "Minute-Men" was formed; and the Legislature of Massachusetts, in session at Salem, sent forth a proposition for a general Continental Congress to assemble in Philadelphia in the ensuing September. The proclamations of General Gage, condemnatory of these rebellious movements, were not only unheeded, but ridiculed in squibs and epigrams. One of these, now before me, begins:

"Tom Gage's Proclamation,
Or blustering Denunciation
(Replete with Defamation),
Threatening Devastation
And speedy Jugulation
Of the New England Nation,
Who shall his pious ways shun."

It closed with,

"Thus graciously the war I wage,
As witneseth my hand—
"TOM GAGE.

"By command of Mother Carey,
THOMAS FLUCKER, *Secretary*."

Mr. Flucker was the father of the beautiful and accomplished Lucy, who became the wife of General Henry Knox, then a young bookseller in Boston.

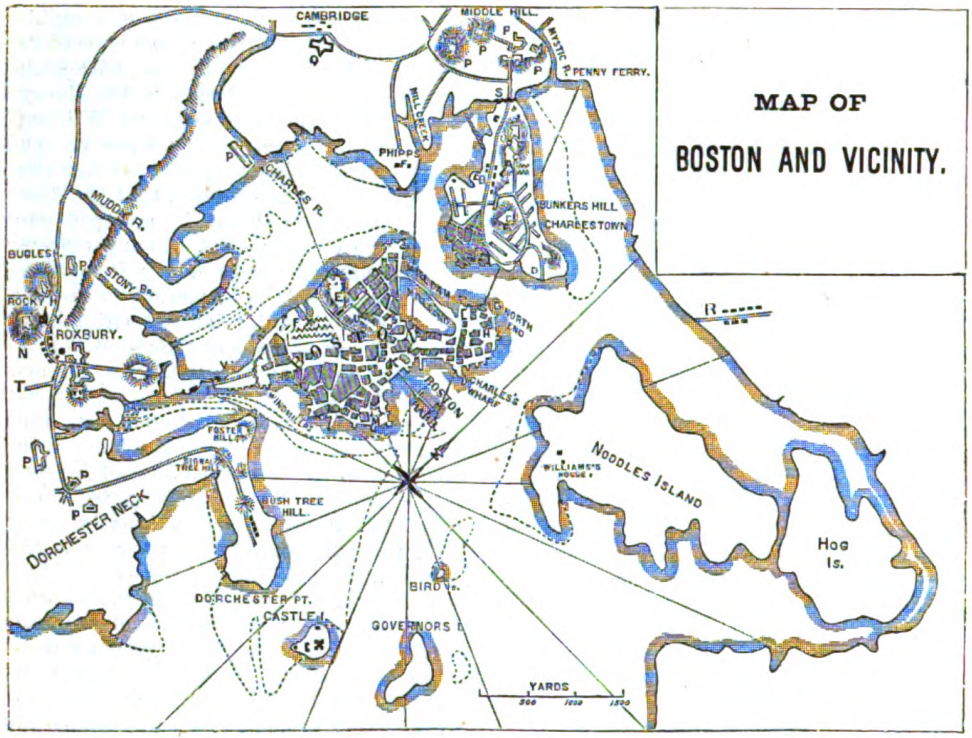
The Continental Congress met at the beginning of the autumn, and took a decided attitude of opposition to the conduct of the government toward the colonies. During the following winter the people prepared for war; and when, in the spring of 1775, Gage sent out troops to seize ammunition and stores which the patriots had collected a few miles from Boston, the people flew to arms, and the skirmishes at Lexington and Concord occurred. The news of the bloodshed there aroused the continent. New York was in a blaze of excitement; and from the Virginia Convention at Richmond went forth the impassioned and significant cry from Patrick Henry, "Give me liberty, or give me death!" The British troops had been driven back to Boston in a pell-mell scamper for life by the yeomanry of the neighborhood, and the Americans had learned the important lesson that the soldiers of Great Britain were not absolutely invincible.

The events of that memorable 19th of April closed the first act in the drama of the struggle for independence. The plot now rapidly developed. Fresh troops soon arrived in Boston from England and Ireland, with such experienced leaders as Generals Sir Henry Clinton, Sir John Burgoyne, and William Howe, and increased Gage's force to ten thousand men. They prepared to crush the rebellion, and it was declared that the fires of the insurrection should be stamped out in the space of six weeks. Young officers brought fishing-tackle, to indulge in angling in the waters of subdued America, while others came with the intention of settling here on the confiscated lands of the rebels.

But there was another party to the arrangement. It consisted of several thousand provincial troops, gathered from the hills and valleys of New England, who formed an irregular curved line of investment, extending from Roxbury to Cambridge. Their captain-general was Artemas Ward; their lieutenant-general was John Thomas, and their engineer-in-chief was Richard Gridley. All New England was there represented; and such veterans as Putnam, Stark, Pomeroy, and Prescott, who had been educated in the French and Indian war, with Ward and Gridley, were there to lead the eager yeomanry. A Committee of Safety wielded the civil power, and there was perfect concord of sentiment in the council and in the field. When, at the middle of June, it was ascertained that General Gage had fixed upon the night of the 18th of that month to take possession of and fortify Bunker Hill and Dorchester Heights, the patriot army numbered about twenty thousand men.

To prevent the execution of Gage's design was now the business of the Americans. A portion of three regiments and a fatigue party of two hundred Connecticut troops, with intrenching tools, paraded in the camp at Cambridge at six o'clock in the evening of the 16th of June. They were furnished for a campaign of twenty-four hours. Gridley's company of artillery joined them. The Connecticut troops were placed under the command of Captain Knowlton, of Putnam's regiment, who was killed in the battle on Harlem Plains the next year. President Langdon, of Harvard College, commended the party to the protection of the Almighty in an impressive prayer, and at nine o'clock the whole force, led by Colonel Prescott, marched in silence to Charlestown Neck, where the troops were first apprised of the object of their expedition. It was to possess and fortify Bunker Hill. There they were joined by General Putnam and one or two other officers. Strict silence was enjoined. A council of officers determined to fortify Breed's Hill—less in height, but nearer Boston than Bunker—instead of the latter. To that elevation, about sixty feet

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above tide-water, they went, and during the warm starry night, while the voices from British sentinels on ships, and at the foot of Copp's Hill, in Boston, were proclaiming "All's well!" they worked vigorously.

At the dawn a formidable redoubt, eight rods square, loomed up near the green summit of Breed's Hill, at the spot where the stately Bunker Hill Monument now stands. It appeared to the wondering gaze of the British officers in the dim morning twilight like a work of magic. The history of British engineering furnished no parallel, and the testimony of British eyes was doubted.

A sentinel on board the *Lively* first saw the apparition. The captain put springs upon his cable, and opened a cannonade upon the redoubt, without doing it any injury. His guns awoke the sleepers in Boston, and at sunrise Beacon Hill, Copp's Hill, and the roofs of houses swarmed with the startled inhabitants. The men in the redoubt, sheltered by its ramparts, continued the task of strengthening the work, until called to lay aside the pick and shovel and take up the gun and knapsack. The firing had ceased for a short time, but was soon renewed, not only by the shipping, but from a battery of six guns upon Copp's Hill, in the city.

All was now bustle and excitement in Boston. The drums beat to arms, dragoons galloped through the streets, artillery trains rumbled over the pavements, and regulars and Tories were marching and countermarching. A panic seized the loyalists in the presence of impending danger, and many were converted into professed patriots.

Observing the movements of the British, Prescott, at ten o'clock, sent to Cambridge for reinforcements, when Ward forwarded the remainder of Stark's regiment and the whole of Reed's, all from New Hampshire. At noon the men in the redoubt ceased work, and sent their intrenching tools to Bunker Hill, where, under the direction of Putnam, a breastwork was thrown up.

Meanwhile between two and three thousand picked men from the British army embarked in barges at Boston and landed on Morton's Point, beyond the eastern foot of Breed's Hill. They were commanded by Generals Howe and Pigot, and were covered by the guns of the *Falcon*, which lay in the Mystic River. The news of this movement had reached Cambridge, and produced great commotion there. The drums beat to arms, and the bells rang out an alarm. The remainder of the Massachusetts forces were ordered to Charlestown, and thither Putnam conducted those of Connecticut.

It was now two o'clock in the afternoon. Howe had been reinforced, and was at the head of about four thousand men. There was the deepest anxiety on Breed's Hill. The patriots there, hungry and thirsty, had watched the whole martial display prepared for their destruction. They had not been largely reinforced, and were half despondingly, when Dr. Joseph Warren and General

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Pomeroy, covered with dust, arrived at the redoubt. They were greeted by loud huzzas. The former was the President of the Massachusetts Provincial Congress, then sitting at Watertown. He had been commissioned a major-general four days before. When he heard of the landing of the British he left his seat, and, though suffering from sickness, hastened forward to confront the enemy in arms. Prescott offered to give up the command to him, as his superior in rank, when Warren said, "I am come to fight as a volunteer, and feel honored in being allowed to serve under so brave an officer."

At the moment when Warren entered the redoubt, Howe began his advance, marching around the eastern slopes of Breed's Hill and along the Mystic River, to flank and gain the rear of the Americans. Already, anticipating this movement, the artillery-men in the redoubt, with two field-pieces, and Captain Knowlton with the Connecticut troops, had taken a position near Bunker Hill, and formed a breastwork seven hundred feet in length. Knowlton built another a little in front of a strong stone and rail fence, and between the two was planted a quantity of new-mown grass. This formed a valuable protection to the Americans.

It was now three o'clock in the afternoon. The American artillery companies were between the breastwork at the east of the redoubt and the rail-fence on the eastern side of the hill; and the Connecticut and New Hampshire troops were at a rail-fence on the western side of the redoubt. Others were close by Charlestown, at the foot of the southwestern side of Breed's Hill. Warren took post with Prescott within the redoubt, where the original builders of that work were put on the defensive.

Howe was checked in his flank movement, and compelled to make a direct attack upon the American works. Before doing so he ordered the guns on Copp's Hill and the ships in the river to pour a storm of round shot upon the redoubt. At the same moment a furious cannonade was opened upon the right wing of the American army at Roxbury, to prevent reinforcements being sent to Charlestown by General Thomas.

Under cover of these discharges of artillery, the British army moved up the slopes of Breed's Hill in two divisions, General Howe with the right wing, and General Pigot with the left. The former was to penetrate the American lines at the rail-fence; the latter was to storm the redoubt. Owing to a blunder in furnishing the artillery, small-arms and bayonets became the only weapons of the British soldiery, who toiled silently up the hill, in the bright sun of a hot June day, burdened with heavy knapsacks. More silent were the inmates of the redoubt. To the outside observer there was no sign of life; but within those breastworks, and in reserve behind the hills, were fifteen hundred resolute men, ready at a given signal to fall upon the invaders. "When you can see the whites of their eyes, then aim at their waistbands and fire: be sure to pick off the commanders, who may be known by their handsome coats," were Prescott's orders.

When they were within gunshot of the apparently deserted works, the British commenced a random firing. Prescott could scarcely keep his men from responding in kind. At length the assailants reached the prescribed distance, when Prescott, waving his sword over his head, shouted, "Fire!" Terrible was the effect of the first volley. Whole platoons of the British regulars were laid upon the earth like mown grass. Other deadly volleys followed, and the assailants broke and fled toward their boats. The Fifth regiment, in which the young Lord Rawdon was serving as captain, was terribly cut up in this and the succeeding attacks.

Howe quickly rallied his troops. Putnam rode to Bunker Hill to urge on reinforcements. Others were sent from Cambridge. Many of the latter had reached Charlestown Neck, but were kept from crossing it by the severe enfilading fire of the *Glasgow* (a ship which brought troops to Boston in 1768), and gondolas in the Charles River, the latter near a causeway. But few additional troops had been brought to Breed's Hill when the second attack was made.

Four hundred marines from Boston had reinforced the British troops. Their artillery was now better furnished. In the same order as at first they moved up toward the redoubt over the slain bodies of scores of their fellow-soldiers, led by General Howe in person. Their artillery opened a galling fire upon the troops at the rail-fences. Meanwhile Howe led his column directly toward the redoubt. As before, the Americans reserved their fire until the invaders were within the prescribed distance, when they poured forth their leaden hail with such terrible effect that whole ranks of officers and men were slain.

Meanwhile a carcass and some hot shot hurled from Copp's Hill had set fire to Charlestown. The houses, built chiefly of wood, were soon in flames, to the number of about two hundred. Breed's Hill was shrouded in dense smoke, and under its thick veil Howe hoped to rush up unseen and storm the redoubt. But a gentle breeze, the first that had been felt that day, came from the west, and rolled the smoke away seaward, exposing to the full view of the Americans the advancing column of the British. Their line recoiled before the volleys from the redoubt. At one time General Howe was left alone, all of his aids having perished in the fight. His troops broke and

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BUNKER HILL AFTER THE BATTLE.

fled at several points, and retreated in disorder to the shore.

Sir Henry Clinton, who, with Burgoyne, had been watching the battle from Copp's Hill, saw with mortified pride the regulars repulsed a second time. He crossed over in a boat, followed by others with reinforcements, and joined the broken army as a volunteer. This was the moment chosen by the artist for making the sketch of the "Burning of Charlestown." The smoke is seen borne eastward by the gentle breeze.

Howe now rallied his troops for a third attack. The powder and ball of the provincials were now nearly exhausted, and as only a few of their muskets had bayonets, they were in a perilous condition. The loose stones in the redoubt were collected to use as missiles, if necessary.

Howe had discovered the weakness of the point between the breastwork and the rail-fence on the east of the redoubt, and there he made his third attack. His artillery swept the interior of the breastwork from end to end with fearful effect; and the men who defended it were driven within the redoubt, toward which the assailants now pressed. There was the same ominous silence, but now it was compulsory. The last grain of the powder of the patriots had been consumed. The redoubt was scaled. Hand to hand the belligerents fought—the British with bayonets, the Americans with clubbed muskets. So overwhelming were the numbers of the assailants that Prescott ordered a retreat. He and Warren were the last to leave the works. The former escaped without injury, but the latter, when he was a short distance from the redoubt, was shot through the head with a bullet, and fell dead. A panic was communicated to the rest of the troops, who fled across Charlestown Neck, where many of them were slain by the enfilading shots of the *Glasgow* and gondolas. The British did not follow, but contented themselves with the possession of the Charlestown peninsula. The accompanying map will make this brief narrative of the battle clearer.

The picture of the "Burning of Charlestown" was evidently made from Beacon Hill; and the church roof and steeple seen in the foreground were probably those of the West Church edifice. It was built of wood, and had a tall steeple, which was removed by the British in 1775, because, it is said, the patriots in the city made use of it for signaling to their friends at Cambridge information concerning the military movements in Boston. Other church steeples were used for the same purpose. Paul Revere has left a statement on record that on returning from Lexington, whither he had been to see Hancock and Adams, just before the skirmish there, he agreed with gentlemen at Charlestown that if the British went out from Boston by water, he would show *two* lanterns in the North Church steeple, and if by land, *one*.

On the right of this picture is seen the mill-dam, which held the waters of the tide-mill pond or cove, which was divided from the sea on the northwest by a causeway (now Causeway Street), which had been a foot-path of the Indians over a more elevated part of a marsh. It was raised and widened into a dam, and several tide-mills were constructed for using the pond so formed. In 1807 the work of filling it up was begun, and continued for about twenty-five years. Copp's and Beacon hills furnished the materials.

On the extreme right of the picture is seen the *Falcon*, and a little to the left of her the boats with reinforcements following Sir Henry Clinton to Morton's Point. Im-

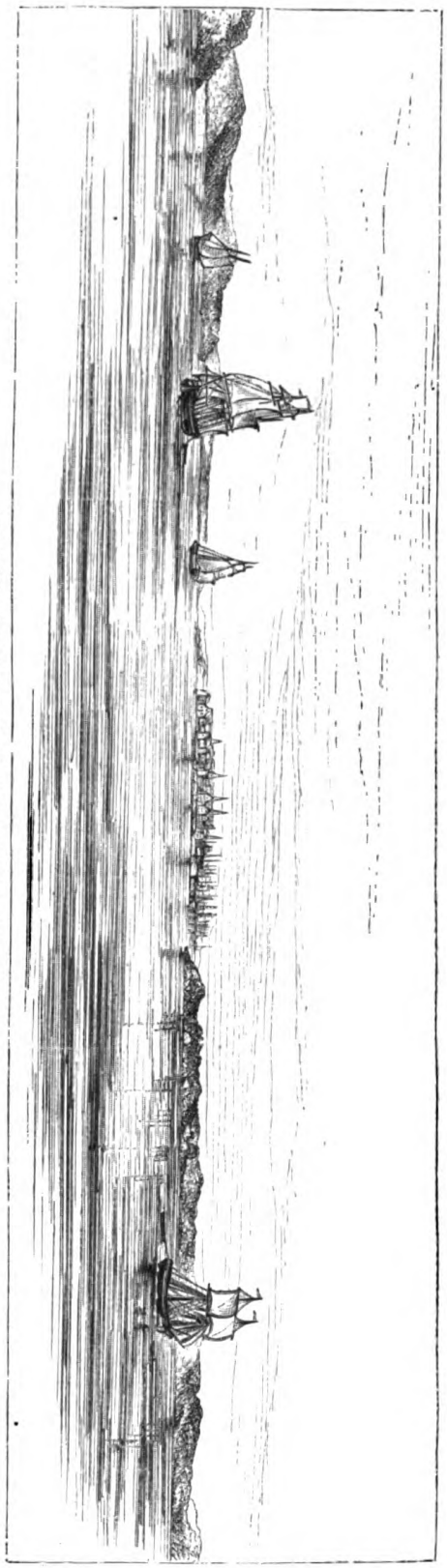
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mediately back of Charlestown on fire is Breed's Hill, and the higher eminence to the left is Bunker Hill. Near the centre of the picture and the steeple is seen the *Somerset*, one of the vessels engaged in the fight; and toward the extreme left is the *Glasgow*, with the gondolas. Immediately back of the steeple, and projecting each side of it in the picture, is Charlestown Neck, and on the extreme left, Cambridge.

The third picture in the series is a view of "Bunker [Breed's] Hill after the Battle," taken, apparently, from the shore of the Mystic River, and showing the shape and position of the redoubt and the ruins of the fences near it.

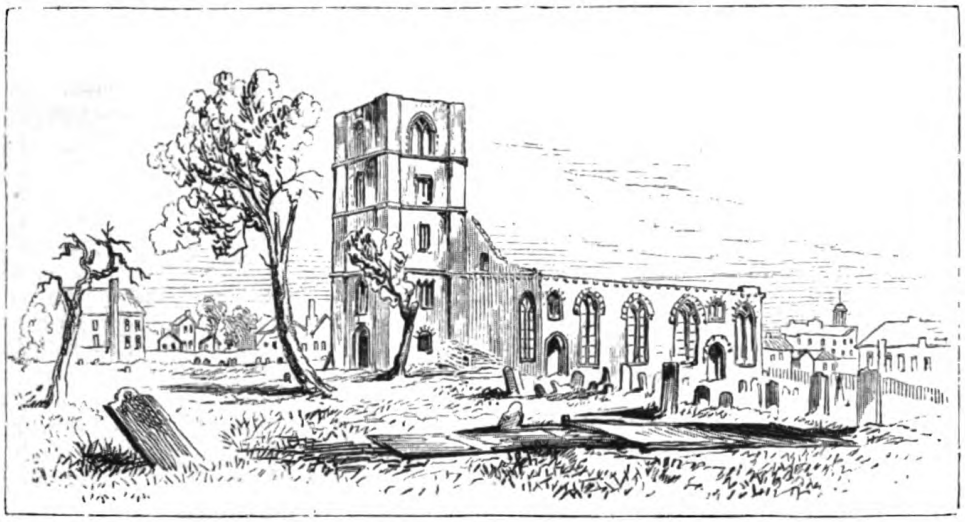
We are now led, by the fourth picture of the series, to the city of New York. In this drawing we have a distant view of that city, entitled, "New York, with the Entrance of the North [Hudson] and East Rivers." This sketch was doubtless made in the summer or early autumn of 1776. The British troops, under General Howe, had been driven from Boston in March of that year, and retired to Halifax. In the summer they sailed southward, and took possession, first of Staten Island, at the entrance to New York Harbor, and then the western end of Long Island (seen on the right of the picture); and finally, early in September, they captured Manhattan Island, with the city of New York. In these events Lord Rawdon participated as an active subaltern under Cornwallis. The picture must have been sketched before the 21st of September, when Trinity Church was burned, for the spire of that edifice is seen in the sketch—the one farthest to the left in the city. The spire next to the right of Trinity's was that of the "South Dutch," or Garden Street Church; the next was of the "Middle Dutch" (now the Post-office); the next and taller was of St. Paul's; and the one on the extreme right was of the "North Dutch," which has been demolished recently.

This picture appears to have been made from a vessel in the harbor a little below Governor's Island, which is seen at the right of the city, with the entrance to and shipping in the East River, seen between. It may have been drawn on board the *Eagle*, one of Admiral Richard, Earl Howe's fleet, which sailed up the bay at the close of August, 1776, and anchored near Governor's Island. That vessel lay at about the place from which the sketch was evidently made, and came very near becoming the victim of a torpedo—an "infernal machine"—called a "marine turtle," invented by a mechanic of Saybrook, Connecticut. It was constructed so as to contain a living man, and to be navigated at will under water. A small magazine of gunpowder, so arranged as to be secured to a ship's bottom, could be carried with it. This magazine was furnished with



NEW YORK, WITH THE ENTRANCE OF THE NORTH AND EAST RIVERS.

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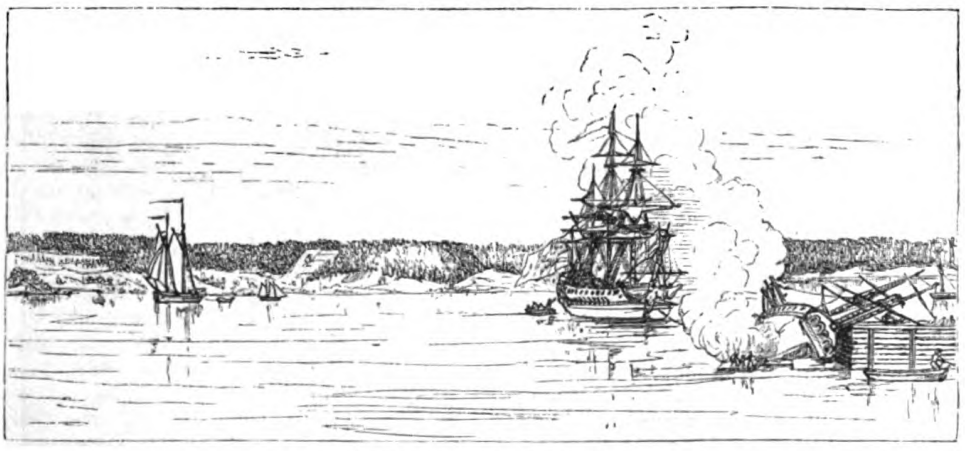
THE ENGLISH CHURCH BUILT AT NEW YORK.

clock-work, constructed so as to operate a spring and communicate a blow to detonating powder, and so ignite the gunpowder of the magazine. The motion of the clock-work was sufficiently slow to allow the submarine operator to escape to a safe distance after securing the magazine to a ship's bottom.

With this machine it was proposed to blow up the *Eagle*. A daring young man named Lee was employed to do the work. He entered the water at Whitehall at midnight on the 6th of September. Washington and a few other officers watched anxiously until dawn for the result, but the calm waters of the bay remained unruffled, and it was believed that the young man had perished. As the chief and his companions were turning from the scene some barges went out from Governor's Island toward an object near the *Eagle*, and suddenly returned with increased speed. In a few moments a column of water ascended a few yards from the *Eagle*. The cables of the British shipping were instantly cut, and the fleet went down the bay with the ebbing tide in great confusion. Lee had been under the *Eagle* and other ships, but found their copper sheathing too thick to allow him to fasten his magazine to a bottom. He set the clock-work in motion and escaped to Whitehall.

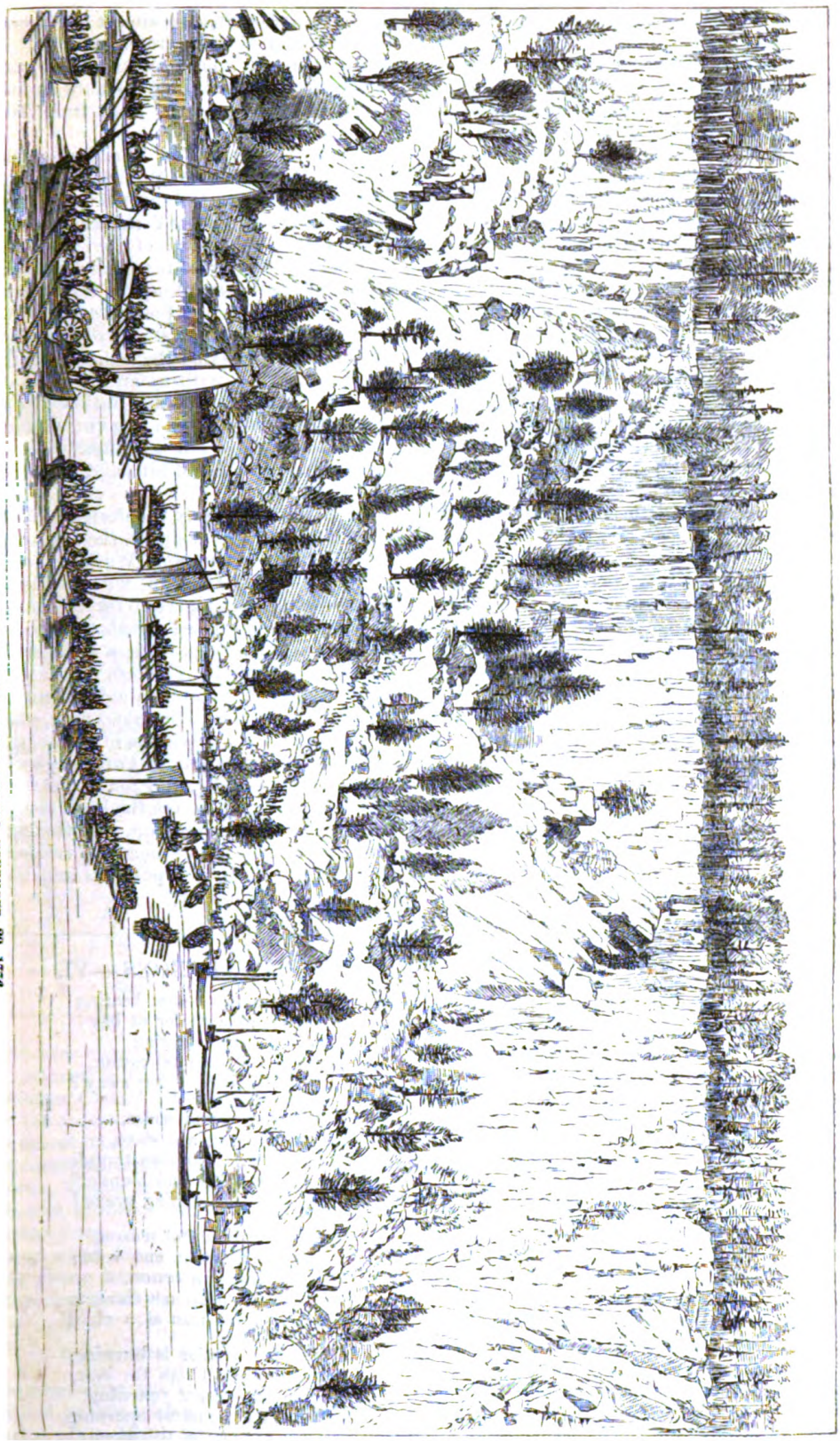
On the right of the picture, beyond the vessel, Brooklyn Heights and other high ground in the vicinity are seen; and on the left of the city is the entrance to the North or Hudson River, with the Palisades and other portions of its western shore in the distance between the two vessels. On the extreme left are Ellis's and Bedloe's islands.

I have mentioned the burning of Trinity Church, in New York, in September, 1776. The fifth picture of the series gives us a view of its ruins, under the title of "The English Church built at New York." The sketch was made from the church-yard, a short distance from the southwest corner of the edifice, whose tower and steeple were on the west end, fronting the Hudson River,



CAREENING PLACE, NEW YORK.

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LANDING OF THE BRITISH FORCES IN THE JERSEYS, NOVEMBER, 20, 1776.

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which then had its shore at Greenwich Street. Between the church and the river was the burial-ground and a green lawn. The buildings seen beyond the ruins of the church were along the east side of Broadway. The short steeple in the distance, on the right, was that of the "Middle Dutch" Church, now used as a city post-office. That steeple was taken down last year.

The fire that consumed the church accidentally broke out in a low groggery and brothel, a wooden building on the wharf near Whitehall Slip, now the Staten Island Ferry station. It was discovered between one and two o'clock in the morning of the 21st of September, 1776. There were then only a few inhabitants in the city, and the flames, unchecked, spread rapidly. All the houses between Whitehall and Broad streets up to Beaver Street were consumed, when the wind veered to the southeast, and drove the fire toward Broadway. It burned every thing on each side of Beaver Street to the Bowling Green, a little above which it crossed Broadway, and swept all the buildings on each side as far as Exchange Street. On the west side it consumed every building from Morris Street to Partition (now Fulton) Street, and threatened new St. Paul's Church. It destroyed Trinity Church, leaving nothing but the tower and the walls standing, and made a clean sweep to the river; and it extended west of King's (now Columbia) College, to Murray Street. In its entire course 493 of the 4000 buildings then in the city were consumed.

The sixth picture of the series is entitled, "Careening Place, New York, above Colonel Rutgers's, East River." It is interesting as showing the form of English war ships at that time, the method of preparing them for the examination and repairing of their bottoms by careening them on their beam ends, instead of by the modern contrivance of "dry-docks," and the contour of the hills across the East River, on which Williamsburg, or East Brooklyn, now rests. It is possible, and even probable, that this is an actual view of the repairing of the forty-gun ship which Admiral Howe sent up the East River on the night after the battle on Long Island, which was damaged by round shot from a battery on Burnt Mill, or Stuyvesant Point, the site of the Novelty Iron-Works.

The "Careening Place" was at Corlear's Hook, now the vicinity of the foot of Grand Street. Colonel Rutgers's mansion was on ground now bounded by Monroe, Cherry, Jefferson, and Clinton streets.

The last picture of the series to be noticed is entitled "Landing of the British Forces in the Jerseys on the 20th of November, 1776, under the Command of Right Hon. Lieutenant-General Earl Cornwallis." The story may be briefly told. The scene is at the Palisades, a ridge of trap-rocks extending along the western shore of the Hudson River from near Haverstraw almost to Hoboken, a distance of about thirty-five miles. Between Piermont and Hoboken these rocks present for a considerable distance an uninterrupted rude columnar front from 300 to 500 feet in height.

This is the story: Fort Washington, situated on the crown of Mount Washington (now Washington Heights), in the upper part of the city of New York, was captured by the British on the 18th of November, 1776. Fort Lee, on the top of the Palisades, nearly opposite Fort Washington, was then the rallying point of a greater portion of the Continental army, which had fled across the Hudson into New Jersey on the 12th. From that fort, Washington, with several general officers, and Thomas Paine, the author of *Common Sense*, saw the British flag unfurled over Fort Washington. For a moment the great heart of the chief failed him, and tears filled his eyes.

It was now evidently the design of Howe to push toward Philadelphia, the seat of the "rebel" government, and Washington resolved to fly to its defense with his diminishing army, then reduced to three thousand effective men. Fort Lee was abandoned, and the Continental troops made a swift march across New Jersey for Trenton, on the Delaware. Cornwallis crossed the Hudson from Dobb's Ferry with six thousand men, scaled the Palisades, took possession of the baggage and military stores left at Fort Lee by the fugitive Continentals, and for three weeks chased Washington across the level country from Hackensack to Trenton. At the latter place the pursued, strengthened by reinforcements, turned upon their pursuers and drove them out of New Jersey.

IMPROVISATIONS.—VI.

HEART, in my bosom beating
Fierce, as a power at bay!
Ever thy rote repeating
Louder, and then retreating,
Who shall thy being sway?

Over my will and under,
Equally king and slave,
Sometimes I hear thee thunder,
Sometimes falter and blunder
Close to the waiting grave!

Oft, in the beautiful season,
Restless thou art, and wild;
Oft, with never a reason,
Turnest and doest me treason,
Treating the man as a child!

Cold, when passion is burning,
Quick, when I sigh for rest,
Kindler of perished yearning,
Curb and government spurning,
Thou art lord of the breast!

BAYARD TAYLOR.

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THE WINE ISLANDS OF LAKE ERIE.

"And glitters o'er the liquid miles
The jeweled ring of verdant isles,
Where generous Nature holds her court
Of ripened bloom and sunny smiles."

—JOHN HAY.



GATHERING THE GRAPES.

TO the imagination there is something attractive in the very name of island. Robinson Crusoe on the main-land would lose the crown of his glory; it is the island, the island, that fills the boyish heart with wondering interest. For children of a larger growth Reade takes up the tale, and his hero and heroine—but ordinary mortals in London—are invested with a strange romance when thrown together upon an island; young love reads, young love dreams, and young love wishes,

"for thee and me,
A lone sweet isle amid the sea."

The representative Lady, type of the many isolated hearts who give their love to some unattainable ideal, lived upon an island; the Master whose exquisite words are like chords of music placed her, knowing what he did,

"where the lilies blow
Round an island there below,
The island of Shalott."

"Isles of the blest!" sighed the ancients, as they looked out over the unknown ocean, seeing in the hazy clouds of the horizon the purple shores of everlasting rest. And who among us, when traveling sad and weary over the waters, has not fallen into silence at the sight of far blue islands, mingling the Psalmist's wish, "O that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away and be at rest," with dreams of the star islands in the sea of infinite space, whither we may be going after death, and where our loved ones may even now be awaiting us.

Erie is a dull lake, like persons one meets in life, neither beautiful nor ugly, neither strong nor weak, neither good nor bad. Its name signifies cat, given, say the first explorers, on account of the number of wild-cats upon its borders; and as if this was not evil enough, the antiquated geography of Jedediah Morse, first published in 1789, describes the western end of the lake and its islands as so infested with rattlesnakes as to render it dangerous to land, acres of these creatures having been seen basking on the

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MEMORIAL TO COMMODORE PERRY, GIBRALTAR ISLAND.

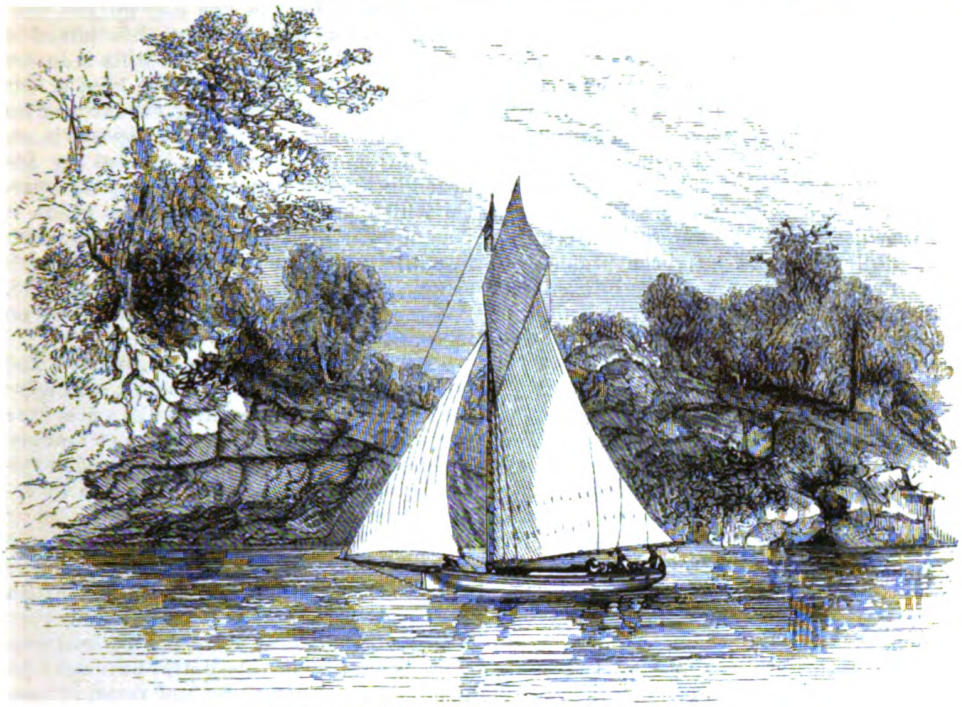
lily leaves which stretched in every direction over the shallow water. At the present day the cats and rattlesnakes—unless, indeed, we except Reade's and Holmes's personifications of them—are gone; but the dullness remains, and we may sail from Buffalo to Cleveland, and from Cleveland to Detroit, we may cross and follow the Canada shore back again, and in all the 600 miles see nothing worth seeing save the man-made towns, so that we almost wish the eighteen thousand years which the Boston savants have assigned for the lake's evaporation might dwindle to eighteen, and thus let the Ohio corn fields spread their green ranks across to the Dominion shore. For from end to end there is no beauty in it. A Scotchman was once rallied about the total want of beauty in his betrothed. "Eh, lads," he answered, "dinna ye ken the dimple in her elbow?" And in like manner homely Erie has a dimple in her elbow, the group of islands in her southwest corner, as indistinct in the minds of most salt-water Americans as the Atlantis of the ancients. These islands, ten or more in number, varying in size from 2800 acres to a mere dot in the water, lie off Sandusky Bay, stretching out into the lake to meet their five Canadian sisters and the long point of Pelée. The large steamers on their way up and down the lakes pass north of these islands, and generally make the passage in the night, and thus in order to see them one must go to Sandusky, and sail out over its bay in one of the little steamers belonging to the island fleet—for these islanders are a maritime people, and own a small flotilla of all kinds of craft, from a steamer to a sloop for a one-man crew. Fishing boats, too, they have, in which they sail out to their fish-pounds, and come racing home wing-and-wing, loaded down with live fish crowded into their boat tanks. Then comes a lively scene, as the slippery creatures are thrown up into boxes standing on the dock, and so deftly is this managed that although tossed up with scarcely a glance, each squirming fish goes safely into his box, and is there transported into the interior, to be eaten by the farmers and their families; for here, as every where else, imported luxuries are preferred; the fish of the islands go into the interior, and the flesh of the interior goes out to the islands. The fish-pounds are numerous, and at night, when, as the law requires, they are all lighted up, the water looks as though a fairy fleet was sailing over it, so low down and so bright twinkle the little lights. Indeed, to a steady-going main-lander who does nothing by chance, the island fishery is but witching work at best. He has, perhaps, spent St. Martin's summer among the vineyards, eating the grapes and drinking the fresh juice from the presses, which, as the old English verse says,

"Saint Martin afterward
Alloweth to be wine—"

a most fortunate miracle for the health of the incautious drinker. But now he sees a cloud rising behind the purple mist; the Indian summer is over, and thoughts of the home fireside send him on board of the little steamer, which presently sails away, as he supposes, for Sandusky and the railroad. Mistaken supposition! The little boat circles round in the archipelago, now going one way and now another, now slowing, now hastening on, now turning her head inshore, and then suddenly backing out without stopping, until the bewildered traveler wonders whether a will-o'-the-wisp is at the bow. At length the charm is pointed out; it proves to be nothing more or less than a white rag. This sign, hung out on the end of a pole, means "fish," and as the catch is variable, and the stations numerous, the erratic course of the boat is explained.

It is within the memory of the generation now passing away that the Lake Erie islands came into the jurisdiction of civilization by means of a United States survey. Before that period their exact situation and size were unknown, and their few inhabitants were wild lords of the isles, beyond the reach of the law, who came occasionally to the main-land settlements to traffic away their rafts of cedar logs, but who lived generally by hunting and fishing, with just a suspicion of a taste for wrecking when the September gales threw a harvest along their shores. But when the Kelley family regularly purchased the island since called by their name, the largest of the American group, the day of squatter sovereignty was over, and the hybrid population, with its mud floors and

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SHORES OF PUT-IN-BAY.—THE LAKE ERIE YACHT.

no windows, slowly gave place to settlers of a better class—slowly, since even now some of the islets are uninhabited, several have only a solitary family, and one, of course, has the traditional hermit who will not allow a woman's foot to touch the sacred soil of his retreat. The Indian names of the islands are gone, and they now bear the haphazard titles given to them by the sailors and settlers along shore: "Ballast," "Gibraltar," "Sugar," "Rattlesnake and the Rattles," "Green," "The Three Sisters," "The Three Bass," "Old Hen and Chickens," "Mouse," "Starve," "Pelée," and "Kelley's," the last formerly known as "Cunningham's."

The group has its page in history, a page which might well cause envy in the rich main-land cities cherishing a taste for historical societies, and burning for heroes to honor. Upon this page men well known in American annals appear, for the little archipelago has witnessed skirmishes and battles, plots and victories, in the past and in the present, for present still seems the war of the rebellion, although when we reckon them, nearly a decade of years has passed since its close.

First come the Indians. The story of the red men since the coming of Columbus is but a dreary series of wars and rumors of wars, broken truces, migrations, and never-ending trouble. Every plan has been tried, from gifts to rifle-balls, and every religious denomination has had an opportunity to try its moral suasion, while the impatient frontier soldiers and pioneers, who look upon Indians as so many wolves, have been held back by the strong arm of the law from the work of extermination. And what has been accomplished? Nothing. The few feeble successes gained at the expense of precious lives and heavy contributions of money can not color the mass any more than one drop can color a fountain. The Indian question has become a weariness to the nation, and there is a universal skipping whenever the popular heading of "Lo" appears in the newspaper column. With the universal habit of mortals, however, we cherish an interest in what is beyond our reach. Let an Indian tribe vanish entirely from the earth without leaving a shadow behind, not even one chieftain to go as a deputation to Washington, not even one brave who refuses to live upon his reservation, and skulks around the settlements clad in the cast-off silk hats of the white man, and forthwith we begin to exalt the extinct race with the heart of an antiquarian and the pen of a novelist. It is only the degenerate, mind-fatiguing Indians of to-day whom we despise; no doubt the tribes of the past were of a nobler nature. Among these tribes of the past there are none more completely past than the Eries, who have left scarcely more than a name behind them. They belonged to that remarkable confederacy of tribes called the Neutral Nation, dwelling upon the southern shore of Lake Erie, a city of refuge for warring parties on either side. To them belonged the right of lighting the council-fire of peace, a ceremony which was said to require a maiden hand, and for

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years they held their place, respected and at peace. Upon these western islands were some of their fastnesses; traces of their fortifications were discovered there by the first surveyors, earth-works built, apparently to inclose a village, with gates and sally-ports of wood, and in one place a quantity of new stone axes and arrow-heads stored away in a rude armory for future use. Picture-writing was also found, and one rock inscription upon Kelley's Island has been pronounced "the most extensive well-sculptured and well-preserved inscription ever found in America." The Eries were at the head of the Neutral Nation, and at the time of the first French explorers they were in the height of their power. So much is known, but no more. The Iroquois came and swept them from the face of the earth. "Of course," says the student of lake-country history, wearily. "The Iroquois are as sure to come sweeping in at the last as Sir William Johnson!" The Eries were so utterly destroyed that the most patient investigator can only say, "They were, and they are not." "Little besides their existence is known of them," says Parkman, whose histories are as reliable as they are fascinating—an unusual combination. It is an evil, no doubt, to be unreliable, but oh, is it not equally evil to be a Dry-as-dust?

A century and a half passed, during which the history of the lake islands is involved in obscurity, and then upon the scene steps Tecumseh, who belongs to Ohio and Lake Erie, as Pontiac belongs to the lovely Detroit River. The chieftain is near his end when we see him; he is making his last speech on the shore of the lake near the islands where he has watched the smoke of the battle at Put-in-Bay, and although he suspects the defeat of his allies, he scorns to retreat, and covers the British general with Indian satire. Standing upon the beach, and waving his hand toward the islands, in the name of all the tribes he speaks: "Father, listen! Our fleet has gone out; we know they have fought, we have heard the great guns, but we know not what has happened to our father with one arm" (alluding to Commodore Barclay, Perry's antagonist, who had lost an arm at Trafalgar). "Our ships have gone one way, and we are much astonished to see our father tying up every thing and preparing to run the other! You always told us you would never draw your foot off British ground, but now we see you drawing back without even a sight of the enemy, and we must compare our father's conduct to a fat dog who, when he is frightened, drops his tail and runs away! Father, listen! The Americans have not yet defeated us by land, and whether or not they have defeated us by water, we still wish to remain here and fight when they appear. You have the arms and ammunition which our great English father sent to his red children; give them to us, and you may go, and welcome. But as for us, we are determined to stay, and, if the Great Spirit wills it so, we will leave our bones upon the land of our forefathers." For scathing rebuke and inflexible courage this red man's speech is admirable; and it was emphasized by his death in the first battle that ensued—a battle which he knew was hopeless before it began, but which his single determination absolutely held in the balance until death struck him down. As the historian says, "When his well-known voice was heard no more, the battle ceased."

The shade of the Indian has passed, and now enters the young commodore, who, upon the wild shores of Lake Erie, built a fleet from the trees of the forest, and almost nothing besides—a feat which in the mind of a modern ship-builder surpasses even the subsequent victory. With these vessels the young officer sailed up the lake to the islands, and there, off Put-in-Bay, he fought the battle of Lake Erie, September 10, 1813, the British fleet surrendering before sunset, and thereby giving up the whole lake to American control. The story of this battle has been told again and again, in prose and verse, in marble and oil. There is something in the motto which Perry hoisted just before the engagement which touches the popular fancy. "Don't give up the ship!" has become one of the people's sayings, and the dispatch announcing the victory, "We have met the enemy, and they are ours," has been adopted into the military language of the day; only Grant's "We will fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer," can compare with it. A deep principle often underlies a popular saying, as a deep feeling often underlies a popular song. Armies have ridden to victory on the chorus of a song, parties have carried a candidate into the White House on the wave of a saying. The class to which belongs George Eliot's Mr. Casaubon may, indeed, scorn any thing popular, but what are we all but people, and what is the world but the people's home!

After the battle the slain officers were buried on the shore of one of the islands: a willow-tree marks the spot. A remarkable incident, showing the power of sound, belongs to the story of the battle. A Cleveland pioneer was engaged that day in building the first log court-house on the public square, when suddenly he was startled by a sound which he supposed was thunder. There was not a cloud in the sky, however, and the wondering inhabitants gathered on the bank of the lake, thirty or forty in all, and looked toward the west, whence the strange sounds came. At length they recognized the report of cannon, and knowing that Perry's fleet had gone up toward the islands, they began to realize that a battle was taking place, and after a time actually distinguished the Amer-

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THE STEAMER "MICHIGAN."—BURIAL-PLACE OF THE SLAIN IN THE BATTLE OF LAKE ERIE.

ican guns from the British, as the former were of heavier calibre. When, late in the afternoon, three loud reports were heard, evidently American, the listening band gave three hearty cheers, as sure of the unseen victory as though they had witnessed it from the shore of Put-in-Bay. The distance was seventy miles.

The next figures on the page of island history are the "patriots" of the Canadian movement for liberty in 1838. Sandusky was one of their points of rendezvous, and the islands were tempting strongholds; near Pelée Island they fought a battle with a force of British cavalry upon the ice, a novel battle-ground.

And now we come down to our own day, and face a figure not ten years dead—Beall, the pirate of Lake Erie. This young Virginian, an officer of the Confederate army, was hung as pirate and spy on Governor's Island, New York Harbor, February 24, 1865. The sentence was just, and its execution a necessary part of the discipline of war. Yet now that years have elapsed, and we can review the past without that terrible personal interest that made our hearts burn within us, there is something worthy of note in the story of this man, who, young, wealthy, and educated, threw himself, as it were, into the jaws of death from sincere though mistaken love for his native country.

John Yates Beall was a native of Jefferson County, Virginia. He graduated at the University of Virginia, Charlottesville, and at the breaking out of the rebellion owned a large plantation in his native county; his property was estimated at $1,500,000, and in addition he was said to be the heir of an estate in England. In the earliest days of the war Beall organized Company G, Second Virginia Infantry, and his regiment afterward formed part of the original "Stonewall Brigade," under Stonewall Jackson. He took part in many battles, but it is his piratical expedition among the islands of Lake Erie which brings him within the range of our subject—an expedition which ended in disaster and death. It is well remembered along the lake shore; Buffalo, Detroit, and Cleveland were filled with excitement; the citizens patrolled the streets by night, and visions of piratical craft sailing boldly in and firing upon the defenseless houses filled all eyes. Exhausted Ohio had sent into the field regiment after regiment beyond her quota, but her northern frontier was entirely exposed, and it seemed an easy thing to sail across from Canada and batter down her towns. Looking back upon it now, it still seems easy; and yet it was never done, although Canada swarmed with conspirators, under the leadership of Jacob Thompson, secret agent of the Confederate government. The United States had but one war vessel on the lakes, the *Michigan*, a paddle-wheel steamer, carrying eighteen guns. The capture of this boat would enable a small

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body of men to carry destruction from one end of the lake to the other. In September, 1864, the *Michigan* was lying off Johnson's Island, Sandusky Bay, which had been used since 1862 as a dépôt for prisoners of war; here were confined 2480 men, all, with the exception of about one hundred, officers of the Confederacy, enough to command an army of 80,000 men. The little island was naturally uppermost in the thoughts of the rebel officers in Canada. It was near at hand, a steamer could run across in the night, and in the winter a land force could attack it, for the ice was strong, and nowhere was there more than five miles between island and island, stretching like stepping-stones across the lake from Point Pelée to the Ohio main-land. No other prison was on an exposed frontier like this, and were it not for the guns of the *Michigan* a rescue might be effected: the *Michigan*, therefore, must be captured.

On the morning of the 19th of September the steamer *Philo Parsons*, plying between Detroit, the islands, and Sandusky, left Detroit at the usual hour on her way down the river; at Sandwich, on the Canadian side, four men came on board, and at Malden a party of twenty more, bringing with them a large old-fashioned trunk tied with ropes. As at this period there was a constant stream of fugitives crossing the border, fleeing from the draft, or coming back with empty pockets, this Malden party excited no comment, and the steamer went on her way through Lake Erie, stopping at the different islands, and taking on a number of passengers for Sandusky. After leaving Kelley's Island, the last of the group, suddenly four men came toward the clerk, who, owing to the absence of the captain, had command of the boat, and leveled revolvers at his head; at the same moment the old black trunk was opened, and the whole party armed themselves with navy revolvers, bowie-knives, and hatchets, and took possession of the defenseless boat. The course was then changed, and after cruising about at random for some time the pirates turned back to one of the islands—Middle Bass—and stopped at the dock. While here the *Island Queen*, a steamer plying between Sandusky and the islands, came alongside, and, suspecting nothing, threw out a plank in order to land some freight. Instantly the pirates swarmed up her sides, calling upon the captain to surrender; shots were fired—apparently more for the purpose of intimidation than for any real injury—knives and hatchets were held over the passengers, among whom were thirty or forty one-hundred-days' men on their way to Toledo to be mustered out. The pirates were few in number, but they were well armed, and held both steamers at their mercy. The captain of the *Island Queen* made sturdy resistance, endeavoring in vain to cut the ropes that bound his boat to the *Parsons;* and the engineer, refusing to obey the orders of the pirates, was shot in the cheek. Resistance was evidently useless; the passengers were put into the hold, with a guard over them, and the captain was asked if many strangers had come to Sandusky that morning, and if there was any excitement there. After some delay and discussion among themselves the pirates decided to exact an oath of secrecy for twenty-four hours from the women and citizen passengers, and allow them to go on shore, together with the hundred-days' men, whom they paroled, and then the two steamers, lashed together, started out toward Sandusky, the captain of the *Island Queen* being retained, with the hope that he could be forced to act as pilot. When four or five miles out the *Island Queen* was scuttled and abandoned, and the *Parsons* went on alone. A debate sprung up among the pirates as to whether or not they should run into Sandusky Bay; evidently something had failed them, some one had disappointed them. At length the captain was again put into the hold, the boat's speed was slackened, and she was kept cruising up and down outside as if waiting for a signal.

Chief in command of these raiders was John Yates Beall: his appearance and manner rendered him conspicuous among the others, who are described, in the language of one who saw them, as a "mean, low-lived set; Burley, the second in command, being a perfect desperado." In the report of Jacob Thompson, secret agent of the Confederacy in Canada, a document belonging to the rebel archives, the whole plot is related. There were two parts, the first being the expedition by water under Beall, and the second a conspiracy on shore, by means of which the officers of the *Michigan* were to be thrown off their guard, so that upon a given signal Beall could steam rapidly in, surprise them, and capture the boat. A cannon-shot sent over Johnson's Island was to tell the prisoners that the hour of rescue had come; Sandusky was next to be attacked, and after horses had been secured the prisoners were to mount and make for Cleveland, the boats co-operating, and from Cleveland strike across Ohio for Wheeling and the Virginia border. The key to the whole movement was the capture of the *Michigan*.

The plot on shore was headed by a Confederate officer named Cole. As has been related, Beall performed his part with entire success; and had the other head possessed equal capacity, no doubt the plan would have been successful, and the whole North taken by surprise at this daring raid and rescue upon a hitherto peaceful and unnoticed border. The two thousand young officers riding for their lives through the heart

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of Ohio, where there was no organized force to oppose them, would have seemed like a phantom band to the astonished inhabitants. Even the famous raid of John Morgan, well remembered in the great red-brick farm-houses of the central counties, would have been eclipsed by this flying troupe, the flower of the Southern army. On the lake Beall would have held the whole coast at his mercy, and the familiar old *Michigan*, turned into a piratical craft, would have carried terror into every harbor.

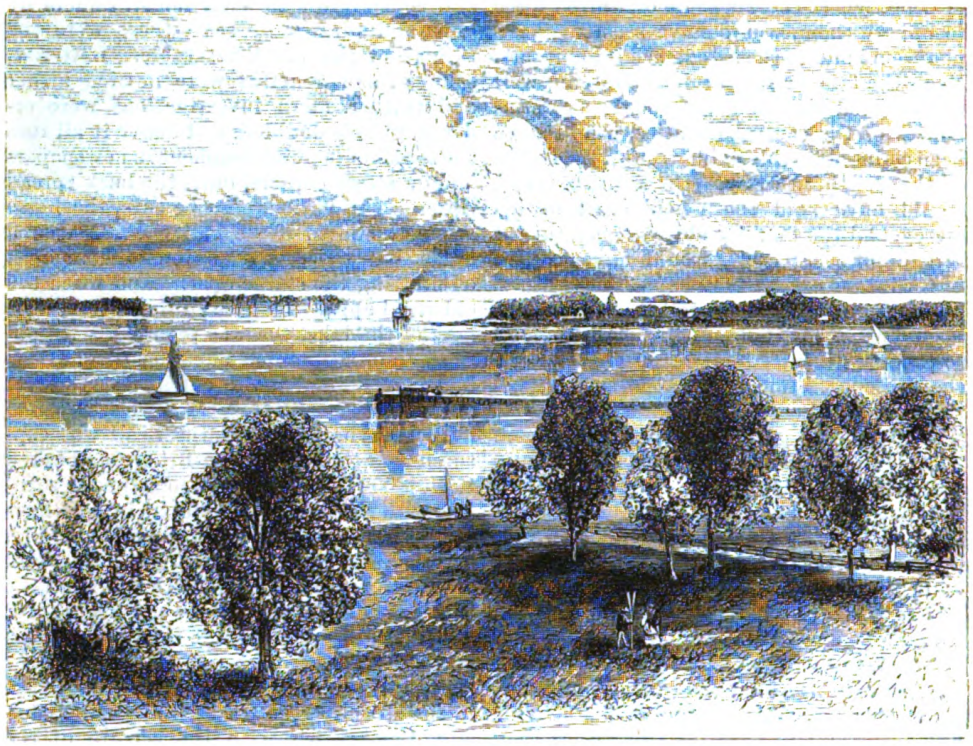
But the plot on shore failed. Cole spent his money freely in Sandusky, and managed to procure an introduction to the officers of the *Michigan*, inviting them to supper-parties, and playing the part of a genial host whose wines are good and generously offered. The tedium of the daily life upon the steamer and in the small town was enlivened by his hospitality, and for some time all went well; but gradually he began to mar his own plot by so much incautiousness and such a want of dexterity in his movements that a suspicion was aroused in Sandusky, and his manœuvres were watched. On the evening of the 19th of September Cole had invited the officers of the *Michigan* to a supper-party. Every thing was prepared for them, the wine was drugged, and when by this means they had been rendered helpless, a signal was to notify Beall that all was ready for his attack. But in the mean time suspicion had grown into certainty, and at the very moment of success Cole was arrested by order of the commander of the *Michigan*, the signal was never given, and Beall, on board of the *Parsons*, strained his eyes in vain toward Sandusky and Johnson's Island, cruising up and down outside the bay, now talking with his prisoner, the captain, and now urging his men to dare all and make the attack alone. But the men, a disorderly rabble gathered together in Canada, refused to enter the bay; and at last, disappointed and disheartened, Beall gave the signal to turn the boat, and abandoned the attempt. Back went the *Parsons*, with her pirate crew, past Kelley's Island, where the alarmed inhabitants were burying their valuables, and looking for the flames of burning Sandusky; past Middle Bass, where the unfortunate passengers, watching on the beach shortly after midnight, saw her fly by, the fire pouring out of her smoke-stacks, and "making for the Detroit River like a scared pickerel." The captain and those of the crew who had been retained to manage the boat were put ashore upon an uninhabited island, and after reaching the Canadian shore and scuttling the steamer, the pirates disbanded, and Beall, the master-spirit, was left to brood over a failure which had the additional bitterness of possible success.

In the morning the lake-country people woke up to hear the news. Incendiaries and conspirators in their midst, raiders by land and pirates by sea—these were the tidings of the breakfast-table. Batteries, soldiers, and generals were hurried hither and thither, stern investigations were ordered, guards doubled, and above it all rose the sound of popular comment in newspapers and on street corners, until the buzz spread through the nation. To be sure, the horse was not stolen, if we call the *Michigan* a horse, but there was an immense amount of shutting the stable door. And when the old steed appeared again in the various harbors of the lake, she was regarded with curiosity and redoubled affection as one who had indeed snuffed the battle, though from afar.

In less than four months Beall was captured near the Suspension-Bridge, and taken to New York. An attempt to bribe the turnkey with three thousand dollars in gold having been discovered, the authorities sent him to Fort Lafayette, and while there he made an appeal to the bar of New York to undertake his defense. For a time no one responded, but at length Mr. James T. Brady offered his services, and the trial began before a military court. Beall was charged with the seizure of the steamer *Philo Parsons* at Kelley's Island, Lake Erie; with the seizure of the steamer *Island Queen* at Middle Bass Island, Lake Erie; with being a rebel spy in Ohio and New York; and with an attempt to throw the express car off the track between Buffalo and Dunkirk, for the purpose of robbing the express company's safe. The officers of the captured steamers came from the West to identify him, and it is said that Beall frankly confirmed their testimony, remarking that as regarded the lake affair the trial had been fair and impartial. In the defense a manifesto from Jefferson Davis was offered, asserting that these acts upon the border were committed by his authority, and should be recognized as the acts of lawful belligerents. But the court pronounced the verdict of "Guilty;" and General Dix approved the finding, ordering the prisoner to be hung on Governor's Island, Saturday, the 18th of February. In reviewing the testimony, General Dix said: "The accused is shown to be a man of education and refinement, and it is difficult to account for his agency in transactions so abhorrent to the moral sense and so inconsistent with all the rules of honorable warfare." In this opinion all just-minded persons will agree. And yet, as an example of judgment, mistaken but equally sincere, an example of perverted mental vision, take the farewell letter of Beall to his brother, written on the eve of the day appointed for his execution:

"....Remember me kindly to my friends. Say to them that *I am not aware of committing any crime against society.* I die for my country. No thirst for blood or lucre animated me in my course....My hands

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PUT-IN-BAY SCENERY.

are clean of blood, unless spilled in conflict, and not a cent enriched my pocket.... Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord, and I will repay. Therefore do not show unkindness to the prisoners; they are helpless.

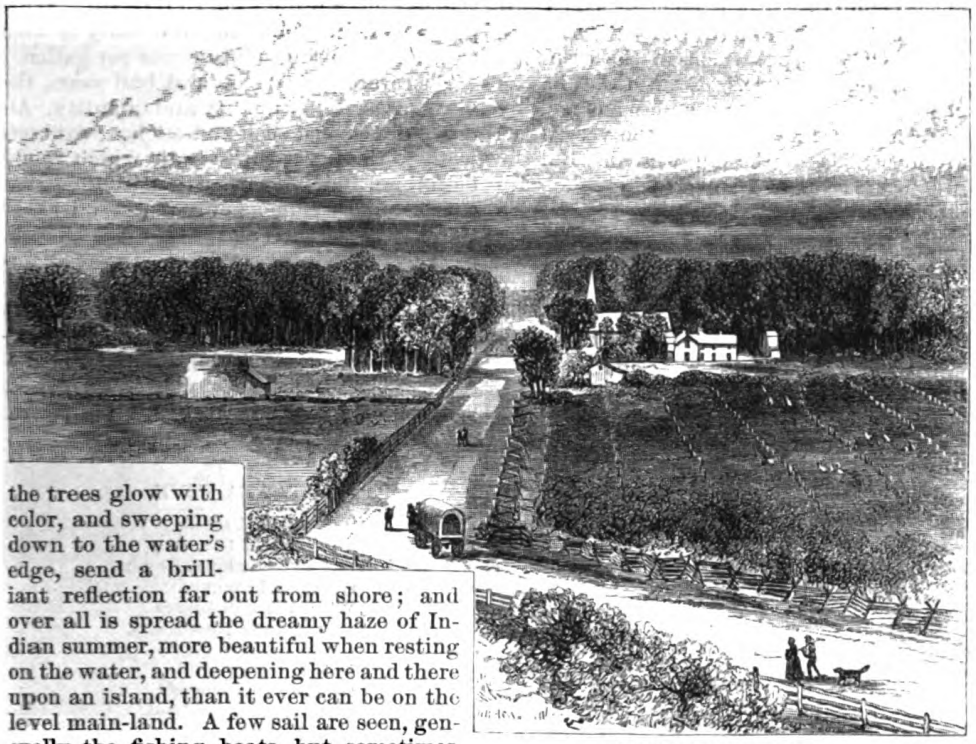
"JOHN YATES BEALL."

A short respite was afterward granted by President Lincoln to enable the mother to see her son; but on the afternoon of the 24th of February the execution took place, upon Governor's Island, New York Harbor, the prisoner responding to the prayers of the Episcopal service for the dying, but otherwise remaining apparently unmoved. One item in the newspaper accounts of the day is worthy of note. During the whole of the long proceedings before the execution the young man kept his eyes steadfastly fixed upon the southern horizon, as if looking toward the very heart of the country for which he was giving up his life.

Beall was finely formed, about five feet eight inches in height, with hazel eyes, brown hair and beard, and a firmly compressed mouth. He was thirty-two years old at the time of his death.

The islands are now free from alarm, the prison barracks on Johnson's, in the bay, are gone, and nothing warlike remains save a few earth-works and traditions of the past, which mingle the stories of 1813 with those of 1864. Grapes are every where: the long ranks of the vines stretch from shore to shore, and even the talk is fruity. Grapes are fastidious in their choice of a home; here they will and there they will not grow. One side of a field they accept, and the other side they reject, and in many localities they refuse to show even a leaf on the trellis. If the soil is unfavorable for the vine, no art can render it favorable. But here on this southern shore of Lake Erie, and upon its islands, the grape flourishes in unrivaled luxuriance, and even the banks of the Ohio, the first stronghold of the Catawba, have been forced to yield a precedence in many points to the northern rival. Many crops are useful, but few are in themselves beautiful; digging potatoes, for example, can never figure upon the poet's page. But every thing connected with a vineyard is full of beauty, whether it be the green leaves and twining tendrils of the spring, the bunches slowly turning in the hot midsummer sun, the first picking in early fall, when the long aisles are filled with young girls making merry over their work, or the last ingathering of the Indian summer, when the late-ripening bunches hanging on the bare trellises shine through the vineyards in red-purple gleams as far as the eye can reach. Nothing can be more lovely than the islands in this golden season; Dionysius himself would have loved them. The water is blue and tranquil, for even in a gale the fury does not enter here among the land-locked harbors; on all sides stand the islets, some large, some small, some vine-covered and inhabited, others rocky and wild;

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ON PUT-IN-BAY ISLAND.

the trees glow with color, and sweeping down to the water's edge, send a brilliant reflection far out from shore; and over all is spread the dreamy haze of Indian summer, more beautiful when resting on the water, and deepening here and there upon an island, than it ever can be on the level main-land. A few sail are seen, generally the fishing boats, but sometimes comes a Lake Erie yacht from the shore cities, bound to or from the duck marshes far up Sandusky Bay.

Gibraltar Island, a mere dot in the water, is crowned by a villa whose tower forms a picturesque point in the landscape. This islet is a country-seat belonging to Mr. Jay Cooke, the banker, and upon its rocky summit is a memorial of Commodore Perry, overlooking the scene of the battle of Lake Erie. Upon Kelley's Island also there are some handsome residences, and no doubt they will be built all through the archipelago wherever a point or a headland can be spared from the grapes. "Oh," said our oarsman, as we floated near the Needle's Eye of Gibraltar, "my brother-in-law could have bought the whole island for seventy-five dollars!"

"Why did he not do it, then?"

"Oh, he never thought as how the old rock would be worth so much; that was before folks took to coming here, and there wasn't many grapes either."

Thousands of dollars are now asked for the smallest island.

Kelley's, the largest of the group, possesses, in addition to its vineyards, valuable limestone quarries, from which the furnaces from Erie, Pennsylvania, to Marquette, Lake Superior, draw their supplies of lime and flux stone. It has 836 inhabitants, five schools, and four churches.

Put-in-Bay Island has 600 inhabitants, and two large hotels, which are filled in the summer with Southerners fleeing from Missouri and Kentucky heat; they find Lake Erie air quite cool, while the Lake Erie people, panting and oppressed, fly by on steamers, and stop not until they reach Mackinac or Lake Superior. Meanwhile the Lake Superior people make excursions to the north shore; and no doubt when the north shore is settled, the inhabitants will spend their summers at the arctic circle. The scenery of the islands is never grand, but always lovely. The tired brain is not excited to the work of admiration or wonder, but it can find restful pleasure floating on the quiet water in the shade of the cliffs, or dreaming away the days in the beautiful vineyards. We all have our moods when we ask, like the lotos-eaters,

> "Why are we weighed upon with heaviness,
> And utterly consumed with sharp distress,
> While all things else have rest from weariness?"

At such times the islands are like the "land in which it seemed always afternoon," and coming here, the weary can fall "asleep in a half dream," and take sweet rest after their labors in the busy main-land towns.

America has so long imported its wines that it hardly yet realizes the presence of a native production. The wine of the islands is of several kinds, the best known being the dry Catawba. The expression "juice of the grape," however, misleads the ignorant, who fancy that grapes and a press are all that is necessary. This idea is like that

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of the young lady who, upon being asked how she would prepare a dish of baked beans, replied, "Why, put them in the dish and bake them, of course." Every thing has its chemistry, even beans; and wine-making is chemical science, whereof the very terms are mysterious to the uninitiated. But the grapes in the heaped barrels and baskets are a sight worth seeing, and the presses, with the juice flowing out in a fragrant stream, bring the Old Testament to our minds, the days when the new wine was preferred to the old. Down in the cellars of the wine-houses, under the presses, stand rows of giant casks, and the superintendent fills a glass from each to show the wine in all its stages. It is good—very good; and as it is native, it is cheap—cheap when compared with even the poorest imported mixture. It has often been asserted that the inhabitants of a vine-growing district are never intemperate. The purity of the wine prevents the excitement produced by vile compounds, and its very plentifulness teaches its proper use. There is no need to slip away into obscure places to get it; there is no need for deception or excuse. Every body has it, every body drinks it, and the fascination of rarity is gone. If this is true, the native wines should be brought into common use as an antidote against the deadly liquors which so soon blunt the heart and destroy the mind of man. Throughout the West already have they won their way, and gradually are they penetrating into the Eastern markets. Not rapidly, however, for it was only last summer when, after ordering a bottle of dry Catawba, which by some chance had got its name upon the wine list of a fashionable watering-place hotel, the head waiter brought us "sparkling Moselle," with the assurance that it was "just the same wine—exactly the same." The statistics of the grapes and wine for one year will give an idea of the extent of the production:

Number of acres in bearing in Ottowa County and the islands	2,089
Total product, in pounds	7,462,750
Grapes sold, in pounds	118,000
Number of gallons of wine made	812,184

The grapes bring from five to eight cents per pound, and the common quality of wine at wholesale brings sixty cents per gallon.

There are good years and bad years, the vintage varying in quality and quantity. Already the wine of such-and-such a year is offered to the guest with an air which would be foreign if it was not so entirely native; old-fashioned connoisseurs know all about the vintage of such and such a year, but in their day the vintages spoken of were all foreign.

They are not all foreign now. The native Bacchus is young and modest, but his followers will gather around him before long. Already the native poet, America's greatest, has not been ashamed to chant his praises in the following verses:

CATAWBA WINE.

This song of mine
Is a song of the vine,
To be sung by the glowing embers
Of way-side inns
When the rain begins
To darken the drear Novembers.

It is not a song
Of the Scuppernong
From warm Carolinian valleys,
Nor the Isabel,
And the Muscadel,
That bask in our garden alleys.

Richest and best
Is the wine of the West
That grows by the beautiful river;
Whose sweet perfume
Fills all the room
With a benison on the giver.

Very good in its way
Is the Verzenay,
Or the Sillery soft and creamy,
But Catawba wine
Has a taste more divine,
More dulcet, delicious, and dreamy.

Pure as a spring
Is the wine I sing,
And to praise it one needs but name it,
For Catawba wine
Has need of no sign,
No tavern-bush to proclaim it.

H. W. Longfellow.

TO-MORROW.

I.

Down in the blossomy orchard she sat, and sang to herself
An idle and ancient ballad of king and giant and elf,
Set to a dull old measure, crossed by a weird refrain,
Yet the pulse of the singer's gladness beat wild in every strain.

Bird songs were echoed around her; each gay breath of the breeze
Made love to a world of blossoms already trothed to the bees;
Shadows, courted of sunshine, flecked the leaves and the ground,
And the subtle odors of summer filled all the air around.

Flouting the merry young clovers and kingcups yellow and fine,
A bit of a brook danced onward, nor recked of shade or of shine.
Sky-heights flooded with sunshine, lines of river and hill,
Made the heart of a distant picture tinted at Spring's sweet will.

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"BUSILY WORKING AND SINGING, SHE WOVE THE WREATH AND THE VINE."

Busily working and singing, she wove the wreath and the vine
Over the threads of the linen in many a fanciful line;
Busily working, and singing of king and giant and elf,
In the midst of the quaint old ditty she softly laughed to herself.

Slowly the notes of the ballad strayed into silence and died;
Robins and bees kept the chorus shrill and cheery and wide;
Then, musing in that old fashion that maidens understand,
Unheeded the folds of linen slid from her careless hand.

"Ah, how lovely the world is! I could never be sad!
Why, the sun and the blossoms *alone* could make me glad!
I am so happy, so happy, I scarce have one regret—
But, ah! to-morrow, *to-morrow*, I shall be happier yet!

"Birdie, up in the branches, sing me your prettiest lay;
Don't grow weary of trilling your clear little songs to-day;
Because to-morrow, my birdie—ah! now you have taken wing—
Some one I know of may listen and hear you when you sing.

"Somebody's coming to-morrow: I would not care to tell
The leaves and the little flowers the name I love so well.
I am sure he is coming—and sure of something more:
If thoughts and wishes could bring him, he would have come before.

"Only a week since Monday—how long a week can be!—
Monday night, in the gateway, he said good-by to me;
And then—but I am forgetting something else that he said—
He said good-by's would be over when he and I were wed.

"When he and I are wedded! Ah, that will be so soon!
To think of the long years lying beyond this afternoon!
Only a day! so little out of a whole long life!—
Before to-morrow is ended, I shall be his wife.

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"I can see him before me, just as he looked that night,
Standing under the lilacs, facing the sunset light,
Turning back in the gateway to kiss me once again—
I hope he will look to-morrow just as he lookéd then.

"Some time, far in the future, when I am old and gray,
I shall like to look back and think about my wedding-day.
I am glad it is coming just in the last of Spring,
The time for flowers to blossom, the time for birds to sing.

"When I am wrinkled and feeble, and like to sit all day
In the sunlight or the fire-light, and while the time away
With little tasks, and with stories of all that used to be,
Of the old days and old faces that were so dear to me,

"Perhaps I shall then remember how oft I have sat alone
Down here in this little orchard upon this mossy stone,
Planning and hoping and dreaming, as girls so like to dream,
Telling my fortune with daisies, watching my face in the stream,

"Wondering, wondering always what I should do and be,
And what the life that was coming might have in store for me.
Perhaps I shall drop my knitting and smile and wonder again
To think of the grand air castles that seemed so solid then.

"Truly, it matters little what else my life may bring,
Because it has brought me Roger—so says this golden ring!—
And not Aladdin's genii, with all their wondrous art,
Could bring me a gift so priceless as is one loving heart.

"I would like to be dancing, dancing the whole day through;
But I am a grown-up woman, and that would never do.
Hark! the clock in the village is striking—one, two, three—
(I wonder if Roger is thinking about to-morrow—and me!)

"There, my scissors and thimble have fallen into the stream!
Here I am idly losing half the day in a dream!
Sometimes, when I am thinking, the days seem one and all
Only a dream that passes like sunshine on a wall!

"It will be strange to-morrow, strange to be dressed in white,
With all the people gazing, on the left and the right;
Stranger still to be thinking that Roger belongs to me
And I belong to Roger through all eternity!

"We shall be happy—happy if good or ill betide—
Because we love each other better than all beside.
Better than God, I wonder?—I think God likes to see
Just such a happy marriage as Roger's and mine will be!

"Roger will think me pretty—he always thinks me so—
But I shall be blushing scarlet half the time, I know.
And it all will be so solemn, the promises and the prayer—
But then how many are married and never seem to care!

"Some one's calling: I wonder if they are calling me?
I think I will leave my dreaming a while and go and see.
Shadows are getting longer, long as the afternoon:
Thank you, my lady shadows—bring me to-morrow soon."

Gathering up the linen, scissors, thimble, and thread,
She hastened across the grasses with light and careless tread,
Out where the fields were sleeping in sunshine's rich content,
Tossing the curls from her forehead, and singing as she went.

Down in the blossomy orchard the shadows grew and grew,
And the robins and the blackbirds sang all the songs they knew.
Sunset wedded the twilight, crowned with a crescent moon,
And the night awaited the morning—coming, now, so soon.

II.

The sun was up, the world was gay,
And only softest breezes blew.
Laden with many a bloomy spray,
She brushed aside the morning dew.
Her eyes were happy as the day
That shone upon the world anew;
Her wavy hair was bound away
From brow and neck with ribbons blue.

Her gray-haired father in its place
Laid by the ancient Testament,
Glanced up and smiled to see her face
So bright with beauty and content.
Her mother, busiest of the race
Of housewives, in her aspect blent
With cheerfulness a quiet grace,
By simple ways and duties lent.

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Her sisters, laughing in the door,
Were wreathing flowers with busy skill;
Upon the sunny steps and floor
The wind strewed leaves and blooms at will.
The blossomed boughs kept sweets in store
For bees that had their hives to fill,
And peacefully the sky spread o'er
The distant stretch of wood and hill.

The morning, like a happy child,
Seemed sent from Heaven, full of glee;
Above the dew-wet world it smiled,
And made the noon and dawn agree.
The orioles, with trillings wild,
Sang roundelays in many a tree;
And, high in air, the lark beguiled
The passing hours with melody.

The little winds, in courses free,
Lingered and tossed her tresses o'er,
As if so fair a bride as she
Had never sat in cottage door.
The streams of sunshine merrily
Poured in upon the walls and floor,
As if, since days began to be,
No wedding-day had come before.

And happy repartee and jest
Were tossed about among the girls:
"See, here is rue for Roger's vest,
And dandelions to trim your curls."
"How beautifully we'd be dressed
If only grooms were knights and earls!
I wonder, Mary—you know best—
If Roger cares for crimps and quirls?"

"When once *her* wedding-day is o'er,
We may have time to think of ours:
It's well to settle long before
About the bride-maids and the dowers."
"I'll hang this wreath above the door,
And loop the curtains back with flowers—
A single spray—it needs no more—
And leaves will keep it fresh for hours."

"Now, Mary, when you're saying 'Yes,'
You mustn't look at Sue or me:
Just count the ruffles on your dress,
Or blossoms on the apple-tree.
Roger'll be grave enough, I guess;
I hope you'll do as well as he.
I'm sure I wish you all success
In putting on your dignity!"

"Roger be grave?" "Well, hardly that;
But graver than his wont, I trow:
I'll give his arm a friendly pat
If he forgets and answers 'No.'
You'll stand just here, where father sat
When James was married long ago;
Right on the border of the mat
Between the door and window—so.

"And Roger, with his careless grace,
Will look as handsome as a king;
And you!—a rose will match your face—"
"Dear me! If Roger drops the ring!"
So, chattering all about the place,
They set the witnesses of Spring,
And left a little subtle trace
Of love and care on every thing.

But she, half laughing at their talk,
Kept watchful eyes upon the gate,
The road's far windings, white as chalk.
Then Maud said, gayly, "Roger's late!
Let's promenade along the walk,
And scold because he made us wait;
Let's gather each a tansy stalk,
And 'wear a weed' in widowed state!"

The ancient clock upon the wall
Was pointing out the sign of ten,
And shaded parlor, shaded hall,
Seemed fit for haunt of fairy men.
The snowy blooms inwreathing all
Made shadows white; and now and then
A passing breeze let odors fall,
And wandered into sun again.

"Why, where is Roger? See how late!
At nine, we thought, he must be here!"
"Well, time and tide can never wait:
The noon will bring him, do not fear."
But like a bird without a mate,
Restless and seeking what might cheer,
Flitting between the door and gate,
She waited, straining eye and ear

To catch the first faint, distant sign
Of his approach; and near and far
The fields lay fair in shade and shine;
No cloud the breadths of sky did mar;
The narrow way-side paths were fine
With many a blossom-cup and star,
And far along the road's white line
The cattle grazed by wall and bar.

The morning hours passed one by one;
The noon came with its world of gold;
The petty household tasks were done,
And friends were gathered, new and old;
And all the wedding mirth begun,
And jests were made and tales were told:
But still he came not, though the sun
Chased shadows from the wood and wold.

Within her chamber, new arrayed
In laces' fairy gossamer,
She sat and wondered, half afraid,
And starting at the breezes' stir;
And starting if a bird betrayed
Its nearness by a chirp or whir—
Amazed, and doubting, since he staid,
What cause his coming might defer.

Her sisters, gay an hour ago,
Sought comfort in each other's eyes,
And filled the moments' tardy flow
With hasty questions and replies.
The wedding guests who sat below
Whispered their comments and surprise.
The mother, moving to and fro,
Still kept her gentle, cheerful guise.

The ancient clock, bedecked with flowers,
Was pointing out the sign of two:
Too swiftly now the busy hours
Moved onward in the courses due.
The bridal presents, loving dowers
Of old affection proved anew,
Lay underneath their tiny bowers
Unheeded; and the moments grew,

And made another hour. The while
She waited, grown heart-sick with dread,
Her sisters sought with harmless guile
To smooth the careful words they said,
And tried with many a winning wile
To scatter fears that silence fed.
Still, with white lips she tried to smile,
But turned away and wept instead.

"He may be ill." "If that were so
He must have sent us some brief word."
"We had the note two days ago."
"Perhaps some new delay occurred."
"I never knew the time so slow."
Said one, in whispers scarcely heard,
"How strange! If we could only know!
His coming *could* not be deferred!"

"And then, what *will* the people say?"
"Oh, hush! speak lower; she may hear."
"Is that a dust-cloud, far away
Upon the road, and coming near?"
"It is! it is! I hope and pray
It may be Roger! Little fear
But that it is. A wedding-day
Without a bridegroom *would* be queer."

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"WHAT WAS IT THAT I HEARD HIM SAY?"

The noise of wheels had reached her ear,
  The tramp of horses driven fast:
How quickly every brow grew clear
  That clouds of doubt had overcast!
And, laughing out with sudden cheer,
  She cried, "Ah, he is come at last!
I knew I had no cause for fear,
  But yet, thank Heaven the fear is past!

"I wonder what has kept him so!
  And see—my eyes are swollen and red—
They're only at the bridge. How slow!
  Tell me when they are near!" she said.
She smoothed the laces' tumbled snow,
  Bewreathed the flowers that crowned her head,
Smiled at the mirror's pretty show,
  And paced the floor with restless tread.

"They're here, and there is Roger!" "Nay,
  That is not Roger!" "Why, who, then?"
"A stranger, and his hair is gray."
  "But Roger's with him. Look again!"
"No. Now he's at the door; but stay—
  Listen. They asked him 'where?' and 'when?'
What was it that I heard him say?
  The Erie Railway? Found at ten?"

A knot of people in the door,
  And voices loud, then hushed and low:
"How many killed?" "You say at four?"
  "A crowded train!" "If *she* should know!"

"Dead when you found him?" "Long before—
  And killed, I think, by one hard blow.
He must have lain six hours or more
  Netted within the ruins so.

"He had this letter in his hand;
  It said he was to wed to-day.
I thought, perhaps—you understand—
  The news might come some harder way."

Only a girl's despairing cry
  Ringing across the sunny air,
A murmur, fading to a sigh,
  Then sudden silence every where.
And none had known that she was by,
  And none had thought to save or spare.
They stared, aghast. "Was she so nigh?"
  "You did not tell me *she* was there!"

And still the summer breezes fanned
  Each tiny leaf and bloomy spray,
And still throughout the happy land
  The blossoms told that it was May;

For hearts may break and loves grow cold
  Betwixt the morning and the eve,
And still the sunset gives its gold
  To those who smile, to those who grieve;
And graves are filled and men grow old,
  And still the busy seasons weave
New lives and loves; and last year's mould
  Covers the dust of those they leave.

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WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH SCROGGS?

By CHARLES NORDHOFF.

ACCORDING to the latest returns, there are in the United States forty-one State-prisons, of which New York has three, Pennsylvania and Indiana two each, and the other States one each, with the exception of Delaware, where the whipping-post saves them the expense of a penitentiary. The number of county jails is over two thousand; and there are, besides, houses of correction, local penitentiaries, etc., for adults, to the number of twenty-five, chiefly in New York and Massachusetts.

The State-prisons of this country contain at this time about 16,000 convicts; and there were in May, 1872, about 38,500 persons in confinement for various crimes and offenses, in prisons of all kinds, in the whole United States. It thus appears that, according to the formula of a sarcastic Frenchman, the detected and convicted are to the undetected part of our population as about one to one thousand. But as the imprisoned part is mostly between sixteen and forty years of age, a truer comparison would be with the population comprised between those ages, and this would give about one to every 450 in a jail of some kind.

When a man or woman is sentenced to prison for a term of years, society ceases to trouble itself about him almost as much as though he had been happily shot or hanged. While he remains in prison he is clothed, warmed, and fed, and more or less disciplined, at society's expense, and, like a naughty child shut up in a closet, he does not "bother" any body except his keepers. When his term is served he is summarily turned out from the place which has meantime become home to him; and with his old clothes, and enough money to pay his way to the nearest big city, he is left to do what he chooses—or rather what necessity, weakness, ignorance, the force of old associations, the desperation of loneliness, all combined, may tempt him to do. His readiest friends are his old companions in vagrancy or crime, and the top of his ambition is to maintain his place among the great mass of the undetected. If the police is too crafty for him, if he is again caught, society, virtuously indignant, sends him back to prison, where, of course, he figures as an incorrigible, and receives double doses of discipline, hortatory and otherwise. In some few cases he reforms, and becomes a more or less useless member of society. But all who have had to do with criminals report that genuine and lasting reform is but seldom found, and that when a boy once gets into jail, he will probably continue to prey upon society as long as he lives, and that on the score of economy, and leaving humanity out of view, it would have been better to shoot or hang him at the beginning.

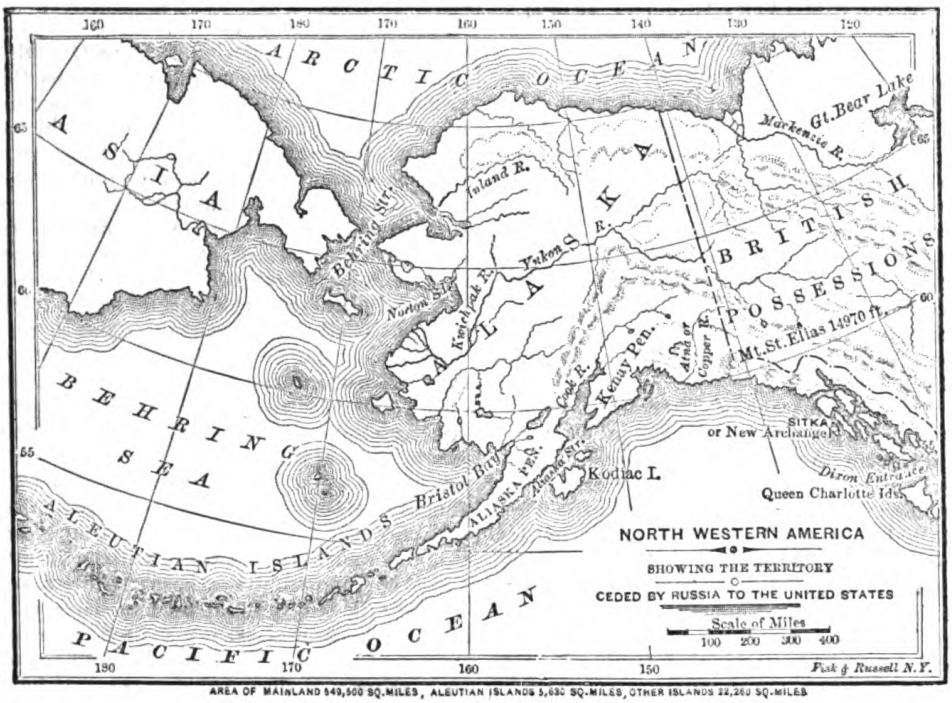
The general conviction that, as Quetelet puts it, "it is society which prepares the crime, the criminal being only the instrument which executes it," has become so deep that society has in modern times conscientiously imposed upon governments the task of not merely confining but of trying to reform its criminals. With society organized as at present—that is to say, very rudely, imperfectly, and selfishly—we know that, given a certain density of population, and we shall find a certain definite and predicable number of thefts, of robberies, of burglaries, and murders. The diffusion of intelligence, the decrease of intemperance, and other circumstances affect this result, but they are themselves affected by density of population, and it remains true that the statistician can foretell with startling correctness how many thieves, burglars, robbers, and assassins there will be in any Christian community whose numbers per square mile he knows. Society being constituted as it now is, a certain proportion will be criminals, just as a certain other proportion will be dyspeptics, or will have weak eyes, and another proportion will be virtuous, self-denying, conscientious, and irritable. The burglar is as much the natural and legitimate product of society as Jim Fisk was the inevitable result of the indecent scramble for wealth, and the semi-barbarous love of ostentatious living which distinguishes New York.

When, therefore, Scroggs is detected, convicted, and sentenced to Sing Sing, society is guilty with Scroggs; and knowing this, it enjoins upon Scroggs's keeper that he shall not torture Scroggs, that he shall give him enough to eat, and a fit place to sleep in, that he shall cause Scroggs to be instructed in letters and morals, and that he shall in general try to prepare him to become a useful member of society, instead of a beast of prey. And in order that all this may be done, and thus the guilty social conscience be put at rest, society, which is an Ass, puts politicians in the places of prison managers and inspectors, and then goes about its business. *Its* duty is done.

By-and-by Scroggs has served out his term, and unless he was a ward politician—in which case he is all right, and can take up his old calling without delay or hinderance—he is turned out of prison presumably reformed, with good impulses where bad ones were, with virtue triumphant in his bosom, and with an old suit of clothes on his back, and a dollar and a half in his pocket.

Now, if it was the duty of society to make a *man* of him, it has conspicuously failed. If it owed him any thing, it owed him far more than it gives him. For the most part,

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it has not even given him good superiors in prison. Within five years, on an investigation into the management of one of the New York State-prisons, an intelligent convict deposed that the prisoners were the only reputable people in the prison, and there was reason to believe at the time that he did not exaggerate. What with contractors who make fortunes out of the convicts' labor—it is in evidence that a profit of fifty per cent. per annum on the capital thus invested is very moderate, and that a hundred per cent. is not unknown; what with politicians filling the places of keepers and subordinates, and making percentages of their own; what with such extravagance in management that, according to an official report, in 1857, 1890 prisoners in New York cost $112 54 per head, and in 1865, 1885 prisoners cost $220 per head; that during twenty-three years, also in the New York prisons, the average per diem for the hire of convict labor increased only fifty per cent., while in the same time the cost of maintaining the prisons increased 300 per cent., and that in the same time the State-prisons cost, to maintain, ten millions, while the convict labor yielded four millions, leaving a deficit of six millions, of which $5,340,000 have been actually raised by taxation within the last six years—with such examples of greed, incapacity, faithlessness to trusts, lack of economy, and general mismanagement before them, how can we expect the reformation of convicts confined in State-prisons?

In fact, they are not reformed; and if they were, their condition when they become freed men would not be much better than now. The ruling principle of prison management in modern times is that the protection of society against criminal spoliation shall be united with the thorough reformation of the transgressors. But suppose the criminal *is* morally reformed, is it not a fact that the life in prison has unfitted him for contact with the world outside; that he comes out a weakling in the race before him; that his life is a failure to begin with, and no career, however humble, opens to him where he may hope to rise and to make the best use of his energies? B. K. Pierce, chaplain of the New York House of Refuge, touched the marrow of this question in an address before the Prison Congress last year. He said:

"At this day there are thousands of young men and women, under twenty but over sixteen years of age, in penitentiaries. As these prisons are now conducted, their condition is, humanly speaking, hopeless. There are now no persons outside the prison walls prepared to receive and encourage discharged prisoners in any considerable numbers, except their old criminal companions. These are ever ready to meet them as the door of the prison opens, and to offer them shelter, food, and encouragement in a dishonest course. No counting-room, mechanic's shop, or even farm labor invites a young discharged prisoner to earn an honest living. If the man will not starve, he must steal. He is thus made a bitter enemy of society, and becomes desperate in the inevitableness of his condition. 'They will all as certainly come back here, or be sent to another prison, after their discharge, as they live,' said the warden of a penitentiary to me a few weeks since, as we stood gazing upon a gang of a hundred or more young men, averaging eighteen years of age, lazily at work in a stone-quarry connected with the prison. 'Where else can they go?' he asked."

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Now what is a criminal? He is a person who has violated the laws, and who threatens the security of society. Society, impelled by a just instinct of self-preservation, undertakes to seclude him for a space of time. He is put where, first, he shall have no power for mischief; second, he shall have opportunity to consider his errors; third, he shall be subjected to such discipline as will make him a law-observing and authority-respecting rather than a law-defying creature; fourth, he shall receive instruction, moral and otherwise, which society neglected to give him in his earlier days.

So much society has a right to do, and ought to do, but it has no right to destroy or seriously impair the criminal's chance in life after the expiration of his term of punishment, for to do this is to injure not merely the man, but society itself. I am not speaking here of the rights of criminals out of any morbid or mawkish sentimentalism such as leads many good but mistaken men to oppose capital punishment. The worst use you can make of some men is not to hang them: it is a summary and wholesome way of abating some nuisances. I should rather say that the worst use you can make of a man is to stick him into a State-prison for a term of years. Yet we are building several new State-prisons, and this in spite of such facts of mismanagement as have been stated —in spite of the fact that while contractors make fortunes and prison officers become wealthy, according to recent reports nearly three-fourths of the State-prisons are not self-supporting, and in spite of such a state of things as was exposed at the London Prison Congress by Mr. F. B. Sanborn. His words apply to the prisons of Massachusetts, probably among the best managed in the country. He said:

"In all, we may count for the Massachusetts prisons not less than 350 different official persons concerned in their management and inspection, the number of prisoners in them all never exceeding 3500 at any one time. From this we might infer that the Massachusetts prisons were thoroughly inspected, however perplexing might be the system under which it was done. But, in fact, there is no municipal inspector who has been in all the municipal prisons, no county inspector who has been in all the county prisons, few State inspectors who have been in all the county prisons or in any of the municipal ones, and no one person in the State who has ever visited all the prisons it contains. Consequently there is no proper knowledge any where of the relation of one part of the prison system to the rest, and no proper system at all, but only a confusion of laws, rules, boards, and details."

Mr. Sanborn said in the same report that "of 16,000 convicts in the State-prisons probably between 4000 and 6000 are receiving scanty instruction in schools of some sort; of 22,000 prisoners in local prisons not 3000 are receiving any secular instruction whatever. About 20,000 of the 38,000 prisoners are wholly illiterate, and of these less than 3000 are receiving instruction."

Now, in place of building new prisons, why should we not try exile—penal transportation? We have in Alaska an immense territory, in almost every respect well suited to be the scene of a penal colony. It is isolated, and escapes would be easily prevented; it is almost uninhabited; it has a chain of islands suitable for separate colonies; its climate on the coasts is sufficiently mild, and yet not tropical, but bracing and healthful; it offers few or no temptations to vagrancy; and yet it is a country in which convicts who had served out their time, or earned their discharge, could live comfortably, and build up a new and prosperous society.

At present Alaska is a useless and expensive possession. Two Federal artillery companies hold possession; but it lies too far out of the way to tempt settlers. Used as a penal colony, to which the most hardened of our convicts might at first be sent, it would offer a clear field for interesting and valuable experiments in the management and reformation of criminals. It is not sickly, like the French penal settlement of Cayenne; nor has it, like Australia, a climate so mild as to enable runaway convicts to live a vagrant life in the bush. It is a country in which industry and foresight are necessary to enable a white man to exist; and thus the natural conditions of life would help in disciplining the criminals sent thither.

Being controlled by the Federal government, it is probable that, if Alaska became a penal colony, West Point officers would be its rulers and guardians; and these, who are, above all, strict disciplinarians, are admirably calculated to manage rightly a convict population, which needs, above all other things, to learn obedience to authority, and to be subjected to rigid discipline of mind and body. Moreover, the graduate of West Point is, as a rule, a man of honor and a gentleman. He knows nothing about contracts; he performs his duty; he is honest and respectable; and under his rule, at least, the convict would not commonly have before him a pernicious example of greed, and other low forms of vice.

There would be no lack of work in Alaska for a penal colony, however numerous. The country has no roads; it has no public buildings; it has no mechanic arts; it would need, if it had a population, artisans of all kinds; and for half a century to come a penal colony in Alaska rightly managed ought to be self-supporting, with abundance of useful labor for every convict.

The question of penal transportation has not come very prominently before the public in recent years. It was not even discussed at the recent Prison Congress in London, though a report was read upon it by Count di Foresta, Procureur-General of

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Ancona, who said: "Transportation with compulsory labor in a colony I approve as the best punishment for great criminals. It seems to me to answer perfectly the double object of all punishment—the protection of society, within the limits of justice, and the reformation of the convict. It fulfills the first of these objects—the protection of society—for the most dangerous criminals are thus cast out from the bosom of society; the grave inconveniences of relapse are avoided, and would-be criminals are deterred by the prospect of banishment from their country and family. The second object is equally met, that of moralizing these individuals, and giving them hope and the means of becoming again useful to themselves and society in another country, where, after undergoing part of their punishment, they can send for their families or found new ones, *thus beginning another existence in an entirely different atmosphere*, which will not seduce them into their former errors."

This is the true point—to so manage the criminal that when he has suffered his punishment he may have, at least, the chance to begin a new and better life, and to make even his period of punishment as natural and healthful as is consistent with his seclusion from general society. And this can be best done by exile or penal transportation. It is not done at all under the State-prison system.

Two companies of artillery and two revenue-cutters now hold Alaska. This force need be but very slightly increased to be sufficiently strong, with proper management, to control and keep under discipline a thousand convicts. The Aleutian Isles, the island of Kodiak, and the long Alaska peninsula offer themselves for isolated stations; and I do not doubt that our engineer officers could elaborate a plan of operations for a convict colony which would make such a colony self-supporting and helpful to the reformation of the convicts, bearing in mind always these words of that most successful manager of a penal colony, Captain Maconochie, under whose command that most terrible of English prisons, Norfolk Island, was the scene of so much genuine reform, that "the true principle is to place the prisoner in a position of stern adversity, from which he must work his way out by his own exertions, by diligent labor, and a constant course of voluntary self-command and self-denial."

The convicted criminal does not differ in many things from his fellow-man in freedom. He is gratified with labor if it is useful, and hates it if it is useless, as the tread-mill. He is the better man if his hope is excited, and he sees that good conduct will bring certain rewards. He is the better for living and working in the open air, and in the presence of wild nature. The rigor of military discipline he needs, because he has not learned to obey laws or to respect authority. The experience of Captain Maconochie on Norfolk Island, where he ruled over perhaps the vilest set of miscreants ever gathered together in one spot on this earth, the picked and double-dyed villains and scoundrels who were too dangerous for even Botany Bay, shows abundantly what can be done for and with the worst and most degraded men by a firm yet kind hand repressing and punishing evil, but always encouraging and drawing out good.

Two important points would be secured by establishing a penal colony in Alaska or elsewhere: First, society would rid itself, by a natural and proper method, of the human beasts who prey upon it, and threaten its security. It would say to the burglar, the robber, the confirmed thief, "You are no longer worthy to live among us; go into exile." And, secondly, we should provide a future and open a career in a new land to such of the convicts as chose to reform and live honest lives.

And though the first cost of transporting convicts to so far off a region might be thought large, it would in the end be an economy. We should not need to build or to mismanage new State-prisons. We should be spared the job involved in the construction, and the job involved in the misrule. West Point would rule in Alaska without jobbery and with efficiency, I believe, and, in the long-run, the convicts would cost the States far less there than they now do in the home prisons.

With children's aid societies to rescue the young from vice and crime, and deport our homeless children to the Western prairies, and with penal servitude in distant Alaska for the convicted criminal, we might hope to really and considerably decrease our criminal population.

DISAPPOINTED.

I THOUGHT, to-night, to see thy face,
And mourn not for the sun gone down;
But now the shadow in his place
Hangs on my cheated heart its frown.

I could not doubt that thy dear voice
Would cheer me more than bird or lute—
How can my heart to-night rejoice,
With bird and string and voice all mute!

The breath of June upon my cheek
I bore, impatient for thy kiss;
My fainting lips their anguish speak,
The sweetness of thy breath to miss.

Oh, why did thy sweet steps delay,
Since bird and song and breeze are gone?
Slighted for hope of thee, the day!
Without thee night puts sackcloth on!

Were I away, thou shouldst not chide
One heedless moment of delay;
I seek my sunshine at thy side—
Thy voice my song, thy smile my day.

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A SIMPLETON.

A STORY OF THE DAY.

By CHARLES READE.

CHAPTER XIV.

STAINES fell head-foremost into the sea with a heavy plunge. Being an excellent swimmer, he struck out the moment he touched the water, and that arrested his dive, and brought him up with a slant, shocked and panting, drenched and confused. The next moment he saw, as through a fog—his eyes being full of water—something fall from the ship. He breasted the big waves, and swam toward it: it rose on the top of a wave, and he saw it was a life-buoy. Encumbered with wet clothes, he seemed impotent in the big waves; they threw him up so high, and down so low.

Almost exhausted, he got to the life-buoy, and clutched it with a fierce grasp and a wild cry of delight. He got it over his head, and placing his arms round the buoyant circle, stood with his breast and head out of water, gasping.

He now drew a long breath, and got his wet hair out of his eyes, already smarting with salt-water, and, raising himself on the buoy, looked out for help.

He saw, to his great concern, the ship already at a distance. She seemed to have flown, and she was still drifting fast away from him.

He saw no signs of help. His heart began to turn as cold as his drenched body. A horrible fear crossed him.

But presently he saw the weather-boat filled, and fall into the water; and then a wave rolled between him and the ship, and he only saw her topmast.

The next time he rose on a mighty wave he saw the boats together astern of the vessel: but not coming his way; and the gloom was thickening, the ship becoming indistinct, and all was doubt and horror.

A life of agony passed in a few minutes.

He rose and fell like a cork on the buoyant waves—rose and fell, and saw nothing but the ship's lights, now terribly distant.

But at last, as he rose and fell, he caught a few fitful glimpses of a smaller light rising and falling like himself. "A boat!" he cried, and, raising himself as high as he could, shouted, cried, implored for help. He stretched his hands across the water. "This way! this way!"

The light kept moving, but it came no nearer. They had greatly underrated the drift. The other boat had no light.

Minutes passed of suspense, hope, doubt, dismay, terror. Those minutes seemed hours.

In the agony of suspense the quaking heart sent beads of sweat to the brow, though the body was immersed.

And the gloom deepened, and the cold waves flung him up to heaven with their giant arms, and then down again to hell: and still that light, his only hope, was several hundred yards from him.

Only for a moment at a time could his eyeballs, straining with agony, catch this will-o'-the-wisp, the boat's light. It groped the sea up and down, but came no nearer.

When what seemed days of agony had passed, suddenly a rocket rose in the horizon—so it seemed to him.

The lost man gave a shriek of joy; so prone are we to interpret things hopefully.

Misery! The next time he saw that little light, that solitary spark of hope, it was not quite so near as before. A mortal sickness fell on his heart. The ship had recalled the boats by rocket.

He shrieked, he cried, he screamed, he raved. "Oh, Rosa! Rosa! for her sake, men, men, do not leave me. I am here! Here!"

In vain. The miserable man saw the boat's little light retire, recede, and melt into the ship's larger light, and that light glided away.

Then a cold, deadly stupor fell on him. Then Death's icy claw seized his heart, and seemed to run from it to every part of him. He was a dead man. Only a question of time. Nothing to gain by floating.

But the despairing mind could not quit the world in peace, and even here in the cold, cruel sea the quivering body clung to this fragment of life, and winced at death's touch, though more merciful.

He despised this weakness, he raged at it; he could not overcome it.

Unable to live or to die, condemned to float slowly, hour by hour, down into Death's jaws.

To a long, death-like stupor succeeded frenzy. Fury seized this great and long-suffering mind. It rose against the cruelty and injustice of his fate. He cursed the world, whose stupidity had driven him to sea; he cursed remorseless nature; and at last he railed on the God who made him, and made the cruel water that was waiting for his body. "God's justice! God's mercy! God's power! they are all lies," he shouted, "dreams, chimeras, like Him, the all-powerful and good, men babble of by the fire. If there was a God more powerful than the sea, and only half as good as men are, He would pity my poor Rosa and me, and send a hurricane to drive those caitiffs back to

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the wretch they have abandoned. Nature alone is mighty. Oh, if I could have her on my side, and only God against me! But she is as deaf to prayer as He is: as mechanical and remorseless. I am a bubble melting into the sea. Soul I have none; my body will soon be nothing, nothing. So ends an honest, loving life. I always tried to love my fellow-creatures. Curse them! curse them! Curse the earth! Curse the sea! Curse all nature: there is no other God for me to curse."

The moon came out.

He raised his head and staring eyeballs, and cursed her.

The wind began to whistle, and flung spray in his face.

He raised his fallen head and staring eyeballs, and cursed the wind.

While he was thus raving he became sensible of a black object to windward.

It looked like a rail, and a man leaning on it.

He stared, he cleared the wet hair from his eyes, and stared again.

The thing, being larger than himself and partly out of water, was drifting to leeward faster than himself.

He stared and trembled, and at last it came nearly abreast, black, black.

He gave a loud cry, and tried to swim toward it; but, encumbered with his life-buoy, he made little progress. The thing drifted abreast of him, but ten yards distant.

As they each rose high upon the waves he saw it plainly.

It was the very raft that had been the innocent cause of his sad fate.

He shouted with hope, he swam, he struggled; he got near it, but not to it; it drifted past, and he lost his chance of intercepting it. He struggled after it. The life-buoy would not let him catch it.

Then he gave a cry of agony, rage, despair, and flung off the life-buoy, and risked all on this one chance.

He gains a little on the raft.

He loses.

He gains: he cries, "Rosa! Rosa!" and struggles with all his soul, as well as his body: he gains.

But, when almost within reach, a wave half drowns him, and he loses.

He cries, "Rosa! Rosa!" and swims high and strong. "Rosa! Rosa! Rosa!"

He is near it. He cries, "Rosa! Rosa!" and, with all the energy of love and life, flings himself almost out of the water, and catches hold of the nearest thing on the raft.

It was the dead man's leg.

It seemed as if it would come away in his grasp. He dared not try to pull himself up by that. But he held on by it, panting, exhausting, faint.

This faintness terrified him. "Oh," thought he, "if I faint now, all is over."

Holding by that terrible and strange support, he made a grasp, and caught hold of the wood-work at the bottom of the rail. He tried to draw himself up. Impossible.

He was no better off than with his life-buoy.

But in situations so dreadful men think fast; he worked gradually round the bottom of the raft by his hands, till he got to leeward, still holding on. There he found a solid block of wood at the edge of the raft. He prized himself carefully up: the raft in that part then sank a little: he got his knee upon the timber of the raft, and, with a wild cry, seized the nearest upright, and threw both arms round it and clung tight. Then first he found breath to speak. "THANK GOD!" he cried, kneeling on the timber, and grasping the upright post—"OH, THANK GOD! THANK GOD!"

CHAPTER XV.

"THANK GOD!" why, according to his theory, it should have been "Thank Nature." But I observe that, in such cases, even philosophers are ungrateful to the mistress they worship.

Our philosopher not only thanked God, but, being on his knees, prayed forgiveness for his late ravings, prayed hard, with one arm curled round the upright, lest the sea, which ever and anon rushed over the bottom of the raft, should swallow him up in a moment.

Then he rose carefully, and wedged himself into the corner of the raft opposite to that other figure, ominous relic of the wild voyage the new-comer had entered upon; he put both arms over the rail and stood erect.

The moon was now up; but so was the breeze: fleecy clouds flew with vast rapidity across her bright face, and it was by fitful though vivid glances Staines examined the raft and his companion.

The raft was large and well made of timbers tied and nailed together, and a strong rail ran round it resting on several uprights. There were also some blocks of a very light wood screwed to the horizontal timbers, and these made it float high.

But what arrested and fascinated the man's gaze was his dead companion, sole survivor, doubtless, of a horrible voyage, since the raft was not made for one, nor by one.

It was a skeleton, or nearly, whose clothes the sea-birds had torn, and pecked every limb in all the fleshy parts; the rest of the body had dried to dark leather on the bones. The head was little more than an eyeless skull: but, in the fitful moonlight, those huge hollow caverns seemed gigantic lamp-like eyes, and glared at him fiendishly, appallingly.

He sickened at the sight. He tried not to

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look at it; but it would be looked at, and threaten him in the moonlight with great lack-lustre eyes.

The wind whistled, and lashed his face with spray torn off the big waves, and the water was nearly always up to his knees, and the raft tossed so wildly, it was all he could do to hold on in his corner; in which struggle still those monstrous lack-lustre eyes, like lamps of death, glared at him in the moon, and all else dark, except the fiery crests of the black mountain billows, tumbling and raging all around.

What a night!

But before morning the breeze sank, the moon set, and a sombre quiet succeeded, with only that grim figure in outline dimly visible. Owing to the motion still retained by the waves it seemed to nod and rear, and be ever preparing to rush upon him.

The sun rose glorious on a lovely scene, the sky was a very mosaic of colors sweet and vivid, and the tranquil, rippling sea, peach-colored to the horizon, with lines of diamonds where the myriad ripples broke into smiles.

Staines was asleep, exhausted. Soon the light awoke him, and he looked up. What an incongruous picture met his eye: that heaven of color all above and around, and right before him, like a devil stuck in mid-heaven, that grinning corpse, whose fate foreshadowed his own.

But daylight is a great strengthener of the nerves; the figure no longer appalled him—a man who had long learned to look with science's calm eye upon the dead. When the sea became like glass, and from peach-color deepened to rose, he walked along the raft, and inspected the dead man. He found it was a man of color, but not a black. The body was not kept in its place, as he had supposed, merely by being jammed into the angle caused by the rail; it was also lashed to the corner upright by a long, stout belt. Staines concluded this had kept the body there, and its companions had been swept away.

This was not lost on him: he removed the belt for his own use; he then found it was not only a belt, but a receptacle; it was nearly full of small hard substances that felt like stones.

When he had taken it off the body he felt a compunction. "Ought he to rob the dead, and expose it to be swept into the sea at the first wave, like a dead dog?"

He was about to replace the belt, when a middle course occurred to him. He was a man who always carried certain useful little things about him, viz., needles, thread, scissors, and string. He took a piece of string, and easily secured this poor light skeleton to the raft. The belt he strapped to the rail, and kept for his own need.

And now hunger gnawed him. No food was near. There was nothing but the lovely sea and sky, mosaic with color, and that grim, ominous skeleton.

Hunger comes and goes many times before it becomes insupportable. All that day and night, and the next day, he suffered its pangs; and then it became torture, but the thirst maddening.

Toward night fell a gentle rain. He spread a handkerchief and caught it. He sucked the handkerchief.

This revived him, and even allayed in some degree the pangs of hunger.

Next day was cloudless. A hot sun glared on his unprotected head, and battered down his enfeebled frame.

He resisted as well as he could. He often dipped his head, and as often the persistent sun, with cruel glare, made it smoke again.

Next day the same: but the strength to meet it was waning. He lay down and thought of Rosa, and wept bitterly. He took the dead man's belt, and lashed himself to the upright. That act, and his tears for his beloved, were almost his last acts of perfect reason: for next day came the delusions and the dreams that succeed when hunger ceases to torture, and the vital powers begin to ebb. He lay and saw pleasant meadows, with meandering streams, and clusters of rich fruit, that courted the hand and melted in the mouth.

Ever and anon they vanished, and he saw grim death looking down on him with those big cavernous eyes.

By-and-by, whether his body's eye saw the grim skeleton, or his mind's eye the juicy fruits, green meadows, and pearly brooks, all was shadowy.

So, in a placid calm, beneath a blue sky, the raft drifted dead, with its dead freight, upon the glassy purple, and he drifted too toward the world unknown.

There came across the waters to that dismal raft a thing none too common by sea or land—a good man.

He was tall, stalwart, bronzed, and had hair like snow, before his time; for he had known trouble. He commanded a merchant steamer, bound for Calcutta, on the old route.

The man at the mast-head descried a floating wreck, and hailed the deck accordingly. The captain altered his course without one moment's hesitation, and brought up alongside, lowered a boat, and brought the dead and the breathing man on board.

A young middy lifted Staines in his arms from the wreck to the boat: he whose person I described in Chapter I. weighed now no more than that.

Men are not always rougher than women. Their strength and nerve enable them now and then to be gentler than butter-fingered angels, who drop frail things through sensitive agitation and break them. These rough

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men saw Staines was hovering between life and death, and they handled him like a thing the ebbing life might be shaken out of in a moment. It was pretty to see how gingerly the sailors carried the sinking man up the ladder, and one fetched swabs, and the others laid him down softly on them at their captain's feet.

"Well done, men," said he. "Poor fellow! Pray Heaven we may not have come too late. Now stand aloof a bit. Send the surgeon aft."

The surgeon came, and looked and felt the heart. He shook his head, and called for brandy. He had Staines's head raised, and got half a spoonful of diluted brandy down his throat. But there was an ominous gurgling.

After several such attempts at intervals he said plainly the man's life could not be saved by ordinary means.

"Then try extraordinary," said the captain. "My orders are that he is to be saved. There is life in him. You have only got to keep it there. He *must* be saved; he *shall* be saved."

"I should like to try Dr. Staines's remedy," said the surgeon.

"Try it, then: what is it?"

"A bath of beef tea. Dr. Staines says he applied it to a starved child—in the *Lancet*."

"Take a hundred-weight of beef, and boil it in the coppers."

Thus encouraged, the surgeon went to the cook, and very soon beef was steaming on a scale and at a rate unparalleled.

Meantime Captain Dodd had the patient taken to his own cabin, and he and his servant administered weak brandy-and-water with great caution and skill.

There was no perceptible result. But, at all events, there was life and vital instinct left, or he could not have swallowed.

Thus they hovered about him for some hours, and then the bath was ready.

The captain took charge of the patient's clothes; the surgeon and a sailor bathed him in lukewarm beef tea, and then covered him very warm with blankets next the skin. Guess how near a thing it seemed to them when I tell you they dared not rub him.

Just before sunset his pulse became perceptible. The surgeon administered half a spoonful of egg-flip. The patient swallowed it.

By-and-by he sighed.

"He must not be left, day or night," said the captain. "I don't know who or what he is, but he is a man; and I could not bear him to die now."

That night Captain Dodd overhauled the patient's clothes, and looked for marks on his linen. There were none.

"Poor devil!" said Captain Dodd. "He is a bachelor."

Captain Dodd found his pocket-book, with bank-notes £200. He took the numbers, made a memorandum of them, and locked the notes up.

He lighted his lamp, examined the belt, unripped it, and poured out the contents on his table.

They were dazzling. A great many large pieces of amethyst, and some of white topaz and rock-crystal; a large number of smaller stones, carbuncles, chrysolites, and not a few emeralds. Dodd looked at them with pleasure, sparkling in the lamp-light.

"What a lot!" said he. "I wonder what they are worth?" He sent for the first mate, who, he knew, did a little private business in precious stones. "Masterton," said he, "oblige me by counting these stones with me, and valuing them."

Mr. Masterton stared, and his mouth watered. However, he named the various stones and valued them. He said there was only one stone, a large emerald without a flaw, that was worth a heavy sum by itself; but the pearls, very fine; and, looking at the great number, they must be worth a thousand pounds.

Captain Dodd then entered the whole business carefully in the ship's log: the living man he described thus, "About five feet six in height, and about fifty years of age." Then he described the notes and the stones very exactly, and made Masterton, the valuer, sign the log.

Staines took a good deal of egg-flip that night, and next day ate solid food; but they questioned him in vain; his reason was entirely in abeyance: he had become an eater, and nothing else. Whenever they gave him food he showed a sort of fawning, animal gratitude. Other sentiment he had none, nor did words enter his mind any more than a bird's. And, since it is not pleasant to dwell on the wreck of a fine understanding, I will only say that they landed him at Cape Town, out of bodily danger, but weak, and his mind, to all appearance, a hopeless blank.

They buried the skeleton, read the service of the English Church over a Malabar heathen.

Dodd took Staines to the hospital, and left twenty pounds with the governor of it to cure him. But he deposited Staines's money and jewels with a friendly banker, and begged that the principal cashier might see the man, and be able to recognize him should he apply for his own.

The cashier came and examined him, and also the ruby ring on his finger—a parting gift from Rosa—and remarked this was a new way of doing business.

"Why, it is the only one, Sir," said Dodd. "How can we give you his signature? He is not in his right mind."

"Nor never will be."

"Don't say that, Sir. Let us hope for the best, poor fellow."

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Having made these provisions, the worthy captain weighed anchor, with a warm heart and a good conscience. Yet the image of the man he had saved pursued him, and he resolved to look after him next time he should coal at Cape Town, homeward bound.

Staines recovered his strength in about two months; but his mind returned in fragments, and very slowly. For a long, long time he remembered nothing that had preceded his great calamity. His mind started afresh, aided only by certain fixed habits; for instance, he could read and write; but, strange as it may appear, he had no idea who he was; and when his memory cleared a little on that head he thought his surname was Christie, but he was not sure.

Nevertheless, the presiding physician discovered in him a certain progress of intelligence, which gave him great hopes. In the fifth month, having shown a marked interest in the other sick patients, coupled with a disposition to be careful and attentive, they made him a nurse, or rather a sub-nurse under the special orders of a responsible nurse. I really believe it was done at first to avoid the alternative of sending him adrift or transferring him to the insane ward of the hospital. In this congenial pursuit he showed such watchfulness and skill that by-and-by they found they had got a treasure. Two months after that he began to talk about medicine, and astonished them still more. He became the puzzle of the establishment. The doctor and surgeon would converse with him, and try and lead him to his past life; but when it came to that he used to put his hands to his head, with a face of great distress, and it was clear some impassable barrier lay between his growing intelligence and the past events of his life. Indeed, on one occasion, he said to his kind friend the doctor, "The past!—a black wall! a black wall!"

Ten months after his admission he was promoted to be an attendant, with a salary.

He put by every shilling of it; for he said, "A voice from the dark past tells me money is every thing in this world."

A discussion was held by the authorities as to whether he should be informed he had money and jewels at the bank or not.

Upon the whole, it was thought advisable to postpone this information, lest he should throw it away; but they told him he had been picked up at sea, and both money and jewels found on him; they were in safe hands; only the person was away for the time. Still he was not to look upon himself as either friendless or moneyless.

At this communication he showed an almost childish delight, that confirmed the doctor in his opinion he was acting prudently, and for the real benefit of an amiable and afflicted person, not yet to be trusted with money and jewels.

CHAPTER XVI.

In his quality of attendant on the sick, Staines sometimes conducted a weak but convalescent patient into the open air, and he was always pleased to do this, for the air of the Cape carries health and vigor on its wings. He had seen its fine recreative properties, and he divined, somehow, that the minds of convalescents ought to be amused; and so he often begged the doctor to let him take a convalescent abroad. Sooner than not, he would draw the patient several miles in a Bath chair. He rather liked this, for he was a Hercules, and had no egotism or false pride where the sick were concerned.

Now these open-air walks exerted a beneficial influence on his own darkened mind. It is one thing to struggle from idea to idea; it is another when material objects mingle with the retrospect; they seem to supply stepping-stones in the gradual resuscitation of memory and reason.

The ships going out of port were such a stepping-stone to him, and a vague consciousness came back to him of having been in a ship.

Unfortunately, along with this reminiscence came a desire to go in one again, and this sowed discontent in his mind; and the more that mind enlarged, the more he began to dislike the hospital and its confinement. The feeling grew, and bade fair to disqualify him for his humble office. The authorities could not fail to hear of this, and they had a little discussion about parting with him; but they hesitated to turn him adrift, and they still doubted the propriety of trusting him with money and jewels.

While matters were in this state, a remarkable event occurred. He drew a sick patient down to the quay one morning, and watched the business of the port with the keenest interest. A ship at anchor was unloading, and a great heavy boat was sticking to her side like a black leech. Presently this boat came away, and moved sluggishly toward the shore, rather by help of the tide than of the two men who went through the form of propelling her with two monstrous sweeps, while a third steered her. She contained English goods: agricultural implements, some cases, four horses, and a buxom young woman with a thorough English face. The woman seemed a little excited, and as she neared the landing-place she called out, in jocund tones, to a young man on the shore, "It is all right, Dick; they are beauties;" and she patted the beasts as people do who are fond of them.

She stepped lightly ashore; and then came the slower work of landing her imports. She bustled about, like a hen over her brood, and wasn't always talking, but put in her word every now and then, never crossly, and always to the point.

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Staines listened to her, and examined her with a sort of puzzled look; but she took no notice of him; her whole soul was in the cattle.

They got the things on board well enough; but the horses were frightened at the gangway, and jibbed. Then a man was for driving them, and poked one of them in the quarter; he snorted and reared directly.

"Man alive!" cried the young woman, "that is not the way. They are docile enough, but frightened. Encourage 'em, and let 'em look at it. Give 'em time. More haste less speed, with timorsome cattle."

"That is a very pleasant voice," said poor Staines, rather more dictatorially than became the present state of his intellect. He added, softly, "A true woman's voice;" then gloomily, "a voice of the past—the dark, dark past."

At this speech intruding itself upon the short sentences of business, there was a roar of laughter; and Phœbe Falcon turned sharply round to look at the speaker. She stared at him; she cried "Oh!" and clasped her hands, and colored all over. "Why, sure," said she, "I can't be mistook. Those eyes—'tis you, Doctor, isn't it?"

"Doctor!" said Staines, with a puzzled look. "Yes: I think they called me doctor once. I'm an attendant in the hospital now."

"Dick!" cried Phœbe, in no little agitation. "Come here this minute."

"What, afore I get the horses ashore?"

"Ay, before you do another thing, or say another word. Come here, now." So he came, and she told him to take a good look at the man. "Now," said she, "who is that?"

"Blest if I know," said he.

"What, not know the man that saved your own life! Oh, Dick, what are your eyes worth?"

This discourse brought the few persons within hearing into one band of excited starers.

Dick took a good look, and said, "I'm blest if I don't, though; it is the doctor that cut my throat."

This strange statement drew forth quite a shout of ejaculations.

"Oh, better breathe through a slit than not at all," said Dick. "Saved my life with that cut, he did—didn't he, Pheeb?"

"That he did, Dick. Dear heart, I hardly know whether I am in my senses or not, seeing him a-looking so blank. You try him."

Dick came forward. "Sure you remember me, Sir. Dick Dale. You cut my throat, and saved my life."

"Cut your throat! why, that would kill you."

"Not the way you done it. Well, Sir, you ain't the man you was, that is clear: but you was a good friend to me, and there's my hand."

"Thank you, Dick," said Staines, and took his hand. "I don't remember *you*. Perhaps you are one of the past. The past is a dead-wall to me—a dark dead-wall;" and he put his hands to his head with a look of distress.

Every body there now suspected the truth, and some pointed mysteriously to their own heads.

Phœbe whispered an inquiry to the sick person.

He said, a little pettishly, "All I know is, he is the kindest attendant in the ward, and very attentive."

"Oh, then, he is in the public hospital."

"Of course he is."

The invalid, with the selfishness of his class, then begged Staines to take him out of all this bustle down to the beach. Staines complied at once, with the utmost meekness, and said, "Good-by, old friends; forgive me for not remembering you. It is my great affliction that the past is gone from me—gone, gone." And he went sadly away, drawing his sick charge like a patient mule.

Phœbe Falcon looked after him, and began to cry.

"Nay, nay, Phœbe," said Dick; "don't ye take on about it."

"I wonder at you," sobbed Phœbe. "Good people, I'm fonder of my brother than he is of himself, it seems; for I can't take it so easy. Well, the world is full of trouble. Let us do what we are here for. But I shall pray for the poor soul every night, that his mind may be given back to him."

So then she bustled, and gave herself to getting the cattle on shore, and the things put on board her wagon.

But, when this was done, she said to her brother, "Dick, I did not think any thing on earth could take my heart off the cattle and the things we have got from home; but I can't leave this without going to the hospital about our poor dear doctor; and it is late for making a start, any way—and you mustn't forget the newspapers for Reginald, he is so fond of them—and you must contrive to have one sent out regular after this, and I'll go to the hospital."

She went, and saw the head doctor, and told him he had got an attendant there she had known in England in a very different condition, and she had come to see if there was any thing she could do for him—for she felt very grateful to him, and grieved to see him so.

The doctor was pleased and surprised, and put several questions.

Then she gave him a clear statement of what he had done for Dick in England.

"Well," said the doctor, "I believe it is the same man; for, now you tell me this—yes, one of the nurses told me he knew more

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medicine than she did. His name, if you please."

"His name, Sir?"

"Yes, his name. Of course you know his name. Is it Christie?"

"Doctor," said Phœbe, blushing, "I don't know what you will think of me, but I don't know his name. Laws forgive me, I never had the sense to ask it."

A shade of suspicion crossed the doctor's face.

Phœbe saw it, and colored to the temples. "Oh, Sir," she cried, piteously, "don't go for to think I have told you a lie! why should I? and indeed I am not of that sort, nor Dick neither. Sir, I'll bring him to you, and he will say the same. Well, we were all in terror and confusion, and I met him accidentally in the street. He was only a customer till then, and paid ready money, so that is how I never knew his name; but if I hadn't been the greatest fool in England, I should have asked his wife."

"What! he has a wife?"

"Ay, Sir, the loveliest lady you ever clapped eyes on, and he is almost as handsome; has eyes in his head like jewels; 'twas by them I knew him on the quay, and I think he knew my voice again—said as good as he had heard it in past times."

"Did he? Then we have got him," cried the doctor, energetically.

"La, Sir."

"Yes; if he knows your voice, you will be able in time to lead his memory back; at least, I think so. Do you live in Cape Town?"

"Dear heart, no. I live at my own farm, a hundred and eighty miles from this."

"What a pity!"

"Why, Sir?"

"Well—hum!"

"Oh, if you think I could do the poor doctor good by having him with me, you have only to say the word, and out he goes with Dick and me to-morrow morning. We should have started for home to-night but for this."

"Are you in earnest, madam?" said the doctor, opening his eyes. "Would you really encumber yourself with a person whose reason is in suspense, and may never return?"

"But that is not his fault, Sir. Why, if a dog had saved my brother's life, I'd take it home, and keep it all its days: and this is a man, and a worthy man. Oh, Sir, when I saw him brought down so, and his beautiful eyes clouded like, my very bosom yearned over the poor soul: a kind act done in dear old England, who could see the man in trouble here and not repay it—ay, if it cost one's blood. But, indeed, he is strong and healthy, and hands always scarce our way, and the odds are he will earn his meat one way or t'other; and if he doesn't, why, all the better for me; I shall have the pleasure of serving him for naught that once served me for neither money nor reward."

"You are a good woman," said the doctor, warmly.

"There's better, and there's worse," said Phœbe, quietly, and even a little coldly.

"More of the latter," said the doctor, dryly. "Well, Mrs.—"

"Falcon, Sir."

"We shall hand him over to your care; but first—just for form—if you are a married woman, we should like to see Dick here: he is your husband, I presume."

Phœbe laughed merrily. "Dick is my brother; and he can't be spared to come here. Dick! he'd say black was white, if I told him to."

"Then let us see your husband about it—just for form."

"My husband is at the farm. I could not venture so far away, and not leave him in charge." If she had said, "I will not bring him into temptation," that would have been nearer the truth. "Let that fly stick on the wall, Sir. What I do my husband will approve."

"I see how it is. You rule the roost."

Phœbe did not reply point-blank to that; she merely said, "All my chickens are happy, great and small," and an expression of lofty, womanly, innocent pride illuminated her face and made it superb for a moment.

In short, it was settled that Staines should accompany her next morning to Dale's Kloof Farm, if he chose. On inquiry, it appeared that he had just returned to the hospital with his patient. He was sent for, and Phœbe asked him sweetly if he would go with her to her house, one hundred and eighty miles away, and she would be kind to him.

"On the water?"

"Nay, by land; but 'tis a fine country, and you will see beautiful deer and things running across the plains, and—"

"Shall I find the past again, the past again?"

"Ay, poor soul, that we shall, God willing. You and I, we will hunt it together."

He looked at her, and gave her his hand. "I will go with you. Your face belongs to the past, so does your voice."

He then inquired, rather abruptly, had she any children. She smiled.

"Ay, that I have, the loveliest little boy you ever saw. When you are as you used to be, you will be his doctor, won't you?"

"Yes, I will nurse him, and you will help me find the Past."

Phœbe then begged Staines to be ready to start at six in the morning. She and Dick would take him up on their way.

While she was talking to him the doctor slipped out, and, to tell the truth, he went to consult with another authority whether he should take this opportunity of telling Staines that he had money and jewels at the bank: he himself was half inclined to do so;

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but the other, who had not seen Phœbe's face, advised him to do nothing of the kind. "They are always short of money, these colonial farmers," said he; "she would get every shilling out of him."

"Most would; but this is such an honest face."

"Well, but she is a mother, you say."

"Yes."

"Well, what mother could be just to a lunatic, with her own sweet angel babes to provide for?"

"That is true," said Dr. ——. "Maternal love is apt to modify the conscience."

"What I would do, I would take her address, and make her promise to write if he gets well; and, if he does get well, then write to *him*, and tell him all about it."

Dr. —— acted on this shrewd advice, and ordered a bundle to be made up for the traveler out of the hospital stores: it contained a nice light summer suit and two changes of linen.

CHAPTER XVII.

NEXT morning Staines and Dick Dale walked through the streets of Cape Town side by side. Dick felt the uneasiness of a sane man, not familiar with the mentally afflicted, who suddenly finds himself alone with one. Insanity turns men oftenest into sheep and hares; but it does now and then make them wolves and tigers; and that has saddled the insane in general with a character for ferocity. Young Dale, then, cast many a suspicious glance at his comrade, as he took him along. These glances were reassuring: Christopher's face had no longer the mobility, the expressive changes, that mark the superior mind; his countenance was monotonous: but the one expression was engaging; there was a sweet, patient, lamb-like look: the glorious eye a little troubled and perplexed, but wonderfully mild. Dick Dale looked and looked, and his uneasiness vanished. And the more he looked the more did a certain wonder creep over him, and make him scarce believe the thing he knew, viz., that a learned doctor had saved him from the jaws of death by rare knowledge, sagacity, courage, and skill combined; and that mighty man of wisdom was brought down to this lamb, and would go north, south, east, or west with sweet and perfect submission, even as he, Dick Dale, should appoint. With these reflections honest Dick felt his eyes get a little misty, and, to use those words of Scripture which nothing can surpass or equal, his bowels yearned over the man.

As for Christopher, he looked straight forward, and said not a word till they cleared the town; but, when he saw the vast flowery vale, and the far-off violet hills, like Scotland glorified, he turned to Dick with an ineffable expression of sweetness and good-fellowship, and said, "Oh, beautiful!—We'll hunt the Past together."

"We—will—*so*," said Dick, with a sturdy and, indeed, almost a stern resolution.

Now this he said, not that he cared for the Past, nor intended to waste the Present by going upon its predecessor's trail; but he had come to a resolution—full three minutes ago—to humor his companion to the top of his bent, and say "Yes" with hypocritical vigor to every thing not directly and immediately destructive to him and his.

The next moment they turned a corner and came upon the rest of their party, hitherto hidden by the apricot hedge and a turning in the road. A blue-black Kafir, with two yellow Hottentot drivers, man and boy, was harnessing, in the most primitive mode, four horses on to the six oxen attached to the wagon; and the horses were flattening their ears, and otherwise resenting the incongruity. Meantime a fourth figure, a colossal young Kafir woman, looked on superior with folded arms, like a sable Juno, looking down with that absolute composure upon the struggles of man and other animals which Lucretius and his master Epicurus assigned to the divine nature. Without jesting, the grandeur, majesty, and repose of this figure were unsurpassable in nature, and such as have vanished from sculpture two thousand years and more.

Dick Dale joined the group immediately, and soon arranged the matter. Meantime Phœbe descended from the wagon, and welcomed Christopher very kindly, and asked him if he would like to sit beside her, or to walk.

He glanced into the wagon; it was covered and curtained, and dark as a cupboard. "I think," said he, timidly, "I shall see more of the Past out here."

"So you will, poor soul," said Phœbe, kindly, "and better for your health: but you must not go far from the wagon, for I'm a Fidget; and I have got the care of you now, you know, for want of a better. Come, Ucatella; you must ride with me, and help me sort the things; they are all higgledy-piggledy." So those two got into the wagon through the back curtains. Then the Kafir driver flourished his kambok, or long whip, in the air, and made it crack like a pistol, and the horses reared, and the oxen started and slowly bored in between them, for they whinnied, and kicked, and spread out like a fan all over the road; but a flick or two from the terrible kambok soon sent them bleeding and trembling and rubbing shoulders, and the oxen mildly but persistently goring their recalcitrating haunches, the intelligent animals went ahead, and revenged themselves by breaking the harness. But that goes for little in Cape travel.

The body of the wagon was long and low

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and very stout. The tilt strong and tight made. The roof inside, and most of the sides, lined with green baize. Curtains of the same to the little window and the back. There was a sort of hold literally built full of purchases; a small fire-proof safe; huge blocks of salt; saws, axes, pickaxes, adzes, flails, tools innumerable, bales of wool and linen stuff, hams, and two hundred empty sacks strewn over all. In large pigeon-holes fixed to the sides were light goods, groceries, collars, glaring cotton handkerchiefs for Phœbe's aboriginal domestics, since not every year did she go to Cape Town, a twenty days' journey by wagon: things dangled from the very roof; but no hard goods there, if you please, to batter one's head in a spill. Outside were latticed grooves with tent, tent-poles, and rifles. Great pieces of cork and bags of hay and corn hung dangling from mighty hooks—the latter to feed the cattle, should they be compelled to camp out on some sterile spot in the Veldt, and, methinks, to act as buffers, should the whole concern roll down a nullah or little precipice—no very uncommon incident in the blessed region they must pass to reach Dale's Kloof.

Harness mended; fresh start. The Hottentots and Kafir vociferated and yelled, and made the unearthly row of a dozen wild beasts wrangling: the horses drew the bullocks, they the wagon; it crawled and creaked, and its appendages wobbled finely.

Slowly they creaked and wobbled past apricot hedges and detached houses and huts, and got into an open country without a tree, but here and there a stunted camel-thorn. The soil was arid, and grew little food for man or beast; yet, by a singular freak of nature, it put forth abundantly things that here at home we find it harder to raise than homely grass and oats; the ground was thickly clad with flowers of delightful hues; pyramids of snow or rose-color bordered the track; yellow and crimson stars bejeweled the ground, and a thousand bulbous plants burst into all imaginable colors, and spread a rainbow carpet to the foot of the violet hills; and all this glowed and gleamed and glittered in a sun shining with incredible brightness and purity of light, but, somehow, without giving a headache or making the air sultry.

Christopher fell to gathering flowers, and interrogating the Past by means of them; for he had studied botany. The Past gave him back some pitiably vague ideas. He sighed. "Never mind," said he to Dick, and tapped his forehead; "it is here: it is only locked up."

"All right," said Dick; "nothing is lost when you know where 'tis."

"This is a beautiful country," suggested Christopher. "It is all flowers. It is like the garden of—the garden of— Locked up."

"It is de—light—ful," replied the self-compelled optimist, sturdily. But here nature gave way; he was obliged to relieve his agricultural bile by getting into the cart and complaining to his sister. "'Twill take us all our time to cure him. He have been bepraising this here soil, which it is only fit to clean the women's kettles. 'Twouldn't feed three larks to an acre, I know; no, *nor half so many.*"

"Poor soul! mayhap the flowers have took his eye. Sit here a bit, Dick. I want to talk to you about a many things."

While these two were conversing, Ucatella, who was very fond of Phœbe, but abhorred wagons, stepped out and stalked by the side, like an ostrich, a camelopard, or a Taglioni; nor did the effort with which she subdued her stride to the pace of the procession appear: it was the poetry of walking. Christopher admired it a moment; but the noble expanse tempted him, and he strode forth like a giant, his lungs inflating in the glorious air, and soon left the wagon far behind.

The consequence was that when they came to a halt, and Dick and Phœbe got out to release and water the cattle, there was Christopher's figure retiring into space.

"Hanc rem ægrè tulit Phœbe," as my old friend Livy would say. "Oh dear! oh dear! if he strays so far from us he will be eaten up at night-fall by jackals, or lions, or something. One of you must go after him."

"Me go, missy," said Ucatella, zealously, pleased with an excuse for stretching her magnificent limbs.

"Ay, but mayhap he will not come back with *you:* will he, Dick?"

"That he will, like a lamb." Dick wanted to look after the cattle.

"Yuke, my girl," said Phœbe, "listen. He has been a good friend of ours in trouble; and now he is not quite right *here.* So be very kind to him, but be sure and bring him back, or keep him till we come."

"Me bring him back alive, certain sure," said Ucatella, smiling from ear to ear. She started with a sudden glide, like a boat taking the water, and appeared almost to saunter away, so easy was the motion; but when you looked at the ground she was covering, the stride, or glide, or whatever it was, was amazing—

"She seemed in walking to devour the way."

Christopher walked fast, but nothing like this; and as he stopped at times to botanize and gaze at the violet hills, and interrogate the Past, she came up with him about five miles from the halting-place.

She laid her hand quietly on his shoulder, and said, with a broad genial smile and a musical chuckle, "Ucatella come for you. Missy want to speak you."

"Oh! very well;" and he turned back

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with her directly; but she took him by the hand to make sure; and they marched back peaceably, in silence, and hand in hand. But he looked and looked at her, and at last he stopped dead short, and said, a little arrogantly, "Come! I know *you*. *You* are not locked up:" and he inspected her point-blank. She stood like an antique statue, and faced the examination. "You are 'the noble savage,'" said he, having concluded his inspection.

"Nay," said she. "I be the house-maid."

"The house-maid!"

"Iss, the house-maid, Ucatella. So come on." And she drew him along, sore perplexed.

They met the cavalcade a mile from the halting-place, and Phœbe apologized a little to Christopher. "I hope you'll excuse me, Sir," said she; "but I am just for all the world like a hen with her chickens; if but one strays, I'm all in a flutter till I get him back."

"Madam," said Christopher, "I am very unhappy at the way things are locked up. Please tell me truly is this 'the house-maid,' or the 'noble savage?'"

"Well, she is both, if you go to that, and the best creature ever breathed."

"Then she *is* the 'noble savage.'"

"Ay, so they call her, because she is black."

"Then, thank Heaven," said Christopher, "the Past is not all locked up."

That afternoon they stopped at an inn. But Dick slept in the cart. At three in the morning they took the road again, and creaked along supernaturally loud under a purple firmament studded with huge stars, all bright as moons, that lit the way quite clear, and showed black things innumerable flitting to and fro; these made Phœbe shudder, but were no doubt harmless; still Dick carried his double rifle, and a revolver in his belt.

They made a fine march in the cool, until some slight mists gathered, and then they halted and breakfasted near a silvery kloof, and watered the cattle. While thus employed, suddenly a golden tinge seemed to fall like a lash on the vapors of night; they scudded away directly, as jackals before the lion; the stars paled, and with one incredible bound the mighty sun leaped into the horizon, and rose into the sky. In a moment all the lesser lamps of heaven were out, though late so glorious, and there was nothing but one vast vaulted turquois, and a great flaming topaz mounting with eternal ardor to its centre.

This did not escape Christopher. "What is this?" said he. "No twilight. The tropics!" He managed to dig that word out of the past in a moment.

At ten o'clock the sun was so hot that they halted, and let the oxen loose till sundown. Then they began to climb the mountains.

The way was steep and rugged; indeed, so rough in places that the cattle had to jump over the holes, and, as the wagon could not jump so cleverly, it jolted appallingly, and many a scream issued forth.

Near the summit, when the poor beasts were dead beat, they got into clouds and storms, and the wind rushed howling at them through the narrow pass with such fury, it flattened the horses' ears, and bade fair to sweep the whole cavalcade to the plains below.

Christopher and Dick walked close behind, under the lee of the wagon. Christopher said in Dick's ear, "D'ye hear that? Time to reef top-sails, captain."

"It is time to do *something*," said Dick. He took advantage of a jutting rock, drew the wagon half behind it and across the road, propped the wheels with stones, and they all huddled to leeward, man and beast indiscriminately.

"Ah!" said Christopher, approvingly, "we are lying to: a very—proper—course."

They huddled and shivered three hours, and then the sun leaped into the sky, and lo! a transformation scene. The cold clouds were first rosy fleeces, then golden ones, then gold-dust, then gone: the rain was big diamonds, then crystal sparks, then gone: the rocks and the bushes sparkled with gem-like drops, and shone and smiled.

The shivering party bustled and toasted the potent luminary in hot coffee; for Phœbe's wagon had a stove and chimney; and then they yoked their miscellaneous cattle again, and breasted the hill. With many a jump and bump and jolt, and scream from inside, they reached the summit, and looked down on a vast slope flowering but arid, a region of gaudy sterility.

The descent was more tremendous than the ascent, and Phœbe got out, and told Christopher she would liever cross the ocean twice than this dreadful mountain once.

The Hottentot with the reins was now bent like a bow all the time, keeping the cattle from flowing diverse over precipices, and the Kafir with his kambok was here and there and every where, his whip flicking like a lancet, and cracking like a horse-pistol, and the pair vied like Apollo and Pan, not which could sing sweetest, but swear loudest. Having the lofty hill for some hours between them and the sun, they bumped and jolted, and stuck in mud-holes, and flogged and swore the cattle out of them again, till at last they got to the bottom, where ran a turbid kloof, or stream. It was fordable, but the recent rains had licked away the slope; so the existing bank was two feet above the stream. Little recked the demon drivers or the parched cattle; in they plunged promiscuously, with a flop like thunder, follow-

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ed by an awful splashing. The wagon stuck fast in the mud, the horses tied themselves in a knot, and rolled about in the stream, and the oxen drank, imperturbable.

"Oh, the salt! the salt!" screamed Phœbe, and the rocks re-echoed her lamentations.

The wagon was inextricable, the cattle done up, the savages lazy: so they staid for several hours. Christopher botanized; but not alone. Phœbe drew Ucatella apart, and explained to her that when a man is a little wrong in the head, it makes a child of him. "So," said she, "you must think he is your child, and never let him out of your sight."

"All right," said the sable Juno, who spoke English ridiculously well, and rapped out idioms, especially "Come on," and "All right."

About dusk, what the drivers had foreseen, though they had not the sense to explain it, took place; the kloof dwindled to a mere gutter, and the wagon stuck high and dry. Phœbe waved her handkerchief to Ucatella. Ucatella, who had dogged Christopher about four hours without a word, now took his hand, and said, "My child, missy wants us; come on;" and so led him unresistingly.

The drivers, flogging like devils, cursing like troopers, and yelling like hyenas gone mad, tried to get the wagon off; but it was fast as a rock. Then Dick and the Hottentot put their shoulders to one wheel, and tried to prize it up, while the Kafir *encouraged* the cattle with his thong. Observing this, Christopher went in, with his sable custodian at his heels, and heaved at the other imbedded wheel. The wagon was lifted directly, so that the cattle tugged it out, and they got clear. On examination, the salt had just escaped.

Says Ucatella to Phœbe, a little ostentatiously, "My child is strong and useful; make little missy a good slave."

"A slave! Heaven forbid!" said Phœbe. "He'll be a father to us all, once he gets his head back: and I do think it is coming—but very slow."

The next three days offered the ordinary incidents of African travel, but nothing that operated much on Christopher's mind, which is the true point of this narrative; and, as there are many admirable books of African travel, it is the more proper I should confine myself to what may be called the relevant incidents of the journey.

On the sixth day from Cape Town they came up with a large wagon stuck in a mud-hole. There was quite a party of Boers, Hottentots, Kafirs, round it, armed with whips, kamboks, and oaths, lashing and cursing without intermission, or any good effect; and there were the wretched beasts straining in vain at their choking yokes, moaning with anguish, trembling with terror, their poor mild eyes dilated with agony and fear, and often, when the blows of the cruel kamboks cut open their bleeding flesh, they bellowed to Heaven their miserable and vain protest against this devil's work.

Then the Past opened its stores, and lent Christopher a word.

"BARBARIANS!" he roared, and seized a gigantic Kafir by the throat, just as his kambok descended for the hundredth time. There was a mighty struggle, as of two Titans; dust flew round the combatants in a cloud; a whirling of big bodies, and down they both went with an awful thud, the Saxon uppermost, by Nature's law.

The Kafir's companions, amazed at first, began to roll their eyes and draw a knife or two, but Dick ran forward, and said, "Don't hurt him: he is wrong *here*."

This representation pacified them more readily than one might have expected. Dick added, hastily, "We'll get you out of the hole *our* way, and cry quits."

The proposal was favorably received, and the next minute Christopher and Ucatella at one wheel, and Dick and the Hottentot at the other, with no other help than two pointed iron bars bought for their shepherds, had effected what sixteen oxen could not. To do this Dick Dale had bared his arm to the shoulder; it was a stalwart limb, like his sister's, and he now held it out all swollen and corded, and slapped it with his other hand. "Look'ee here, you chaps," said he: "the worst use a man can put that there to is to go cutting out a poor beast's heart for not doing more than he can. You are good fellows, you Kafirs; but I think you have sworn never to put your shoulder to a wheel. But, bless your poor silly hearts, a little strength put on at the right place is better than a deal at the wrong."

"You hear that, you Kafir chaps?" inquired Ucatella, a little arrogantly—for a Kafir.

The Kafirs, who had stood quite silent to imbibe these remarks, bowed their heads with all the dignity and politeness of Roman senators, Spanish grandees, etc.; and one of the said party replied, gravely, "The words of the white man are always wise."

"And his arm blanked* strong," said Christopher's late opponent, from whose mind, however, all resentment had vanished.

Thus spake the Kafirs, yet to this day never hath a man of all their tribe put his shoulder to a wheel, so strong is custom in South Africa; probably in all Africa; since I remember St. Augustin found it stronger than he liked, at Carthage.

Ucatella went to Phœbe, and said, "Missy, my child is good and brave."

"Bother you and your child!" said poor Phœbe. "To think of his flying at a giant

* I take this very useful expression from a delightful volume by Mr. Boyle.

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like that, and you letting of him. I'm all of a tremble from head to foot;" and Phœbe relieved herself with a cry.

"Oh, missy!" said Ucatella.

"There, never mind me. Do go and look after your child, and keep him out of more mischief. I wish we were safe at Dale's Kloof, I do."

Ucatella complied, and went botanizing with Dr. Staines; but that gentleman, in the course of his scientific researches into camomile flowers and blasted heath, which were all that lovely region afforded, suddenly succumbed and stretched out his limbs, and said, sleepily, "Good-night—U—cat—" and was off into the land of Nod.

The wagon, which, by-the-way, had passed the larger but slower vehicle, found him fast asleep, and Ucatella standing by him, as ordered, motionless and grand.

"Oh dear! what now!" said Phœbe; but, being a sensible woman, though in the hen and chickens line, she said, "'Tis the fighting and the excitement. 'Twill do him more good than harm, I think;" and she had him bestowed in the wagon, and never disturbed him night nor day. He slept thirty-six hours at a stretch; and, when he awoke, she noticed a slight change in his eye. He looked at her with an interest he had not shown before, and said, "Madam, I know you."

"Thank God for that," said Phœbe.

"You kept a little shop in the other world."

Phœbe opened her eyes with some little alarm.

"You understand—the world that is locked up—for the present."

"Well, Sir, so I did: and sold you milk and butter. Don't you mind?"

"No—the milk and butter—they are locked up."

The country became wilder, the signs of life miserably sparse; about every twenty miles the farm-house or hut of a degenerate Boer, whose children and slaves pigged together, and all ran jostling, and the mistress screamed in her shrill Dutch, and the Hottentots all chirped together, and confusion reigned for want of method: often they went miles and saw nothing but a hut or two, with a nude Hottentot eating flesh, burned a little, but not cooked, at the door; and the kloofs became deeper and more turbid, and Phœbe was in agony about her salt, and Christopher advised her to break it in big lumps and hang it all about the wagon in sacks; and she did, and Ucatella said, profoundly, "My child is wise;" and they began to draw near home, and Phœbe to fidget; and she said to Christopher, "Oh dear! I hope they are all alive and well: once you leave home, you don't know what may have happened by then you come back. One comfort, I've got Sophy: she is very dependable, and no beauty, thank my stars."

That night, the last they had to travel, was cloudy, for a wonder, and they groped with lanterns.

Ucatella and her child brought up the rear. Presently there was a light pattering behind them. The swift-eared Ucatella clutched Christopher's arm, and, turning round, pointed back, with eyeballs white and rolling. There were full a dozen animals following them, whose bodies seemed colorless as shadows, but their eyes little balls of flaming lime-light.

"GUN!" said Christie, and gave the Kafir's arm a pinch. She flew to the caravan: he walked backward, facing the foe. The wagon was halted, and Dick ran back with two loaded rifles. In his haste he gave one to Christopher, and repented at leisure; but Christopher took it, and handled it like an experienced person, and said, with delight, "VOLUNTEER." But with this the cautious animals had vanished like bubbles. But Dick told Christopher they would be sure to come back; he ordered Ucatella into the wagon, and told her to warn Phœbe not to be frightened if guns should be fired. This soothing message brought Phœbe's white face out between the curtains, and she implored them to get into the wagon, and not tempt Providence.

"Not till I have got thee a kaross of jackal's fur."

"I'll never wear it!" said Phœbe, violently, to divert him from his purpose.

"Time will show," said Dick, dryly. "These varmint are on and off like shadows, and as cunning as old Nick. We two will walk on quite unconcerned like, and as soon as ever the varmint are at our heels you give us the office; and we'll pepper their fur, won't we, doctor?"

"We—will—pepper—their fur," said Christopher, repeating what to him was a lesson in the ancient and venerable English tongue.

So they walked on expectant; and by-and-by the four-footed shadows with large lime-light eyes came stealing on; and Phœbe shrieked, and they vanished before the men could draw a bead on them.

"Thou's no use at this work, Pheeb," said Dick. "Shut thy eyes, and let us have Yuke."

"Iss, master: here I be."

"You can bleat like a lamb; for I've heard ye."

"Iss, master. I bleats beautiful;" and she showed snowy teeth from ear to ear.

"Well, then, when the varmint are at our heels, draw in thy woolly head and bleat like a young lamb. They won't turn from that, I know, the vagabonds."

Matters being thus prepared, they sauntered on; but the jackals were very wary. They came like shadows, so departed—a great many times; but at last, being rein-

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forced, they lessened the distance, and got so close that Ucatella withdrew her head, and bleated faintly inside the wagon. The men turned, leveling their rifles, and found the troop within twenty yards of them. They wheeled directly, but the four barrels poured their flame, four loud reports startled the night, and one jackal lay dead as a stone, another limped behind the flying crowd, and one lay kicking. He was soon dispatched, and both carcasses flung over the patient oxen; and good-by jackals for the rest of that journey.

Ucatella, with all a Kafir's love of fire-arms, clapped her hands with delight. "My child shoots loud and strong," said she.

"Ay, ay," replied Phœbe; "they are all alike; wherever there's men, look for quarreling and firing off. We had only to sit quiet in the wagon."

"Ay," said Dick, "the cattle especially—for it is them the varmint were after—and let 'em eat my Hottentots."

At this picture of the cattle inside the wagon, and the jackals supping on cold Hottentot alongside, Phœbe, who had no more humor than a cat, but a heart of gold, shut up, and turned red with confusion at her false estimate of the recent transaction in fur.

When the sun rose they found themselves in a tract somewhat less arid and inhuman; and at last, at the rise of a gentle slope, they saw, half a mile before them, a large farm-house partly clad with creepers, and a little plot of turf, the fruit of eternal watering; item, a flower bed; item, snow-white palings; item, an air of cleanliness and neatness scarcely known to those dirty descendants of clean ancestors, the Boers. At some distance a very large dam glittered in the sun, and a troop of snow-white sheep were watering at it.

"ENGLAND!" cried Christopher.

"Ay, Sir," said Phœbe; "as nigh as man can make it." But soon she began to fret: "Oh dear! where are they all? If it was me, I'd be at the door looking out. Ah, there goes Yuke to rouse them up."

"Come, Pheeb, don't you fidget," said Dick, kindly. "Why, the lazy lot are scarce out of their beds by this time."

"More shame for 'em. If they were away from me, and coming home, I should be at the door day *and* night, I know. Ah!"

She uttered a scream of delight; for just then out came Ucatella, with little Tommy on her shoulder, and danced along to meet her. As she came close, she raised the chubby child high in the air, and he crowed; and then she lowered him to his mother, who rushed at him, seized, and devoured him with a hundred inarticulate cries of joy and love unspeakable.

"NATURE!" said Christopher, dogmatically, recognizing an old acquaintance, and booking it as one more conquest gained over the Past. But there was too much excitement over the cherub to attend to him. So he watched the women gravely, and began to moralize with all his might. "This," said he, "is what we used to call maternal love; and all animals had it, and that is why the noble savage went for him. It was very good of you, Miss Savage," said the poor soul, sententiously.

"Good of her!" cried Phœbe. "She is all goodness. Savage! find me a Dutchwoman like her. I'll give her a good cuddle for it:" and she took the Kafir round the neck, and gave her a hearty kiss, and made the little boy kiss her too.

At this moment out came a colly-dog, hunting Ucatella by scent alone, which process landed him headlong in the group; he gave loud barks of recognition, fawned on Phœbe and Dick, smelled poor Christopher, gave a growl of suspicion, and lurked about, squinting, dissatisfied, and lowering his tail.

"Thou art wrong, lad, for once," said Dick; "for he's an old friend, and a good one."

"After the dog, perhaps some Christian will come to welcome us," said poor Phœbe.

Obedient to the wish, out walked Sophy, the English nurse, a scraggy woman, with a very cocked nose and thin pinched lips, and an air of respectability and pertness mingled. She dropped a short courtesy, shot the glance of a basilisk at Ucatella, and said, stiffly, "You are welcome home, ma'am." Then she took the little boy as one having authority. Not that Phœbe would have surrendered him, but just then Mr. Falcon strolled out, with a cigar in his mouth, and Phœbe, with her heart in *her* mouth, flew to meet him. There was a rapturous conjugal embrace, followed by mutual inquiries, and the wagon drew up at the door. Then, for the first time, Falcon observed Staines, saw at once he was a gentleman, and touched his hat to him, to which Christopher responded in kind, and remembered he had done so in the locked-up Past.

Phœbe instantly drew her husband apart by the sleeve. "Who do you think that is? You'll never guess. 'Tis the great doctor that saved Dick's life in England with cutting of his throat. But oh, my dear, he is not the man he was. He is afflicted. Out of his mind partly. Well, we must cure him, and square the account for Dick. I'm a proud woman at finding him, and bringing him here to make him all right again, I can tell you. Oh, I am happy, I am happy. Little did I think to be so happy as I am. And, my dear, I have brought you a whole sackful of newspapers, old and new."

"That is a good girl. But tell me a little more about him. What is his name?"

"Christie."

"Dr. Christie?"

"No doubt. He wasn't an apothecary or

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a chemist, you may be sure, but a high doctor, and the cleverest ever was or ever will be: and isn't it sad, love, to see him brought down so? My heart yearns for the poor man: and then his wife—the sweetest, loveliest creature you ever—oh!"

Phœbe stopped very short, for she remembered something all of a sudden; nor did she ever again give Falcon a chance of knowing that the woman whose presence had so disturbed him was this very Dr. Christie's wife. "Curious!" thought she to herself, "the world to be so large, and yet so small." Then aloud, "They are unpacking the wagon; come, dear. I don't think I have forgotten any thing of yours. There's cigars and tobacco, and powder and shot and bullets, and every thing to make you comfortable, as my duty 'tis; and—oh, but I'm a happy woman!"

Hottentots, big and little, clustered about the wagon. Treasure after treasure was delivered with cries of delight; the dogs found out it was a joyful time, and barked about the wheeled treasury; and the place did not quiet down till sunset.

A plain but tidy little room was given to Christopher, and he slept there like a top. Next morning his nurse called him up to help her water the grass. She led the way with a tub on her head and two buckets in it. She took him to the dam; when she got there she took out the buckets, left one on the bank, and gave the other to Christie. She then went down the steps till the water was up to her neck, and bade Christie fill the tub. He poured eight bucketfuls in. Then she came slowly out, straight as an arrow, balancing this tub full on her head. Then she held out her hands for the two buckets. Christie filled them, wondering, and gave them to her. She took them like toy buckets, and glided slowly home with this enormous weight, and never spilled a drop. Indeed, the walk was more smooth and noble than ever, if possible.

When she reached the house she hailed a Hottentot, and it cost the man and Christopher a great effort of strength to lower her tub between them.

"What a vertebral column you must have!" said Christopher.

"You must not speak bad words, my child," said she. "Now you water the grass and the flowers." She gave him a watering-pot, and watched him maternally, but did not put a hand to it. She evidently considered this part of the business as child's play, and not a fit exercise of her powers.

It was only by drowning that little oasis twice a day that the grass was kept green and the flowers alive.

She found him other jobs in course of the day, and, indeed, he was always helping somebody or other, and became quite ruddy, bronzed, and plump of cheek, and wore a strange look of happiness, except at times when he got apart and tried to recall the distant Past. Then he would knit his brow, and look perplexed and sad.

They were getting quite used to him and he to them, when one day he did not come in to dinner. Phœbe sent out for him; but they could not find him.

The sun set. Phœbe became greatly alarmed, and even Dick was anxious.

They all turned out, with guns and dogs, and hunted for him beneath the stars.

Just before daybreak Dick Dale saw a fire sparkle by the side of a distant thicket. He went to it, and there was Ucatella seated, calm and grand as antique statue, and Christopher lying by her side, with a shawl thrown over him. As Dale came hurriedly up, she put her finger to her lips, and said, "My child sleeps. Do not wake him. When he sleeps, he hunts the Past, as Colly hunts the springbok."

"Here's a go!" said Dick. Then, hearing a chuckle, he looked up, and was aware of a comical appendage to the scene. There hung, head downward, from a branch, a Kafir boy, who was, in fact, the brother of the stately Ucatella, only went farther into antiquity for his models of deportment; for, as she imitated the antique marbles, he reproduced the habits of that epoch when man roosted, and was arboreal. Wheel somersaults, and, above all, swinging head downward from a branch, were the sweetness of his existence.

"Oh! *you* are there, are you?" said Dick.

"Iss," said Ucatella. "Tim good boy. Tim found my child."

"Well," said Dick, "he has chosen a nice place. This is the clump the last lion came out of, at least they say so. For my part, I never saw an African lion: Falcon says they've all took ship and gone to England. However, I shall stay here with my rifle till daybreak. 'Tis tempting Providence to lie down on the skirt of the wood for Lord knows what to jump out on ye unawares."

Tim was sent home for Hottentots, and Christopher was carried home, still sleeping, and laid on his own bed.

He slept twenty-four hours more, and, when he was fairly awake, a sort of mist seemed to clear away in places, and he remembered things at random. He remembered being at sea on the raft with the dead body; that picture was quite vivid to him. He remembered, too, being in the hospital, and meeting Phœbe, and every succeeding incident; but as respected the more distant past, he could not recall it by any effort of his will. His mind could only go into that remoter past by material stepping-stones; and what stepping-stones he had about him here led him back to general knowledge, but not to his private history.

In this condition he puzzled them all strangely at the farm; his mind was alter-

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nately so clear and so obscure. He would chat with Phœbe, and sometimes give her a good practical hint; but the next moment helpless for want of memory, that great faculty without which judgment can not act, having no material.

After some days of this he had another great sleep. It brought him back the distant past in chapters. His wedding-day. His wife's face and dress upon that day. His parting with her: his whole voyage out: but, strange to say, it swept away one-half of that which he had recovered at his last sleep, and he no longer remembered clearly how he came to be at Dale's Kloof.

Thus his mind might be compared to one climbing a slippery place, who gains a foot or two, then slips back; but, on the whole, gains more than he loses.

He took a great liking to Falcon. That gentleman had the art of pleasing, and the tact never to offend.

Falcon affected to treat the poor soul's want of memory as a common infirmity; pretended he was himself very often troubled in the same way, and advised him to read the newspapers. "My good wife," said he, "has brought me a whole file of the *Cape Gazette*. I'd read them if I was you. The deuce is in it, if you don't rake up something or other."

Christopher thanked him warmly for this: he got the papers to his own little room, and had always one or two in his pocket for reading. At first he found a good many hard words that puzzled him; and he borrowed a pencil of Phœbe, and noted them down. Strange to say, the words that puzzled him were always common words, that his unaccountable memory had forgotten: a hard word, he was sure to remember that.

One day he had to ask Falcon the meaning of "spendthrift." Falcon told him briefly. He could have illustrated the word by a striking example; but he did not. He added, in his polite way, "No fellow can understand all the words in a newspaper. Now here's a word in mine, 'Anemometer;' who the deuce can understand such a word?"

"Oh, *that* is a common word enough," said poor Christopher. "It means a machine for measuring the force of the wind."

"Oh, indeed," said Falcon; but did not believe a word of it.

One sultry day Christopher had a violent headache, and complained to Ucatella. She told Phœbe, and they bound his brows with a wet handkerchief, and advised him to keep in-doors. He sat down in the coolest part of the house, and held his head with his hands, for it seemed as if it would explode into two great fragments.

All in a moment the sky was overcast with angry clouds, whirling this way and that. Huge drops of hail pattered down, and the next minute came a tremendous flash of lightning, accompanied, rather than followed, by a crash of thunder close over their heads.

This was the opening. Down came a deluge out of clouds that looked mountains of pitch, and made the day night but for the fast and furious strokes of lightning that fired the air. The scream of wind and awful peals of thunder completed the horrors of the scene.

In the midst of this, by what agency I know no more than science or a sheep does, something went off inside Christopher's head, like a pistol-shot. He gave a sort of scream, and dashed out into the weather.

Phœbe heard his scream and his flying footstep, and uttered an ejaculation of fear. The whole household was alarmed, and, under other circumstances, would have followed him; but you could not see ten yards.

A chill sense of impending misfortune settled on the house. Phœbe threw her apron over her head, and rocked in her chair.

Dick himself looked very grave.

Ucatella would have tried to follow him; but Dick forbade her. "'Tis no use," said he. "When it clears, we that be men will go for him."

"Pray Heaven you may find him alive."

"I don't think but what we shall. There's nowhere he can fall down to hurt himself; nor yet drown himself, but our dam; and he has not gone that way. But—"

"But what?"

"If we do find him, we must take him back to Cape Town, before he does himself, or some one, a mischief. Why, Phœbe, don't you see the man has gone raving mad?"

A SONG IN MANY KEYS.

PERHAPS for the reason that it was impossible for him to go to Watkins Park, Mr. John Taylor determined upon going. His presence would give he knew what pleasure to his cousin, Mrs. Horatio Watkins. She had always been his favorite, and so he penned a letter of acceptance in answer to her note of invitation, and proceeded to decide on the gifts he would carry with him. She should have those rose-leaved ornaments, each brightened by a diamond dew-drop, which he so much admired. He knew Sally's taste. Things delicate, chaste, and costly she liked, and he could well afford to consider what jewels she would choose if free to select.

No doubt Sally, mother-like, would now prefer that these ornaments should be presented to Elsie instead of herself. No matter. She might make of them whatever disposition she pleased, but she should know that he had purchased them for herself. There were other ornaments in filigree and enamel which were pretty enough for a girl, and all the rage, and among these he found

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"perfect beauties" for his cousin's young daughter; so that business was dispatched.

There remained now but one thing to do—he must take himself to the dépôt, if he would present himself among the masqueraders to assemble to-morrow night at Watkins Park. This feat was the most difficult to accomplish. Nobody could complain of John Taylor's indecision in the gold-room; it was only when he fell back on himself for the transaction of business of a purely personal nature that he found himself in the lurch. His friends so well understood this, that they invariably took the conduct of him when he had made an engagement of a social character.

One of these devoted individuals stood on the pavement in front of the hotel, waiting for his appearance, while John in his room made his final preparations. The watchman had evidently determined on performing a desperate deed at a given moment. He stood with his eyes fixed on the hotel clock: when the minute-hand should reach a certain point he purposed an attack.

John Taylor meantime was laying in his valise exquisite evidences of himself—embroidered shirts, vests white, buff, and lavender, and coats which my rough pen absolutely refuses to describe. These things, and the fine gloves and the perfumes, pertained to him as really as his wise doings in brokerage, and though the latter might sometimes excite his misgivings, these never did. The paraphernalia of fashion stowed away, it only remained for him to get to the dépôt. He was thinking of this while he put the key of his valise into his pocket, when somebody knocked at the door; it opened, and there stood William Wells.

"Oh," said William, the watchman who had stood waiting on the pavement below, staring at the clock for half an hour—"oh, you're here!"

"I believe I am," said John, throwing himself on the sofa.

"But, my dear fellow, do you intend to go on the four train?"

"Certainly."

"Well, you have just five minutes to get to it. I was afraid you would think you had all day before you. There's a carriage waiting for you: I ordered it."

"Where are you going with my baggage?" exclaimed John, springing from the sofa and catching up his hat.

"Follow and learn," answered William, half-way down the stairs.

"Go like lightning!" he directed the driver, when he had John safely in the carriage; and the order was obeyed.

"I have your ticket. Secure a seat, and I'll throw your check after you. The cars will be moving in less than a minute." William said this as he sprang from the carriage, with the valise in his hand.

"What should I do without that good fellow?" asked John of himself, as he jumped on board the train. He would not have performed his journey that day, we may be very certain.

And what if he had not? Why, this song would not have been sung.

In the baggage-master's office there was so much confusion it looked as if there might easily be a "hitch" in William's operations. But he was a resolute youth; he wasn't afraid of pushing—that art of arts pursued with so much ardor by our young folks; and though there were at least twenty-five persons in the office waiting to be served at the same moment, and though an old friend whom he had not seen for years must needs present himself for recognition precisely on the instant when he was demanding his check, Will kept his eye on his game, and having bagged it, walked off triumphant to present check and ticket on the head of his cane at the window whence John's arm projected, just as the engine began to move.

In the car which carried Mr. John Taylor sat a woman, who gave a little start when she saw him coming in: a start of recognition—of recognition, though, that looked for no return. The cat looked at the king, we may believe, but it was never hinted that the king looked at the cat. Not to suggest that Mrs. James Thompson had any feline resemblances. No; merely because of her decent poverty do I remind myself of the proverb. The fortunes of these two persons were obviously so different, they were separated by so great a gulf, that it would be no more difficult to think of a cat *perceiving* a king than it would be to suppose the existence of friendly relations between these two.

The conductor, if a judge of human nature, looking at the one, might have felt a little difficulty about pronouncing upon him: he was "a bull" perhaps, "a bear" perhaps, or a "fancy gentleman"—one would prefer not to be positive; but as to the woman in shabby mourning, she unmistakably was the earner of her own living: not that she looked defiant, or in the least degree strong-minded, but she did look self-respectful. Evidently a widow, evidently decent, something had done its best to put her down, and that something had succeeded in a measure. Produce me the clairvoyant who could have discovered to the conductor any thing like a connecting link between the two!

After a few miles Mr. Taylor, who had given himself up to the luxury of lazy observation, tired of the entertainment, and taking out his note-book, was reminded on the first glance of Bowles's letter, which he had intended to answer before he left town. Then he felt in his pockets for the letter,

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and found that he had left it behind him. Still there were the points written in his note-book to which he had intended to reply. Bowles, it seemed, was hard up. His invention answered admirably: it did every thing claimed for it; but somehow he must have money to bridge over, or he must stay on the side opposite success. Mr. Taylor had already served him such a good turn about the patent, perhaps he might advise him whether it would be best to try to get up a stock company, or to sell out to some wealthy manufacturer, or to hang on in the way he was now doing.

Mr. Taylor reflected, and went to sleep over it, and slept through all the pauses at way-stations — steadily on, through sunset and even-tide and moonlight, until, at twelve o'clock, he heard somebody shouting "Henderson!" in his ears.

Meanwhile, though many people came and went, the woman to whom we have alluded kept her seat; but though she knew when she left the city dépôt that many an hour of travel was before her, she sat and thought, and to sleep was the last thing attempted, desired, or possible. Was she not going to her son? Yes. But without any very joyful anticipation, if one might take into consideration the anxious expression of her face. What might not have happened before she went back to town on Saturday, to resume her life there copying papers for the great firm of "Brydges?" She would have given her son away. But has she not already done this? Has not the bitterness of death been tasted? And yet she reminds herself while the train speeds on, *Is not the Spirit of the Lord still moving on the waters, as of old, "in the beginning?" and can one perish in them who relies on Him?*

She, too, has a letter in her mind, and the answer to it which she had made.

Only since the week began that letter was received from her son, and since then the world seemed to have come to an end.

James had not written to ask her advice, but to make known to her his intention. Next Thursday morning, he said, he was to be married. At nine o'clock, "bright and early," in the old church—would she come? Of course she must. His desperation had made him see his duty clearly—what would hers do for her? The only argument he used was, "I know, dear mother, that I'm acting as my father would have done."

Was he? she thought. She knew the circumstances. Mr. Jackson had died suddenly; the family were left quite destitute; the girls must support themselves, Netty, the youngest, who had been three years engaged to James, as well as the rest.

And why not Netty as well as the rest? Was she not capable? And was not James merely another man's man, and not his own master?

Mrs. Thompson was twenty-three years beyond the time when she would have allowed a lover to act as her son had determined to act. She had passed through very dreary and sorrowful experiences. So clear had become her convictions with regard to this world, so difficult was the path which she saw opening before her son, valiantly taking on himself who could foretell what cares, that her first impulse had been to write him that he must do no such crazy thing as fulfill his declared intention. He must wait, *in justice to the young lady* he must wait, until he felt certain that he could support her in a way that a man ought to wish to support his wife. He had no right to ask a young girl to share his fortunes until there was a prospect that they would be less hard than now seemed likely.

But no such letter was written, or even begun. James should never know that she had contemplated the duty of writing in such a strain to him. Poor widow! she found herself occupying in imagination the place of that young lady, and choosing to share the fortunes of the man she loved, however hard they might be; and so she had carried her son's letter to bed, laid it under her pillow, bathed that pillow in tears, and in the morning answered it in a way that should make all women proud of her. Hail to the human heart grown wise in the wisdom of the world, and able still, on the great election days, to cast its vote for the cause that *may* insure earthly tribulation, but also, and in spite of that, everlasting peace!

And then she had made her little preparations to attend the wedding, obtained leave of absence, and a friend secured her check for her, at the last moment, too, as Mr. John Taylor's had been secured for him.

And there she sat now, with the check in hand, thinking of all these things, and glad when the conductor relieved her of her ticket, because she would then have one thing less to burden her aching brain.

When you consider that she was traveling like a nabob, on the strength of the ticket she had paid for, you may wonder that she started and seemed so embarrassed when she saw that Mr. Taylor was also a passenger on the train. But then you do not understand how all persons employed in the office of the Brydges regarded this gentleman. The widow was one of the copyists who wrote there, and she, with all the rest, bowed down abased, figuratively speaking, when the great man crossed the threshold of the firm. I suppose it was the homage done there to SUCCESS, as represented by this successful broker, that made the woman even now, when acting on an independent basis, feel that it wasn't quite the thing for her to be sitting at her ease there on a car level with Mr. Taylor. In her own world there was no cause for fear that she would not behave

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with decorum and self-respect—interiorly as well as externally she would preserve her equilibrium—but the atmosphere breathed at Brydges' was denaturalized, and she had breathed it now for three or four years continuously.

The Henderson House was a notable inn near the Henderson station, and here Mr. Taylor found himself at midnight. In the morning, as he ascertained, he could obtain any kind of vehicle he might wish for, and a pleasant ride of five miles would bring him to Watkins Park.

He might then resume his nap at once in the large cool chamber to which he was conducted.

Well—yes—it might seem so. But a little mistake which had been made in the matter of baggage kept him awake and rather busily reflecting.

When he gave his check to the baggage-master, as he glanced at the valise produced he thought that it had suffered from the journey more than he had. It looked so shabby, indeed, that for an instant he had suspected that a mistake had been made somewhere. Half asleep though he was, he had said to the baggage-master, "That isn't my trap," and the man had answered, "You gave me your check, didn't you?" and then had walked off.

Of course it was his check, and there was "J. T." in small white letters at the end of the valise. But now in his chamber, as he unlocked the portmanteau, hardly expecting that his key would perform the service, and set at ease by the instantaneousness with which it executed the feat, there was revealed to his eyes a marvel which equaled in result any one of Signor Blitz's magic performances.

In the first place out floated an odor of violet and mignonette; then he saw a garment of black silk, and then a book; then a pair of womanly boots, a pair of lilac gloves, a shawl, and finally a bouquet in a little box, the cover of which had slipped off. He saw all these things at a glance, as you might say, and yet several glances were required before the several impressions answerable to shawl, gloves, boots, dress, book, flowers, were produced.

Making these glances he felt as a thief may be supposed to feel, yet a certain fascination held his eyes until he clearly understood that by some mistake he had become possessed of a woman's baggage instead of his own.

The flowers and the gloves made him think of his own missing splendors and of Sally's party. Was the fair owner of this property likely to make her appearance in it to-morrow night at Watkins Park?

The sweet odors of the flowers, and the delicate hue of the unworn lilac gloves, must, I think, have conciliated the gazer, and awakened his sympathy, for he said to himself, as he stood there looking at the valise, "Who knows but here is a leading?" It was one of John Taylor's habits of mind, one of his weaknesses, if you like, to look at all events that concerned him as in some sort leadings. He saw that he had made an opening, and he was lazily concerned to discover whither it might conduct.

The book might give him a clew. He took it from the place where it had been laid by the owner, and of course he felt a little shocked when he did so. He was curious, vulgarly curious, to learn the name of the owner. There it was on the fly-leaf: a woman's name, possibly a fair young girl's name—anyway, Dorothy Davidson's.

Next he turned the leaves—still seeking a clew, I suppose—humming, meanwhile, "Come, Dorothy, come." Then he paced the room, felt in his vest pocket to satisfy himself that the trinkets he had purchased for Sally and her daughter were there, and finally he threw himself upon the bed.

The book then opened of itself, it seemed to him, at a little poem entitled *Philip, my King*, and he read it. Twice he read it, for it was not as familiar to this gentleman as it is to you and to me. Twice he read it, and then turned the page, and tears were in his eyes, for he thought of his mother, and of what he might do for her (who had all heaven!) if she was only living now.

The leaf had a soft, worn, cottony feeling, as if it had often been turned; the gloss was quite worn off. A folded paper was lying between the leaves, and that he opened and read. "Shameful!" Most true! But then it was true also that he said to himself he was seeking a clew that would direct him to the owner. So I make this statement, hoping to obtain for him a more kindly verdict. The man is no client of mine—he must look for another apologist. But perhaps you will now feel disposed to justify him. *I don't.* What he read was this, written as if by the hand of an engraver who had studied clearness, simplicity, and precision:

"Let me, oh, let me cease to live so entirely for the safe one, the delivered, the immortal! Stand thou, my son, where thy father stood, and while I live I will serve thee. Sacred to me art thou because of that sacred one yonder. O thou infinite lover, in whom I love husband and son, thou canst lead us, thou must."

At dawn John Taylor was still lying on his bed, awake, with the book in his hand, thinking of the exceedingly narrow range he had allowed his sympathies and his faculties during the six prosperous years which had passed since his name became known to the board of brokers. And he either really wished, or else imagined that he wished, that something would happen to prevent his return to town, now that he was fairly out of it.

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"I haven't found yet the work or the place I was meant for," said he. Fancy the waves of sound conveying a message like that to the Brydges, who quoted him every day of their lives as the one eminently successful man!

He remembered a girl who might have written concerning him what some woman had written here concerning some man. To have so loved as to have won such love, would not that have been a truer success than he had achieved? Love—was it a real power still in the world? He groaned when he thought of the unbelief which had obtained an influence so hardening over him. But then he believed that he could still love such a woman as this Dorothy, perhaps—at least such a woman as his own mother. But where could such a one be found? Perhaps at his cousin Sally's, to-day. But then this mistake of baggage seemed to have interposed to prevent whatever might have happened at his cousin Sally's!

So he lay there and discussed the point. Reluctant always to make a change that involved any exertion, a week spent in bed at the Henderson House began to look more attractive to him than the scene on which he would be gazing, probably, within four or five hours. The mistake of the valise could only be rectified by some activity on his part. He must either recover his missing effects at once or provide himself with other appareling. A return to town in either case seemed necessary, and of that he felt incapable. The bed on which he was lying, therefore, appeared to be the one place desirable. The haven he had gained he had no wish to leave. His mind continued to dwell upon the peace and the comfort of it till he recollected what Sally had told him about the station and the house in the years when she was accustomed to spend the autumn there for the sake of the gorgeous woods.

He might remain where he was, and send his gifts forward with apologies. Sally would have no reason to suspect his nearness. He was dull, too dull for the society of young folks met for pleasure, and he felt worked out, now that he had leisure to ascertain his feelings.

The more he thought of all this the less disposed he felt to mingle with youth and gayety. Diamonds and filigree would more than fill his place. Having proceeded so far in reflection, John arose and looked from the windows. He would dispatch a messenger forthwith to Watkins Park, and telegraph Will to hunt up his valise; after that he would go to bed, if nothing better offered.

It was still early when he went down stairs to the hotel office and asked for writing materials. Furnished with these, he sat down to write a note to his cousin. He was in the midst of a well-constructed sentence which displayed not a little tact, when an elderly woman came in from the street, and addressed the clerk at his desk.

"Was any mistake made here about baggage last night?" said she.

The clerk told her, with an air, "This is not the baggage office, madam."

"No," she said, "I know it. I have been there. But I thought perhaps you might have heard something—somebody inquiring, maybe."

John Taylor, hearing all this, began to hum "Come, Dorothy," and to make nonsense of his letter. Of course this individual wasn't Dorothy, but she was quite obviously involved in this trick of fortune which concerned merely Dorothy and himself. She was an elderly friend, perhaps, of that sweethearted widow.

"Is there any mark on your valise?" asked the clerk.

"The same mark there is on this, that don't belong to me," was the answer. "But I saw the minute I looked at it that it wasn't mine."

"Well," said the clerk, "I'll inquire among the passengers; there's one of them sitting there at that table now."

"Thank you, Sir," said the woman, and she turned quickly toward the table, and saw—Mr. John Taylor!

But a cat may look at a king.

This second observation of J. T. since she had left the town office was not as startling to her as the first had been. She was able now to perceive that Mr. Taylor was merely a transient guest in the Henderson House, though elsewhere his nod might mean millions. Under certain circumstances it might have taken her breath away to think of having his property in her hands, but just now she was cool enough. By this you will understand that, left to herself, she remembered *effectually*, if not very distinctly, that the blood of two or three generations of Americans was in her veins.

It was Mr. Taylor, in fact, who felt a little misgiving looking at her, for his commonsense dispelled the illusion he had allowed to envelop Dorothy, and he said to himself, "Of course the things are hers—the flowers, gloves, and all," and he blushed in a way that showed it was not agreeable to think that he had, uninvited, possessed himself of a thought or two of hers.

It was time he should make a sign, so he looked up, pushed the writing materials away, and glancing toward the clerk's desk, invited the question, which he heard the next minute, whether he had found his baggage all right the night before.

"All wrong," he said.

Then the woman explained, and it appeared that there was another J. T. in this world besides John Taylor; and before he was called to breakfast Mr. Taylor and Mrs. Thompson had exchanged portmanteaus, and J. T.,

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par excellence, had privately decided to go on to Factoryville by the eight-o'clock stage.

Why? Because this Mrs. Thompson was going. Absurd! I know it, but that is his business. Bowles, though, I may mention, lived at Factoryville. There was no calculating with certainty as to what Mr. Taylor would or would not do, or where, or how, or when he would come out with success in his hand; the only thing to be relied on was the *success*. Every body said so who had dealings with him.

They had a good many miles before them, and the greater part of the day were the only passengers.

"We shall have a peaceable journey," said Mr. Taylor, as the driver shut the door on the surprised woman and the man who was following his "leading."

"Yes," she answered, "if our baggage don't fall out by the way;" and then they both laughed, he precisely as if he were not worth his millions, and she as if she did not know that he was, and as if also she had forgotten that she was going, sad-hearted as to a funeral, to the wedding of her son.

Were they to make a silent journey? Time must decide. Time's decision was that there should be no lack of talk between them. The woman knew every mile-stone on the road, and her husband and she knew Bowles of Factoryville, of course. Ah, yes!

She spoke of her husband in such a way that her fellow-passenger for a long time supposed that he might be living on earth yet. At last, however, it became as clear to his mind as Wall Street is clear on a Sunday that she was a widow, and Dorothy besides; and that she was a fair-faced, sweet-voiced woman his eyes and ears assured him.

And then he learned the poor little insignificant fact that it was her husband who built the first factory that was ever set to work in Factoryville. Factoryville had a history of its own which she knew well. It had grown, within her memory, from a hamlet of two hundred to a town of eight or ten thousand inhabitants, and was now making a great effort to get rid of its name.

And had she friends still living there?

Oh yes, it was there her son lived—her only son, James.

So she was to speak, as it were by invitation, about her son to Mr. Taylor—Mr. John Taylor. To think of it!

It was her boy she was going to visit. In fact, he was to be married the next day, and she had obtained leave of absence from Mr. Brydges, Jun., to attend his wedding.

Mr. Brydges?

Yes: she copied papers in his office.

Ah!

Sweet odors of mignonette seemed to float around Mr. John Taylor as he listened to this brief story, and he seemed to have a vision of white lilies. He was surely about to begin life over again.

"I found myself too late to attend one festival," said he, in a lively tone, and he had actually persuaded himself that this was true. "I might attend another if I had an invitation."

"If you are going to stop over," said the widow, politely—she was as old-fashioned as politeness itself is—"if you are going to stop over, the wedding is to be in the church, very early; at nine o'clock in the morning." After a little reflection, or perhaps it was only a pause of hesitation, she added, "I did not expect it for six months yet. It is quite sudden."

"Don't you agree with him as to the wisdom of the movement?" asked the man from the gold-room, as if he had been her brother. They say you can not travel with a woman half a day in car or stage-coach (I don't know how it is about steamboats), without having a revelation granted you of all the secrets of her experience. But it would seem that the information Mr. Taylor obtained on this day's journey was not altogether thrust upon him. He asked a good many questions; provoked, perhaps, some expectations. At least nobody will wonder at it if the mother thought while they talked, "Here's a man who does what he pleases—and there's my poor James!"

"It might have been better on some accounts if James had waited a little," said she. "Yet I don't know that it would be right to say so to either of them. I can not say it. You see, Sir, the young lady's father died quite unexpectedly, and my son says he feels bound to make the family smaller by one, and he *has* a better salary than he had at first. James is very ingenious. He is like his father. I don't think Mr. Bowles would part with him on any account."

And so it came out very clearly that James Thompson was with Mr. Bowles. "There, that's it!" thought Mr. Taylor. "I knew there was something to come." One of the great differences between individuals is this, all are expecting something, but all don't know when it arrives. What says the proverb, "*Many meet the gods, but few salute them.*"

"If your son is an inventor," said he, taking his time to say it, "his way is easy enough. There's nothing that I know of equal to the head of an inventor. It is the best kind of head a man can have on his shoulders."

John Taylor thoroughly believed this, and the widow could not doubt his sincerity. Yes, she thought, it is a great thing to be an inventor; but she could not think without a pang of the years through which her husband had passed—the make-shifts, the poverty, and death ending all just as they were coming into port after their long, tempestuous voyaging.

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But it was, as the gentleman said, a great thing, a very great thing, to have the head of an inventor. A smile lighted up her face, and seemed to renovate each feature, as she dwelt upon it. Perhaps it might not be the most profitable head, as he had claimed, but certainly it was the noblest; and sweetest of all smiles that ever glowed on mortal countenance was that which in painful defeat or in victory had shone on her husband's countenance.

She did not speak; she was busied with these recollections which all lay on the other side of the grave—on that unapproachable earthly side over which the sunshine was always so solemnly resting.

By-and-by she was startled, perhaps by the sound of a voice rather than by what the voice said.

"How is it about Mr. Bowles—and your son? Does James satisfy him?"

"Oh yes."

"Why don't he take him in as a partner?"

"That isn't possible," she said; but not because she had not thought the possibility over, and reasoned with herself many and many a time on the impossibility.

"He is the foreman, though, you say, and necessary."

"Mr. Bowles told me last year," she answered, "that he didn't know how he could get on without James."

"He won't let him go if the business is worth a cent. Your son must make use of his opportunity," said John, speaking forcibly, from conviction: this was the business he was to attend to; for what else should he spend the day on the road to Factoryville instead of answering Bowles's letter by mail?

"I will tell you," said the mother—and you know that she believed the Spirit of the Lord to be still moving on the dark waters, and also that she, poor soul, still trusted in Providence—"I think if my son don't push his way now, he never will be his own man as long as he lives. Mr. Bowles and every other man will let him stand in the background as long as he will consent to do so. This is the thing that has troubled me. Perhaps I don't do right to say it, Sir; but you will understand me."

Was it not enough to make one smile to hear her saying that to Mr. John Taylor? But he did not smile. Her anxiety, her earnestness, her modesty, her humility, touched his heart.

"I am glad you have told me," said he. "As you say, marriage is the making of a good many men, but it nips off the enterprise and the hope of a good many too. I believe in Providence myself, ma'am. I agree with you that if James is like other men, he is going to take his stand to-morrow, and it speaks well for him that he is determined to marry the young lady off-hand, now that she is in trouble. I like it better than if he had let her go away to earn her own living. If she has a mind to help him, it's better she should do so after they're married."

If he wanted to know whether he had spoken to the purpose, Mr. John Taylor had only to look at the widow.

Who would have prophesied, when she set out on her journey, her heart so filled with gloom, that before she had arrived at Factoryville the voice of a man so wise in the affairs of this world, and so successful, would be saying to her words which would make her see the world, as it were, created anew for her son? How ashamed in her heart was she that she had dared to doubt or to murmur, as though Heaven could have in store for her any thing really heart-breaking and evil! How ashamed of the tears she had shed on the receipt of her dear boy's letter, and of that feeling that in giving her consent to his marriage she had, as it were, lost him!

When the stage drew up toward the steps of the Factoryville inn the widow said:

"I can't tell you how I feel your kindness. You are the last man I would have expected to tell all this to. There is my son waiting for me! I can speak to him now with some courage: I believe all will be well, just as you think."

"May I come to the wedding, if I can find my way to the church?" asked Mr. Taylor, as James came toward the stage door to open it. He had seen that his mother was a passenger.

"Do come!" she answered. "Any body can tell you where it is. At nine o'clock!" She had apparently forgotten all the astonishing and magnificent things that she had ever heard about him, and invited him as cordially as she would have invited an old friend, or you or me.

Standing for a moment on the green in front of the inn, Mr. John Taylor looked at the widow's son, and made up his mind. The widow said, as she walked away with her boy:

"That gentleman, James, is one of the richest men in the city. And made all his money himself. And such a sensible man! I wouldn't have believed it! I told him about you, and he says you're going to do the right thing, bless you!"

Whereupon, moved by the tearful energy with which the last words were spoken, the young man—a sturdy, dark-browed son of labor—kissed his mother on the public street.

"There's an extry fine piece of crockery for you," said one of the loafers on the tavern steps to another, turning and looking at Mr. John Taylor as he walked into the bar-room.

"Soft bake," said another. But what if they had seen the rose leaves and diamonds

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in the stranger's vest pocket, or surveyed the contents of his portmanteau? Or what if they had known the thoughts that he was thinking about his ended journey?

Wherever he was, in Factoryville or elsewhere, Mr. Taylor's purposes were distinctly ascertained. He had now to answer Bowles's letter, but moreover, and chiefly, to find out about James. And first of all he must ascertain the general estimate and opinion of business done at the factory, and the importance of James Thompson in the establishment.

If the lovely young bride had known all he was thinking, and the wonderful delight he had in his thinking, she would not have been so surprised when she saw him next morning looking at her so kindly from the front pew, where he stood with Mr. Bowles during the ceremony.

And if she had known what her husband knew when she walked out of the church, leaning on his arm, she could not have been so surprised to see how untroubled his eyes looked, and how serene his face, as he said,

"You and I must trust in Providence. There's nothing like Providence for us, Netty. It is all right."

For while he waited in the porch for Netty and her family, standing there with his mother, Mr. Bowles had come in with the stranger who rode over to Factoryville in the stage yesterday, and had said to him, "I have brought you a wedding present, James. You come into the firm with me to-day, as well as make your contract with Miss Netty."

And then Netty had come, and the organ was sending forth the glad sound of the *Wedding March*, and the minister stood in the chancel, and the sexton outside had his hand on the bell-rope ready to tell all the good folk far and near of the brave deed done in the village church at that early morning hour. So there was no time to be talking about business.

It is a good thing to have influence—a great thing to have earned it. John Taylor felt that, of all his operations, this was the one that paid him best when he stood in the little parlor of Netty's mother, and it was talked over in the happy circle that Mr. Bowles would take James into partnership with himself that day. He smiled benignly as a god when he made his wedding present to the bride through James's mother—the very ornaments he had bought for his cousin Sally's daughter, thinking meanwhile how different the trip he had made and the festival he had attended from any thing he could have anticipated. But who that sets out on a journey will venture to say where he is going, or what may be the end thereof?

Of course he had bought a share in Bowles's business, and had saved Bowles not a little perplexity by the answer he made to his letter, coming forward so unexpectedly with plenty of money when it was so badly wanted.

James Thompson did not discover all this till some years later—about the time, probably, when Mr. Taylor went to Factoryville and bought out Bowles, and himself entered into business with J. T., Jun., as a machinist and an inventor, and so realized the dream of his youth, which was to produce something, and not merely to accumulate.

I dare say you are wishing now that he had also married Dorothy in those good days. That may have been his wish—in fact, it was! But how could it be done when she was always thinking of one who waited for her in the heavenly place?

No; but there was another good woman in the world for a good lover—and so, of course, he found her.

WHEN A DREAM COMES TRUE.

I hold your hand in mine, my darling, darling;
I look within your eyes;
I ask you idle questions, only caring
To hear your low replies.

And all the while the glimmer of a wonder—
A moon-lit rack of cloud—
Flits o'er my silent heaven of joy, while under
Its stars my soul is bowed.

I think how oft the future will require it—
"Ah, how then did it seem?"—
To-morrow and to-morrow will desire it
Vainly as any dream.

What is it more? In dreams the eyes are holden;
They know not near from far;
I wake with outspread arms, a shadow folding—
And such life's visions are.

It is but touch and sight a little plainer,
A voice that telling, hides;
I doubt, "O heart, art thou so much a gainer?
For something still divides."

O fire of God, O living, wingéd creature
That in this clay doth rise,
How canst thou warm to thy diviner nature
These lips and hands and eyes?

Too eager quest, that hastest to their meeting,
Hoping desire to fill,
Thou standest half abashed, in tenderest greeting,
Yet finding welcome chill.

With stinted bread the life-long hunger staying,
With fasting visions blessed,
With longing that makes life perpetual praying,
A stranger her confessed.

If yet, O dearest heart, the world grows dearer,
Because 'tis sweet to stand
(While that which never has enough cries, Nearer)
One moment hand to hand,

What will it be when every barrier breaking
Lets heart to heart come through?
Will heaven leave one corner for an aching
When the long dream comes true?

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THE HARZ MOUNTAINS: A TOUR IN THE TOY COUNTRY.

By HENRY BLACKBURN.



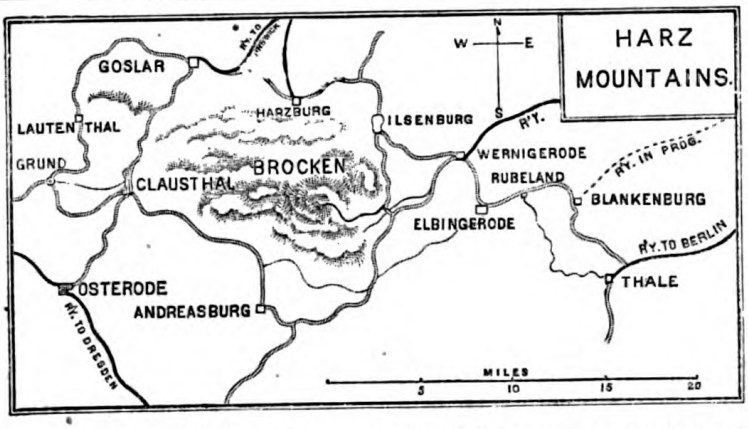
ON a low seat, in an old-fashioned, unfashionable public garden, on the south side of Hanover, there is little Gretchen surrounded by babies, knitting and staring with all her eyes. It is a quiet, rather deserted-looking spot, with no attempt at trimness or attractiveness—a poor dilapidated "Terrasse," or public walk, with old wooden seats, where Carl and Fritz have carved their names, and hacked about with pocket-knives, and otherwise made themselves disagreeably at home. But it is, nevertheless, the place in Hanover to-day for quiet and rest; a place where babies, strapped in stiff card-board packets, are brought to sleep, where lovers come to love, and old men to dream.

"*Unter den Linden*," as we sit here to-day, let us turn our eyes southward, and scan the blue horizon. As we look we can trace a far-off sea of mountains, low, smooth, and spreading east and west, like a receding tide upon the sands. It is a deep sea—a sea of many mysteries, legends, and dreams — the source of inspiration of Goethe's poetry and Heine's philosophy. "Unter den Linden," there come upon the south wind echoes of the *Walpurgisnacht*, and memories of the loves of Marguerite. The spirit-land of Northern Germany is before us. Poets, artists, philosophers, and the children of a thousand German homes have fed their fancies, and moulded their ideas of life beyond cities, from the little range of mountains which we shall venture to call the "Toy Country" of Northern Germany. We will not dwell on the poetic associations of the Harz at the outset, but rather tell the reader what it is like to-day—what it is that attracts in such numbers the inhabitants of Bremen, Hamburg, Hanover, and Brunswick, and why the traveler on his way from London to Berlin or Vienna would do well to turn aside for a few days and explore a region about which scarcely any thing seems to be known. If the tourist refers to his hand-book for Northern Germany, he will there be told that it is hardly worth the while of the hunter after the picturesque who has seen other parts of Europe to go far out of his way to explore the Harz, unless he be a geologist, or interested in mining operations, and he will learn that this, the most northerly range of mountains in Germany, is only about sixty miles by thirty in extent, and that its highest peak, the Brocken, is only three thousand feet above the level of the sea. The attractions of the Harz Mountains to the inhabitants of the flat countries, in the burning days of July and August, are greater than the sea-breezes of their coast. The charm of mountaineering, and walking on heather-covered hill-sides, and wandering freely in forests of pines, is greater and more alluring than the casinos on the sea-shore. Thus it is that the capitalists of the northern towns of Germany, especially Bremen, are popularizing the principal valleys in the Harz, construct-



ON THE WAY TO THE BROCKEN.

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ing railways and hotels, and turning little villages into prosperous summer towns. The crowded inhabitants of the old streets of Bremen and Leipsic, where children live like caged birds for nine months in the year, fly with natural instinct to trees and woods, to freedom and fresh air, to see in real life the little red and white houses, the stiff pine-trees, the flat-sided sheep, the spotted cows, the herdsmen in brown and green "Noah's-ark" coats, and the formal procession of pigs, goats, and sheep that they had played with in babyhood. The process is now made easy enough for all classes. A "through" ticket can be taken from Bremen to Harzburg, and the journey is accomplished in about six hours.

What there is to see in the Harz Mountains, and how the holiday-makers beguile their summer days, the tourist who is hurrying to Dresden, where the lovely Madonna del Sisti will greet his delighted eyes, or to Vienna, where the world's fair of 1873 will open before him, may see for himself in less than a week, by following the route indicated in this narrative, with the assistance of the above map.

Leaving Hanover, with its dirty streets and sunburned walls, with its old palaces covered with Prussian *affiches*, we take the railway to Brunswick and so on southward



A GLIMPSE OF HANOVER.

to Goslar, in the Harz Mountains. The railway station and its surroundings are so modern and prosaic, and the shrieking of the engines so incessant, that we might fancy ourselves at Lyons or Manchester, were it not for the carriages which are still stamped with a royal crown, and for the unmistakably German faces in the crowd.

From Hanover we pass eastward to old-fashioned Brunswick, and, with a glimpse of its old gables and streets, we are soon again in the open country, winding through corn fields, past formal little villages with houses of the familiar toy pattern, and little wood-



A MID-DAY DREAM.

en children standing bare-headed in the sun. We spend several hours unnecessarily at wayside stations, while the conductors of the express train consume innumerable flagons of beer, and sit down to smoke with the station-masters in a mid-day dream.

One of these long delays is at the little station of Vienenburg, a junction between two lines of railway, one to Harzburg, the other to Goslar. In about an hour after leaving Vienenburg we find ourselves gradually ascending the mountain slopes that hide the city from our view. A glance backward toward the plains, and we can discern the distant cities of Brunswick and Hanover glistening in the sunlight; a glance forward and upward, and we find ourselves winding round and under the walls of a great city. There are watch-towers above our heads, and the "cutting" through which the train passes is in reality the old castle moat. The distance we have come from Brunswick by the mail train is twenty-seven miles, and the time occupied on the journey has been four hours. But the transition is

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A STREET IN GOSLAR.

rapid enough, and the contrast between the old and the new is both sudden and striking. On one side, as we approach this old imperial city, are the watch-towers, where warriors with bows and arrows stood guard over its treasures eight hundred years ago; on the other side the railway signal-man of 1872.

But Goslar—this strange old town set on the slopes of beautiful hills—whoever heard of it before, excepting as "the head-quarters of a mining district—bleak, dull, and uninteresting?" Have we not made a discovery here of a new world of interest? What is its history—to compass in a few words eight centuries of time? A city rich, flourishing,

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and powerful, with imperial rights and dignities, once the residence of emperors and the seat of the German Diet; the source of almost unbounded wealth in its gold and silver mines, guarded from its watch-towers by trained bands of warriors day and night; a city not only planned and fortified with wonderful knowledge of the science of defense, but set upon a line of hills with such admirable design that it must have been a delightful place of residence in imperial days. A pause of five hundred years, and the old Romanesque buildings—which are still traceable here and there, such as the *Domcapelle*, a relic of the imperial Dom erected by Conrad II. in the year 916—are swept away, and a new element of life makes its mark in Goslar: a period of commercial prosperity takes the place of the more romantic and warlike; the arms and insignia of an imperial city are thrust aside, and guilds and corporations erect town-halls, warehouses, and massive, high-gabled beer breweries. The Gothic *Kaiserwerth* (now turned into a hotel) standing in the central square gives in itself a new character to the city, and bows and arrows give place to more peaceful weapons. A new city is built, so to speak, within the walls of the old; new customs and new sciences are introduced, manufactures are encouraged, and the art of mining and smelting—the source of wealth, the *raison d'être*, it may be said, of Goslar—is carried to such perfection that the world, and the world's wealth, flock hither from all parts of Germany. Schools of mining are established, geological experiments of great scientific importance are carried on, and the little river Gose, which once flowed a wide stream through the town, has its tributaries diverted for mining purposes, and dwindles almost out of sight. Three hundred years more, and the city is asleep. Its population has dwindled away; its mining operations are no longer the world's wonder; its halls are turned into granaries; the walls of its old beer breweries totter and fall; the wooden gables lean; the carved woodwork on its doorways becomes defaced; there is silence in its streets.

"Why is it asleep?" is the natural question; and why should such a grand old city remain untenanted? What is to become of Goslar? Will it, because trade has for the time been diverted into other channels, disappear slowly from the map of Europe, or be once more a populous and thriving city? Forty thousand people living in Goslar in barbaric days, and now only nine thousand! A city dwindling away for want of being known, and several hundred thousands of people reminded of its existence through the pages of an American magazine, in these modern days of enterprise and railway communication! Let us endeavor to sketch its modern aspect, and the welcome it can give to strangers. There is no very good inn in the Harz Mountains, but there is plain, and generally clean, German accommodation; there are always ridiculous little beds, and food which the mountain air renders more than tolerable. Herr Paul, at the inn near the round tower, is an attentive host, who speaks English, and is adapting himself to English habits and customs as far as he has opportunities of observing them. The *Kaiserwerth* in the market-place is the principal inn—a picturesque old building of the fifteenth century, adorned exteriorly with statues of former emperors—and there are several others in the town. The streets are roughly paved, and some not too clean; but the old houses, with their carved frontages and high-pitched gables, fringed with ornament and decorated with grotesque figures, the creepers growing over the closed lattices, the solid brass door-knockers in the likeness of mermaids, satyrs, dolphins, dragons, and griffins, the deep rich color of the time-stained wood, and the peeps of the hills at the ends of the streets, lead the visitor on

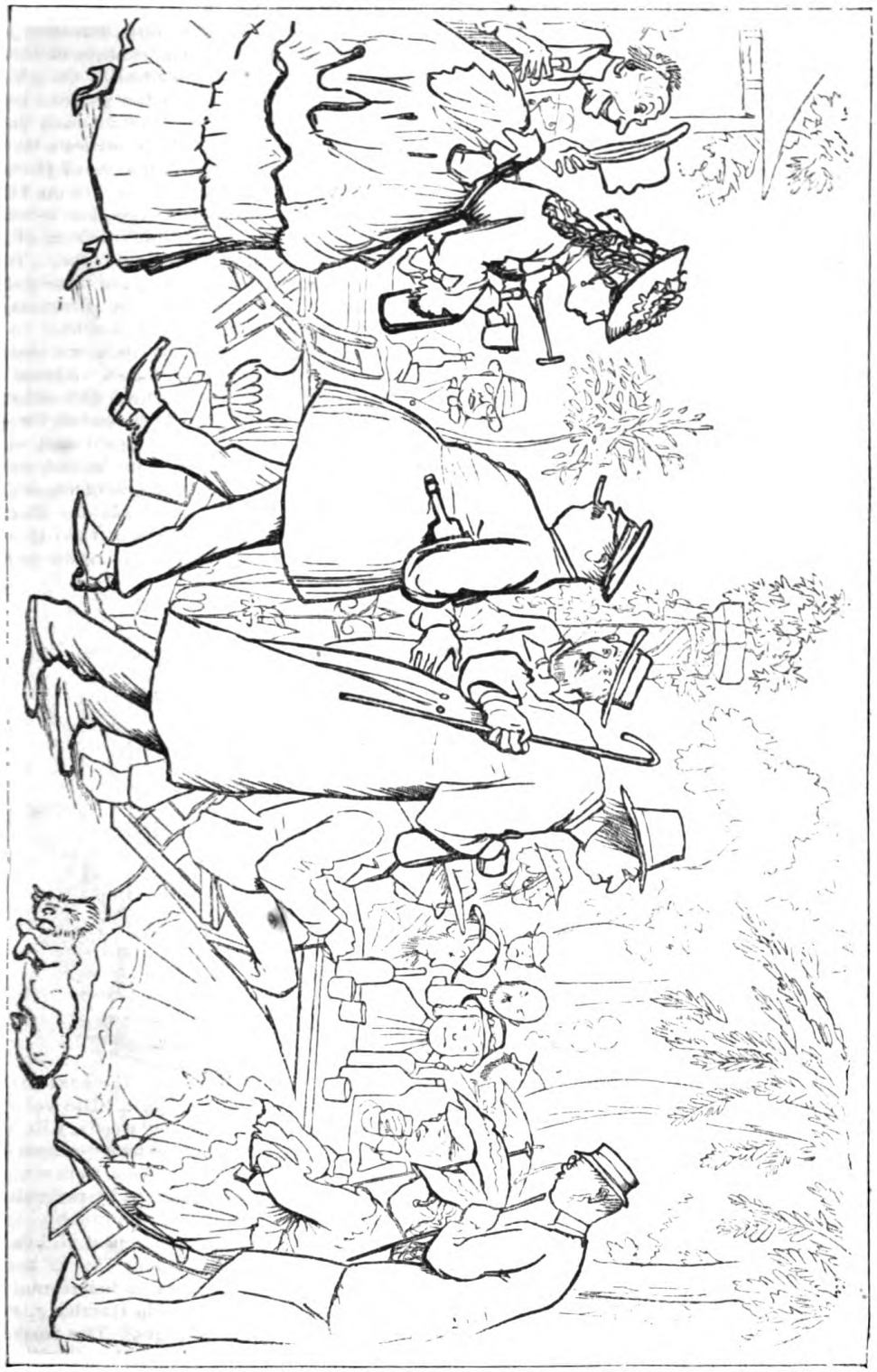


OVER THE COBBLE-STONES.

and on, over innumerable and wearying cobble-stones.

To see what are called the "show-places" in the town, the visitor will probably do best to take a human guide, and give himself up to his care for one day. He will then see in detail what we can only indicate here—the relics of a wonderful tenth-century city. He will be shown the remains of the imperial *Dom*, and what is said to be a votive altar of the early Saxons; and what is more interesting, because more authentic, the walls of the ancient Kaiserhaus, erected by the Emperor Henry III. in 1059. Its style is Romanesque, and its proportions and situation make many similar buildings of a later

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DRINKING THE WATERS.

date look mean and poor. It is true that we can repeat the best lines in architecture that are the "monopoly of past ages," but we miss almost always the simple grandeur and fitness which are the stamp of ancient work. There are parts of this building, now used as a granary and piled up with rubbish, which are full of suggestion, and worthy of examination, we venture to think, by any architect who comes this way—such, for instance,

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as the arrangement of the windows so as to command the best views and the finest air. In the Rathhaus, on one side of the market-place, there is an elaborately wrought silver tankard of the fourteenth century, with figures and implements in high relief, the expressions on the faces of the figures being wonderfully worked on a small scale. In this, and in some specimens of early stained glass, we are again reminded of the "lost arts" of which we have lately heard so much. If not "lost," these things are certainly fading before our eyes.

The relics in Goslar are not, however, its principal attraction. The visitor will be more struck by the picturesque aspects of its old streets, the variety and grandeur in design of its granaries and dwelling-houses, built of wood and stone, with dark wooden gables and lattices and massive timbers, sharp in outline and well preserved where the stone and brick foundations are crumbling away. The ornamentations of the exteriors of the houses should not be passed over, nor the patterns in the wood carving in the interiors. Here and there we may see, as in Moorish work, the conventional forms of flowers and plants introduced in ornament in the most natural way. Just above our heads, on the front of a small dwelling-house, the ripe fruit and leaves of the Indian corn are carved in scrolls as a fringe to the gables, and grapes and flowers are modeled on the panels. Artists might settle down in Goslar with a summer's work before them of the rarest kind, for, happily for those who are yet to come, it is still almost unknown.

But ancient Goslar has already a fashionable life of its own, and affects, to some extent, the manners of to-day. It does not attempt to compete with Harzburg or the more modern watering-places of Blankenburg or Wernigerode, but it *is* a watering-place, and it has its own particular promenade. Let us come this afternoon and see "life in Goslar," or, in other words, the "procession of the sick." The figures are pilgrims that have come from far and wide to combine the attractions of a holiday with the benefits of a wonderful "cure" for which the town has long been celebrated. The promenades and walks on the ramparts, lined with trees, are crowded at certain periods of the day with valetudinarians, who are going through a prescribed course of getting up early, taking regular exercise, attending strictly to their diet, and generally undoing what they have been steadily doing since their last visit. The fine air and regular habits which are strictly enforced have the natural beneficial effect on the majority, but there are some who require stronger measures, and whose regimen consists in drinking daily several quarts of a dark mixture having the appearance, taste, and effect of taraxacum or senna. The bottles of this liquid are supplied to the patients at the public gardens and little *cafés*, situated at convenient distances in the suburbs of Goslar. The usual time prescribed by the physician under whose control the gardens are managed is about a fortnight for each patient, who takes two or three bottles a day. It is a serious business with some of them, but they generally put a good face on the matter, so that a stranger to the place would merely regard them as holiday-makers of a rather dilapidated and eccentric type. We have sketched the scene at one of these gardens about four o'clock in the afternoon, when the conviviality is at its height.

Among the antiquities of Goslar we must not omit to speak of the mines. About a mile up the valley, in a southward direction, there is a mine that has been *worked for at least eight centuries*, yielding "gold and silver, copper, lead, zinc, sulphur, vitriol, and alum." We repeat the catalogue of minerals as given to strangers who visit the Rammelsberg mine. At the present time there is little activity, as the yield hardly pays the expense of working.

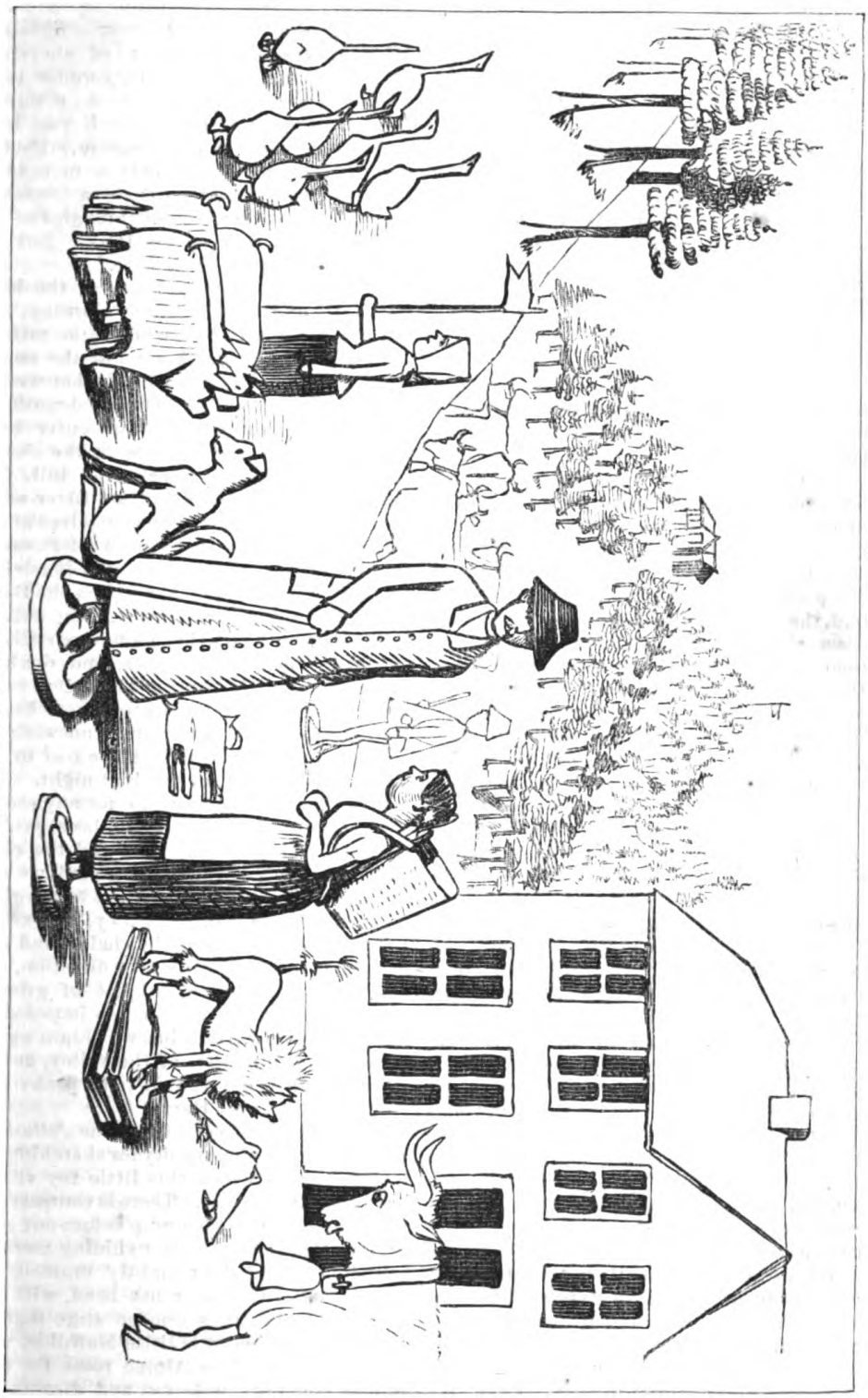


IN HARZBURG.

The situation of Harzburg, the next town on our route, at the head of a little valley, closed in on either side by woods, will remind the traveler of the watering-places of the Pyrenees. It is in a *cul-de-sac*, from which there is no easy escape, except by returning northward into the plains.

As we drive up the valley, past the railway terminus, we pass a long line of scattered cottages of the peasants before reaching the new and fashionable Harzburg, the growth of the last few years. The road is wide and smooth as we leave the old village behind us; on either side are large hotels, out-door cafés, and private, park-like villas, with prettily laid out gardens. Through the gates of one of these gardens the driver turns, and stops at the veranda of a large, noisy hotel. The *Juliushalle* is so celebrated

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A VILLAGE IN THE TOY COUNTRY.

for its (German) comforts and its admirable cuisine, and is so popular as a boarding-house and bathing establishment, that it is seldom, during the height of the season, that chance wayfarers can be accommodated. It is a large, rambling, booth-like building, with a strong sense of cooking and good living pervading it—an odor which, combined with

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ON THE BURGBERG.

tobacco, clings to the valley on a summer's night, and quite overwhelms the scent of the pines.

It is evening when we stroll up the valley, and the peasants are returning from the mountains; cattle, sheep, pigs, goats, and geese line the roads, and the people all stop to stare as usual. We have only been in the mountains a few days, but these figures and the lines of fir-trees above our heads seem strangely familiar. Where have we seen these grave peasants in long coats, these wooden-faced women with baskets on their backs, these spotted cows, flat-sided pigs, and uniform geese? Where these formal-looking houses, rows of stiff-looking trees, white, staring dogs, and grave, fat-faced children? It is the child's box of German toys, suddenly opened and turned out before us; the strange impression produced upon a child—who shall say how many years ago?—reproduced in life before our eyes! Here are all the living materials for "Noah's arks" and "Christmas-trees." Noah, with his long brown coat in stiff wooden folds, and his hat and stick, as presented to us in childhood; his wife and family in red, brown, and buff, standing staring vacantly in a row; the shepherd with his horn and gigantic crook, painted green; cows and goats walking home two by two; and pigs lying flat upon the ground, like little toys thrown down. Under the trees, as the sun goes down, our "Christmas-tree" is lighted up, and the figures that move before us only want packing up and selling at two sous each at a child's bazar.

We have called the Harz Mountains the "Toy Country" of North Germany, because it is suggestive at every turn of toys and children. Every mountain we shall ascend is covered with rows of those stiff-looking trees which are carved in wood by the children of the Black Forest and the towns of Germany. Every hill-side is a plantation—hence their formality—and there are complete forests of fir-trees of all sizes, according to the year of growth. The effect is curious on a mountain walk, when, after threading a pathway with Lilliput footsteps through a forest of enormous pines, you suddenly come to a nursery of little trees, a miniature forest, on which you look down like Brobdingnag, stepping at one stride over a mountainette covered with a hundred trees; and so on through the entire tour of the Harz. But we must not anticipate.

There are clouds at the head of the valley next morning, and behind the clouds it is raining on the Brocken; but the sun is so hot by ten o'clock that we are glad to get out of the valley and walk up through the woods, which we enter by a wicket gate nearly opposite to the *Juliushalle*, to the Burgberg, or castle hill, just above the town. In about a quarter of an hour we are surprised to find ourselves at the summit. There are the ruins of a fortress on this eminence, and there is, says Baedeker, a "small but comfortable hotel on the Burgberg, affording a fine view. A flag hoisted in summer indicates that rooms are still disengaged. Guides, carriages, and donkeys can be hired at Harzburg. The ascent takes forty minutes." This announcement brings numerous excursionists from Brunswick every Sunday, who accomplish the feat in one day, returning to Brunswick at night.

Whether it is worth while for any one to walk up to this noisy little beer garden, where the shouts of waiters and the clink of glasses drown every other sound, we will not say. The walk through the woods gives us beautiful peeps of the valley, and we see as on a map beneath us the chalets and gardens that are rising in every direction, and covering every available plot of ground. From the top the view is much impeded by the masses of fir-trees; but we obtain a good idea of the formation of the valley, and in clear weather see the distant peaks and slopes of the Upper Harz.

Under the long veranda of the *Juliushalle* we have ample opportunity for sketching the motley throng which this little toy village has brought together. There is contrast and variety enough in the group before our eyes. Standing in the sun with "shining morning face," her light hair tightly braided, her handkerchief tied over her head, with the stolid face and fixed wooden stare that we know so well, there is little Mathilde, with her basket of white Alpine roses for sale. She is generally welcome, and disposes of her bouquets quickly enough. But she has no more tact than the rest of her race, and is sometimes decidedly *de trop*.

In her round this morning through the café she has disturbed a philosopher at the

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THE PROFESSOR.

wrong moment, and is the innocent subject of excited anathemas. The scene is worth recording for the curious contrast of the two figures—the violence of the professor and the stolidity of the girl; while underlying the irritability of the one and the immobility of the other there is a chord of sympathy and a mutual understanding, which we, as foreigners, can not penetrate. If we were not accustomed to such scenes, we should be surprised to find them all together in the afternoon on the common "roundabout" of the country, the professor astride of a wooden horse, and little Mathilde, with a baby in a basket-chair, whirling round and round under the dusty trees to the sound of a hand-organ, the ringing of bells, and the shouting of children.

And what of the ladies that crowd these watering-places, who are sitting about in the rooms leading on to the gardens, and in the summer-houses, reading and chatting over their worsted-work? The younger ones are of the fashionable colorless type which we all know well. They have evidently plenty of money, and have put themselves into the hands of a modiste from Berlin; they have put on whatever they have been told, regardless of whether the color suits them, or whether the pattern of their dresses should be worn by short people or tall, stout or slight. Thus their individuality is gone; they are all moulded to one pattern, in different colors, like machine-made toys; the only vestige of nature is in their almost expressionless faces, in the blue of their large eyes, and in the glimpses of wonderfully fair hair. What is to be said, what description can we give, from such meagre details? The artist is at a disadvantage in every respect; for these dresses have been made so beautifully and packed so carefully that they do not even fall into natural folds, or give the slightest expression or character to the wearer. Moreover, these young girls can neither walk erect nor show any grace of motion. Velasquez was a court painter, and struggled manfully with the stiff hooped dresses of his time, giving wondrous individuality to the hands of most of his portraits; Murillo had easier work in painting picturesque rags and limbs of beggar-boys. Were a great painter in Harzburg to-day, he would find little work to his hand. One head only in all this assembly stands out with marked character and individuality; it is unfashionable and prosaic, but not uninteresting. There is a concert of young people just commenced in the inner room, and a lady who has been working near us stops to listen; we note it rapidly in this sketch, but it is worthy the pencil of Holbein.



A PORTRAIT.

From Harzburg there is a carriage-road to the inn at the top of the Brocken, but the pleasantest way is to drive to Ilsenberg, and then walk, the distance from the latter being about seven miles. The walk is altogether beautiful, through woods, by waterfalls, and under the shadow of great rocks, until the upper and more Alpine region is reached. We pass through open glades and pastures here and there, then into a thick forest of pines, then out again on to the road for a while, following the windings of the Ilse. On our left hand, as we ascend, an almost perpendicular ridge of rock towers over the valley, and we pass a little sign-post which tells us that by a digression of three-quarters of an hour we can ascend the Ilsestein. From this prominence, where an iron cross is shining in the sun about 350 feet above our heads, there are views of scenery wilder and more grand than any thing that can be imagined from below. Continuing the ascent, which changes every moment from rocks and streams to the quiet and solitude of pines and firs—now walking on a carpet of living moss or dead fir cones, now coming upon a little garden of wild flowers, red, white, and blue, under our feet, with red berries, Alpine roses, and blue forget-me-nots, purple heath in the distance, and above our heads mosses and creepers growing round projecting boulders—we come suddenly upon a little plantation of toy fir-trees, from four to six inches high, railed off like a miniature park—a nursery for forests for our great-grandchildren to walk in when the trees above our heads are turned into the eaves and gables of towns. No one touches these plantations, which are to be seen on the mountain-side in various sizes, planted out wider year by year as they grow larger, until they spread into a living forest.



A SCHOOL-GIRL.

Here and there we come upon masses of felled timber, and the encampments of charcoal-burners, with the women hard at work, as usual, with grimy faces, and shawls tied over their heads. And here it is that

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NOAH AND HIS FAMILY.

our summer holiday-making parties come face to face with "the slaves of the Harz." A young lady fresh from school in fashionable Berlin (who has come upon a pony) stares with all her eyes at a care-worn woman who has seen no more summers than herself, an "old girl" of seventeen, who has carried loads of wood since she was four, and who knows of no life but labor.

A rest for half an hour near one of these encampments, and we are again ascending, meeting several more barefooted, wild-looking women, who are porters, coming from the Brocken. The path now leaves the stream and all traces of the road, and we enter open ground, up a steep and stony path, across heather and furze, and between great blocks of granite, where there is no track visible; then into more woods, and so by an easy ascent of three hours to the top of the Brocken. The air has been crisp and keen, the sky is almost cloudless, and the aspect of the mountain during the last half hour reminds us for the first time of Switzerland. We are climbing on up the last steep ascent, strewn with enormous moss-grown boulders, which hide the view above us, and are unaware until we are within a few yards of the inn that we have reached the summit of the famous "Blocksberg," the spot haunted by spectres, witches, and bogies from the earliest times.

Here we are in the "Toy Country" again, but this time it is Noah and his family that we see before us. There is, as our sketch will indicate, the identical form of packing-case which the religious world of all nations has vulgarized into a plaything for children. There is the host with his three sons coming out to meet us; the people walking two and two; the horses, sheep, pigs, and goats all stowed away at the great side-doors. The resemblance is irresistible, and more fascinating to our minds than the legends and mysteries with which German imagination has peopled this district. As we ascended from Ilsenberg, every spot of interest on the path, every weather-beaten pine, had some story of witchcraft or devilry attached to it; but the thing is overdone, and in this romantic neighborhood there is too much devilry and blue fire. The traveler who would dwell upon the poetic fancy of Goethe, who would hear in imagination the songs of the spirit-world that haunt this lonely summit, has little chance for reverie. The atmosphere is too theatrical and forced from beginning to end, and he will be more likely to find himself, on arrival, listening by force to some holiday-making members of Gungl's band, recalling the Faust of the stage, or Mephistopheles descending through a trap-door in a blaze of fire.

The sun is setting upon the weather-beaten walls of our house of refuge, and shining across the far-off plains as we arrive. The sky is clear overhead, and the drifting white clouds that floated round at intervals during the day now settle down in the dark valleys like little snow-fields, and rest among the branches of the pines. The sun is burning upon the distant town of Halberstadt, while the villages beneath us are all in gloom. Before us, in the far distance, there are little specks dotted on the plains, which indicate (we are told) the towns of Brunswick and Hanover; and nearer to us, just beneath, is the valley of Harzburg and other watering-places of the Lower Harz. Turning to the southwest, the upper district, where the positions of Andreasberg and Clausthal can be just discerned through the rising mist, we see a variety of pine-covered summits in undulating line. The view northward, so much spoken of, is the least interesting part, because, although you may with a telescope, from a tower a few feet above the inn, "just see Hamburg," there is little more than a speck to be made out on the clearest day.

Of the "bogie" which haunts the Brocken, the famous optical illusion which, under certain conditions of the atmosphere, reflects figures of enormous size on the clouds, we can only speak by hearsay, as it is seldom seen—but once or twice during a summer. The "spectre" is said to appear at sunset, or "whenever the mists happen to ascend perpendicularly out of the valley, on the side opposite to the sun, and leave the mountain-top itself free from vapor. The shadow of the mountain is reflected against the perpendicular face of the rising vapor as it were against a gigantic wall. The inn then becomes a palace in size, and the human beings on the summit become giants." This spectre and the dance of witches on the eve of May-day are the two "associations of the Brocken" which no traveler comes away without hearing of, nor without having pointed out to him the great granite blocks

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SPECTRES OF THE BROCKEN.

called the "Witches' Altar," the "Devil's Pulpit," and other monuments commemorative, it is said, of the conversion of the early Saxons to Christianity. The ordinary aspect of the Brocken is described in a few words by Andersen. "It gives me," he says, "an idea of a Northern tumulus on a grand scale. Here stone lies piled on stone, and a strange silence rests over the whole. Not a bird twitters in the low pines; round about are white grave-flowers growing in the high moss, and stones lie in masses on the sides of the mountain-top. We were now on the top, but every thing was in a mist; it began to blow, and the wind drove the clouds onward over the mountain's top as if they were flocks of sheep." And thus it is in a few minutes with us. In less time than it takes to write these lines the whole aspect of the mountain has changed, the clouds have come up from the valleys, and we are under a veil of mist. Here and there it has cleared for a moment, and revealed to us the only "spectres of the Brocken" we ever saw during our stay—sad, wet, and weary travelers waiting for the view. Another minute and they disappear in the clouds, and the strains of Gounod's music coming from the *Brockenhaus*, and the sounds of voices and the clinking of glasses, make us beat a retreat. The transition to the scene within is as startling as a transformation scene in a pantomime, and almost as grotesque. Here are at least sixty people crowded together—English, Americans, French, Spaniards, and Germans, the latter already hard at work on the viands which the slaves of the Harz had brought up from the valleys on their backs. The accommodation for travelers is, of course, rough and plain, but we are all sheltered from the pitiless storm outside, and are kept alive until the morning.

The day breaks and the sun rises over the plains of Europe, while we sixty travelers are enveloped in mist. There is a view at sunrise here once in a summer, which those who have not slept on the Righi or Mount Pilate, in Switzerland, describe as surpassingly beautiful. It is a relief to descend again into the region of sunshine, to walk across green pastures, and in moss-covered woods, to rest by picturesque water-falls, and hear the thunder of the stream, swollen by the clouds that we have left behind us. It is a beautiful romantic walk by the foot-paths down to Wernigerode; we meet hardly any travelers but the charcoal-burners and woodmen for the first two hours, when the path by the stream, winding out be-



IN THE BROCKENHAUS.

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THE POINT OF UNION.

tween the granite rocks, crosses a rough wooden bridge, and we come suddenly on two figures that have a familiar aspect, and soon we find a café, and a little bazar for the sale of photographs, crystals, and the like. There are about twenty Germans reposing after the labors of the climb to this spot from Wernigerode (they have left their carriages a few feet below), and various restoratives are being applied by the host in the kitchen of his wood cabin. From hence through Hasserode to Wernigerode we meet more holiday groups than we have done on our travels.

It is a sudden change to civilization to approach Wernigerode from the mountains. On descending from the Brocken we are scarcely prepared for a macadamized road a mile long, lined with modern villas and pleasure-gardens, and to see fine carriages and horses, and people driving about in the fashions of Berlin. But changes are being made rapidly at Wernigerode: the castle and beautiful park, with its woods that skirt the northern slopes of the mountains, remain, but the property is passing into Prussian hands, and the old town itself, which was modernized after the fire in 1844, will soon lose its antique character. It is a spot much too delightful and healthy as a residence, and altogether too valuable, in the vicinity of such beautiful scenery, to escape this fate; and no one but the antiquary or the artist need regret it, for with railway communication, and good roads and walks, it is one of the best situations for a residence during summer. There are a few fine old timber houses left, and the Rathhaus that we have sketched on the market-place, in the front of our hotel windows, is both picturesque and curious.

The fine broad road by which we leave the town on our way to Elbingerode is lined with people promenading on this fine summer afternoon; there are girls' schools, loungers, and ennuyées, fashionable equestrians, and numerous handsome carriages, but none of the walking parties that we see elsewhere in the neighborhood of mountains, and very few knapsacks or dusty pedestrians.

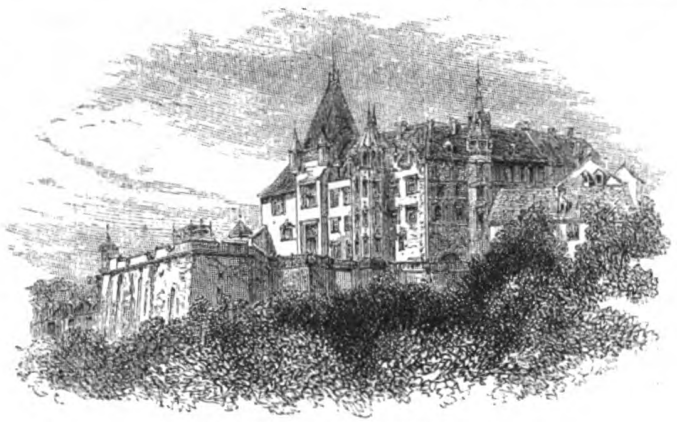
There is a good carriage-road to Elbingerode, past which, with its hard-working and dingy population, through the valleys where the smoke hangs over us, and the fumes from the mines seem to blight the land, through dreary valleys, with strange forms of rocks on either side, we come in about three hours to the village of Rübeland, deep in the gorge through which runs the river Bode. Here, as at Elbingerode, there is no thought of natural beauty, and the valley is picturesque in spite of its inhabitants. The general aspect is of work, smoke, and the grinding of machinery, and the people, from their appearance, might have come from Staffordshire, in England. On a fine summer's day many visitors come to see the celebrated stalactite caverns, and give Rübeland for the time a holiday aspect. In front of the inn (the "Goldener Löwe") there are numerous carriages and guides to conduct visitors to the caverns; in short, Rübeland is turned



THE RATHHAUS, WERNIGERODE.

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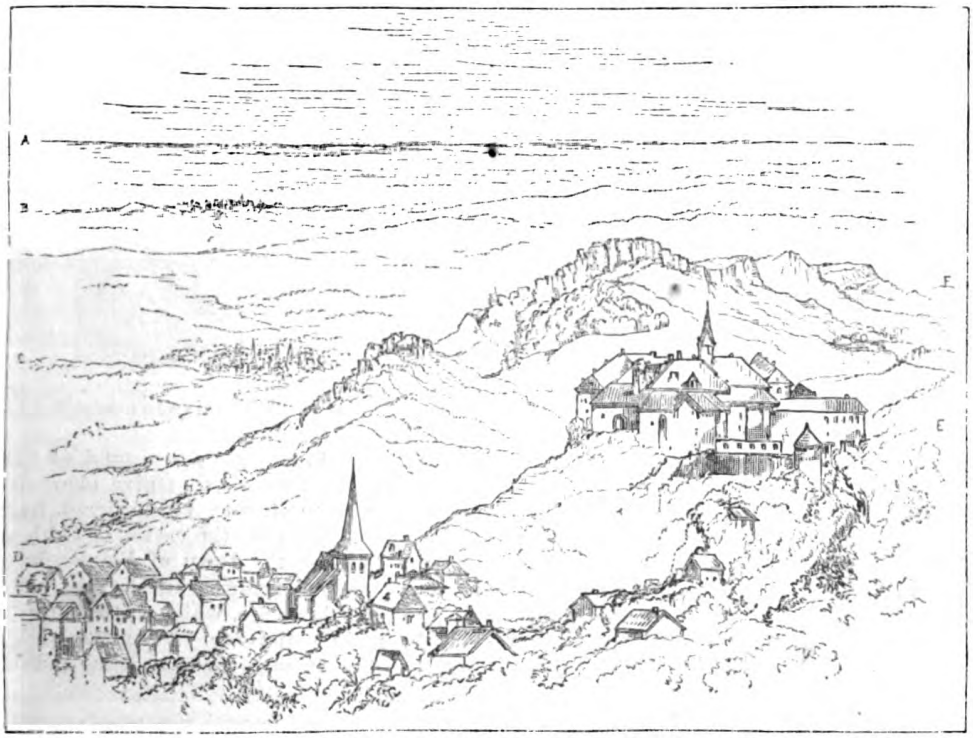
into a show-place during three months in the year. Every traveler who drives through this sombre valley is stopped at the door of the inn, and a waiter, in the full-dress of civilization, is ready to receive him; his thoughts are turned at once from the romantic aspect of the valley, from the spots immortalized by Goethe and Schiller, to the most prosaic associations; and it is well to abandon himself at once to the situation, for in Rübeland there is no escape. "To dine, and see the caverns lighted by Bengal-lights," is the programme for all.



THE SCHLOSS, BLANKENBURG.

These stalactite caverns, which extend for long distances under the limestone rocks at Rübeland, assume the most fantastic shapes, and when lighted up are a wonderful sight. The principal caves shown to visitors are the *Baumannshöhle* and the *Bielshöhle*, the former a natural cavern, discovered more than 200 years ago. It is now entered by an opening cut in the rocks, 144 feet above the village, through which visitors descend by spiral staircases and ladders. The finest stalactites have long been removed from Rübeland, and it is only here and there that we get a glimpse of those wonderful colors which have inspired German poets of all ages.

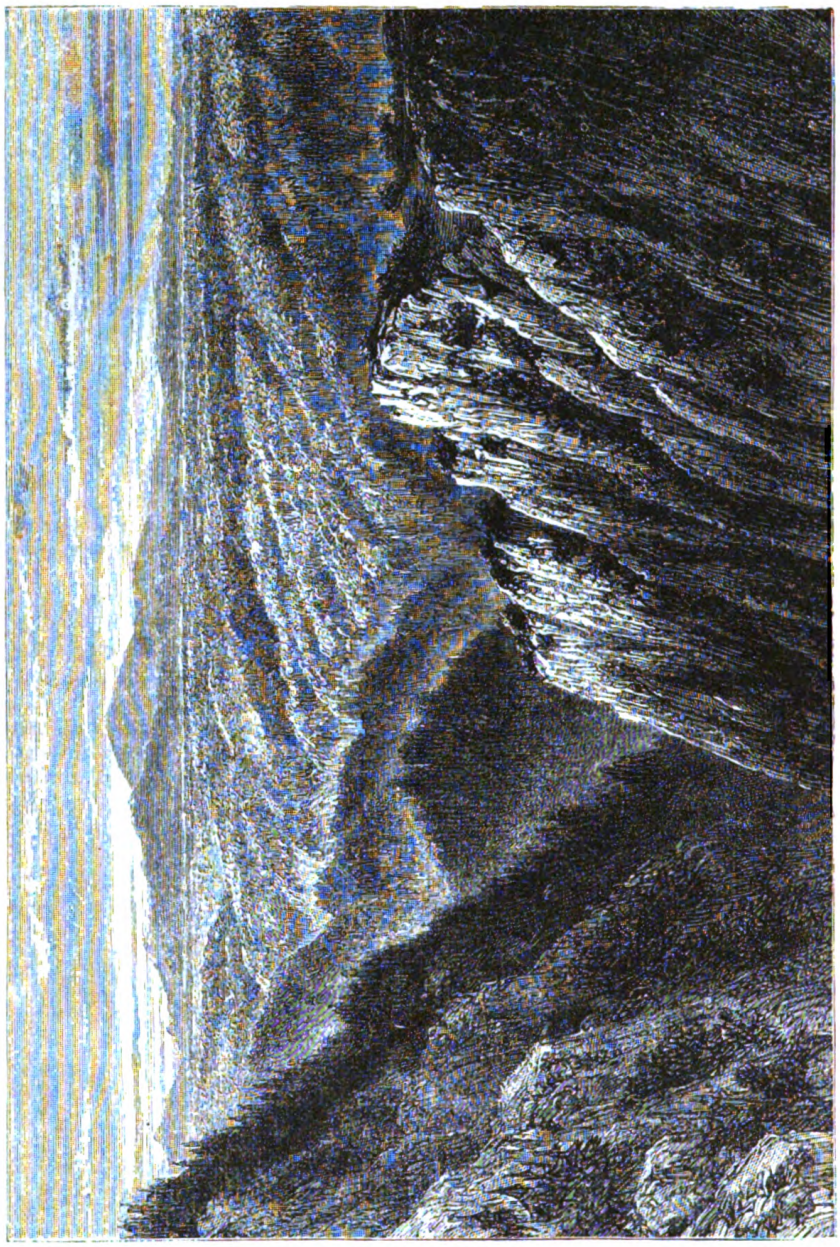
Passing up the valley of the Bode, leaving the black iron-foundries and ochre mines, we soon arrive at a bleak, flat tableland, where the air is keen and fresh, and, in about two hours after leaving Rübeland, turn off suddenly from the high-road to a spot where a view bursts upon us as unexpected as it is beautiful. We are at the Ziegenkoff, on the heights above Blankenburg, a promontory 1360 feet above the



A. Horizon Line.—B. Magdeburg.—C. Halberstadt.—D. Part of Blankenburg.—E. The Schloss.—F. Ridge of Limestone Rocks.

VIEW FROM THE ZIEGENKOFF.

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THE BROCKEN FROM THE HEXEN TANZPLATZ.

plains, with an uninterrupted view looking northward and eastward, which may be fairly called "one of the noblest in the Harz."

The plateau of mountains on which we have been traveling here ends abruptly; it is the end of the upper world, but the plains seem illimitable. It is about an hour before sunset when we arrive at the spot from which we obtained the view outlined on the previous page; the air is still and the sky is clear, with a few little clouds over the plain and on the hills behind us, obscuring the sun's brightest rays. There is nothing between us and Berlin, nothing to impede the view, which is too extensive to describe adequately in this article.*

The more immediate foreground of this view, and the features that give character and interest to it, may be gathered from the sketch. There is the castle, or Schloss, on the heights, the town of Blankenburg at our feet, the strange wall of rocks, with their goblin histories, which crest the hills in the middle distance, the curves of the valleys, the smooth pastures, the undula-

* See *The Harz Mountains:* a Tour in the Toy Country. By HENRY BLACKBURN. With forty illustrations and map. London: Sampson Low and Co., 1873.

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THE WAITER'S GREETING.

ting woods, and the roads winding away across the plains. Its central point of interest is the church spire, with its cluster of houses spreading upward to the protecting walls of the château, with its massive walls and terraces fringed with trees. There is the most exquisite variety of forms in their curves and windings, which are worthy of study, if only as suggestive of feudal times, when the feeling of support and protection from the castle was a natural expression of the people, and not, as now, only a picturesque effect.

Descending to the town, we find the streets of Blankenburg as rough and ill-paved as any artist could desire. The buildings are most interesting; there is something to study in the exterior of nearly every house, and the outline is varied in every gable. The perspective down the steep streets near the old market-place, which is almost under the walls of the castle, is full of variety and color, and the figures of the market-women have a more picturesque aspect than in any other town in the Harz. Blankenburg, as we said, is old-fashioned and "homely," and we are introduced at the *table d'hôte* of the principal inn to some characteristics of the country. Opposite to us, for instance, is seated a general in the Prussian army, whose appearance on parade is imposing enough, and whose information and tone of conversation on acquaintance are rather belied by his attitude and appearance when preparing for a charge on the "Mittagsessen," the event of the day in time of peace.

There are many curious customs to be studied at the table of the "Weisser Adler," where the host shows us with pride the list of distinguished strangers who have enjoyed his hospitality.

Thale, the next place on our list, is neither a town nor a village: it is a place which it is almost impossible to describe satisfactorily, and about which no two people are agreed. The guide-books speak of it as the terminus of the Halberstadt Railway, and, indeed, it is little more. The railway passes the actual village of Thale without stopping, its terminus being a mile higher, at the head of the valley, close to a large modern hotel, standing in its own grounds. There are promenades laid out, avenues of little trees, and a few summer-houses springing up in the modern Thale, and there is an aspect of town comfort and convenience, including carriages of the last Berlin pattern, which take the traveler by surprise—an air of civilization quite inconsistent with its immediate surroundings of smelting-works on one side, and bold rocky scenery and dreary-looking moraine on the other. The mountains which close it in are beautifully wooded, and preserved, as usual, but Thale itself is little more than what is stated in Baedeker (*Hotel Zehnpfund. Rail. Restaur.*).

There is so little to see in Thale, excepting the inn, that we may at once ascend the mountain on the opposite side of the Bode, through a wood, to the famous rock called the Rosstrappe, an almost perpendicular ridge of granite, which stands out like a wall, and hems in the entrance to the valley. There is a path to the most projecting point, which commands a view up and down the valley of the Bode, with its gray rocks and trees overhanging precipices, its waterfalls and its dark recesses, and beyond, toward Treseburg, mountains rising one behind the other, covered with trees. The Rosstrappe is scarcely 1400 feet above the sea-level, but its shape, like a narrow wedge, and its isolated position, with sides descending almost perpendicularly beneath us, render it one of the most striking sights in the Harz. The romantic legend of a princess having leaped across this valley is learned by heart by every visitor, and the proof of the feat is shown in the marks of a gigantic horse's hoofs on the rock! We will not attempt to describe the grandeur of the view from the Rosstrappe, because immediately



A PRUSSIAN GENERAL.

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opposite to us is another eminence projecting into the valley, from which it is even more remarkable. The valley is crossed by a precipitous descent of 800 feet, and by an ascent on the other side by a staircase cut in the rock with 1100 steps, to reach the "Hexen Tanzplatz"—the platform of rock from which our drawing is taken. The immediate foreground of the view is, of course, an inn, where an artist might well take up his summer quarters; and in little nooks and natural recesses of the rock he will, if a figure painter, find many subjects for his pencil, especially the groups of thirsty natives sitting with their



THIRSTY NATIVES.

backs to the view that they have come many miles to see. He will be continually disturbed in the middle of the day by a holiday crowd, and by much singing, shouting, and the firing of guns to disturb the echoes; but the sunset over the valley of the Bode in the evening light, when the clink of glasses is over and the holiday-makers have gone down the hill, is a sight and a sensation never to be forgotten.

There is a romance about the name and associations of the Harz that we all feel instinctively at a distance; but it is only when we come into districts like these that we realize the poetical aspect of the Harz Mountains, and understand their being chosen as the seats of the goblin literature of North Germany. We have seen, during the last few days, forms of rocks more wild and grotesque in outline than any thing in Doré's dreams; and here before us this evening—across a dark chasm so deep and distant in its recesses that trees and woods look like little clumps of moss set in the recesses of a stone—there is spread before us a view so extensive and varied in outline that neither pencil nor pen can depict its beauties. Immediately before us there is an amphitheatre of mountains, clothed as richly with trees as the preserves of a private park; and stretching away beyond there rises wave after wave of foliage glowing in the evening sunlight, and a further horizon of golden mist, through which we see the Brocken, exaggerated in height and apparent distance by the mist (as its grandeur is exaggerated in story) and by the clouds that ever surround it. Stand still on the rocks just behind the inn, and watch the transformations as the sun goes down; see its slanting rays lighting up the highest rocks near the Rosstrappe, the bright gleams that cross the valley hiding the intervening mountains, and leaving the Brocken soaring, as it were, in mid-air. Wait a few moments more, and the Brocken disappears in a cloud of rain, while the tips of the beech and fir trees are still tinged with gold, and the valley beneath us is in deep gloom.

Turn from this dark abyss—over which the rocks stretch out their fantastic arms—to the broad plain on our right hand, where cities and villages, far away down the valley of the Bode, are in full light of day, and the heavy rain-clouds that will settle upon Thale presently are casting shadows for miles across the distant fields. Watch the glow-worm lights of a town three hundred feet below; hear the bells of the goats, the "jodel" of the herdsmen, the rush of water, and the distant thunder echoing near the Brocken.

See this view at sunrise and sunset, and in its various aspects of sunshine and storm, before reading what Ruskin says of the Harz Mountains in *Ethics of the Dust*. "I have done myself much harm already," he says, "by seeing the monotonous and heavy form of the Brocken; but whether the mountains be picturesque or not, the tricks which the goblins teach the crystals in them are incomparably pretty." We can wish for nothing better for the credit of the landscape of the Harz than that Mr. Ruskin should see this view, and the one from Blankenburg of which we have already spoken.

At Thale the tourist who is merely passing through the Harz district may leave the mountains, with the knowledge that it is in this neighborhood that its beauties culminate; unless he is going southward, when it will be well to drive through Gernrode to Ballenstedt, where there is a railway station. The pedestrian who wishes to make a complete tour can work his way from Thale westward to Clausthal on foot (see map, page 68). It will take at least two days, for there is great variety in this walk, and the geologist or the botanist will be especially rewarded. The extraordinary forms of some of the masses of rock; the precipitous sides of the valleys, with trees growing on their walls, apparently without soil, one above the other; the park-like aspect of some of the breaks in the pine forests; the variety of trees—beech, oak, birch, sycamore, and chestnut, with beautiful varieties of ivy on their stems; the density of the growth in places where, if the path is

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A CLAUSTHALER.

missed, it is often necessary (but illegal) to cut through with a hatchet; the sudden and unexpected views that are obtained; the mosses and wild flowers that abound and have never been thoroughly collected—are attractions to the pedestrian, who may wander for a week without meeting a fellow-traveler, and find plenty of occupation with a sketch-book or a geological hammer.

At Clausthal we are in a district where the whole business and interest of the population are under-ground. There are bright green fields, beautiful pastures, old-timbered houses in gardens full of flowers, with their red-tiled roofs, with creepers twining round them. There is sweet air from the mountains, and such freshness in nature overhead that the aspect of the human population filing down the paths in a long black procession, like some accursed race, throws a gloom over the landscape this morning which it is difficult to shake off. Bleak, barren, and gloomy, "a city of perpetual rain," built on an elevation where corn ceases to ripen, where storms make havoc, and where there is no protection from the winds—a long, straggling, wooden town, built on the top and slopes of a hill, the houses roofed and their sides covered with slate for protection—a town with "a desolate look about it," which no one should visit excepting on some serious errand. This is the almost universal description of it, varied a little by accounts of the miners' *fêtes*, of the home life behind these dark timber dwellings, and of the doings of the young students who come from Germany, England, and America to learn mining practically in the government schools, and who winter at Clausthal.

But we are looking at the bright side of Clausthal. It is the finest summer morning of the year: the sky is clear, the distant mountains are in full view, and down the long wide streets the houses rise and fall in picturesque perspective until they end in fields of brilliant green. There is plenty of color and contrast: the red tiles relieve the gray roofs and dark walls; over the doorways and round the houses (some with beautiful carving on their beams) there are innumerable creepers, and crisp bright mountain flowers decorate the windows and gardens. The streets are nearly empty, and these little weather-beaten wooden houses, sprinkled thickly on the rise and fall of the hills, resemble nothing so much as a fleet of fishing boats at anchor off the shore. It is like the long groundswell of a subsiding sea, on which there rides grandly—old and battered, its paint worn off, its beams strained, its figure-head pointed eastward and glittering in the morning sun—the "Ark of Refuge" of the little fleet that surrounds it, the wooden church of Clausthal. It stands high above the houses in the principal square, the little windows in its wooden sides giving it a strange appearance for a church. It was burned down in 1844, and at once reconstructed with the materials nearest to hand. Its design is simple enough: add a spire to the child's Noah's ark, place it in the rain until the paint has been washed off, and there is the wooden church of Clausthal.

Opposite to the church there is the chief object of interest to visitors, the Bergsschule—the government school of mines and the museum. It is here that several hundred pupils from all parts of the world are gratuitously instructed in mining operations, having in the course of their studies to practice under-ground—every pupil having to learn the use of miners' tools, and *work with the men* for a certain time in each operation. In the museum there are models of the machinery used in the mines, miniature shafts and galleries—in short, the whole under-ground life of the Harz Mountains is here presented to us in the easiest way. There is a very fine collection of minerals, classified carefully, and within easy reach for reference. The models of machinery, of the trucks, and of the different smelting processes are all movable and made to scale, so that a morning's study in the museum gives the uninitiated a much clearer idea of the working at Claus-



AT CLAUSTHAL.

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PREPARED FOR THE DESCENT.

thal than a visit to the mines. Nearly all the operations are carried on by water-power, and every spring and river in the neighborhood has been diverted for that purpose.

In order to descend the mines at Clausthal, visitors have to divest themselves of the costume of ordinary civilization, and be arrayed in the cast-off suits of the miners, which are left at the entrance of the mine for the purpose. As we approach the mouth of the shaft, where the miners are waiting with lanterns to commence the descent, our party—consisting, it may be stated, of four Englishmen—a professor of geology, a director of mines, an editor, and an artist—present the somewhat undignified aspect in the sketch.

With lantern in hand, we commence the descent by steep ladders for about five hundred feet. The shaft is small, but well ventilated, and at intervals we rest on a wooden platform, where we can see down dark side galleries, and hear the miner's "pick" at work. We pass along narrow galleries, which are in reality water-conduits boarded over; the walls are streaming with water, and there is scarcely room to creep through. Leading out of these at right angles along darker passages, we find a party of work-people, men and women, resting in a cavern. They are scarcely distinguishable in the uncertain light; but on the arrival of our party with more lanterns there is a flashing light here and there overhead from specks of silver ore, and a glitter of human eyes. The figures scarcely move, but they make a curious half-hollow sound, and all mutter the words "Glück auf" to the stranger. It means, literally, well out of the mine, or "good luck to you," but it means also "backshish"—the universal cry of the human creature wherever the traveler finds him, whether burrowing two thousand feet below the surface or clambering ten thousand feet above it.

There is little information of a scientific nature to be gathered in the hurry of these under-ground wanderings, and to those who have visited mines in other countries we can hardly recommend a visit. It is a fatiguing march of about three hours in dark wet passages, and during the greater part of the time there is nothing to see but the wet heels of a miner, and the glimmer of his lantern overhead. At certain points the visitor is shown some crystals or some bright specks of ore, which are dislodged and presented to him as a memorial of the visit; at another place he has pointed out to him the enormous timber-works which have been constructed to support the shafts and galleries, the pumping apparatus, and the perfect system of ventilation. Lamps are carried about uncovered, and a mass of tow is lighted without risk at one place, and thrown down a shaft to show its enormous depth: the effect of this as the fire floats down, lighting up the sides of an apparently bottomless pit, is worth seeing; but the sudden firing of guns in the narrow galleries to awaken the echoes startles us to a consciousness that we are, as usual, making a show-place of a mine in which there is much serious work. The population of Clausthal is about ten thousand, and of these there are at least a thousand under-ground. If we follow the tunnels, we shall come to the smelting-works already spoken of, where the trucks of loose wet soil are wheeled, and the rubbish, as it appears, is made to yield up its riches. In these processes of crushing, washing, sifting, etc., at least another thousand people are employed, and in the neighboring town of Zellerfeld the same works are being carried on.

We should mention the "man-lift" used on our upward journey. This elevator, or "man-lift," which is also in use in Cornwall, in England, and other places, is worked by water-power, and is an ingenious substitute for the ordinary rope and bucket. An enormous crank, working slowly, raises and lowers two continuous beams alternately, and the miners, by *clinging to the ascending one*, are raised to the surface with comparative ease.

One of our last days at Clausthal is "the day of Sedan;" the whole town is *en fête*, and no one goes under-ground. Every house is decorated, and the Prussian tricolor is flying on the dark timbers of the houses. From windows full of flowers there are red, white, and black streamers, and the streets are festooned across with flowers and devices, with

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the word "Sedan," and gigantic portraits of the king, Bismarck, and Count Moltke. It is a great day, and a great occasion to enjoy the hospitality of the inhabitants of Clausthal, and to see what charming interiors there are under those dark, weather-beaten roofs; what delightful rooms, with carved furniture, snow-white curtains, old embroideries, shining silver ornaments, lace-work vases and plates made of iron, wrought into the most delicate and beautiful open-work patterns, this last a specialty of the Harz.

Across the bright, fresh fields again, leaving Clausthal and the great smelting-works in the valley which they desolate—a walk on springy turf across sweet pastures, through park-like little forests and deep glades, between regiments of silent pines over hill and dale for six miles, brings us to the brow of a hill, from which we first see Grund.

In the midst of a series of what we may call "mountainettes," tinted with the most delicate gradations of gray, we see sloping woods and fields, set with bright, red-tiled gables and glittering spires, and little paths leading from them, with processions of goats and cattle coming down, led by toy shepherds (of one of whom the central figure in our illustration on page 73 is an exact portrait), and hear the tinkle of innumerable bells and the distant mountain-horn. This is our first impression of Grund. Winding down into the irregular streets, where old men and women are seated about, and the cattle that have parted from the droves are gravely walking in at the front-doors of their houses, unattended, we stop at the principal inn, in front of a market-place, which occupies a few yards of open level ground in the middle of the town. The view is limited from the windows on the front; the valley and the curtains of trees above and below shut us in from the outer world, and give, it must be confessed, a rather close feeling to one of the loveliest mountain villages in Europe. We are encompassed by rocks and streams and trees; and when the clouds come down and shut off our view of the blue sky, we begin to think it can scarcely be as healthy for invalids as is generally supposed. We are comfortably housed at Grund, but even in this retired valley there is no peace to-night. Here, as at Clausthal, the people have been keeping the feast of Sedan; they appear to go to bed at three, and to rise at four. As the last villager goes home to bed he meets the first cow on its way to pasture; as the last song dies away we hear the tinkle of bells and the summons of the mountain-horn.

The town has the most pastoral appearance of any in the Harz, although many of the inhabitants are engaged in the neighboring mines. There is but one good inn ("Rathskeller"), which in the summer is



THE "MAN-LIFT."

crowded with visitors, who come to take the pine-baths for which this valley has, in spite of its visitors, an old reputation; but it is altogether more rustic and simple in appearance than any village of the same importance in the Harz. English or American travelers are seldom seen at Grund, and the habits of the visitors at the inn are, in all respects, German. The *Rathskeller* is the market-house, town-hall, and centre of all the judicial business of the district, so that at certain seasons the scene from the gallery of the old inn is very animated, and the gatherings of the village magnates round the fire in autumn evenings a sight to be remembered. The inn is a rambling, spacious building, with remnants of the original structure (anno 1675) still remaining; it has been greatly enlarged, to accommodate the crowds of travelers who pay it a flying visit. Grund has a great reputation for its scenery, its whey cures, and its baths, and it has also a reputation for rain. The impression of half the visitors to Grund is of a valley filled with vapor, of a damp-looking little inn, with streams pouring from above on all sides, but of an interior warm and spacious, with large wood fires in June, and plenty of spiced beer.

Let us endeavor to picture it to the reader as we last saw it in 1872. In a deep cleft in the mountain-side a stream descends, winding in and out between overhanging trees, now disappearing in some crevice, now descending almost perpendicularly, now spreading out right and left, but ever following the form and structure of the mountain down which it pours. It is a stream of red-tiled cottages, with dark gables, shelter-

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ing atoms of human life—a mountain village, as bright and glittering as a stream of water winding its way through green pastures, between gray rocks and waving trees. This is its distant aspect on a fine summer's evening in 1872, before the railway, which is already making beneath our feet, is completed, and the kitchen of some "Grand Hotel" sends its smoke up the valley.

After visiting Grund there is no prettier or more delightful way of quitting this district than through the valley northward to Lautenthal, and then to Seesen, where the system of railways is reached again. To the general question, "Are the Harz Mountains really worth visiting for a short summer tour?" we must answer, "No," if by so doing the traveler should miss seeing Switzerland, or even the Alps of Southern Germany. It is not a place to recommend English or American travelers to visit without some special purpose. The artist would do well to come straight here from the nearest seaport, and spend a summer in the neighborhood of Thale and Rübeland. He would never regret it, because he could work *unmolested*, and bring home a portfolio of drawings of scenes unknown to the greater part of the world. With a knapsack, a little knowledge of German, and a few thalers, he could spend a summer more useful, peaceful, and delightful than could be imagined from a visit to more crowded places; and we may remind him that the Harz is *not* a black country, as is generally supposed—it is really no more desolated or disfigured by mining operations than the green fields of the south of England are affected by the smoke of Staffordshire; and that in the beauty of its forests, the forms of its rocks, in the romantic aspects of its scenery, it is still almost a *terra incognita*. As a land of bogies, tradition, mysteries, smoke, and blue fire, it is familiar to children of all ages and nations. But the romance of the Harz is in books and dreams, and at far-off firesides; in a holiday scamper, or in a sketching tour, the legends attaching to the district are felt rather as an intrusion, and disturb the quiet appreciation of its beauties.

OLD KENSINGTON.

By MISS THACKERAY.



CHAPTER LIII.

THAT THOU ART BLAMED SHALL NOT BE THY DEFECT.

ONCE, as Dolly was hurrying away through the passages to the great front entrance, she looked back, for she thought she heard Robert's step coming after her. It was only Casimir, the servant, who had been loitering by a staircase, and had seen her pass. She came to the great wide doors of the music-hall, where the people were congregated, the servants carrying their mistresses' carriage cloaks over their arms, the touters and vendors of programmes. The music was still in her ears; she felt very calm, very strange. Casimir would have darted off for the carriage if she had not stopped him.

"Is Mademoiselle indisposed? Shall I accompany her?" he asked.

But although Dolly looked very pale, she said she was not ill; she would go home alone: and when she was safely seated in the little open carriage he called for her the color came back into her cheeks. She leaned back, for she was very tired. As she drove along she tried to remember what had happened, to think what more would happen, but she could not do so. It was a feeling, not an event, that had moved her so; and the outward events that relate these great unseen histories to others are to the actors themselves of little consequence. As for the future, Dolly could scarcely believe in a future. Was any thing left to her now? Her life seemed over, and she was scarcely twenty: she was sorry for herself. She did not regret what she had done, for he did not love her. It was Rhoda whom he loved—Rhoda who seemed to have absorbed every thing, little by little. There was nothing that she had spared. Dolly wondered what they would say at the Court. She thought of Frank Raban, too. If the squire's news was true, Frank Raban would be thinking no more of her, but absorbed in other interests. Even Frank—was any one faithful in life? Then she thought of George: he had not failed: he had been true to the end, and this comforted her.

Every thing seemed to have failed with

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her, and yet—how shall I explain it?—Dolly was at peace with herself. In her heart she knew that she had tried, always tried, to do her best. No pangs of conscience assailed her as she drove home through this strange chaos of regrets and forgetfulness. Her hands fell into her lap as she leaned back in the little carriage: it was bringing her away through the dull rattle of the streets to a new home, a new life, swept and garnished, so it seemed to Dolly, where every thing was strange and bare—one in which, perhaps, little honor was to be found, little credit. What did she care! She was too true a lady to trouble herself about resentments and petty slights and difficulties. They had both meant to do right. As for Rhoda, Dolly would not think of Rhoda just then; it hurt her. For George's sake she must try to think kindly of her; was it for *her* to cast a stone? Dolly came up stairs slowly and steadily, opened the door, which was on the latch, and came in, looking for her mother. Miss Vanborough had never, not even in the days of her happy love, looked more beautiful than she did as she came into the little sitting-room at home. A light was in her face; it was the self-forgetful look of some one who has passed for a moment beyond the common state of life, escaping the assaults of selfish passion, into a state where feeling is not destroyed but multiplied beyond itself. In these moods sacrifice scarcely exists. The vanities of the world glitter in vain, discord can not jar, and in the midst of tumult and sorrow souls are at peace.

Mrs. Palmer was not alone; the squire was there. He had brought news. He had been detained by a peremptory telegram from Norah—"*Jonah arrives Paris to-morrow; mamma says, remain; bring Jonah home*"—and Jonah, who had come almost at the same time as the telegram, had accompanied the squire, and was waiting impatiently enough, hoping to see Dolly. He had been somewhat bored by the little elderly flirtation which had been going on for the last half hour between his aunt and his godfather (which sort of *pot-pourri*, retaining a certain faint perfume of by-gone roses, is not uncommon); but he did not move, except to go and stand out upon the balcony and stare up and down the street; he was leaning over the slender railing when Dolly came in, and so it happened that at first she only saw the squire sitting by her mother's easy-chair. She gave him her hand. He stood holding it in his, and looking at her, for he saw that something had happened.

"Alone!" said Mrs. Palmer. "Is Robert with you? I have some news for you; guess, Dolly;" and Philippa looked archly toward the window.

Dolly looked at her mother. "I left them at the concert," she said, not asking what the news was.

"What made you leave them? Why do you stare at me like that?" cried Mrs. Palmer, forgetting her news. "Have you had another quarrel? Dolly, I have only just been saying so to Mr. Anley; under the circumstances you really should *not*—you *really* should—"

"It has all been a mistake, mamma," said Dolly, looking up, though she did not see much before her. "Every thing is over. Robert and I have parted, quite parted," she repeated, sadly.

"Parted!" exclaimed the squire. "Has it come to this?"

"Parted!" cried poor exasperated Philippa. "I warned you. It is your own fault, Dolly; you have been possessed all along. Mr. Anley, what is to be done?" cried the poor lady, turning from one to the other. "Is it your doing or Robert's? Dolly, what is it all about?"

Dolly did not answer for an instant, for she could not speak.

The squire began muttering something between his teeth, as he strode up and down the room with his hands in his pockets.

"Take care! you will knock over the jardinière," cried Mrs. Palmer.

Dolly's eyes were all full of tears by this time. As he turned she laid her hand upon the old man's arm. "It is my doing, not his," she said. "You must not be hard upon him; indeed, it is all my doing."

"It is your doing now, and most properly," said the squire, very gravely, and not in the least in his usual half-joking manner. "I can only congratulate you upon having got rid of that abominable prig; but you must not take it all upon yourself, my poor child."

Dolly blushed up. "You think it is not my fault," she said, and the glow spread and deepened. "He was not bound when he left me, only I had promised to wait." Then, with sudden courage, "You will not blame him when I tell you this," she said: "I have not been true to him, not quite true; I told him so: it was a pity, all a pity," she said, with a sigh. She stood with hanging hands and a sweet, wistful, tender face; her voice was like a song in its unconscious rhythms, for deep feeling gives a note to people's voices that is very affecting sometimes.

"You told him so! What will people say?" shrieked poor Mrs. Palmer. "And here is Jonah, whom we have quite forgotten."

Jonah was standing listening with all his honest ears. It seemed to the young soldier that he also had been listening to music, to some sweet sobbing air played with tender touch. It seemed to fill the room even after Dolly had left it; for when she turned and suddenly saw her cousin it was the climax of that day's agitation. She came up and kissed him with a little sob of surprise and emotion, tried to speak in welcome, and then

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shook her head and quickly went away, shutting the door behind her. As Dolly left the room the two men looked at one another. They were almost too indignant with Henley to care to say what they thought of his conduct. "Had not we better go?" said Jonah, awkwardly, after a pause.

But Mrs. Palmer could not possibly dispense with an audience on such an occasion as this: she made Jonah promise to return to dinner; she detained the squire altogether to detail to him the inmost feelings of a mother's heart; she sent for cups of tea. "Is Miss Dolly in her room, Julie?" she asked.

"Yes, madame; she has locked the door," said Julie.

"Go and knock, then, immediately, Julie; and come and tell me what she says, poor dear."

Then Mrs. Palmer stirs her own tea, and describes all that she has felt ever since first convinced of Robert's change of feeling. Her experience had long ago taught her to discover those signs of indifference which..... The poor squire listens in some impatience.

While Robert and Rhoda are driving home together from the concert, flattered, dazzled, each pursuing their own selfish schemes, each seeing the fulfillment of small ambitions at hand, Dolly, sitting at the foot of her bed, is saying good-by again and again. The person she had loved and longed to see, and thought of day after day and hour after hour, was not Henley, but some other quite different man, with his face, perhaps, but with another soul and nature..... That Robert who had been so dear to her at one time, so vivid, so close a friend, so wise, so sympathetic, so strong, and so tender, was nothing, no one—he had never existed. The death of this familiar friend, the dispersion of this familiar ghost, seemed, for a few hours, as if it meant her own annihilation. All her future seemed to have ended here. It was true that she had accused herself openly of want of faithfulness; but the mere fact of having accused herself seemed to make that self-reproach lighter and more easy to bear. After some time she roused herself. Marker was at the door, and saying that it was dinner-time, and Dolly let her in, and dressed for dinner in a dreamy sort of way, taking the things, as Marker handed them to her, in silence, one by one. The squire and Jonah were both in the sitting-room when Dolly came in in the white dress she usually wore, with some black ribbons round her waist and tied into her bronze hair. She did not want to look as if she was a victim, and she tried to smile as usual.

"You must not mind me," she said, presently, in return for the squire's look of sympathy. "It is not to-day that this has happened; it began so long ago that I am used to it now." Then she added, "Mamma, I should like to see Robert again this evening, for I left him very abruptly, and I am afraid he may be unhappy about me."

"Oh, as to that, Dolly, from what the squire tells me, I don't think you need be at all alarmed," cried Dolly's mamma: "Jonah met him on the stairs with Rhoda, and really, from what I hear, I think he must have already proposed. I wonder if he will have the face to come in himself to announce it."

Both Jonah and the squire began to talk together, hoping to stop Mrs. Palmer's abrupt disclosures; but who was there who could silence Mrs. Palmer? She alluded a great deal to a certain little bird, and repeatedly asked Dolly during dinner whether she thought this dreadful news could be true, and Robert really engaged to Rhoda?

"I think it is likely to be true before long, mamma," said Dolly, patiently: "I hope so."

She seemed to droop and turn paler and paler in the twilight. She was not able to pretend to good spirits that she did not feel; but her sweetness and simplicity went straight to the heart of her two champions, who would have gladly thrown Robert out of the first-floor window if Dolly had shown the slightest wish for it.

After dinner, as they all sat in the front-room, with wide evening windows, Julie brought in the lamp. She would have shut out the evening and drawn down the blinds if they had not prevented her. The little party sat silently watching the light dancing and thrilling behind the house-tops; nobody spoke. Dolly leaned back wearily. From time to time Mrs. Palmer whispered any fresh surmise into the squire's ear: "Why did not Robert come? Was *she* keeping him back?"

Presently Mrs. Palmer started up: a new idea had occurred to her. She would go in herself, unannounced; she would learn the truth; the squire, he too must come. The squire did as he was bid. As they left the room Jonah got up shyly from his seat, and went and stood out on the balcony. Dolly asked him whether there was a moon.

"There is a moon rising," said the captain, "but you can't see it from where you sit; there, from the sofa, you can see it." And then he came back, and wheeled the sofa round, and began turning down the wheel of the lamp, saying it put the moonlight out.

As the lamp went out suddenly with a splutter, all the dim radiance of the silver evening came in a soft vibration to light the darkened room. One stream of moonlight trickled along the balcony, another came lapping the stone coping of the window: the moon was rising in state and in silence, and Dolly leaned back among her cushions, watching it all with wide-open eyes. Jonah's dark cropped head rose dark against the Milky Way. As the moon rose above the gable of the opposite roof a burst of chill light flooded the balcony, and overflowed, and presently reached the foot of the couch

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where Dolly was lying, worn out by her long day.

Robert, who had been taking a rapid walk on the pavement outside, had not noticed the moon: he was preoccupied by more important matters. Rhoda's speeches were ringing in his ears. Yet it was Dolly's fault all along; he was ready to justify himself; to meet complaint with complaint; she might have been a happy woman. He had behaved honorably and forbearingly; and now it was really unfair that she should expect any thing more from him, or complain because he had found his ideal in another and more feminine character.

Dolly had heard the roll of the wheels of the carriage that brought Robert and Rhoda home, but she had not heard the short little dialogue which was being spoken as the wheels rolled under the gateway. The two had not said much on the way. Rhoda waited for Robert to speak. Robert sat gazing at his boots.

"One knows what every body will say," he said at last, very crossly.

"The people who know you as I do will say that Dolly might have been a happy woman," Rhoda answered; "that she has wrecked her own happiness." And then they were both again silent.

Rhoda was frightened, and trembled as she looked into Robert's offended face. She thought that the end of it all might be that he would go—leave her and all other complications, and Rhoda had not a few of her own. If he were to break free? Rhoda's heart beat with apprehension; her feeling for Robert was more genuine than most of her feelings, and this was her one excuse for the part she had played. Her nature was so narrow, her life had been so stinted, that the first touch of sentiment overbalanced and carried her away. Dolly possessed the genius of living and loving and being to a degree that Rhoda could not even conceive; with all her tact and quickness, she could not reach beyond herself. For some days past she had secretly hoped for some such catastrophe as that which had just occurred. She had taken the situation for granted.

"One sometimes knows by instinct what people feel," she said at last. "I have long felt that Dolly did not understand you; but then, indeed, you are not easy to understand." And Robert, raising his eyes from his boots, met the beautiful gloom of her speaking eyes.

One has sometimes watched a cat winding its way between brittle perils of every sort. Rhoda softly and instinctively avoided the vanities of Robert's mind; she was presently telling him of her troubles, money troubles among the rest. She had spent more than her income; she did not dare confess to Mr. Tapeall; she felt utterly incapable of managing that fortune which ought never to have been hers—which she was ready to give up at any hour.

"Cleverer people than I am might do something with all this money," said Rhoda: "something worth doing; but I seem only to get into trouble. You say you will help me, but you will soon be gone."

"I shall be always ready to advise you," said Robert. "If there is any thing at any time—"

"But when you are gone?" said Rhoda, with great emotion.

There was a pause; the horses clattered in under the gateway.

"You must tell me to stay," said Robert, in a low voice, as he helped Rhoda out of the carriage.

As the two slowly mounted the staircase which Dolly had climbed, Jonah, coming away from his aunt's apartment, almost ran up against them. Robert exclaimed, but Jonah passed on. What did Rhoda care that he brushed past as if he had not seen them? She was sure he had seen them, and Rhoda had her own reasons for wishing no time to be lost before her news was made public. She had won her great stake, secured her prize: her triumph was not complete until others were made aware of all that had happened. She urged Robert to tell his aunt at once.

"It is only fair to yourself. Dolly will be telling her story—dear Dolly! she is always so kind; but still, as you have often said, there are two sides to a question. I am afraid your cousin passed us intentionally," said Rhoda. "Not that I care for any thing now."

"Let us have our dinner in peace," said Robert, "and then I will tell them any thing you like." And he sank down comfortably into one of the big arm-chairs, not sorry to put after dinner out of her mind. While he was with Rhoda he was at ease with himself, and thought of nothing else; but he had vague feelings of a conscience standing outside on the landing, and ready to clutch him as he passed out of the charm of her presence.

He did not go straight off to his aunt when he left Rhoda, and so it happened that he missed Mrs. Palmer when she burst in upon Rhoda and Miss Rougemont. The resolute Robert was pacing the pavement outside, and trying to make up his mind to face those who seemed to him more like life-long enemies than friends. He took courage at last, and determined to get it over, and he turned up the street again, and climbed the staircase once more. Philippa had left the hall door open, and Robert walked in as he had been used to do. He opened the drawing-room door. He was angry with Dolly still, angry with her mother, and ready to resent their reproaches. Robert opened the

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drawing-room door, and stopped short at the threshold.

The room was not dark, for the bright moonlight was pouring in. Dolly was still lying, asleep. A log burned low in the fireplace, crimsoning the silver light. Robert was startled. He came forward a few steps and stood in the darkened room looking at the sleeping girl: something in her unconsciousness, in the utter silence, in the absence of reproach, smote him as no words of blame or appeal could have done. His excuses, his self-assertions, of what good were they here—who cared for them here? She scarcely moved; she scarcely seemed to breathe; her face looked calm—it was almost like the face of a dead person; and so she was—dead to him. For an instant he was touched, taken by surprise; he longed to awaken her, to ask her to forgive him for leaving her; but as he stood there a dark figure appeared in the open window. It was Jonah, who did not speak, but who pointed to the door.

At any other time Robert might have resented this, but to-night something had moved his cold and selfish heart, some ray from Dolly's generous spirit had unconsciously reached him at last. He turned away and went quietly out of the room, leaving her sleeping still.

He did not see her again; two days later she left for England.

CHAPTER LIV.

HOLY ST. FRANCIS, WHAT A CHANGE IS HERE!

TWELVE o'clock is striking in a bare room full of sunshine. A woman, who is spending her twelfth year in bed, is eating tripe out of a basin; another, sitting by the fire, is dining off gruel; beds and women alternate all down the ward; two nurses are coming and going, one of them with a black eye. Little garlands of paper, cleverly cut out, decorate the place in honor of some royal birthday. Two little flags are stuck up against the wall and flying triumphantly from the farther end of the room. A print of the royal family, brilliantly colored, is also pinned up. Mrs. Fane is walking down the middle of the work-house infirmary with a basket on her arm, when one of the old women puts out a wrinkled hand to call her back.

"Ain't we grand, mum?" says the old woman, looking up. "It does us all good;" and she nods and goes on with her gruel again.

"How is Betty Hodge to-day?" says Mrs. Fane. The old woman points significantly.

All this time some one has been lying quite still at the further end of the room, covered by a sheet.

"At eight o'clock this morning she went off werry comfortable," says the old woman. "Mrs. Baker she is to scrub the steps now; the matron sent word this morning."

That is all. In this infirmary of the work-house it is a matter of course that people should die. It does not mean a black carriage, nodding feathers, nor blinds drawn, and tombstones with inscriptions. It means ease at last, release from the poor old body that used to scrub the steps so wearily day after day. There it was, quite still in the sunshine, with the garlands on the wall.

"*I* sha'n't be long," said the old tripe woman, sententiously. She has been expecting to go for months. A friend has sent her a shroud and some silver paper ready cut: she says it is all ready, and she has seen the priest.

"Ah! Mrs. Blaney, you are a sufferer," says the nurse with the black eye. "She can't eat, mum, but she likes her cup of tea;" and the nurse, who also likes her cup of tea, eyes the little packet which she sees coming out of Mrs. Fane's basket, and fetches a canister, into which she elaborately shakes the refreshing shower.

Mrs. Fane hurries on, for she has a guest at home expecting her, and a tea-party organizing for that afternoon, and she has still a visit to pay in the men's ward. Some one brought her a message—Smith wanted to speak to her; and she walked along the white-washed walls, and past check blue counterpanes, looking for her petitioner. By one of the high windows of the ward lay a brown haggard face, with a rough chin, and the little old slipshod messenger pointed to attract Mrs. Fane's attention. She remembered the man at once. He had come to see her not long before. She had sent him some money to Paris—his own money, that he had given to a nurse to keep. Mrs. Fane looked with her kind round eyes into the worn face that tried to upraise itself to greet her.

"I am sorry to see you here," she said. "Did you not find your friends?"

"Gone to America," gasped the man.

"You know I have still got some of your money," said Mrs. Fane, sitting down by the bedside.

"It were about that I made so bold as to hask for to see you, mum," said the man. "I have a boy at Dartford," he went on, breathing painfully. "He ain't a good boy, but I've wrote to him to go to you, and if you would please keep the money for him, mum—three pound sixteen the reverend calc'lated it—with what you sent for my journey here. I had better have stopped where I was, and where the young lady found me. Lord! what a turn she give me. I know'd it was all up when I seed her come in."

He was muttering on vacantly, as people do who are very weak. Mrs. Fane's kind heart ached for his lonely woe-begone state.

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She took his hand in hers—how many sick hands had she clasped in her healing palm! —but poor Smith was beyond her help.

"I see a young fellow that died beside me at the battle of the Alma," said Smith, "and when that young lady came up, as you might be, it brought it all back as it might be now. He was a gentleman, they said; he weren't half a bad chap."

"Who are you speaking of?" said Mrs. Fane, not quite following.

"They called him George—George Vance," said the man; "but that were not his name no more than Smith is mine."

"I have heard of a man of that name who was wounded at the Alma. I did not know that he had died there," said Mrs. Fane. Her hand began to tremble a little, but she spoke very quietly.

Smith hesitated for a minute; then he looked up into the clear, constraining eyes that seemed to him to be expecting his answer. "It ain't no odds to me now," he said, hoarsely, "whether I speak the tru—uth or not; you're a lady, and will keep the money safe for my poor lad. Captain Henley he offered a matter o' twenty pound if we found poor Vance alive. He were a free-handed chap were poor Vance. We know'd he would not grudge the money.....And when the Roosians shot him, poor fellow, it wasn't no odds to him."

Mrs. Fane, looking round, saw the chaplain passing, and she whispered to the old attendant to bring him to her.

"And so you said that you had found him alive, I suppose?" said Mrs. Fane, quickly guessing at the truth, and drawing away her hand.

"Well, mum, you ain't far wrong," said Smith, looking at his thin brown fingers. "There was another poor chap of our corps died on the way to the ships. It were a long way down to the shore; we changed their names. We didn't think we had done no great harm; for twenty pound is twenty pound; but I have heard as how a fortune was lost through it all—a poor chap like me has no fortune to lose."

"It was the young lady you saw who lost her fortune," said Mrs. Fane, controlling herself, and trying to hide her agitation. "You did her great injury, you see, though you did not mean it. But you can repair this wrong. I think you will like to do so," she said, "and—and—we shall all be very much obliged to you." She would not bribe the poor dying man by promising that she would keep his money all the same. "Mr. Morgan," Mrs. Fane continued, turning to the chaplain, who had come up to the bedside, "here is a poor fellow who wishes to do us a service, and to make a statement, and I want you to take it down." She had writing materials in her basket. She often wrote the sick people's letters for them.

"What is it, my man?" said the chaplain; but as he listened his face changed. He wrote and signed the paper; Mrs. Fane signed it; and then, at her request, poor bewildered Smith feebly scrawled his name. He did it because he was told: he did not seem to care much one way or another for any thing more.

"Joe can tell you all about it," he said. "Joe Carter—he has took his discharge. I don't know where he is—Liverpool maybe."

John Morgan could hardly contain his excitement, and his umbrella whirled like a mill as he left the work-house. "You have done a good morning's work," said the chaplain, as he came away with Mrs. Fane; "say nothing more at present. We must find out this Joe who was with him."

Afterward it turned out that it would have been better far if John Morgan had spoken openly at the time; but his terror of Rhoda's schemes was so great that he felt that if she only knew all she would lay hands on Joe, carry off Smith himself, make him unsay all he had said. "There is no knowing what that woman may not do," said Morgan. "She wrote to me; I have not answered the letter. Do you know that the marriage is actually fixed? I am very glad that you have got Dolly away from that adder's nest."

"So am I," said Mrs. Fane, beaming for an instant: she had long ago taken Dolly to her heart with a confused feeling of some maternal fibre strung, of something more tender and more enduring than the mere friendship between a girl and an older woman.

I can not help it if most of those who knew my Dolly persisted in spoiling her. She wanted every bit of kindness and sunshine that came in her way. And yet she was free from the strain that had wrenched her poor little life; she need no longer doubt her own feelings, nor blind herself to that which she would so gladly escape.

The morbid fight was over, and the world was at peace. It was at peace, but unutterably sad, empty, meaningless. When people complain that their lives are dull and have no meaning, it is that they themselves have no meaning. Dolly felt as if she had been in the thick of the fight, and come away wounded. "I may as well be here as any where else," she had said that moonlight evening when poor Jonah had entreated her in vain to come away with him.

Dolly would not go back to Henley; she had her own reasons for keeping away. But next morning, when an opportune letter came from Mrs. Fane, Dolly, who had lain awake all night, went to her mother, who had slept very comfortably, and said, "Mamma, if you can spare me, I think I will go over to England with the squire and Jonah for a little time, until the marriage is over." Mrs. Palmer was delighted.

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"To Yorkshire? Yes, dearest, the very best thing you can do."

"Not to Henley, mamma," Dolly said. "I should like, please, to go to Mrs. Fane's, if you do not object."

"What a child you are!" cried Mrs. Palmer; "you prefer poking yourself away in that horrid, dismal hospital, when poor Jonah is on his knees to you to go back to Henley with him."

"Perhaps that is the reason why I must not go, mamma," said Dolly, smiling. "I must not have any explanations with Jonah." Mrs. Palmer was seriously angry, and settled herself down for another nap.

"How can you pretend not to know that you have been going against my wishes all along? Take your own way, however, dearest. Tell Julie not to come until I ring."

So Dolly came to England one summer's afternoon, escorted by her faithful knights. All the streets were warm and welcoming, the windows were open, and the shadows were painting the pretty old towers and steeples of the city: some glint of an Italian sky had come to visit our northern world.

John Morgan met her at the train, Mrs. Fane stood on the door-step to welcome her, the roar of the streets sounded home-like and hopeful once more.

As for Lady Henley, she was furiously jealous when she heard of Dolly in London, and with Mrs. Fane. She abused her to every body for a fortnight. Jonah had come home for two days, and then returned to town again. "That is all we get of him, after all we have gone through," cried poor Lady Henley; "however, perhaps there is a good reason for it; all one wants is to see one's children happy," said the little lady to Mr. Redmayne, who was dining at the Court.

John Morgan lost no time in writing to his confessor, Frank Raban, to tell him of the strange turn that events had taken. "I entreat you to say no word of this to any one," said Morgan. "I am afraid of other influence being brought to bear upon this man that we are in search of, and it is most necessary that we should neglect no precautions. Dolly's interests have been too carelessly served by us all." Raban was rather annoyed by this sentence in Morgan's letter. What good would it have done to raise an opposition that would have only pained a person who was already sorely tried in other ways? Frank somewhat shared Dolly's carelessness about money, as we know. Perhaps in his secret heart it had seemed to him that it was not for him to be striving to gain a fortune for Dolly—a fortune that she did not want. When she looked at him entreatingly and asked him not to interfere, he immediately gave in to her wish, which somehow coincided with his own; now he suddenly began to blame himself, and determined to leave no stone unturned to find the evidence that was wanted. And yet he was more estranged from Dolly at this moment than he had ever been in his life before. He had purposely abstained from any communication with her. He knew she was in London, and he kept away.

Frank Raban was a man of a curious doggedness and tenderness of nature. When he had once set his mind to a thing, he went through with his mind. He could not help himself any more than some people can help being easily moved and dissuaded from their own inclinations. It was this unrelenting determination which had first estranged him from his home, and made him live in some disregard of some received traditions. This one, for instance, that people in the Court Guide are not to marry into the Commercial Directory. Frank had found out his mistake as far as Emma Penfold herself was concerned. Custom would have approved of Raban's second choice, but Frank did not consult other people's opinions any more about Dolly than he had done when he married poor Emma, the gardener's daughter; only he could not help listening in some degree to the accounts that now reached him of the catastrophe at Paris, and feeling that any faint, persistent hope was now crushed forever.

Lady Henley's wishes were apt to color her impression of events as they happened. According to her version, it was for Jonah's sake that Dolly had broken with Robert. It was to Jonah that Dolly had confided her real reason for parting from her cousin. "You know it yourself, squire. It was painful, but far better than the alternative."

"Miss Vanborough's confidences did not extend so far as you imagine, my dear lady," said Mr. Anley: "I must honestly confess that I heard nothing of the sort."

Lady Henley was peremptory. She was not at liberty to show her son's last letter, but she had *full* authority for her information. She was not in the habit of speaking at random. Time would show. Lady Henley looked obstinate. The squire seemed annoyed. Frank Raban said nothing; he walked away gloomily; he came less and less to the Court; he looked very cross at times, although the work he had taken in hand was prospering. Whitewashed cottages were multiplying; a cricket field had been laid out for the use of the village; Medmere was drained and sown with turnip seed. Frank was now supposed to be an experienced agriculturist. He looked in the *Farmer's Friend* regularly. Tanner used to consult him upon a variety of subjects. What was to be done about the sheep? Pitch plaster was no good, should they try Spanish ointment? Those hurdles must be seen to, and what about the flues and the grinders down at the mill?

Notwithstanding these all-absorbing in-

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terests, Frank no sooner received Morgan's letter with its surprising news than he started off at once to concert measures with the rector. "Joe" was supposed to be at Liverpool, and Frank started for Liverpool and spent a fruitless week looking up all the discharged and invalided soldiers for ten miles round. He thought he had found some trace of the man he was in search of, but it was tiresome work, even in Dorothea's interest. John Morgan wrote that Jonah was in London, kind and helpful. Foolish Frank, who should have known better by this time, said to himself that they could have settled their business very well without Jonah's help. Frank did him justice, and wished him back in Yorkshire. Lady Henley's hints and wild assertions could not be altogether without foundation, thought this diffident lover. May he be forgiven! Diffidence and jealousy are human failings that bring many a trouble in their train. True love should be far beyond such pitiful preoccupations: and yet, if ever any man loved any woman honestly and faithfully, Frank Raban loved Dorothea, although his fidelity may have shown want of spirit, and his jealousy want of common-sense. Dolly had vaguely hoped that Raban might have written to her, but the jealous thought that she might show Jonah his letter had prevented him from writing. John Marplot wrote that Jonah was often in S—— Street. Why did not the good rector add that it was Mrs. Fane who asked him to come there? Dolly was rather provoked when Jonah reappeared time after time and offered himself to join them in a little expedition that Mrs. Fane had planned. Mrs. Fane was pleased to welcome the rector and the captain too. Six hours' fresh air were to set John Morgan up for his Sunday services. Dolly looked pale; some fresh air would do her good, said her friend.

CHAPTER LV.

SEE YOU NOT SOMETHING BESIDES MASONRY?

On the Friday before they were to start on their little expedition Mrs. Fane was busy; Dolly had been sitting alone for some time.

She suddenly called to old Marker, asked her to put on her bonnet and come out with her. Dolly made Marker stop a cab, and they drove off; the old nurse wanted to turn back when she found out where Dolly was going, but she could not resist the girl's pleading looks. "It will do me good, Marker," said Dolly; "indeed it will. I want to see the dear old place again."

All that morning she felt a longing to see the old place once more: something seemed to tell her that she must go. One often thinks that to be in such a place would bring ease, that the sight of such a person would solve all difficulties, and one travels off, and one seeks out the friend, and it was but a fancy after all. Poor old Church House! Dolly had often thought of going there, but Mrs. Fane had dissuaded her hitherto. All night long Dolly had been dreaming of her home, unwinding the skeins of the past one by one. It may have been a fancy that brought Dolly, but it was a curious chance.

They had come to the top of the lane, and Dolly got out and paid her cab. Her eyes were dim with the past, that was coming as a veil or a shroud between her and the present. She had no faint suspicion of what was at hand. They walked on unsuspiciously to the ivy gate: suddenly Marker cried out, and then Dolly too gave a little gasp. What cruel blow had fallen? what desecrating hand had dared to touch the dear old haunt? What was this? She had not *dreamed* this. The garden wall, so sweet with jasmine, was lying low; the prostrate ivy was struggling over a heap of bricks and rubbish; tracks of wheelbarrows ran from the house to the cruel heap, the lawn was tossed up, a mound of bricks stood raised by the drawing-room windows; the windows were gone, black hollows stood in their places, a great gap ran down from Dolly's old bedroom up above to the oak room on the terrace; part of the dining-room was gone: pathetic, black, charred, dismantled, the old house stood stricken and falling from its foundation. Dolly's heart beat furiously as she caught Marker's arm.

"What has happened?" she said. "It is not fire—it is—oh, Marker, this is too much!"

Poor Marker could not say one word; the two women stood clinging to each other in the middle of the garden walk. The sky was golden, the shadows were purple among the fallen bricks.

"This is too much," Dolly repeated, a little wildly; and then she broke away from Marker, crying out, "Don't come! don't come!"

The workmen were gone: for some reason the place was deserted, and there was no one to hear Dolly's sobs as she impatiently fled across the lawn. Was it foolish that these poor old bricks should be so dear to her? foolish that their fall should seem to her something more than a symbol of all that had fallen and passed away? Ah, no, no! While the old house stood she had not felt quite parted, but now the very place of her life would be no more; all the grief of that year seemed brought back to her, when she stopped short suddenly and stood looking round and about in a scared sort of way. She was looking for something that was not any more—listening for silent voices. Dolly! cried the voices, and the girl's whole heart answered as she stood stretching out her arms toward

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the ulterior shores. At that minute she would have been very glad to lie down on the old stone terrace and never rise again. Time was so long, it weighed and weighed, and seemed to be crushing her. She had tried to be brave, but her cup was full, and she felt as if she could bear no more, not one heavy hour more. This great weight on her heart seemed to have been gathering from a long way off, to have been lasting for years and years: no tears came to ease this pain. Marker had sat down on the stone ledge, and was wiping her grief in her handkerchief. Dolly was at her old haunt by the pond, and bending over and looking into the depth with strange circling eyes.

This heavy weight seemed to be weighing her down and drawing her to the very brink of the old pond. She longed to be at rest, to go one step beyond the present, to be lying straight in the murky gray water, resting and at peace. Who wanted her any more? No one now. Those who had loved her best were dead; Robert had left her: every one had left her. The people outside in the lane may have seen her through the gap in the wall, a dark figure stooping among the purple shadows: she heard their voices calling, but she did not heed them; they were only living voices: then she heard a step upon the gravel close at hand, and she started back, for, looking up, she saw it was Frank Raban who came forward. Dolly was not surprised to see him. Every thing to-day was so strange, so unnatural, that this sudden meeting seemed but a part of all the rest. She threw up her hands and sank down upon the old bench.

His steady eyes were fixed upon her. "What are you doing here?" he said, frightened by the look in her face, and forgetting in his agitation to greet her formally.

"What does it all matter?" said Dolly, answering his reproachful glance, and speaking in a shrill voice: "I don't care about any thing any more; I am tired out, yes, very tired," the girl repeated. She was wrought up and speaking to herself as much as to him, crying out, not to be heard, but because this heavy weight was upon her, and she was struggling to be rid of it and reckless —she must speak to him, to any body, to the shivering bushes, to the summer dust and silence, as she had spoken to the stagnant water of the pond. She was in a state which is not a common one, in which pain plays the part of great joy, and excitement unloosens the tongue, forces men and women into momentary sincerity, and directness carries all before it; her long self-control had broken down, she was at the end of her powers—she was only thinking of her own grief and not of him just then. As she turned her pale stone-cut face away and looked across the low laurel bushes, Frank Raban felt a pang of pity for her of which Dorothea had no conception. He came up to the bench.

"Don't lose courage," he said—"not yet, you have been so good all this time."

It was not so much what he said which touched her, as the way in which he said it. He seemed to know how terribly she had been suffering, to be in tune even with this remorseless fugue of pain repeated. His kindness suddenly overcame her and touched her; she hid her face in her hands and burst out crying, and the tears eased and softened her strained nerves.

"It was coming here that brought it all back," she said; "and finding—" She looked round.

"I am very much shocked, more so than I can tell you," said Frank. "It was to-day quite by chance that I heard what had happened. I came off at once. I have been to your house. It seems Miss Parnell must have wanted money, and that she suddenly closed with a builder's offer. Mr. Tapeall should have warned us. I can hardly tell you the rest, or you will never forgive our fatal delay. They had no right whatever to do what they have done. You are the only person interested; it is you only to whom they should have applied, and we have been most blamable in not telling you this before."

Frank then and there began to tell Dolly of the curious discovery which Mrs. Fane had made, of Smith's confession, and of all that it involved. He told her very carefully, sparing her in every way, thinking of the words which would be simplest and least likely to give pain.

"We ought to have told you before," he repeated. "I shall never forgive myself. We meant to spare you until all the facts were clearly ascertained. We have made a fatal mistake, and now I am only adding to your pain."

But the tears with which Dolly listened to him were not bitter, his voice was so kind, his words so manly and simple. He did not shirk the truth, as some people sometimes do when they speak of sorrow, but he faced the worst with the simplicity and directness of a man who had seen it all very near. "Please don't blame yourself," she said.

If there are certain states of mind in which facts seem exaggerated and every feeling is overwrought, it is at these very times that people are most ready to accept the blessings of consolation. "Peace, be still," said the Divine Voice, speaking to the tossing waves. And voices come, speaking in human tones to many a poor tempest-tossed soul. It may be only a friend who speaks, only a lover perhaps, or a brother's or sister's voice. Love, friendship, brotherhood, give a meaning to the words. Only that day Dolly had thought that all was over, and already

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the miracle was working, the storm was passing from her heart, and peace was near at hand.

It all seemed as a dream in the night, when she thought it over afterward. Some few days had passed. She had not seen Frank again, but to have seen him once more made all the difference to her.

Dolly was standing out on the balcony, carefully holding her black silk dress away from the dusty iron bars. It was a bright, gentle-winded Sunday morning, and the countless bells of the district were jangling together, and in different notes calling their votaries to different shrines. The high bell striking quick and clear, the low bell with melancholy cadence, the old-fashioned parish bell swinging on in a sing-song way: a little Catholic chapel had begun its chime an hour before. From the house doors came Sunday folks—children trotting along, with their best hats and conscious little legs, mammas radiant, maid-servants running, cabs going off laden. All this cheerful jingle-jangling filled Dolly's heart with a happy sadness. It was so long since she had heard it, and it was all so dear and so familiar, as she stood listening to it all, that it was a little service in her heart of grateful love and thanks—for love and for praise; for life to utter her love for the peace which had come to her after her many troubles. She was not more happy outwardly in circumstance, but how much more happy in herself none but she herself could tell. How it had come about she could scarcely have explained; but so it was. She had ceased to struggle; the wild storm in her heart had hushed away; she was now content with the fate which had seemed to her so terrible in the days of her girlhood. Unloved, misunderstood, was this her fate? she had in some fashion risen above it, and she felt that the same peace and strength were hers. Peace, she knew not why; strength, coming she scarcely knew how or whence. It was no small thing to be one voice in the great chorus of voices, to be one aspiration in the great breath of life, and to know that her own wishes and her own happiness were not the sum of all her wants.

CHAPTER LVI.

THE PLAY IS PLAYED, THE CURTAIN DROPS.

COLONEL FANE was not a rich man, but he had a house which had been his father's before him, and to which he returned now and again in the intervals of service. It stood at a bend of the river, and among hollows and ivy. He looked forward to ending his work there some day, and resting for a year or two. In the mean while the old house was often let in summer, and Mrs. Fane looked after the repairs and necessary renovations. She sometimes spent a few hours among the sedges and shady chestnut-trees. She loved the old place—as who does not love it who has ever been there?—and discovered this sleeping bower, where one may dream of chivalry, of fairy-land, or of peace on earth, or that one is sunshine, or a river washing between heavy banks; or turn one's back to the stream and see a pasture country sliding away toward the hills, through shade and fragrant hours, with songs from the hedges and mellow echoes from the distant farms.

The little party came down, not unprepared to be happy. Mrs. Fane, who never wasted an opportunity, had also brought a little girl from her orphanage, who was to remain for a time with the housekeeper at Queensmede—that was the name of the old house. The child was a bright little creature, with merry soft eyes flashing in wild excitement, and the kind lady was somewhat divided between her interest in some news that John Morgan was giving her and her anxiety lest little Charlotte, her goddaughter, should jump out of window.

"We have to thank the captain here," said John Morgan, "for finding the man we were in search of. I have sent to Tapeall," said John, rubbing his hands. "I find that, after all my precautions, Rhoda got a hint from him last week. Tapeall was evidently prepared for something of the sort when I called there yesterday. However, it is all right—thanks to the captain."

"I don't deserve any thanks," said Jonah. "Poor Carter found me out. He wanted to borrow 10*s*."

"When did all this happen?" said Mrs. Fane; and she kissed Dolly.

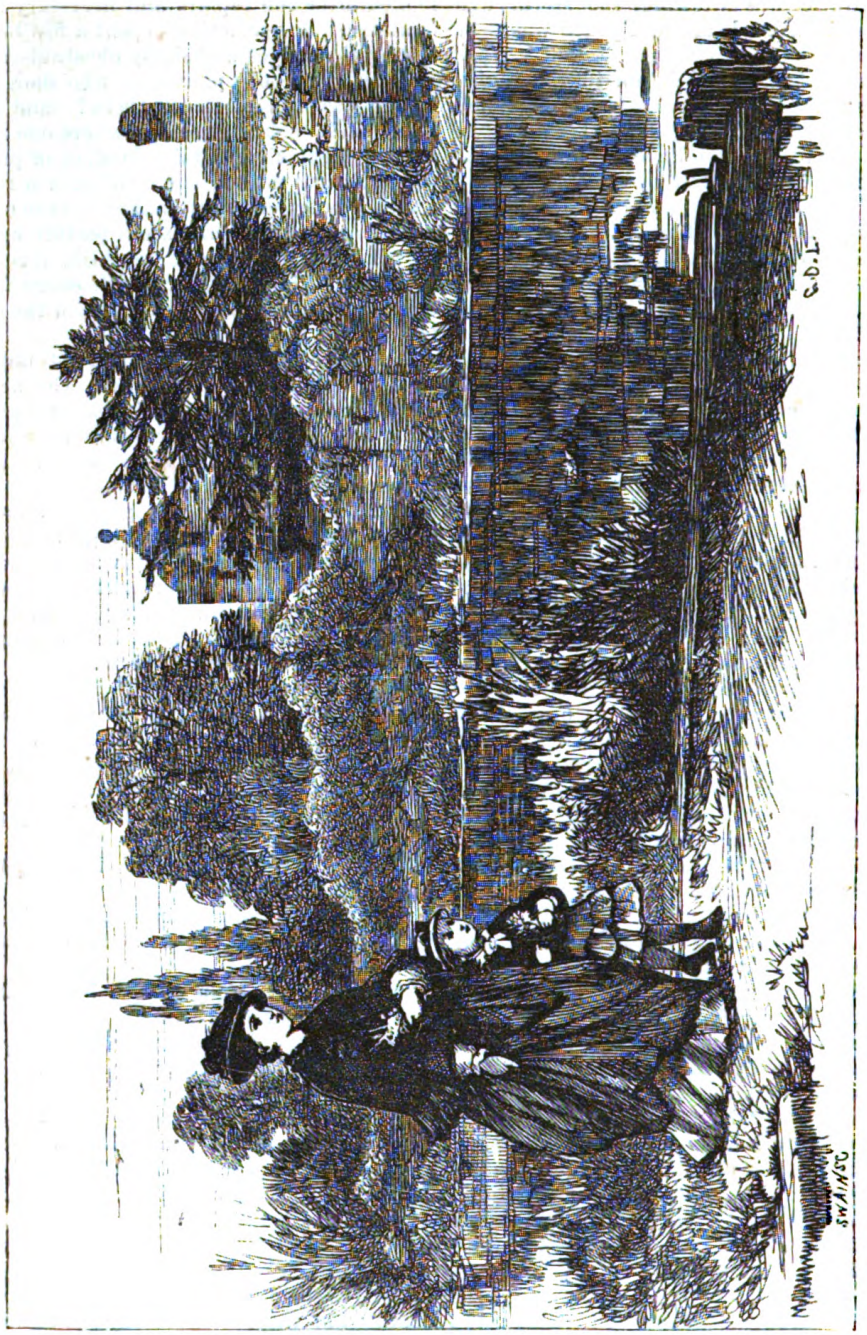
"Only yesterday," answered the rector. "I telegraphed to Raban; poor fellow, he had gone off to Shoeburyness on some false scent; I left word at home in case he should call."

Dolly stooped down and held up little Charlotte to see the pretty golden fields fly past, and the sheep and the lambs frisking.

"Are they gold flowers?" said the little girl. "Is that where ladies gets their money? Is you going to be very rich?"

Dolly did not answer; she had scarcely heard what they all were saying, so many voices were speaking to her, as she watched the flying fields and frisking lambs. Was it all to be hers? The old house was gone—and this was what she most dwelt upon—money was but little in comparison to the desolate home. Could she ever forgive Rhoda this cruel blow? Ah! she might have had it all, if she had but spared the dear home. A letter had come from Robert only that morning, and all this time Dolly was carrying it unopened in her pocket, failing courage to break the seal and open up the past.

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DOLLY AND CHARLOTTE BY THE RIVER.

Shadows and foreboding clouds were far away from that tranquil valley, from the shady chestnut-tree beneath which Dolly is sitting, resting and shading her eyes from the light.

When the banquet is over they get up from their feast and stroll down to the river-side, through the silent village into the over-grown meadow, where green waving things are throwing their shadows, where an old half-ruined nunnery stands fronting the sun, and the silver river beyond the fields.

There were nuns at Queensmede once: one might fancy a Guinevere ending her sad life there in tranquil penitence; a knight on his knees by the river; a horse browsing in the meadow. The old building still stands among wild flowers and hay, within sight of the river bend; the deserted garden is unfenced, and the roses are growing straggling in the field, and mingle their petals with the clover and poppies that spring luxuriantly. The stable is a gabled building with slender lancet windows, with open doors swinging

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on the latch. The nuns have passed out one by one from the Lady House, so they call it still. Dolly peeped in at the dismantled walls, and pictured their former occupants to herself—women singing and praying with pale sweet faces radiant in the sweet tranquillity of the old place, and yet their life seemed thin and sad somehow. It was not what she herself had ever dreamed of; a less beautiful existence would better content her, thought Dolly. It was here that she found courage at last to read Robert's letter as she stood in the doorway. She pulled it out and broke the seal.

"My dear Dorothea,—Notwithstanding all that has happened, I still feel that it is no common tie of friendship and interest which must always bind us together, and that it is due to you that I myself should inform you of a determination which will, as I trust, eventually contribute to every body's happiness. After what you said to me it will, I know, be no surprise to you to have heard that I have proposed to Rhoda, and been accepted by her, but I am anxious to spare your learning from any body but myself the fact that we have determined to put on our marriage, and that this letter will reach you on our wedding-day.

"Your friend Rhoda has entirely thrown herself upon my guidance, and under the circumstances it has seemed advisable to me to urge no longer delay. My affairs require my presence in England; hers also need the most careful management. I am not satisfied with the manner in which certain investments have been disposed of. Notwithstanding some—perhaps not unnatural—reluctance on her part, I propose returning to Church House immediately after our wedding, where, let me tell you, my dear Dora, you will ever find a hearty welcome, and a home if need be, although I am anxious to forget the past, particularly under my present circumstances. I can not but recall once more to you how differently events might have turned out. I have never had an opportunity of explaining that to you, but I hope you do me the justice to believe that it was not your change of fortune which affected my decision to abide by your determination. I have been most anxious to assure you of this. It was your want of trust which first made me feel how dissimilar we were in many ways, how little chance there was in my being able to influence you as a husband. Forgive me for saying that you did not understand my motives, nor do entire justice to the feelings which made me endeavor to persuade you for your own advantage as well as mine. If you had come to India when I wished it, much anxiety to yourself and much sorrow would have been spared you. Now it is too late to think of what might or might not have been: only this fact remains, and do not forget it, dear Dora, that you will never have a more sincere friend, nor one more ready to advise and assist you in any difficulty, than

"Your affectionate cousin, R. Henley.

"Rhoda (did she know I was writing) would unite in most affectionate love. I find her society more and more congenial and delightful to me."

"What are you reading, Dolly?" said Jonah, coming up. "I ought to know that confounded blue paper. Has that fellow the impudence to write to you?" Then he asked, more shyly, "May I see the letter?"

"No, dear Jonah," Dolly said, folding it up. "It is a kind letter, written kindly."

Then she looked hard at him and blushed a little. "This is his wedding-day," she said; "that is why he wrote to me."

Dolly would not show her letter to any one, except to Mrs. Fane. She felt that it would be commented on; she was grateful to Robert for writing it; and yet the letter made her ashamed, now that she began to see him not as he was, but to judge from another standard, and to look at him with other people's eyes. In after-days she scarcely ever spoke of him even to her nearest and dearest. To-day she merely repeated the news. No one made any comment in her hearing. They were anxious at first, but Dolly's face was serene, and they could see that she was not unhappy.

One thing neither Dolly nor Mrs. Fane could understand. Robert evidently knew nothing of the destruction of Church House.

"I am glad Robert had nothing to do with it," said Dolly.

"Will you come wiss me?" said little Charlotte, running up and taking Dolly's hand. Miss Vanborough was not sorry to leave the discussion of Robert's prospects to others, and she walked away, with the little girl still holding by her hand, and went and stood for a minute on the bridge, looking down at the river and the barge floating by; it slid under her feet with its cargo of felled wood, and its wild and silent human cargo, and then it went floating away between the summer banks.

The waters deepened and wavered. Tall waving grasses were also floating and dragging upon the banks, crimson poppies starting here and there, golden irises hanging their heads by the river. Little Charlotte presently ran away, and, half sunk in the grasses, stood struggling with a daisy. A sunshiny man came leading a horse from the sleepy old barn that stood beyond the Lady House. Its old bricks were hung with green veils, and with purple and golden nets of lichen and of moss.

Dolly stopped—was it a burst of music? It was a sweet overpowering rush of honeysuckle scent coming from the deserted garden. In this pastoral landscape there was no sound louder than the lap of the water, or the flowing gurgle of the pigeons straggling from one to another moss-grown ledge. Chance lights stole from the sedge to the grassy banks, from the creek by sweet tumbled grasses to the deserted old grange. Round about stood the rose-trees, flowering in the wilderness, dropping their blossoms; the swallows were flying about the eaves; the daisies sparkled where they caught the sunlight. The indescribable peace and silence of it all tranquillized Dorothea's troubled heart, although even then some thoughts came to her of the life she had wasted, and the love she had thrown away. It was not as in that day when in her despair she had thought there was nothing left; the bitterness of her wound was healed: it was not for the news that had come that she was grieving.

While Dolly and little Charlotte were

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gathering their flowers, Frank Raban, who came walking along the fields by the river, had joined the others by the Lady House. Morgan's telegram had summoned him back to London, and his message had brought him on to Queensmede. He had heard the news; he said very little about it.

"Where is Miss Vanborough?" he asked, presently.

"Don't you see her on the bridge?" said Jonah, pointing.

Frank walked on a few steps. He saw her standing on the bridge, high above the torrent; then he saw her come slowly along, followed by her little companion.

They were walking slowly away from the field and the deserted garden. As they all straggled slowly homeward, with shadows at their feet, the old ivy buttresses of the walls were beginning to shine with vesper light, with deeper and crisper lines in the pure illumination all around. Dolly thought of Haydn's andante again, only here it was light that brought music out of all these instruments—silences, perfumes, and heavy creepers from the bewildering, sweet old place, overflown with birds, heaped up and falling into hollows.

Frank walked silently beside Dolly. He had come prepared to sympathize: full of concern for her, and she did not seem to want his help, or to care for it any more. That day by the pond, when she had first turned to him in her grief, he had felt nearer to her than now, when in her reserve she said no word of all that he knew she must be feeling. Could this be pride? Did she show this indifferent face to the world? was she determined that no one should guess at the secret strain? Was she treating him as the first-come acquaintance? It was very proper, no doubt, and very dignified, but he was disappointed. He could not understand it. She must be unhappy, and yet as he looked at her face he saw no effort there—only peace shining from it. She had stopped before a garland of briony that was drooping with beautiful leaves, making a garland of shadows upon the bricks. She pointed it out to him.

"It is very pretty," said Raban, "but I am in no appreciative mood;" and he looked back at Jonah, who came up just then, and began admiring. Why was Jonah always with her? Why did he seem to join into all their talk? Frank was jealous of Jonah, but he was still more jealous of Dorothea's confidence. There seemed to be no end to Dolly's cousins. Here was Jonah, to whom she had already given more of her confidence than to him—Jonah, who had served her effectually, while he, Frank, had done nothing. He had not quite believed Lady Henley's intimations, but now he began to believe them, and he looked up at Dolly, who was walking along, still looking at the bunches of briony she had gathered. It was not a very heroic mood, and I am truly ashamed of my hero's passing ill humor, coming as it did at this inopportune moment to trouble Miss Vanborough's tardy happiness. And yet somehow it did not trouble her; she saw that Frank was silent and gloomy, but with her instinct for idealizing those she loved, she supposed there was some good reason for it, and she felt that she might perhaps even try to find out what was amiss; it was no longer wrong to take an interest in all that affected him—even Dolly's conscience allowed this—and, when the others walked on, in her sweet voice she asked "if any thing was wrong," and as she spoke her gray eyes opened kindly. Dolly loved to take care of the people she loved. There was a motherly instinct in all her affection.

"My only concern is for you, and for the news that Jonah Henley has told me," said Frank; "but you did not tell me yourself, so I did not like to speak of it to you."

Dolly sighed—then looked up again. "I do not know how to talk of it all," she said, "and that is why I said nothing."

"You are right!" Frank answered, with a sort of sneer; "when one comes to think of it, there are no words in common language that can characterize such conduct."

"Please don't," said Dolly, pained; then she added, "I have been so unhappy that I must not ever pretend to feel what I am not feeling. Perhaps you may think it strange I am happy, not unhappy, to-day. You are all so kind—every thing is so kind. Look at that Virginia creeper over the gate—and that ocean of ivy. I feel as if I could believe in happiness again. I am only beginning now to believe in it. I am sure I hope they will have a great deal in their lives. Robert has written to me very kindly. Is not Jonah calling us?" Jonah was waiting for them at the gate of the house, and waving a long, shadowy arm, that seemed to reach across the road.

"Happiness," said Frank, lingering, and cross again, and looking round. "This is the sort of thing people mean, I suppose; green pastures and still waters, and if one can be satisfied with grass, as the people were in the Psalms, so much the better for one's self; one may enjoy all the things one didn't particularly want—and watch another man win the prize; another perhaps who doesn't even—" Frank stopped short—what was he saying? he might be giving pain, and he hated himself and his ill humor, jarring and jangling in the peaceful serenity.

But Dolly finished the sentence calmly enough. "Who doesn't care for it; perhaps the prize isn't worth having," she said, very slowly. She did not think of herself until she had spoken; then suddenly her heart began to beat, and she blushed crimson; for

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her eyes met his, and his looks spoke plainly enough—so plainly that Dolly's gray orbs fell beneath that fixed dreamy gaze. It seemed to look through her heart. Could he read all that she was thinking? Ah! he might read her heart, for she was only thinking as she stood there of all her friend's long fidelity and steady friendship. What had she ever done to deserve it all? And her heart seemed to answer her thought with a strange silent response. Now she might own to herself the blessing of his unfailing friendship; it was no longer a wrong to any human being. Even if she were never any thing more to him, she might openly and gratefully accept his help and his interest; acknowledge the blessing, the new life it had brought her. She had struggled so long to keep the feeling hidden away, it was an unspeakable relief to have nothing more to conceal from herself nor from others—nothing more. She knew at last that she loved him, and she was not ashamed. What a journey she had traveled since they had stood by the spring that autumn day, not a year ago! what terrible countries she had visited! and had it come to this once more? Might she love now in happiness as well as in sorrow? Was she not happy, standing in this golden hollow, with the person whose society she loved best in all the world? No other human being was in sight, nothing but the old shady village, floating into overflowing green, the sleepy hay-cocks, the empty barn, the heaping ivy on the wall, the sunlight slanting upon the silence. She did not mean to speak, but Frank, in this utter silence, heard her secret thought at last. "Don't you know?" said Dorothea. "Oh, Frank, don't you know?" Did she speak the words or look them? He could never tell: only this he knew, that she was his, that life is kind, that true hearts do come together, that one moment of such happiness and completeness lights up a whole night's wild chaos, and reveals the sweetness of the dawning world.

Jonah, who had gone on with Mrs. Fane, came to the door to call them again, but they did not see him, and he went back into the house, where Mrs. Fane and John Morgan were hard at work upon an inventory.

"Here, let me help you," said Jonah; "I'm not too clumsy to count tea-cups." Little Charlotte made herself very useful by carrying a plate from one chair to another. She finally let it drop, and would have cried when it broke, if the good-natured young captain had not immediately given her the ink to hold. This mark of confidence filled her with pride, and dried her tears. "Sall I 'old it up very high?" she said. "Can you draw a ziant? I can, wiss your pen."

It took them nearly an hour to get through their task, and by this time the tea was ready in the library, the old-fashioned urn hissing and steaming, and Jonah and John Morgan were preparing to set out on their journey home. Frank went with them, and then when he was gone Dolly told her friend her story, and the two sat talking until late into the starlight.

Two days afterward an announcement appeared in the *Times*, and the world learned that Robert Henley and Miss Rhoda Parnell had been married at the British Embassy at Paris by special license by the Bishop of Orinoco. The next news was that of Dolly's marriage to Frank Raban. Pebblesthwaite was very much excited. Lady Henley's indignation was boundless at first, but was happily diverted by the news of her favorite daughter Norah's engagement to Mr. Jack Redmayne.

James Brand's blue eyes twinkled a kindly sympathy when the letter came announcing Frank's happiness. He came up to be present at the wedding. It was in the little city church, with its smoke-stained windows. John Morgan's voice failed as he read the opening words and looked down at the bent heads of the two who had met at last hand in hand. "In perfect love and peace," he said; and, as he said it, he felt that the words were no vain prayers.

He had no fear for them, nor had they fear for each other. Some one standing in the drizzle of the street outside saw them drive off with calm and happy faces. It was Robert Henley, who was passing through London with his wife. Philippa, who saw him, kissed her hand and would have stopped him, but he walked on without looking back. He had been to Mr. Tapeall's that morning, after a painful explanation with Rhoda—Rhoda, who was moodily sitting at the window of her room in the noisy hotel, and going over the wretched details of that morning's talk. It was true that she had sold Church House, tempted by the builder's liberal offer, and wanting money to clear the many extravagances of her Paris life; it was true that she had concealed the lawyer's letter from Robert in which she learned that her title to the property was about to be disputed. She had hurried on their wedding, she had won the prize for which her foolish soul had longed: it was not love so much as the pride of life and of gratified vanity. These things had dazzled her, for these things this foolish little creature had sacrificed her all. Dolly might have been happy in time even married to Robert, but for Rhoda what chance was there? Would her French kid gloves put out their primrose fingers to help her in her lonely hours? would her smart bonnets crown her home with peace and the content of a loving spirit? She lived long enough to find out something of the truth, and to come to Dolly one day to help her in her sorest need. This was long after, when Dolly had long

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been living at Ravensrick, when her children were playing round about her, and the sunshine of her later life had warmed and brightened the sadness of her youth. What more shall I say of my heroine? That sweet and generous soul, ripening by degrees, slow and credulous, not imbittered by the petty pains of life, faithful and tender and vibrating to many tones, is no uncommon type. Her name is one that I gave her long ago, but her real names are many, and are those of the friends whom we love.

Church House was never rebuilt. At Dolly's wish a row of model lodgings, with iron balconies, patent boilers, ventilators, and clothes hanging out to dry on every floor, have been erected on the site of the place where Lady Sarah lived; and so the kind woman's dreams and helpful schemes have come true.

"We could not put back the old house," said Dolly, "and we thought this would be the next best thing to do." The rooms are let at a somewhat cheaper rate than the crowded lodging-houses round about. People, as a rule, dislike the periodical whitewashing, and are fond of stuffing up the ventilators, but otherwise they are very well satisfied.

Dolly did not receive many wedding presents. Some time after her marriage Rhoda sent Dolly a diamond cross; it was that one that Frank Raban had given her many years before. She was abroad at the time, and for many years neither Rhoda nor Dolly met again. Mrs. Palmer used to write home accounts of Rhoda's beauty and fashion from Ems and other watering-places where she used to spend her summers.

The Admiral, who was still abroad, made it a special point, so Philippa declared, that she should spend her summers on the Continent.

One day Mrs. Raban was turning out some papers in a drawer in her husband's writing-table, when she came upon a packet of letters that she thought must belong to herself. They were written in a familiar writing that she knew at once, for it was Henley's. They were not addressed, and Dolly could not at first imagine how these letters had come there, nor when she had received them. As she looked she was still more bewildered. They were letters not unlike some that she had received, and yet they had entirely passed from her mind. Presently turning over a page, she read not her own name on the address, but that of Emma Penfold, and a sentence: "It is best for your welfare that we should not meet again," wrote Henley. "I am not a marrying man myself—circumstances render it impossible. May you be as happy in your new life. You will have an excellent husband, and one who....."

"What have you got there?" said Frank, who had come in.

"Oh, Frank, don't ask me," said Dolly, hastily going up to the fire that was burning in the grate, and flinging the packet into the flames; then she ran up to him, and clung hold of his arm for a minute. She could not speak.

Frank looked at the burning packet, at the open drawers, and then he understood it all. "I thought I had burned those letters long ago," he said; and stooping, he took his wife's hand in his and kissed it.

* * * * * *

As I write the snow lies thick upon the ground outside, upon the branches of the trees, upon the lawns. Here, within, the fire leaps brightly in its iron cage; the children cluster round the chair by the chimney-corner, where the mother sits reading their beloved fairy tales. The hearth was empty once—the home was desolate; but time after time, day by day, we see the phenix of home and of love springing from the dead ashes; hopes are fulfilled that seemed too sweet to dream of; love kindles and warms chilled hearts to life. Take courage, say the happy, to those in sorrow and trouble; are there not many mansions even here? seasons in their course, harvests in their season, thanks be to the merciful ordinance that metes out sorrow and peace, and longing and fulfillment, and rest after the storm.

Take courage, say the happy—the message of the sorrowful is harder to understand. The echoes come from afar, and reach beyond our ken. As the cry passes beyond us into the awful unknown, we feel that this is, perhaps, the voice in life that reaches beyond life itself. Their fires are out, their hearths are in ashes, but see, it was the sunlight that put out the flame.

THE END.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD STAGER.

Notices of conspicuous Public Men, with characteristic Anecdotes illustrating their Peculiarities.—Accounts of Congressional and other Duels, and personal Collisions in Congress, including a Glance at Washington Public Life during several Administrations.

MORE ABOUT GAMBLING.

MANY amusing stories were current at different times illustrative of the peculiar habits and customs of the people who procured a livelihood by playing upon the weaknesses and passions of the communities in which they resided, or, in other words, lived by their wits. In the old time this class of men came nearer social recognition than at the present day. I do not refer to the enforced association of the race-course, growing out of a community of pursuits and tastes not dissimilar. Blacklegs and gentlemen stand on the same plane, and meet on apparently equal terms, with betting books in their hands. Neither in this respect nor

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in the character of the transactions on the turf has there been any sensible change within the last third of a century. Gambling in every form is always demoralizing, and those who habitually indulge in the practice get their notions of right and wrong much mixed up. On the race-course the outsiders used to be taken in and plundered by the knowing ones. Experienced turfmen were accustomed to laugh at the idea of a fair race. The result was known to a few favored ones in advance. This was the case in important races with hardly an exception. I heard the "Napoleon of the turf," as Colonel Johnson, of Virginia, was termed, say, in a moment of exuberant conviviality, that Bob Stockton was worth a clean ten thousand dollars a year to him. "I never let him win a race," he continued, "but he generally runs a good second, and hopes for better luck next time. He's full of pluck, and is sure of winning on the next trial." James Long, who was a joint owner with Colonel Johnson of the famous racer Boston, in a fit of extravagant frankness, the result of a drinking bout of unusual length, told an acquaintance in advance of the race that Fashion was to beat the old sorrel, that the thing was all arranged, and advised him to make up his betting book accordingly. This might have been the mere vagary of a drunken man, or he might unwittingly have revealed a secret intended to be confined to a limited number of sharpers. Long was the principal proprietor of the well-known gambling-house on the corner of Sixth Street and the Avenue, where Thaddeus Stevens and Franklin Pierce sometimes risked their money. The great turfmen act upon this plan at the present day, and a similar device is adopted by experts in every species of gambling. The brokers of Wall and Broad streets would grow rich but slowly if their operations were confined to fleecing each other. The country speculators are their natural prey, and the losses of the scores who fall victims to their artful representations, if small individually, constitute a large sum in the aggregate.

The Washington gambling-houses have never been supported to any considerable extent by the resident population. Members of Congress, particularly from the South, Southwest, and West, were the largest contributors to the incomes of the sporting men. Contractors and Indian traders were generally bold and sometimes desperate players. Members of the House frequently staked their mileage and per diem at the faro-table, and they played all sorts of round games, "short cards," as they were called, in the club rooms. Probably the amount risked would not constitute what is termed "high play" in these days, but the losses of these men of limited means were often sufficient to keep them impoverished and embarrassed during their entire Congressional service. Some men played for excitement chiefly, not caring much whether they won or lost. Thaddeus Stevens was one of this description. He was like Fox, who described winning at hazard as the greatest pleasure in life, and losing at the same game as the next greatest. Stevens lost and won with the same apparent indifference. He played with consummate coolness, never lost his temper, and never increased the amount of his bet either to retrieve his losses or more rapidly to increase his winnings. His sarcastic remarks upon the discomposure of his fellow-players, who sometimes exclaimed with rage and profanity at their ill luck, were always witty as well as cutting. While they were eating and drinking with the voracity of cormorants, he never indulged in any thing more stimulating than a cracker and a sip of water. The contrast between his coolness and apparent apathy and the eager, fierce excitement of others sitting at the same table and engaged in the same pursuit was amazing. I have rarely seen a more pitiable and painful exhibition than was often presented by the ungoverned passions of a gamester after a run of ill luck. To Mr. Stevens such displays of weakness seemed to afford amusement rather than to excite sympathy or compassion. He was a hard, cynical man, capable of acts of benevolence under strong emotion, but gentleness or tenderness was not his ordinary mood. He threw off more good things in conversation without effort than any man I ever saw, and his sayings were pointed with a degree of epigrammatic force that I never witnessed in any other man.

I am surprised that a biography of Mr. Stevens should not ere this have been prepared by a competent hand. Hundreds of greatly inferior men have had their lives written up and published, notwithstanding their obscurity and the uneventful nature of their careers. Mr. Stevens was a most dextrous and effective controversial debater. He was never seen at his best in Congress. In the Constitutional Convention of Pennsylvania in 1836, and subsequently in the Legislature, he distinguished himself beyond all his contemporaries in that capacity. Self-possessed, conscious of his strength, and rather aggressive in his disposition, he defied all comers, and was in a perpetual contest, never finding his match in a personal discussion.

There was a story current at Washington in the closing year of Mr. Tyler's administration which created some merriment among those acquainted with the parties to the affair. A well-known gambler, who had a faro-bank on Pennsylvania Avenue, opened a place of business at the White Sulphur Springs, in Virginia. The wife of the gambler was a well-connected woman of Wash-

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ington, of good character, of fine culture, and considerable social experience. The society at the White Sulphur was inclined to exclusiveness, and while the gentlemen associated freely with the gambler, lost their money at his table, partook of his hospitality without scruple or hesitation, and recognized him on all occasions, his wife was cut dead by the ladies in public and private. She had an elegant establishment, drove a beautiful pair of ponies in a stylish phaeton, dressed more richly and in better taste than any other lady at the Springs, wore more costly jewels, and really bore herself in a proper and becoming manner. But all this had no effect upon the aristocratic ladies who composed a large portion of the visitors at the Springs, except that, being annoyed by her superior display, they manifested their vexation by loftier airs and a more rigorous enforcement of the exclusion to which they had subjected her at the outset. She lived in a condition of isolation and solitude as utter as if she had been on a desert island, and this at a fashionable and well-attended watering-place. As the season approached the close, and the visitors were about to disperse, the lady determined to free her mind, and at the same time acquaint her censors with her view of the situation. One fine morning, when most of the ladies were assembled in the parlor, she appeared among them, much to their astonishment. With perfect composure, and the air of a well-bred woman, she addressed them substantially as follows: "Ladies, we have been here in the same house most of us for more than two months, and not a word has been addressed to me by one of you during that time. I am as well born, as well educated, as well behaved, and of as good character as any lady among you. Not a syllable has ever been heard derogatory to my reputation, and yet you have treated me with less consideration than if I had been one of your negro slaves. You have passed me with a supercilious toss of the head, as though there was contamination in my touch. The cause of this arrogance and insolence is obvious enough. You refuse to recognize me because my husband is a gambler. That such is his profession I avow without hesitation. But what of that? Your husbands are all gamblers. They risk their money at his table. They are on one side of that table, and he on the other. You can not make a distinction between them on that ground. But that my husband's is the best side of the table is proved by the fact that they lose and he wins the money bet on the cards."

The ladies looked at each other in amazement. But, as one of them remarked afterward, the arguments to refute the propositions of the gambler's wife did not seem to occur to any of them.

Gambling on the turf, or in any other mode, undoubtedly tends to great demoralization. Men of the highest repute and of the nicest sense of honor get their notions of right and wrong sadly confused under the temptations of the race-course. A more chivalric, high-toned, and gallant gentleman than General Jackson did not live among his contemporaries. And yet a story was current in Tennessee some fifty years ago—whether true or false I am not able to say—which goes to show that even he was shrewdly suspected of playing his game with the "advantages," in the dainty phraseology of sporting men. The story ran in this wise:

The general became discontented with a mulatto boy, who had been his favorite rider, and sold him to a neighbor, who was his great rival on the turf. The boy was to ride in a very important race against a favorite horse of the general's. Jackson had a heavy bet pending on the race, and he was overheard remonstrating with his late rider. "You black rascal, mind what you are about. None of your old tricks with me. If I catch you squirting your tobacco juice in my boy's eyes I'll cut your heart out!"

This may have been a pure fabrication; but if sharp practice on the turf had not been the rule rather than the exception, an anecdote of this description could not have obtained currency as applied to General Jackson.

I have quoted it not as reflecting any discredit upon a man who stood above reproach among his neighbors, but as indicating the general moral tone which prevailed among turfmen half a century ago. Whether there has been any great improvement in that regard since that time I shall not undertake to decide. That the tendency of gaming of all kinds is to lower the tone of public morals is a proposition that few reflecting men will be inclined to dispute. The pretense that the main purpose of gambling is a pleasurable wholesome excitement, irrespective of the pecuniary consequences of the practice, is too absurd to be maintained for a moment. The love of gain lies at the foundation of all gaming, and every other consideration is subordinated to that overmastering passion.

THE MEXICAN COMMISSION.

The commission to settle the claims of American citizens upon Mexico had many strange cases before it. The board was composed of George Evans, Caleb Smith, of Indiana, afterward Secretary of the Interior under Mr. Lincoln, and Colonel Payne, of North Carolina. The claims were many in number, and enormous in amount. A large portion of them were of undoubted validity, and when supported by adequate proof, were allowed without difficulty. Others were of doubtful character, and these

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the commissioners subjected to the most rigid scrutiny. There was one that gave the board a great deal of trouble and perplexity. The claimant was a Dr. Gardiner, originally of Philadelphia. He was a man of imposing appearance and fine address. He pressed his claim with a sort of audacity that excited some suspicion in the board. The whole thing proved to be a fraud in the end, and Gardiner committed suicide to avoid the earthly consequences of his crime. He had practiced dentistry in Mexico, but he had suffered no wrong from the government, nor had he been engaged in any enterprise there upon which to base a claim for indemnity. It was a great scheme of villainy, concocted with much ingenuity, and executed with a degree of boldness and address that set detection at defiance, as against the means ordinarily employed to ascertain the facts in such cases. The scene was laid in a remote and inaccessible part of the country, where the man claimed to have had a productive silver mine, with mills, machinery, and all other necessary appliances for raising and smelting the ore. He alleged that he was working it at an immense profit, making sixty or seventy thousand dollars a year, when he was despoiled of his property, his works destroyed, and he driven out of the country. He employed several eminent counsel, Thomas Corwin, afterward Secretary of the Treasury under Mr. Fillmore, being among the number. The case was made out perfectly. In fact, the proofs were so ample and complete that the commissioners became suspicious of the verity of the evidence. They suspected simulation and forgery, and hesitated about acting finally upon it. The president of the board, Mr. Evans, was specially concerned and distrustful. When the counsel pointed to the mass of evidence by which the claim was supported, he insisted that that of itself was a suspicious circumstance. There was too much of it. A fraudulent claim was certain to be fully sustained. The work of fabrication once begun, the knaves engaged in it were more likely to overwork the case and provoke close scrutiny by the multiplicity of their proofs than to fail by their inadequacy. While the matter was before the board, I went with Mr. Evans to call upon the President, General Taylor. He narrated the circumstances to the President, and suggested that as the amount was so large—the sum demanded being nearly half a million of dollars—a person should be sent to Mexico to ascertain the facts. He said an investigation would probably ascertain that Gardiner had no claim whatever; that as the case then stood the claim could not be rejected. An award to a large amount must be made; and if it should prove to be fraudulent, it would damage the board essentially, and the administration would suffer from the scandal. General Taylor was reluctant to take the responsibility of acting upon the suggestion of Mr. Evans. He seemed to doubt his authority in the premises, and advised an application to Congress. The result was that nothing was done, and an award was finally made in favor of Gardiner, and he drew from the treasury the sum of nearly four hundred thousand dollars. When the fraud was discovered there was a great deal of public clamor, and allegations of connivance and complicity were bruited about, involving several prominent men. But no evidence ever appeared tending to prove that Gardiner had any accomplices in his stupendous scheme of villainy.

There was a degree of form and ceremony about the organization of the board, which was endeavored to be carried out in the proceedings, altogether distasteful to the commissioners, who were practical, sensible men, with no nonsense about them. There was a secretary, a clerk, and two messengers, and these understrappers had contrived to surround the board with a sort of solemn dignity, the reflex of which they expected to enjoy themselves in an enhanced degree of obsequiousness and servility on the part of claimants. This thing was carried so far as to provoke some merriment among gentlemen visiting the commission, and in the board also. A newspaper correspondent, on intimate terms with the gentlemen composing the board, determined to shock the sensitive nerves of the subordinates who had formed such an exaggerated estimate of the dignity and consequence of the concern. Calling in at the antechamber, he desired one of the messengers to inquire whether the board was specially engaged. The negro made the inquiry, and informed the gentleman that the honorable commissioners were considering a case, but they would receive any communication which Mr. —— might wish to make. Entering the presence, he asked if the board was prepared to entertain a proposition which he desired to offer. The secretary and clerk opened their eyes in amazement, confounded by his presumption. The president courteously replied that the board was considering an important case, but would hear any thing which the gentleman might have to propose.

"I move," said he, "that the board adjourn, and go around to Potter's and take a drink."

"Carried unanimously," replied the president, and the sitting was closed for the day.

THE MASON FAMILY.

A gentleman who is recognized as a highly respectable member of Congress some thirty odd years ago sends to the publishers of the magazine, for the benefit of the "Old Stager," some facts relating to the Mason

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family of Virginia. The statements in these papers upon the number of relatives in Congress suggested to this gentleman that these facts might be read with interest.

He writes as follows:

"My attention has been attracted by your articles in *Harper's Monthly* as an 'Old Stager.'

"May I take the liberty of calling your attention to several cases of 'relatives in Congress'—one of the heads of your December article. For example, the *Masons*. George Mason was one of the first Senators elected to the Congress of the United States from Virginia under the Constitution. For some cause he never took his seat, however. He was subsequently succeeded by his nephew, Stevens Thompson Mason, in the days of Mr. Jefferson, and who was in his time a leading member of the Senate. He died in 1803. In turn he was succeeded by his own son, the unfortunate Armstead Thompson Mason, who fell in a duel, 1819, with his cousin, Colonel John Mason M'Carty. Subsequently he was followed by his cousin, the grandson of George Mason, viz., James Murray Mason, with whose history the people of the present day are so familiar, and who died about a year ago.

"In the House of Representatives there have been three of the same family and name, viz., John Y. Mason, subsequently Judge of the United States Court, Secretary of the Navy, Attorney-General, and minister to France, where he died about the year 1858, James M. Mason, above referred to, and John Thompson Mason, of Maryland, subsequently Judge of the Court of Appeals of that State—making in all seven representatives of one family and name in the Congress of the United States, besides several others of the same family maternally descended. In addition, there were a number of other members of the same family who held other high positions in the several States. For example, Stevens Thompson Mason, grandson of the former of the same name, was twice Governor of Michigan; Richard B. Mason was the first Governor of California; John Thompson Mason, father of the previously named, was Attorney-General and Chief Justice of Maryland, and United States Attorney for the District of Columbia under Mr. Jefferson; and Thompson F. Mason, grandson of George, was Judge of the United States Circuit Court for the District of Columbia at the time of his death. (See *Appleton's Encyclopedia*.)

"The Reading district of Pennsylvania, now represented by Heister Clymer, was formerly represented by his father and grandfather, and all three were graduates of Princeton College. The same is precisely true as regards the Harford district of Maryland, now represented by Stevenson Archer. He is the successor of his father and grandfather, and all three, as in the case of the Clymers, are graduates of Princeton College.

"The Stocktons of New Jersey are still more remarkable, for I believe there have been, with the present Senator, four generations in the Senate, and all graduates of Princeton."

THE NEW MAGDALEN.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER XXVII.—(*Concluded.*)

MAGDALEN'S APPRENTICESHIP.

"WHAT was it possible for a friendless girl in my position to do, when the full knowledge of the outrage had been revealed to me?

"If I had possessed near and dear relatives to protect and advise me, the wretches into whose hands I had fallen might have felt the penalty of the law. I knew no more of the formalities which set the law in motion than a child. But I had another alternative (you will say). Charitable societies would have received me and helped me, if I had stated my case to them. I knew no more of the charitable societies than I knew of the law. At least, then, I might have gone back to the honest people among whom I had lived? When I recovered my freedom, after the interval of some days, I was ashamed to go back to the honest people. Helplessly and hopelessly, without sin or choice of mine, I drifted, as thousands of other women have drifted, into the life which set a mark on me for the rest of my days.

"Are you surprised at the ignorance which this confession reveals?

"You, who have your solicitors to inform you of legal remedies, and your newspapers, circulars, and active friends to sound the praises of charitable institutions continually in your ears—you, who possess these advantages, have no idea of the outer world of ignorance in which your lost fellow-creatures live. They know nothing (unless they are rogues accustomed to prey on society) of your benevolent schemes to help them. The purpose of public charities, and the way to discover and apply to them, ought to be posted at the corner of every street. What do *we* know of public dinners and eloquent sermons and neatly printed circulars? Every now and then the case of some forlorn creature (generally of a woman) who has committed suicide, within five minutes' walk, perhaps, of an Institution which would have opened its doors to her, appears in the newspapers, shocks you dreadfully, and is then forgotten again. Take as much pains to make charities and asylums known among the people *without* money as are taken to make a new play, a new journal, or a new medicine known among the people *with* money, and you will save many a lost creature who is perishing now.

"You will forgive and understand me if I say no more of this period of my life. Let me pass to the new incident in my career which brought me for the second time before the public notice in a court of law.

"Sad as my experience has been, it has not taught me to think ill of human nature. I had found kind hearts to feel for me in my former troubles; and I had friends—faithful, self-denying, generous friends—among my sisters in adversity now. One of these poor women (she has gone, I am glad to think, from the world that used her so hard-

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ly) especially attracted my sympathies. She was the gentlest, the most unselfish creature I have ever met with. We lived together like sisters. More than once, in the dark hours when the thought of self-destruction comes to a desperate woman, the image of my poor devoted friend, left to suffer alone, rose in my mind and restrained me. You will hardly understand it, but even we had our happy days. When she or I had a few shillings to spare, we used to offer one another little presents, and enjoy our simple pleasure in giving and receiving as keenly as if we had been the most reputable women living.

"One day I took my friend into a shop to buy her a ribbon—only a bow for her dress. She was to choose it, and I was to pay for it, and it was to be the prettiest ribbon that money could buy.

"The shop was full; we had to wait a little before we could be served.

"Next to me, as I stood at the counter with my companion, was a gaudily dressed woman, looking at some handkerchiefs. The handkerchiefs were finely embroidered, but the smart lady was hard to please. She tumbled them up disdainfully in a heap, and asked for other specimens from the stock in the shop. The man, in clearing the handkerchiefs out of the way, suddenly missed one. He was quite sure of it, from a peculiarity in the embroidery which made the handkerchief especially noticeable. I was poorly dressed, and I was close to the handkerchiefs. After one look at me he shouted to the superintendent, 'Shut the door! There is a thief in the shop!'

"The door was closed; the lost handkerchief was vainly sought for on the counter and on the floor. A robbery had been committed; and I was accused of being the thief.

"I will say nothing of what I felt—I will only tell you what happened.

"I was searched, and the handkerchief was discovered on me. The woman who had stood next to me, on finding herself threatened with discovery, had no doubt contrived to slip the stolen handkerchief into my pocket. Only an accomplished thief could have escaped detection in that way without my knowledge. It was useless, in the face of the facts, to declare my innocence. I had no character to appeal to. My friend tried to speak for me; but what was she? Only a lost woman like myself. My landlady's evidence in favor of my honesty produced no effect; it was against her that she let lodgings to people in my position. I was prosecuted, and found guilty. The tale of my disgrace is now complete, Mr. Holmcroft. No matter whether I was innocent or not, the shame of it remains—I have been imprisoned for theft.

"The matron of the prison was the next person who took an interest in me. She reported favorably of my behavior to the authorities; and when I had served my time (as the phrase was among us) she gave me a letter to the kind friend and guardian of my later years—to the lady who is coming here to take me back with her to the Refuge.

"From this time the story of my life is little more than the story of a woman's vain efforts to recover her lost place in the world.

"The matron, on receiving me into the Refuge, frankly acknowledged that there were terrible obstacles in my way. But she saw that I was sincere, and she felt a good woman's sympathy and compassion for me. On my side, I did not shrink from beginning the slow and weary journey back again to a reputable life from the humblest starting-point—from domestic service. After first earning my new character in the Refuge, I obtained a trial in a respectable house. I worked hard, and worked uncomplainingly; but my mother's fatal legacy was against me from the first. My personal appearance excited remark; my manners and habits were not the manners and habits of the women among whom my lot was cast. I tried one place after another—always with the same results. Suspicion and jealousy I could endure; but I was defenseless when curiosity assailed me in its turn. Sooner or later inquiry led to discovery. Sometimes the servants threatened to give warning in a body—and I was obliged to go. Sometimes, where there was a young man in the family, scandal pointed at me and at him—and again I was obliged to go. If you care to know it, Miss Roseberry can tell you the story of those sad days. I confided it to her on the memorable night when we met in the French cottage; I have no heart to repeat it now. After a while I wearied of the hopeless struggle. Despair laid its hold on me—I lost all hope in the mercy of God. More than once I walked to one or other of the bridges, and looked over the parapet at the river, and said to myself, 'Other women have done it: why shouldn't I?'

"You saved me at that time, Mr. Gray—as you have saved me since. I was one of your congregation when you preached in the chapel of the Refuge. You reconciled others besides me to our hard pilgrimage. In their name and in mine, Sir, I thank you.

"I forget how long it was after the bright day when you comforted and sustained us that the war broke out between France and Germany. But I can never forget the evening when the matron sent for me into her own room and said, 'My dear, your life here is a wasted life. If you have courage enough left to try it, I can give you another chance.'

"I passed through a month of probation in a London hospital. A week after that I wore the red cross of the Geneva Convention—I was appointed nurse in a French ambulance. When you first saw me, Mr. Holm-

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croft, I still had my nurse's dress on, hidden from you and from every body under a gray cloak.

"You know what the next event was; you know how I entered this house.

"I have not tried to make the worst of my trials and troubles in telling you what my life has been. I have honestly described it for what it was when I met with Miss Roseberry—a life without hope. May you never know the temptation that tried me when the shell struck its victim in the French cottage! There she lay—dead! *Her* name was untainted. *Her* future promised me the reward which had been denied to the honest efforts of a penitent woman. My lost place in the world was offered back to me on the one condition that I stooped to win it by a fraud. I had no prospect to look forward to; I had no friend near to advise me and to save me; the fairest years of my womanhood had been wasted in the vain struggle to recover my good name. Such was my position when the possibility of personating Miss Roseberry first forced itself on my mind. Impulsively, recklessly—wickedly, if you like—I seized the opportunity, and let you pass me through the German lines under Miss Roseberry's name. Arrived in England, having had time to reflect, I made my first and last effort to draw back before it was too late. I went to the Refuge, and stopped on the opposite side of the street, looking at it. The old hopeless life of irretrievable disgrace confronted me as I fixed my eyes on the familiar door; the horror of returning to that life was more than I could force myself to endure. An empty cab passed me at the moment. The driver held up his hand. In sheer despair I stopped him, and when he said 'Where to?' in sheer despair again I answered, 'Mablethorpe House.'

"Of what I have suffered in secret since my own successful deception established me under Lady Janet's care I shall say nothing. Many things which must have surprised you in my conduct are made plain to you by this time. You must have noticed long since that I was not a happy woman. Now you know why.

"My confession is made; my conscience has spoken at last. You are released from your promise to me—you are free. Thank Mr. Julian Gray if I stand here self-accused of the offense that I have committed, before the man whom I have wronged."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

SENTENCE IS PRONOUNCED ON HER.

It was done. The last tones of her voice died away in silence.

Her eyes still rested on Horace. After hearing what he had heard, could he resist that gentle pleading look? Would he forgive her? A while since Julian had seen tears on his cheeks, and had believed that he felt for her. Why was he now silent? Was it possible that he only felt for himself?

For the last time—at the crisis of her life—Julian spoke for her. He had never loved her as he loved her at that moment; it tried even his generous nature to plead her cause with Horace against himself. But he had promised her, without reserve, all the help that her truest friend could offer. Faithfully and manfully he redeemed his promise.

"Horace!" he said.

Horace slowly looked up. Julian rose and approached him.

"She has told you to thank *me*, if her conscience has spoken. Thank the noble nature which answered when I called upon it! Own the priceless value of a woman who can speak the truth. Her heart-felt repentance is a joy in heaven. Shall it not plead for her on earth? Honor her, if you are a Christian! Feel for her, if you are a man!"

He waited. Horace never answered him.

Mercy's eyes turned tearfully on Julian. *His* heart was the heart that felt for her! *His* words were the words which comforted and pardoned her! When she looked back again at Horace it was with an effort. His last hold on her was lost. In her inmost mind a thought rose unbidden—a thought which was not to be repressed. "Can I ever have loved this man?"

She advanced a step toward him; it was not possible, even yet, to completely forget the past. She held out her hand.

He rose, on his side—without looking at her.

"Before we part forever," she said to him, "will you take my hand as a token that you forgive me?"

He hesitated. He half lifted his hand. The next moment the generous impulse died away in him. In its place came the mean fear of what might happen if he trusted himself to the dangerous fascination of her touch. His hand dropped again at his side; he turned away quickly.

"I can't forgive her!" he said.

With that horrible confession—without even a last look at her—he left the room.

At the moment when he opened the door Julian's contempt for him burst its way through all restraints.

"Horace," he said, "I pity you!"

As the words escaped him he looked back at Mercy. She had turned aside from both of them—she had retired to a distant part of the library. The first bitter foretaste of what was in store for her when she faced the world again had come to her from Horace! The energy which had sustained her thus far quailed before the dreadful prospect—

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doubly dreadful to a woman—of obloquy and contempt. She sank on her knees before a little couch in the darkest corner of the room. "O Christ, have mercy on me!" That was her prayer—no more.

Julian followed her. He waited a little. Then his kind hand touched her; his friendly voice fell consolingly on her ear.

"Rise, poor wounded heart! Beautiful, purified soul, God's angels rejoice over you! Take your place among the noblest of God's creatures!"

He raised her as he spoke. All her heart went out to him. She caught his hand—she pressed it to her bosom; she pressed it to her lips—then dropped it suddenly, and stood before him trembling like a frightened child.

"Forgive me!" was all she could say. "I was so lost and lonely—and you are so good to me!"

She tried to leave him. It was useless—her strength was gone; she caught at the head of the couch to support herself. He looked at her. The confession of his love was just rising to his lips—he looked again, and checked it. No, not at that moment; not when she was helpless and ashamed; not when her weakness might make her yield, only to regret it at a later time. The great heart which had spared her and felt for her from the first spared her and felt for her now.

He, too, left her—but not without a word at parting.

"Don't think of your future life just yet," he said, gently. "I have something to propose when rest and quiet have restored you." He opened the nearest door—the door of the dining-room—and went out.

The servants engaged in completing the decoration of the dinner-table noticed, when "Mr. Julian" entered the room, that his eyes were "brighter than ever." He looked (they remarked) like a man who "expected good news." They were inclined to suspect—though he was certainly rather young for it—that her ladyship's nephew was in a fair way of preferment in the Church.

Mercy seated herself on the couch.

There are limits, in the physical organization of man, to the action of pain. When suffering has reached a given point of intensity the nervous sensibility becomes incapable of feeling more. The rule of Nature, in this respect, applies not only to sufferers in the body, but to sufferers in the mind as well. Grief, rage, terror, have also their appointed limits. The moral sensibility, like the nervous sensibility, reaches its period of absolute exhaustion, and feels no more.

The capacity for suffering in Mercy had attained its term. Alone in the library, she could feel the physical relief of repose; she could vaguely recall Julian's parting words to her, and sadly wonder what they meant—and she could do no more.

An interval passed; a brief interval of perfect rest.

She recovered herself sufficiently to be able to look at her watch and to estimate the lapse of time that might yet pass before Julian returned to her as he had promised. While her mind was still languidly following this train of thought she was disturbed by the ringing of a bell in the hall, used to summon the servant whose duties were connected with that part of the house. In leaving the library Horace had gone out by the door which led into the hall, and had failed to close it. She plainly heard the bell—and a moment later (more plainly still) she heard Lady Janet's voice!

She started to her feet. Lady Janet's letter was still in the pocket of her apron—the letter which imperatively commanded her to abstain from making the very confession that had just passed her lips! It was near the dinner hour, and the library was the favorite place in which the mistress of the house and her guests assembled at that time. It was no matter of doubt; it was an absolute certainty that Lady Janet had only stopped in the hall on her way into the room.

The alternative for Mercy lay between instantly leaving the library by the dining-room door—or remaining where she was, at the risk of being sooner or later compelled to own that she had deliberately disobeyed her benefactress. Exhausted by what she had already suffered, she stood trembling and irresolute, incapable of deciding which alternative she should choose.

Lady Janet's voice, clear and resolute, penetrated into the room. She was reprimanding the servant who had answered the bell.

"Is it your duty in my house to look after the lamps?"

"Yes, my lady."

"And is it my duty to pay you your wages?"

"If you please, my lady."

"Why do I find the light in the hall dim, and the wick of that lamp smoking? I have not failed in my duty to You. Don't let me find you failing again in your duty to Me."

(Never had Lady Janet's voice sounded so sternly in Mercy's ear as it sounded now. If she spoke with that tone of severity to a servant who had neglected a lamp, what had her adopted daughter to expect when she discovered that her entreaties and her commands had been alike set at defiance?)

Having administered her reprimand, Lady Janet had not done with the servant yet. She had a question to put to him next.

"Where is Miss Roseberry?"

"In the library, my lady."

Mercy returned to the couch. She could

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stand no longer; she had not even resolution enough left to lift her eyes to the door.

Lady Janet came in more rapidly than usual. She advanced to the couch, and tapped Mercy playfully on the cheek with two of her fingers.

"You lazy child! Not dressed for dinner? Oh, fie, fie!"

Her tone was as playfully affectionate as the action which had accompanied her words. In speechless astonishment Mercy looked up at her.

Always remarkable for the taste and splendor of her dress, Lady Janet had on this occasion surpassed herself. There she stood revealed in her grandest velvet, her richest jewelry, her finest lace—with no one to entertain at the dinner-table but the ordinary members of the circle at Mablethorpe House. Noticing this as strange to begin with, Mercy further observed, for the first time in her experience, that Lady Janet's eyes avoided meeting hers. The old lady took her place companionably on the couch; she ridiculed her "lazy child's" plain dress, without an ornament of any sort on it, with her best grace; she affectionately put her arm round Mercy's waist, and rearranged with her own hand the disordered locks of Mercy's hair—but the instant Mercy herself looked at her, Lady Janet's eyes discovered something supremely interesting in the familiar objects that surrounded her on the library walls.

How were these changes to be interpreted? To what possible conclusion did they point?

Julian's profounder knowledge of human nature, if Julian had been present, might have found a clew to the mystery. *He* might have surmised (incredible as it was) that mercy's timidity before Lady Janet was fully reciprocated by Lady Janet's timidity before Mercy. It was even so. The woman whose immovable composure had conquered Grace Roseberry's utmost insolence in the hour of her triumph—the woman who, without once flinching, had faced every other consequence of her resolution to ignore Mercy's true position in the house—quailed for the first time when she found herself face to face with the very person for whom she had suffered and sacrificed so much. She had shrunk from the meeting with Mercy, as Mercy had shrunk from the meeting with *her*. The splendor of her dress meant simply that, when other excuses for delaying the meeting down stairs had all been exhausted, the excuse of a long and elaborate toilet had been tried next. Even the moments occupied in reprimanding the servant had been moments seized on as the pretext for another delay. The hasty entrance into the room, the nervous assumption of playfulness in language and manner, the evasive and wandering eyes, were all referable to the same cause. In the presence of others, Lady Janet had successfully silenced the protest of her own inbred delicacy and inbred sense of honor. In the presence of Mercy, whom she loved with a mother's love—in the presence of Mercy, for whom she had stooped to deliberate concealment of the truth—all that was high and noble in the woman's nature rose in her and rebuked her. What will the daughter of my adoption, the child of my first and last experience of maternal love, think of me, now that I have made myself an accomplice in the fraud of which she is ashamed? How can I look her in the face, when I have not hesitated, out of selfish consideration for my own tranquillity, to forbid that frank avowal of the truth which her finer sense of duty had spontaneously bound her to make? Those were the torturing questions in Lady Janet's mind, while her arm was wound affectionately round Mercy's waist, while her fingers were busying themselves familiarly with the arrangement of Mercy's hair. Thence, and thence only, sprang the impulse which set her talking, with an uneasy affectation of frivolity, of any topic within the range of conversation, so long as it related to the future, and completely ignored the present and the past.

"The winter here is unendurable," Lady Janet began. "I have been thinking, Grace, about what we had better do next."

Mercy started. Lady Janet had called her "Grace." Lady Janet was still deliberately assuming to be innocent of the faintest suspicion of the truth.

"No," resumed her ladyship, affecting to misunderstand Mercy's movement, "you are not to go up now and dress. There is no time, and I am quite ready to excuse you. You are a foil to me, my dear. You have reached the perfection of shabbiness. Ah! I remember when I had my whims and fancies too, and when I looked well in any thing I wore, just as you do. No more of that. As I was saying, I have been thinking and planning what we are to do. We really can't stay here. Cold one day, and hot the next—what a climate! As for society, what do we lose if we go away? There is no such thing as society now. Assemblies of well-dressed mobs meet at each other's houses, tear each other's clothes, tread on each other's toes. If you are particularly lucky you sit on the staircase, you get a tepid ice, and you hear vapid talk in slang phrases all round you. There is modern society. If we had a good opera, it would be something to stay in London for. Look at the programme for the season on that table—promising as much as possible on paper, and performing as little as possible on the stage. The same works, sung by the same singers year after year, to the same stupid people—in short, the dullest musical evenings in Europe. No! the more I think of it, the more plainly I perceive that there is but one sensi-

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ble choice before us: we must go abroad. Set that pretty head to work; choose north or south, east or west; it's all the same to me. Where shall we go?"

Mercy looked at her quickly as she put the question.

Lady Janet, more quickly yet, looked away at the programme of the opera-house. Still the same melancholy false pretenses! still the same useless and cruel delay! Incapable of enduring the position now forced upon her, Mercy put her hand into the pocket of her apron, and drew from it Lady Janet's letter.

"Will your ladyship forgive me," she began, in faint, faltering tones, "if I venture on a painful subject? I hardly dare acknowledge—" In spite of her resolution to speak out plainly, the memory of past love and past kindness prevailed with her; the next words died away on her lips. She could only hold up the letter.

Lady Janet declined to see the letter. Lady Janet suddenly became absorbed in the arrangement of her bracelets.

"I know what you daren't acknowledge, you foolish child!" she exclaimed. "You daren't acknowledge that you are tired of this dull house. My dear! I am entirely of your opinion—I am weary of my own magnificence; I long to be living in one snug little room, with one servant to wait on me. I'll tell you what we will do. We will go to Paris in the first place. My excellent Migliore, prince of couriers, shall be the only person in attendance. He shall take a lodging for us in one of the unfashionable quarters of Paris. We will rough it, Grace (to use the slang phrase), merely for a change. We will lead what they call a 'Bohemian life.' I know plenty of writers and painters and actors in Paris—the liveliest society in the world, my dear, until one gets tired of them. We will dine at the restaurant, and go to the play, and drive about in shabby little hired carriages. And when it begins to get monotonous (which it is only too sure to do!) we will spread our wings and fly to Italy, and cheat the winter in that way. There is a plan for you! Migliore is in town. I will send to him this evening, and we will start to-morrow."

Mercy made another effort.

"I entreat your ladyship to pardon me," she resumed. "I have something serious to say. I am afraid—"

"I understand! You are afraid of crossing the Channel, and you don't like to acknowledge it. Pooh! The passage barely lasts two hours; we will shut ourselves up in a private cabin. I will send at once—the courier may be engaged. Ring the bell."

"Lady Janet, I must submit to my hard lot. I can not hope to associate myself again with any future plans of yours—"

"What! you are afraid of our 'Bohemian life' in Paris? Observe this, Grace! If there is one thing I hate more than another, it is 'an old head on young shoulders.' I say no more. Ring the bell."

"This can not go on, Lady Janet! No words can say how unworthy I feel of your kindness, how ashamed I am—"

"Upon my honor, my dear, I agree with you. You *ought* to be ashamed, at your age, of making me get up to ring the bell."

Her obstinacy was immovable; she attempted to rise from the couch. But one choice was left to Mercy. She anticipated Lady Janet, and rang the bell.

The man-servant came in. He had his little letter-tray in his hand, with a card on it, and a sheet of paper beside the card, which looked like an open letter.

"You know where my courier lives when he is in London?" asked Lady Janet.

"Yes, my lady."

"Send one of the grooms to him on horseback; I am in a hurry. The courier is to come here without fail to-morrow morning—in time for the tidal train to Paris. You understand?"

"Yes, my lady."

"What have you got there? Any thing for me?"

"For Miss Roseberry, my lady."

As he answered, the man handed the card and the open letter to Mercy.

"The lady is waiting in the morning-room, miss. She wished me to say she has time to spare, and she will wait for you if you are not ready yet."

Having delivered his message in those terms, he withdrew.

Mercy read the name on the card. The matron had arrived! She looked at the letter next. It appeared to be a printed circular, with some lines in pencil added on the empty page. Printed lines and written lines swam before her eyes. She felt, rather than saw, Lady Janet's attention steadily and suspiciously fixed on her. With the matron's arrival the foredoomed end of the flimsy false pretenses and the cruel delays had come.

"A friend of yours, my dear?"

"Yes, Lady Janet."

"Am I acquainted with her?"

"I think not, Lady Janet."

"You appear to be agitated. Does your visitor bring bad news? Is there any thing that I can do for you?"

"You can add—immeasurably add, madam—to all your past kindness, if you will only bear with me and forgive me."

"Bear with you and forgive you? I don't understand."

"I will try to explain. Whatever else you may think of me, Lady Janet, for God's sake don't think me ungrateful!"

Lady Janet held up her hand for silence.

"I dislike explanations," she said, sharply. "Nobody ought to know that better

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than you. Perhaps the lady's letter will explain for you. Why have you not looked at it yet?"

"I am in great trouble, madam, as you noticed just now—"

"Have you any objection to my knowing who your visitor is?"

"No, Lady Janet."

"Let me look at her card, then."

Mercy gave the matron's card to Lady Janet, as she had given the matron's telegram to Horace.

Lady Janet read the name on the card—considered—decided that it was a name quite unknown to her—and looked next at the address: "Western District Refuge, Milburn Road."

"A lady connected with a Refuge?" she said, speaking to herself; "and calling here by appointment—if I remember the servant's message? A strange time to choose, if she has come for a subscription!"

She paused. Her brow contracted; her face hardened. A word from her would now have brought the interview to its inevitable end, and she refused to speak the word. To the last moment she persisted in ignoring the truth! Placing the card on the couch at her side, she pointed with her long yellow-white forefinger to the printed letter lying side by side with her own letter on Mercy's lap.

"Do you mean to read it, or not?" she asked.

Mercy lifted her eyes, fast filling with tears, to Lady Janet's face.

"May I beg that your ladyship will read it for me?" she said—and placed the matron's letter in Lady Janet's hand.

It was a printed circular announcing a new development in the charitable work of the Refuge. Subscribers were informed that it had been decided to extend the shelter and the training of the institution (thus far devoted to fallen women alone) so as to include destitute and helpless children found wandering in the streets. The question of the number of children to be thus rescued and protected was left dependent, as a matter of course, on the bounty of the friends of the Refuge, the cost of the maintenance of each one child being stated at the lowest possible rate. A list of influential persons who had increased their subscriptions so as to cover the cost, and a brief statement of the progress already made with the new work, completed the appeal, and brought the circular to its end.

The lines traced in pencil (in the matron's handwriting) followed on the blank page.

"Your letter tells me, my dear, that you would like—remembering your own childhood—to be employed when you return among us in saving other poor children left helpless on the world. Our circular will inform you that I am able to meet your wishes. My first errand this evening in your neighborhood was to take charge of a poor child—a little girl—who stands sadly in need of our care. I have ventured to bring her with me, thinking she might help to reconcile you to the coming change in your life. You will find us both waiting to go back with you to the old home. I write this instead of saying it, hearing from the servant that you are not alone, and being unwilling to intrude myself, as a stranger, on the lady of the house."

Lady Janet read the penciled lines, as she had read the printed sentences, aloud. Without a word of comment she laid the letter where she had laid the card; and, rising from her seat, stood for a moment in stern silence, looking at Mercy. The sudden change in her which the letter had produced—quietly as it had taken place—was terrible to see. On the frowning brow, in the flashing eyes, on the hardened lips, outraged love and outraged pride looked down on the lost woman, and said, as if in words, You have roused us at last.

"If that letter means any thing," she said, "it means you are about to leave my house. There can be but one reason for your taking such a step as that."

"It is the only atonement I can make, madam—"

"I see another letter on your lap. Is it *my* letter?"

"Yes."

"Have you read it?"

"I have read it."

"Have you seen Horace Holmcroft?"

"Yes."

"Have you told Horace Holmcroft—"

"Oh, Lady Janet—"

"Don't interrupt me. Have you told Horace Holmcroft what my letter positively forbade you to communicate, either to him or to any living creature? I want no protestations and excuses. Answer me instantly, and answer in one word—Yes, or No."

Not even that haughty language, not even those pitiless tones, could extinguish in Mercy's heart the sacred memories of past kindness and past love. She fell on her knees—her outstretched hands touched Lady Janet's dress. Lady Janet sharply drew her dress away, and sternly repeated her last words.

"Yes? or No?"

"Yes."

She had owned it at last! To this end Lady Janet had submitted to Grace Roseberry; had offended Horace Holmcroft; had stooped for the first time in her life to concealments and compromises that degraded her. After all that she had sacrificed and suffered, there Mercy knelt at her feet, self-convicted of violating her commands, trampling on her feelings, deserting her house! And who was the woman who had done this? The same woman who had perpetrated the fraud,

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and who had persisted in the fraud until her benefactress had descended to become her accomplice. Then, and then only, she had suddenly discovered that it was her sacred duty to tell the truth!

In proud silence the great lady met the blow that had fallen on her. In proud silence she turned her back on her adopted daughter and walked to the door.

Mercy made her last appeal to the kind friend whom she had offended—to the second mother whom she had loved.

"Lady Janet! Lady Janet! Don't leave me without a word. Oh, madam, try to feel for me a little! I am returning to a life of humiliation—the shadow of my old disgrace is falling on me once more. We shall never meet again. Even though I have not deserved it, let my repentance plead with you! Say you forgive me!"

Lady Janet turned round on the threshold of the door.

"I never forgive ingratitude," she said. "Go back to the Refuge."

The door opened, and closed on her. Mercy was alone again in the room.

Unforgiven by Horace, unforgiven by Lady Janet! She put her hands to her burning head, and tried to think. Oh, for the cool air of the night! Oh, for the friendly shelter of the Refuge! She could feel those sad longings in her: it was impossible to think.

She rang the bell—and shrank back the instant she had done it. Had *she* any right to take that liberty? She ought to have thought of it before she rang. Habit—all habit. How many hundreds of times she had rung the bell at Mablethorpe House!

The servant came in. She amazed the man—she spoke to him so timidly: she even apologized for troubling him!

"I am sorry to disturb you. Will you be so kind as to say to the lady that I am ready for her?"

"Wait to give that message," said a voice behind them, "until you hear the bell rung again."

Mercy looked round in amazement. Julian had returned to the library by the dining-room door.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE LAST TRIAL.

THE servant left them together. Mercy spoke first.

"Mr. Gray!" she exclaimed, "why have you delayed my message? If you knew all, you would know that it is far from being a kindness to me to keep me in this house."

He advanced closer to her—surprised by her words, alarmed by her looks.

"Has any one been here in my absence?" he asked.

"Lady Janet has been here in your absence. I can't speak of it—my heart feels crushed—I can bear no more. Let me go!"

Briefly as she had replied, she had said enough. Julian's knowledge of Lady Janet's character told him what had happened. His face showed plainly that he was disappointed as well as distressed.

"I had hoped to have been with you when you and my aunt met, and to have prevented this," he said. "Believe me, she will atone for all that she may have harshly and hastily done when she has had time to think. Try not to regret it, if she has made your hard sacrifice harder still. She has only raised you the higher—she has additionally ennobled you and endeared you in my estimation. Forgive me if I own this in plain words. I can not control myself—I feel too strongly."

At other times Mercy might have heard the coming avowal in his tones, might have discovered it in his eyes. As it was, her delicate insight was dulled, her fine perception was blunted. She held out her hand to him, feeling a vague conviction that he was kinder to her than ever—and feeling no more.

"I must thank you for the last time," she said. "As long as life is left, my gratitude will be a part of my life. Let me go. While I can still control myself, let me go!"

She tried to leave him, and ring the bell. He held her hand firmly and drew her closer to him.

"To the Refuge?" he asked.

"Yes," she said. "Home again!"

"Don't say that!" he exclaimed. "I can't bear to hear it. Don't call the Refuge your home!"

"What else is it? Where else can I go?"

"I have come here to tell you. I said, if you remember, I had something to propose."

She felt the fervent pressure of his hand; she saw the mounting enthusiasm flashing in his eyes. Her weary mind roused itself a little. She began to tremble under the electric influence of his touch.

"Something to propose?" she repeated. "What is there to propose?"

"Let me ask you a question on my side. What have you done to-day?"

"You know what I have done: it is your work," she answered, humbly. "Why return to it now?"

"I return to it for the last time; I return to it with a purpose which you will soon understand. You have abandoned your marriage engagement; you have forfeited Lady Janet's love; you have ruined all your worldly prospects; you are now returning, self-devoted, to a life which you have yourself described as a life without hope. And all this you have done of your own free-will—at a time when you are absolutely secure of your position in the house—for the sake of speaking the truth. Now tell me, is a woman who can make that sacrifice a woman

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who will prove unworthy of the trust if a man places in her keeping his honor and his name?"

She understood him at last. She broke away from him with a cry. She stood with her hands clasped, trembling and looking at him.

He gave her no time to think. The words poured from his lips without conscious will or conscious effort of his own.

"Mercy, from the first moment when I saw you I loved you! You are free; I may own it; I may ask you to be my wife!"

She drew back from him farther and farther, with a wild imploring gesture of her hand.

"No! no!" she cried. "Think of what you are saying! think of what you would sacrifice! It can not, must not be."

His face darkened with a sudden dread. His head fell on his breast. His voice sank so low that she could barely hear it.

"I had forgotten something," he said. "You have reminded me of it."

She ventured back a little nearer to him. "Have I offended you?"

He smiled sadly. "You have enlightened me. I had forgotten that it doesn't follow, because I love you, that you should love me in return. Say that it is so, Mercy, and I leave you."

A faint tinge of color rose on her face—then left it again paler than ever. Her eyes looked downward timidly under the eager gaze that he fastened on her.

"How *can* I say so?" she answered, simply. "Where is the woman in my place whose heart could resist you?"

He eagerly advanced; he held out his arms to her in breathless, speechless joy. She drew back from him once more with a look that horrified him—a look of blank despair.

"Am *I* fit to be your wife?" she asked. "Must *I* remind you of what you owe to your high position, your spotless integrity, your famous name? Think of all that you have done for me, and then think of the black ingratitude of it if I ruin you for life by consenting to our marriage—if I selfishly, cruelly, wickedly, drag you down to the level of a woman like me!"

"I raise you to *my* level when I make you my wife," he answered. "For Heaven's sake do me justice! Don't refer me to the world and its opinions. It rests with you, and you alone, to make the misery or the happiness of my life. The world! Good God! what can the world give me in exchange for You?"

She clasped her hands imploringly; the tears flowed fast over her cheeks.

"Oh, have pity on my weakness!" she cried. "Kindest, best of men, help me to do my hard duty toward you! It is *so* hard, after all that I have suffered—when my heart is yearning for peace and happiness and love!" She checked herself, shuddering at the words that had escaped her. "Remember how Mr. Holmcroft has used me! Remember how Lady Janet has left me! Remember what I have told you of my life! The scorn of every creature you know would strike at you through me. No! no! no! Not a word more. Spare me! pity me! leave me!"

Her voice failed her; sobs choked her utterance. He sprang to her and took her in his arms. She was incapable of resisting him; but there was no yielding in her. Her head lay on his bosom, passive—horribly passive, like the head of a corpse.

"Mercy! My darling! We will go away—we will leave England—we will take refuge among new people, in a new world—I will change my name—I will break with relatives, friends, every body. Any thing, any thing, rather than lose you!"

She lifted her head slowly and looked at him.

He suddenly released her; he reeled back like a man staggered by a blow, and dropped into a chair. Before she had uttered a word he saw the terrible resolution in her face—Death, rather than yield to her own weakness and disgrace him.

She stood with her hands lightly clasped in front of her. Her grand head was raised; her soft gray eyes shone again undimmed by tears. The storm of emotion had swept over her and had passed away. A sad tranquillity was in her face; a gentle resignation was in her voice. The calm of a martyr was the calm that confronted him as she spoke her last words.

"A woman who has lived my life, a woman who has suffered what I have suffered, may love you—as *I* love you—but she must not be your wife. *That* place is too high above her. Any other place is too far below her and below you." She paused, and advancing to the bell, gave the signal for her departure. That done, she slowly retraced her steps until she stood at Julian's side.

Tenderly she lifted his head and laid it for a moment on her bosom. Silently she stooped and touched his forehead with her lips. All the gratitude that filled her heart and all the sacrifice that rent it were in those two actions—so modestly, so tenderly performed! As the last lingering pressure of her fingers left him, Julian burst into tears.

The servant answered the bell. At the moment when he opened the door a woman's voice was audible in the hall speaking to him.

"Let the child go in," the voice said. "I will wait here."

The child appeared—the same forlorn little creature who had reminded Mercy of her own early years on the day when she and Horace Holmcroft had been out for their walk.

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There was no beauty in *this* child; no halo of romance brightened the commonplace horror of her story. She came cringing into the room, staring stupidly at the magnificence all round her—the daughter of the London streets! the pet creation of the laws of political economy! the savage and terrible product of a worn-out system of government and of a civilization rotten to its core! Cleaned for the first time in her life, fed sufficiently for the first time in her life, dressed in clothes instead of rags for the first time in her life, Mercy's sister in adversity crept fearfully over the beautiful carpet, and stopped wonder-struck before the marbles of an inlaid table—a blot of mud on the splendor of the room.

Mercy turned from Julian to meet the child. The woman's heart, hungering in its horrible isolation for something that it might harmlessly love, welcomed the rescued waif of the streets as a consolation sent from God. She caught the stupefied little creature up in her arms. "Kiss me!" she whispered, in the reckless agony of the moment. "Call me sister!" The child stared vacantly. Sister meant nothing to her mind but an older girl who was strong enough to beat her.

She put the child down again, and turned for a last look at the man whose happiness she had wrecked—in pity to *him*.

He had never moved. His head was down; his face was hidden. She went back to him a few steps.

"The others have gone from me without one kind word. Can *you* forgive me?"

He held out his hand to her without looking up. Sorely as she had wounded him, his generous nature understood her. True to her from the first, *he* was true to her still.

"God bless and comfort you," he said, in broken tones. "The earth holds no nobler woman than you."

She knelt and kissed the kind hand that pressed hers for the last time. "It doesn't end with this world," she whispered: "there is a better world to come!" Then she rose, and went back to the child. Hand in hand the two citizens of the Government of God—outcasts of the Government of Man—passed slowly down the length of the room. Then out into the hall. Then out into the night. The heavy clang of the closing door tolled the knell of their departure. They were gone.

But the orderly routine of the house—inexorable as death—pursued its appointed course. As the clock struck the hour the dinner-bell rang. An interval of a minute passed, and marked the limit of delay. The butler appeared at the dining-room door.

"Dinner is served, Sir."

Julian looked up. The empty room met his eyes. Something white lay on the carpet close by him. It was her handkerchief—wet with her tears. He took it up and pressed it to his lips. Was that to be the last of her? Had she left him forever?

The native energy of the man, arming itself with all the might of his love, kindled in him again. No! While life was in him, while time was before him, there was the hope of winning her yet!

He turned to the servant, reckless of what his face might betray.

"Where is Lady Janet?"

"In the dining-room, Sir."

He reflected for a moment. His own influence had failed. Through what other influence could he now hope to reach her? As the question crossed his mind the light broke on him. He saw the way back to her—through the influence of Lady Janet.

"Her ladyship is waiting, Sir."

Julian entered the dining-room.

EPILOGUE:

CONTAINING SELECTIONS FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF MISS GRACE ROSEBERRY AND MR. HORACE HOLMCROFT; TO WHICH ARE ADDED EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF THE REVEREND JULIAN GRAY.

I.

From MR. HORACE HOLMCROFT *to* MISS GRACE ROSEBERRY.

"I HASTEN to thank you, dear Miss Roseberry, for your last kind letter, received by yesterday's mail from Canada. Believe me, I appreciate your generous readiness to pardon and forget what I so rudely said to you at a time when the arts of an adventuress had blinded me to the truth. In the grace which has forgiven me I recognize the inbred sense of justice of a true lady. Birth and breeding can never fail to assert themselves: I believe in them, thank God, more firmly than ever.

"You ask me to keep you informed of the progress of Julian Gray's infatuation, and of the course of conduct pursued toward him by Mercy Merrick.

"If you had not favored me by explaining your object, I might have felt some surprise at receiving from a lady in your position such a request as this. But the motives by which you describe yourself as being actuated are beyond dispute. The existence of Society, as you truly say, is threatened by the present lamentable prevalence of Liberal ideas throughout the length and breadth of the land. We can only hope to protect ourselves against impostors interested in gaining a position among persons of our rank by becoming in some sort (unpleasant as it may be) familiar with the arts by which imposture too frequently succeeds. If we wish to know to what daring lengths cunning can go, to what pitiable self-delusion credulity

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can consent, we must watch the proceedings —even while we shrink from them—of a Mercy Merrick and a Julian Gray.

"In taking up my narrative again, where my last letter left off, I must venture to set you right on one point.

"Certain expressions which have escaped your pen suggest to me that you blame Julian Gray as the cause of Lady Janet's regretable visit to the Refuge the day after Mercy Merrick had left her house. This is not quite correct. Julian, as you will presently see, has enough to answer for without being held responsible for errors of judgment in which he has had no share. Lady Janet (as she herself told me) went to the Refuge of her own free-will to ask Mercy Merrick's pardon for the language which she had used on the previous day. 'I passed a night of such misery as no words can describe'—this, I assure you, is what her ladyship really said to me—'thinking over what my vile pride and selfishness and obstinacy had made me say and do. I would have gone down on my knees to beg her pardon if she would have let me. My first happy moment was when I won her consent to come and visit me sometimes at Mablethorpe House.'

"You will, I am sure, agree with me that such extravagance as this is to be pitied rather than blamed. How sad to see the decay of the faculties with advancing age! It is a matter of grave anxiety to consider how much longer poor Lady Janet can be trusted to manage her own affairs. I shall take an opportunity of touching on the matter delicately when I next see her lawyer.

"I am straying from my subject. And—is it not strange?—I am writing to you as confidentially as if we were old friends.

"To return to Julian Gray. Innocent of instigating his aunt's first visit to the Refuge, he is guilty of having induced her to go there for the second time the day after I had dispatched my last letter to you. Lady Janet's object on this occasion was neither more nor less than to plead her nephew's cause as humble suitor for the hand of Mercy Merrick. Imagine the descendant of one of the oldest families in England inviting an adventuress in a Refuge to honor a clergyman of the Church of England by becoming his wife! In what times do we live! My dear mother shed tears of shame when she heard of it. How you would love and admire my mother!

"I dined at Mablethorpe House by previous appointment on the day when Lady Janet returned from her degrading errand.

"'Well?' I said, waiting, of course, until the servant was out of the room.

"'Well,' Lady Janet answered, 'Julian was quite right.'

"'Quite right in what?'

"'In saying that the earth holds no nobler woman than Mercy Merrick.'

"'Has she refused him again?'

"'She has refused him again.'

"'Thank God!' I felt it fervently, and I said it fervently. Lady Janet laid down her knife and fork, and fixed one of her fierce looks on me.

"'It may not be your fault, Horace,' she said, 'if your nature is incapable of comprehending what is great and generous in other natures higher than yours. But the least you can do is to distrust your own capacity of appreciation. For the future keep your opinions (on questions which you don't understand) modestly to yourself. I have a tenderness for you for your father's sake; and I take the most favorable view of your conduct toward Mercy Merrick. I humanely consider it the conduct of a fool.' (Her own words, Miss Roseberry. I assure you once more, her own words.) 'But don't trespass too far on my indulgence—don't insinuate again that a woman who is good enough (if she died this night) to go to heaven, is *not* good enough to be my nephew's wife.'

"I expressed to you my conviction a little way back that it was doubtful whether poor Lady Janet would be much longer competent to manage her own affairs. Perhaps you thought me hasty then? What do you think now?

"It was, of course, useless to reply seriously to the extraordinary reprimand that I had received. Besides, I was really shocked by a decay of principle which proceeded but too plainly from decay of the mental powers. I made a soothing and respectful reply, and I was favored in return with some account of what had really happened at the Refuge. My mother and my sisters were disgusted when I repeated the particulars to them. You will be disgusted too.

"The interesting penitent (expecting Lady Janet's visit) was, of course, discovered in a touching domestic position! She had a foundling baby asleep on her lap; and she was teaching the alphabet to an ugly little vagabond girl whose acquaintance she had first made in the street. Just the sort of artful *tableau vivant* to impose on an old lady —was it not?

"You will understand what followed, when Lady Janet opened her matrimonial negotiation. Having perfected herself in her part, Mercy Merrick, to do her justice, was not the woman to play it badly. The most magnanimous sentiments flowed from her lips. She declared that her future life was devoted to acts of charity, typified, of course, by the foundling infant and the ugly little girl. However she might personally suffer, whatever might be the sacrifice of her own feelings—observe how artfully this was put, to insinuate that she was herself in love with him!—she could not accept from Mr. Julian Gray an honor of which she was unworthy.

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Her gratitude to him and her interest in him alike forbade her to compromise his brilliant future by consenting to a marriage which would degrade him in the estimation of all his friends. She thanked him (with tears); she thanked Lady Janet (with more tears); but she dare not, in the interests of *his* honor and *his* happiness, accept the hand that he offered to her. God bless and comfort him; and God help her to bear with her hard lot!

"The object of this contemptible comedy is plain enough to my mind. She is simply holding off (Julian, as you know, is a poor man) until the influence of Lady Janet's persuasion is backed by the opening of Lady Janet's purse. In one word—Settlements! But for the profanity of the woman's language, and the really lamentable credulity of the poor old lady, the whole thing would make a fit subject for a burlesque.

"But the saddest part of the story is still to come.

"In due course of time the lady's decision was communicated to Julian Gray. He took leave of his senses on the spot. Can you believe it?—he has resigned his curacy! At a time when the church is thronged every Sunday to hear him preach, this madman shuts the door and walks out of the pulpit. Even Lady Janet was not far enough gone in folly to abet him in this. She remonstrated, like the rest of his friends. Perfectly useless! He had but one answer to every thing they could say: 'My career is closed.' What stuff!

"You will ask, naturally enough, what this perverse man is going to do next. I don't scruple to say that he is bent on committing suicide. Pray do not be alarmed! There is no fear of the pistol, the rope, or the river. Julian is simply courting death—within the limits of the law.

"This is strong language, I know. You shall hear what the facts are, and judge for yourself.

"Having resigned his curacy, his next proceeding was to offer his services, as volunteer, to a new missionary enterprise on the West Coast of Africa. The persons at the head of the Mission proved, most fortunately, to have a proper sense of their duty. Expressing their conviction of the value of Julian's assistance in the most handsome terms, they made it nevertheless a condition of entertaining his proposal that he should submit to examination by a competent medical man. After some hesitation he consented to this. The doctor's report was conclusive. In Julian's present state of health the climate of West Africa would in all probability kill him in three months' time.

"Foiled in his first attempt, he addressed himself next to a London Mission. Here it was impossible to raise the question of climate; and here, I grieve to say, he has succeeded.

"He is now working—in other words, he is now deliberately risking his life—in the Mission to Green Anchor Fields. The district known by this name is situated in a remote part of London, near the Thames. It is notoriously infested by the most desperate and degraded set of wretches in the whole metropolitan population, and it is so thickly inhabited that it is hardly ever completely free from epidemic disease. In this horrible place, and among these dangerous people, Julian is now employing himself from morning to night. None of his old friends ever see him. Since he joined the Mission he has not even called on Lady Janet Roy.

"My pledge is redeemed—the facts are before you. Am I wrong in taking my gloomy view of the prospect? I can not forget that this unhappy man was once my friend; and I really see no hope for him in the future. Deliberately self-exposed to the violence of ruffians and the outbreak of disease, who is to extricate him from his shocking position? The one person who can do it is the person whose association with him would be his ruin—Mercy Merrick. Heaven only knows what disasters it may be my painful duty to communicate to you in my next letter!

"You are so kind as to ask me to tell you something about myself and my plans.

"I have very little to say on either head. After what I have suffered—my feelings trampled on, my confidence betrayed—I am as yet hardly capable of deciding what I shall do. Returning to my old profession—to the army—is out of the question, in these leveling days, when any obscure person who can pass an examination may call himself my brother officer, and may one day perhaps command me as my superior in rank. If I think of any career, it is the career of diplomacy. Birth and breeding have not quite disappeared as essential qualifications in *that* branch of the public service. But I have decided nothing as yet.

"My mother and sisters, in the event of your returning to England, desire me to say that it will afford them the greatest pleasure to make your acquaintance. Sympathizing with me, they do not forget what you too have suffered. A warm welcome awaits you when you pay your first visit at our house. Most truly yours,

"HORACE HOLMCROFT."

II.

From MISS GRACE ROSEBERRY *to* MR. HORACE HOLMCROFT.

"DEAR MR. HOLMCROFT,—I snatch a few moments from my other avocations to thank you for your most interesting and delightful letter. How well you describe, how accurately you judge! If Literature stood a little higher as a profession, I should almost advise you—but no! if you entered Litera-

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ture, how could *you* associate with the people whom you would be likely to meet?

"Between ourselves, I always thought Mr. Julian Gray an overrated man. I will not say he has justified my opinion. I will only say I pity him. But, dear Mr. Holmcroft, how can you, with your sound judgment, place the sad alternatives now before him on the same level? To die in Green Anchor Fields, or to fall into the clutches of that vile wretch—is there any comparison between the two? Better a thousand times die at the post of duty than marry Mercy Merrick.

"As I have written the creature's name, I may add—so as to have all the sooner done with the subject—that I shall look with anxiety for your next letter. Do not suppose that I feel the smallest curiosity about this degraded and designing woman. My interest in her is purely religious. To persons of my devout turn of mind she is an awful warning. When I feel Satan near me—it will be *such* a means of grace to think of Mercy Merrick!

"Poor Lady Janet! I noticed those signs of mental decay to which you so feelingly allude at the last interview I had with her in Mablethorpe House. If you can find an opportunity, will you say that I wish her well, here and hereafter? and will you please add that I do not omit to remember her in my prayers?

"There is just a chance of my visiting England toward the close of the autumn. My fortunes have changed since I wrote last. I have been received as reader and companion by a lady who is the wife of one of our high judicial functionaries in this part of the world. I do not take much interest in *him;* he is what they call a 'self-made man.' His wife is charming. Besides being a person of highly intellectual tastes, she is greatly her husband's superior—as you will understand when I tell you that she is related to the Gommerys of Pommery; *not* the Pommerys of Gommery, who (as your knowledge of our old families will inform you) only claim kindred with the younger branch of that ancient race.

"In the elegant and improving companionship which I now enjoy I should feel quite happy but for one drawback. The climate of Canada is not favorable to my kind patroness, and her medical advisers recommend her to winter in London. In this event, I am to have the privilege of accompanying her. Is it necessary to add that my first visit will be paid at your house? I feel already united by sympathy to your mother and your sisters. There is a sort of freemasonry among gentlewomen, is there not? With best thanks and remembrances, and many delightful anticipations of your next letter, believe me, dear Mr. Holmcroft,

"Truly yours, GRACE ROSEBERRY."

III.

From MR. HORACE HOLMCROFT *to* MISS GRACE ROSEBERRY.

"MY DEAR MISS ROSEBERRY,—Pray excuse my long silence. I have waited for mail after mail, in the hope of being able to send you some good news at last. It is useless to wait longer. My worst forebodings have been realized: my painful duty compels me to write a letter which will surprise and shock you.

"Let me describe events in their order as they happened. In this way I may hope to gradually prepare your mind for what is to come.

"About three weeks after I wrote to you last, Julian Gray paid the penalty of his headlong rashness. I do not mean that he suffered any actual violence at the hands of the people among whom he had cast his lot. On the contrary, he succeeded, incredible as it may appear, in producing a favorable impression on the ruffians about him. As I understand it, they began by respecting his courage in venturing among them alone; and they ended in discovering that he was really interested in promoting their welfare. It is to the other peril, indicated in my last letter, that he has fallen a victim—the peril of disease. Not long after he began his labors in the district, fever broke out. We only heard that Julian had been struck down by the epidemic when it was too late to remove him from the lodging that he occupied in the neighborhood. I made inquiries personally the moment the news reached us. The doctor in attendance refused to answer for his life.

"In this alarming state of things poor Lady Janet, impulsive and unreasonable as usual, insisted on leaving Mablethorpe House and taking up her residence near her nephew.

"Finding it impossible to persuade her of the folly of removing from home and its comforts at her age, I felt it my duty to accompany her. We found accommodation (such as it was) in a river-side inn, used by ship-captains and commercial travelers. I took it on myself to provide the best medical assistance, Lady Janet's insane prejudices against doctors impelling her to leave this important part of the arrangements entirely in my hands.

"It is needless to weary you by entering into details on the subject of Julian's illness.

"The fever pursued the ordinary course, and was characterized by the usual intervals of delirium and exhaustion succeeding each other. Subsequent events, which it is, unfortunately, necessary to relate to you, leave me no choice but to dwell (as briefly as possible) on the painful subject of the delirium. In other cases the wanderings of fever-strick-

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en people present, I am told, a certain variety of range. In Julian's case they were limited to one topic. He talked incessantly of Mercy Merrick. His invariable petition to his medical attendants entreated them to send for her to nurse him. Day and night that one idea was in his mind, and that one name on his lips.

"The doctors naturally made inquiries as to this absent person. I was obliged (in confidence) to state the circumstances to them plainly.

"The eminent physician whom I had called in to superintend the treatment behaved admirably. Though he has risen from the lower order of the people, he has, strange to say, the instincts of a gentleman. He thoroughly understood our trying position, and felt all the importance of preventing such a person as Mercy Merrick from seizing the opportunity of intruding herself at the bedside. A soothing prescription (I have his own authority for saying it) was all that was required to meet the patient's case. The local doctor, on the other hand, a young man (and evidently a red-hot radical), proved to be obstinate, and, considering his position, insolent as well. 'I have nothing to do with the lady's character and with your opinion of it,' he said to me. 'I have only, to the best of my judgment, to point out to you the likeliest means of saving the patient's life. Our art is at the end of its resources. Send for Mercy Merrick, no matter who she is or what she is. There is just a chance — especially if she proves to be a sensible person and a good nurse—that he may astonish you all by recognizing her. In that case only, his recovery is probable. If you persist in disregarding his entreaties, if you let the delirium go on for four-and-twenty hours more, he is a dead man.'

"Lady Janet was, most unluckily, present when this impudent opinion was delivered at the bedside.

"Need I tell you the sequel? Called upon to choose between the course indicated by a physician who is making his five thousand a year, and who is certain of the next medical baronetcy, and the advice volunteered by an obscure general practitioner at the East End of London, who is not making his five hundred a year—need I stop to inform you of her ladyship's decision? You know her; and you will only too well understand that her next proceeding was to pay a third visit to the Refuge.

"Two hours later—I give you my word of honor I am not exaggerating—Mercy Merrick was established at Julian's bedside.

"The excuse, of course, was that it was her duty not to let any private scruples of her own stand in the way, when a medical authority had declared that she might save the patient's life. You will not be surprised to hear that I withdrew from the scene. The physician followed my example—after having written his soothing prescription, and having been grossly insulted by the local practitioner's refusal to make use of it. I went back in the doctor's carriage. He spoke most feelingly and properly. Without giving any positive opinion, I could see that he had abandoned all hope of Julian's recovery. 'We are in the hands of Providence, Mr. Holmcroft;' those were his last words as he set me down at my mother's door.

"I have hardly the heart to go on. If I studied my own wishes, I should feel inclined to stop here.

"Let me at least hasten to the end. In two or three days' time I received my first intelligence of the patient and his nurse. Lady Janet informed me that he had recognized her. When I heard this I felt prepared for what was to come. The next report announced that he was gaining strength, and the next that he was out of danger. Upon this Lady Janet returned to Mablethorpe House. I called there a week ago—and heard that he had been removed to the seaside. I called yesterday—and received the latest information from her ladyship's own lips. My pen almost refuses to write it. Mercy Merrick has consented to marry him!

"An Outrage on Society—that is how my mother and my sisters view it; that is how *you* will view it too. My mother has herself struck Julian's name off her invitation list. The servants have their orders, if he presumes to call: 'Not at home.'

"I am unhappily only too certain that I am correct in writing to you of this disgraceful marriage as of a settled thing. Lady Janet went the length of showing me the letters—one from Julian, the other from the woman herself. Fancy Mercy Merrick in correspondence with Lady Janet Roy! addressing her as 'My dear Lady Janet,' and signing, 'Yours affectionately!'

"I had not the patience to read either of the letters through. Julian's tone is the tone of a Socialist: in my opinion his bishop ought to be informed of it. As for *her*, she plays her part just as cleverly with her pen as she played it with her tongue. 'I can not disguise from myself that I am wrong in yielding.....Sad forebodings fill my mind when I think of the future.....I feel as if the first contemptuous look that is cast at my husband will destroy *my* happiness, though it may not disturb *him*.....As long as I was parted from him I could control my own weakness, I could accept my hard lot. But how can I resist him after having watched for weeks at his bedside; after having seen his first smile, and heard his first grateful words to me while I was slowly helping him back to life?'

"There is the tone which she takes through four closely written pages of nauseous humil-

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ity and clap-trap sentiment! It is enough to make one despise women. Thank God, there is the contrast at hand to remind me of what is due to the better few among the sex. I feel that my mother and my sisters are doubly precious to me now. May I add, on the side of consolation, that I prize with hardly inferior gratitude the privilege of corresponding with *you*?

"Farewell for the present. I am too rudely shaken in my most cherished convictions, I am too depressed and disheartened, to write more. All good wishes go with you, dear Miss Roseberry, until we meet.

"Most truly yours,

"HORACE HOLMCROFT."

IV.

Extracts from the DIARY *of* THE REVEREND JULIAN GRAY.

FIRST EXTRACT.

....."A month to-day since we were married! I have only one thing to say: I would cheerfully go through all that I have suffered to live this one month over again. I never knew what happiness was until now. And better still, I have persuaded Mercy that it is all her doing. I have scattered her misgivings to the winds; she is obliged to submit to evidence, and to own that she *can* make the happiness of my life.

"We go back to London to-morrow. She regrets leaving the tranquil retirement of this remote sea-side place — she dreads change. I care nothing for it. It is all one to me where I go, so long as my wife is with me."

SECOND EXTRACT.

"The first cloud has risen. I entered the room unexpectedly just now, and found her in tears.

"With considerable difficulty I persuaded her to tell me what had happened. Are there any limits to the mischief that can be done by the tongue of a foolish woman? The landlady at my lodgings is the woman, in this case. Having no decided plans for the future as yet, we returned (most unfortunately, as the event has proved) to the rooms in London which I inhabited in my bachelor days. They are still mine for six weeks to come, and Mercy was unwilling to let me incur the expense of taking her to a hotel. At breakfast this morning I rashly congratulated myself (in my wife's hearing) on finding that a much smaller collection than usual of letters and cards had accumulated in my absence. Breakfast over, I was obliged to go out. Painfully sensitive, poor thing, to any change in my experience of the little world around me which it is possible to connect with the event of my marriage, Mercy questioned the landlady, in my absence, about the diminished number of my visitors and my correspondents. The woman seized the opportunity of gossiping about me and my affairs, and my wife's quick perception drew the right conclusion unerringly. My marriage has decided certain wise heads of families on discontinuing their social relations with me. The facts, unfortunately, speak for themselves. People who in former years habitually called upon me and invited me—or who, in the event of my absence, habitually wrote to me at this season—have abstained with a remarkable unanimity from calling, inviting, or writing now.

"It would have been sheer waste of time —to say nothing of its also implying a want of confidence in my wife—if I had attempted to set things right by disputing Mercy's conclusion. I could only satisfy her that not so much as the shadow of disappointment or mortification rested on *my* mind. In this way I have, to some extent, succeeded in composing my poor darling. But the wound has been inflicted, and the wound is felt. There is no disguising *that* result. I must face it boldly.

"Trifling as this incident is in my estimation, it has decided me on one point already. In shaping my future course I am now resolved to act on my own convictions—in preference to taking the well-meant advice of such friends as are still left to me.

"All my little success in life has been gained in the pulpit. I am what is termed a popular preacher—but I have never, in my secret self, felt any exultation in my own notoriety, or any extraordinary respect for the means by which it has been won. In the first place, I have a very low idea of the importance of oratory as an intellectual accomplishment. There is no other art in which the conditions of success are so easy of attainment; there is no other art in the practice of which so much that is purely superficial passes itself off habitually for something that claims to be profound. Then, again, how poor it is in the results which it achieves! Take my own case. How often (for example) have I thundered with all my heart and soul against the wicked extravagance of dress among women—against their filthy false hair, and their nauseous powders and paints! How often (to take another example) have I denounced the mercenary and material spirit of the age—the habitual corruptions and dishonesties of commerce, in high places and in low! What good have I done? I have delighted the very people whom it was my object to rebuke. 'What a charming sermon!' 'More eloquent than ever!' 'I used to dread the sermon at the other church—do you know, I quite look forward to it now.' That is the effect I produce on Sunday. On Monday the women are off to the milliners to spend more money than ever; the City men are off to business to make more money than ever

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—while my grocer, loud in my praises in his Sunday coat, turns up his week-day sleeves and adulterates his favorite preacher's sugar as cheerfully as usual!

"I have often, in past years, felt the objections to pursuing my career which are here indicated. They were bitterly present to my mind when I resigned my curacy, and they strongly influence me now.

"I am weary of my cheaply won success in the pulpit. I am weary of society as I find it in my time. I felt some respect for myself, and some heart and hope in my work, among the miserable wretches in Green Anchor Fields. But I can not, and must not, return among them: I have no right, *now*, to trifle with my health and my life. I must go back to my preaching, or I must leave England. Among a primitive people, away from the cities—in the far and fertile West of the great American continent—I might live happily with my wife, and do good among my neighbors, secure of providing for our wants out of the modest little income which is almost useless to me here. In the life which I thus picture to myself I see love, peace, health, and duties and occupations that are worthy of a Christian man. What prospect is before me if I take the advice of my friends and stay here? Work of which I am weary, because I have long since ceased to respect it; petty malice that strikes at me through my wife, and mortifies and humiliates her, turn where she may. If I had only myself to think of, I might defy the worst that malice can do. But I have Mercy to think of—Mercy, whom I love better than my own life! Women live, poor things, in the opinions of others. I have had one warning already of what my wife is likely to suffer at the hands of my 'friends'—Heaven forgive me for misusing the word! Shall I deliberately expose her to fresh mortifications?—and this for the sake of returning to a career the rewards of which I no longer prize? No! We will both be happy—we will both be free! God is merciful, Nature is kind, Love is true, in the New World as well as the Old. To the New World we will go!"

THIRD EXTRACT.

"I hardly know whether I have done right or wrong. I mentioned yesterday to Lady Janet the cold reception of me on my return to London, and the painful sense of it felt by my wife.

"My aunt looks at the matter from her own peculiar point of view, and makes light of it accordingly. 'You never did, and never will, understand Society, Julian,' said her ladyship. 'These poor stupid people simply don't know what to do. They are waiting to be told by a person of distinction whether they are, or are not, to recognize your marriage. In plain English, they are waiting to be led by Me. Consider it done. I will lead them.'

"I thought my aunt was joking. The event of to-day has shown me that she is terribly in earnest. Lady Janet has issued invitations for one of her grand balls at Mablethorpe House; and she has caused the report to be circulated every where that the object of the festival is 'to celebrate the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Julian Gray!'

"I at first refused to be present. To my amazement, however, Mercy sides with my aunt. She reminds me of all that we both owe to Lady Janet; and she has persuaded me to alter my mind. We are to go to the ball—at my wife's express request!

"The meaning of this, as I interpret it, is that my poor love is still pursued in secret by the dread that my marriage has injured me in the general estimation. She will suffer any thing, risk any thing, believe any thing, to be freed from that one haunting doubt. Lady Janet predicts a social triumph; and my wife's despair—not my wife's conviction—accepts the prophecy. As for me, I am prepared for the result. It will end in our going to the New World, and trying Society in its infancy, among the forests and the plains. I shall quietly prepare for our departure, and own what I have done at the right time—that is to say, when the ball is over."

FOURTH EXTRACT.

"I have met with the man for my purpose—an old college friend of mine, now partner in a firm of ship-owners, largely concerned in emigration.

"One of their vessels sails for America, from the port of London, in a fortnight, touching at Plymouth. By a fortunate coincidence, Lady Janet's ball takes place in a fortnight. I see my way.

"Helped by the kindness of my friend, I have arranged to have a cabin kept in reserve, on payment of a small deposit. If the ball ends (as I believe it will) in new mortifications for Mercy—do what they may, I defy them to mortify *me*—I have only to say the word by telegraph, and we shall catch the ship at Plymouth.

"I know the effect it will have when I break the news to her, but I am prepared with my remedy. The pages of my diary, written in past years, will show plainly enough that it is not *she* who is driving me away from England. She will see the longing in me for other work and other scenes expressing itself over and over again long before the time when we first met."

FIFTH EXTRACT.

"Mercy's ball dress—a present from kind Lady Janet—is finished. I was allowed to see the first trial, or preliminary rehearsal, of this work of art. I don't in the least un-

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derstand the merits of silk and lace; but one thing I know—my wife will be the most beautiful woman at the ball.

"The same day I called on Lady Janet to thank her, and encountered a new revelation of the wayward and original character of my dear old aunt.

"She was on the point of tearing up a letter when I went into her room. Seeing me, she suspended her purpose and handed me the letter. It was in Mercy's handwriting. Lady Janet pointed to a passage on the last page. 'Tell your wife, with my love,' she said, 'that I am the most obstinate woman of the two. I positively refuse to read her, as I positively refuse to listen to her, whenever she attempts to return to that one subject. Now give me the letter back.' I gave it back, and saw it torn up before my face. The 'one subject' prohibited to Mercy as sternly as ever is still the subject of the personation of Grace Roseberry! Nothing could have been more naturally introduced, or more delicately managed, than my wife's brief reference to the subject. No matter. The reading of the first line was enough. Lady Janet shut her eyes and destroyed the letter—Lady Janet is determined to live and die absolutely ignorant of the true story of 'Mercy Merrick.' What unanswerable riddles we are! Is it wonderful if we perpetually fail to understand one another?"

SIXTH EXTRACT.

"The morning after the ball.

"It is done and over. Society has beaten Lady Janet. I have neither patience nor time to write at length of it. We leave for Plymouth by the afternoon express.

"We were rather late in arriving at the ball. The magnificent rooms were filling fast. Walking through them with my wife, she drew my attention to a circumstance which I had not noticed at the time. 'Julian,' she said, 'look round among the ladies, and tell me if you see any thing strange.' As I looked round the band began playing a waltz. I observed that a few people only passed by us to the dancing-room. I noticed next that of those few fewer still were young. At last it burst upon me. With certain exceptions (so rare as to prove the rule), there were no young girls at Lady Janet's ball. I took Mercy at once back to the reception-room. Lady Janet's face showed that she too was aware of what had happened. The guests were still arriving. We received the men and their wives, the men and their mothers, the men and their grandmothers—but, in place of their unmarried daughters, elaborate excuses, offered with a shameless politeness wonderful to see. Yes! This was how the matrons in high life had got over the difficulty of meeting Mrs. Julian Gray at Lady Janet's house.

"Let me do strict justice to every one. The ladies who *were* present showed the needful respect for their hostess. They did their duty—no, overdid it, is perhaps the better phrase.

"I really had no adequate idea of the coarseness and rudeness which have filtered their way through society in these later times until I saw the reception accorded to my wife. The days of prudery and prejudice are days gone by. Excessive amiability and excessive liberality are the two favorite assumptions of the modern generation. To see the women expressing their liberal forgetfulness of my wife's misfortunes, and the men their amiable anxiety to encourage her husband; to hear the same set phrases repeated in every room—'So charmed to make your acquaintance, Mrs. Gray; so *much* obliged to dear Lady Janet for giving us this opportunity!—Julian, old man, what a beautiful creature! I envy you; upon my honor, I envy you!'—to receive this sort of welcome, emphasized by obtrusive hand-shakings, sometimes actually by downright kissings of my wife, and then to look round and see that not one in thirty of these very people had brought their unmarried daughters to the ball, was, I honestly believe, to see civilized human nature in its basest conceivable aspect. The New World may have its disappointments in store for us, but it can not possibly show us any spectacle so abject as the spectacle which we witnessed last night at my aunt's ball.

"Lady Janet marked her sense of the proceeding adopted by her guests by leaving them to themselves. Her guests remained and supped heartily notwithstanding. They all knew by experience that there were no stale dishes and no cheap wines at Mablethorpe House. They drank to the end of the bottle, and they ate to the last truffle in the dish.

"Mercy and I had an interview with my aunt up stairs before we left. I felt it necessary to state plainly my resolution to leave England. The scene that followed was so painful that I can not prevail on myself to return to it in these pages. My wife is reconciled to our departure; and Lady Janet accompanies us as far as Plymouth—these are the results. No words can express my sense of relief now that it is all settled. The one sorrow I shall carry away with me from the shores of England will be the sorrow of parting with dear warm-hearted Lady Janet. At her age it is a parting for life.

"So closes my connection with my own country. While I have Mercy by my side I face the unknown future, certain of carrying my happiness with me, go where I may. We shall find five hundred adventurers like ourselves when we join the emigrant ship, for whom their native land has no occupa-

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tion and no home. Gentlemen of the Statistical Department, add two more to the number of social failures produced by England in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and seventy-one—Julian Gray and Mercy Merrick."

THE END.

EBB AND FLOW.

ALL at once there was sunshine in the house. It had been a dull and rather dismal dwelling before; the men and women in it attended to their own business; none greatly concerned themselves about their neighbors, but regretted their sorrow civilly, were pleased with their gladness politely, and cared nothing at all if they disappeared entirely. A humdrum house, where people came and went, and nothing happened; where we were all a sort of shadows; and the most silent and shadowy of us all was little Rosa Mayne—an insignificant little body at whom you never thought of looking twice; so fair and pale and small that she never seemed to be a real entity, and going on so quietly, with so few words and small stir, that you forgot to notice her existence, as though she were a mere part of the inanimate surroundings. If you had a funny thing to say, you never thought of glancing toward Rosa for a smile. If you told a pathetic story, it was not for the sake of the tear in Rosa's eye. And Rosa might be sick, or sad, or sour—she had it all to herself, for there was nobody who knew a word about it.

But, as I said, all at once there was sunshine in the dreary and dingy house, and the sunshine fell through Rosa. Flowers began to be blooming in the old vases; ivies began to decorate the parlor; wonderful things in canvas and worsted began to brighten it; old prints framed in home-made passe-partout began to adorn it; there was a tiny fernery established in the window there; pretty work was lying round; the old piano was open; and there was a pink bow at Rosa's throat, and a pink color on her cheek, and a sparkle in her eye, and she was tripping up and down in a gay bustling way, like one who has established a right to be in the world, and found it recognized, and her sweet little childish voice was caroling from room to room, and on every stair and landing. And we all of us wondered where in the world our eyes had been, and we all of us used them now, and we saw long black lashes and gray eyes, and a crowning twist of black hair; delicate features, a thin sweet mouth, and a skin transparent and white as lilies are, save for this fresh new color that was always rippling over it now. We could not call her pretty, but we wanted to look and look again; and just as we were all of us falling in love ourselves, the real cause of the metamorphosis came upon the scene, and we fell back and made salam to Rosa's lover.

By all of us, I mean the young gentlemen of the house—for my part I was a poor old maid in my fiftieth year, and of course it was little matter what I thought or did, being a piece of lumber that Time would have swept out of the way if he had known his business.

Little Rosa was our landlady's step-daughter—treated well enough by her step-mother, for all we ever saw; but the poor lady could afford her but few indulgences, and the young girl's life had passed in the shadow that bleached and blanched her, and kept her the unnoticed thing she had been. But now she was out in the sunshine—the sunshine of hope and joy: somebody came home with her from church; somebody took her out to concerts; somebody sat in the parlor with her in the evening, long after her mother was sleeping the sleep of the just; somebody met her unexpectedly as she went on her errands or took her strolls; to somebody she had become the very centre of the universe, and the sun rode in the meridian just above her head. All these other people, these boarders, who had never taken her to lecture or theatre, who had forgotten to say good-morning to her—she had changed rôles with them; it was they who were shadows!

But, nevertheless, she could afford them a little of her sunshine. A little! that sunshine just filled the house. She was a person of importance; her lover was a king among men; he thought her peerless among women. She knew better herself, but it was delightful to have him think so.

She went about now jingling the keys at her belt—she was learning housekeeping. Randolph was rich, but that made no matter; she could bring him nothing but herself: she meant that self should be perfect in all the accomplishments within reach, and she was sure nothing would give him more comfort than his wife's mastery of a thorough system of housekeeping. The poor little happy thing had no other accomplishment, except the strumming of a simple accompaniment to her simple songs. But apparently Randolph thought she needed nothing more, for he looked at her in a way that implied she was already all a woman should ever hope to be.

He was a handsome fellow, this Randolph Howe—one of those superb creatures that can take girls' hearts by storm through sheer force of their animal strength and beauty, if they have no other force; tall, well-made, dark-eyed, smooth-cheeked, and with masses of ebon black hair, with kind manner and bright wit, he seemed doubtless to the little pale Rosa like a being from another planet and of superior race.

Perhaps he was of superior race, though: at any rate, I fear he thought so. If he did not, his friends did, for the Howes were an

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old family in the city that had always held their heads aloft, had always married rank and wealth, had never made a mésalliance; the refinement of generations ought to have told upon them if it did not; and if there is any such thing as progressing toward perfection in a greater ratio than that in which our fellow-mortals progress, the Howes, from their greater advantages, might be supposed to have done so. Of course, then, it might also be supposed that, having made so much progress, these people were able to see through the thin triviality of social distinctions to the solid basis of worth in a person. But nothing would have been farther from the truth. They did not believe much solid basis of worth really existed out of their own social circle; they thought it required generations of riches, of learning, of ease, of travel, of fine friends, fine tables, fine clothes, to make this solid basis of worth, save in those rare exceptions which might go to prove the rule—and of course Rosa Mayne, the daughter of a poor boarding-house keeper, was not one of those exceptions; and when they heard in what direction Randolph was drifting, they quietly ignored the facts, and waited for Randolph to return to his own place.

But Randolph had no idea of returning at present. Perhaps he was weary of the aimless and dilettante life; of the languid and elegant ladies; of the girls a little blasé, and with a certain affectation of musical, or theatrical, or scientific slang. There seemed to him something so new, so fresh and innocent, in this little Rosa of his, that it recalled to him one scene in his life, when, leaving a heated ball-room, where the muslin blossoms still bloomed gaudily round the chandeliers, and the exotics on the breasts of the dancing women were fallen and faded, he had stolen into a garden, where the morning-star was just mirroring itself in the bosom of a dew-drop shining on a half-blown rose. Perhaps the haughty Howes would find their senses in time; meanwhile he was very sure he had not lost his. And as he was his own master, and master of a tolerably good inheritance, he did not feel it necessary for him to sue his mother and sisters for consent that would never be given, and it was his intention now to marry out of hand. If he was not so rich as he might be, he could still have city home and country-house, horses and dogs; Rosa could keep her carriage, and he would have the little flock of half brothers and sisters educated and started in life in such wise that they need never be ashamed to own them. As for Rosa herself, she had been quite well educated in the essential things before her father's death had changed their manner of life, and she had that innate and delicate grace which supplied all lack, and always would, he said.

But rich or poor, Rosa would have none of his possessions as yet. She would not receive one of the costly gifts he longed to give. The thought of it made her dear cheeks burn; she could hardly have told you why—whether it was like spreading a price before her, or whether it was a sort of accentuation of the difference in their stations. She made him take back the watch, which was only a bunch of gems. When he brought her diamonds and great pearls to choose from, she closed both the cases and pushed them away.

"What do you mean?" he said. "These are the things my wife will wear!"

"Well, when you have a wife," she answered, shyly and half saucily, "it will be time enough."

"When I do, I will cover her with jewels, the proud little wretch!" he said, and covered the sweet mouth with kisses then.

The only thing she would consent to have was her engagement-ring, and as he had liberty to choose there, he betrothed her with a great clear stone that glittered on her finger like a tear. But Rosa always seemed to feel that the sparkle of that diamond was a tell-tale blazon of her joy, and wore the stone turned in!

But how happy she was! I used to watch her sometimes through the glass door of the extension-room, as I sat there with her mother, trying vainly to thread a needle with my spectacles, my eyes being turned the other way. I recalled the time when I was young and happy too. I remember one night when, the lights burning low in the front parlors, Rosa sat with her fingers lightly running over the keys in the accompaniment to one of her half dozen little songs, while Randolph stood leaning on the piano, his hat in his hand, saying he must go. As he stood there, Rosa looked up at him and began to sing:

"My heart is a fount welling upward forever,
When I think of my true-love, by night or by day;
That heart keeps its faith like a fast-flowing river,
Which gushes forever and sings on its way.
I have thoughts full of peace for his soul to repose in,
Were I but his own wife, to win and to woo—
Oh, sweet, if the night of misfortune were closing,
To rise like the morning-star, darling, for you!"

And then Randolph kissed her lips, and he looked at her a moment silently with those dark and glowing eyes of his, and kissed her again, and was gone, and we heard his swift steps ringing on the flags. And that was the last kiss he gave her; for into that house he never came again.

I remember how she went about after he had gone, setting things to rights, putting the chairs in place, folding the work she had thrown down, closing the piano, arranging the music in order, with such a dancing step, with such a light of contentment on her

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face. Some page of the music had caught her eye, and she was absently humming its burden to herself:

"For my love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree."

And then she caught herself singing such fatal words, and shivered and laughed, and went to the glass to pluck away the flower he had hung in her hair, and took it and kissed it again, and sat down on the little ottoman there, her face on her knees, sobbing, and crying to herself, "Oh, I am so happy! so happy!"

As for me, I was not always a poor old maid in a boarding-house. Once I was eighteen, and gay, and with good expectations myself; and then I had friends, and they were among such people as these Howes—and some of them were the Howes—the aunts and uncles of Randolph himself. If they were not friends now, they still were acquaintances; and though I said nothing about it at home, where Rosa's sensitive ears might suffer, I had heard all the gossip in the circle of the Howes concerning Randolph's last flame, as they called it. They called it so to make light of it—indeed, it was no joking matter: Randolph in reality had never been known to have a flame before.

Of course his four supercilious sisters and their mamma had curved their contumelious lips, and been exceedingly disgusted over the whole affair. "The idea," they said, "of Randolph, after all his career, his birth and education, his life abroad, being fascinated by the face of a little girl standing in a church porch and waiting for a shower to pass, and offering her the shelter of his umbrella, and following her up till he found some one to present him, and then absolutely succumbing to her vulgar wiles! Fresh and innocent! As if there were no girls in his own set that were fresh and innocent! She was an artful minx—nothing but artifice could have captured Randolph, with all his experience! And if he did not recover himself before Hortensia Brooks came, they should be in despair;" and so it ran on.

Well, the night that Rosa sang the little song which I repeated to you, Hortensia came. And when he went home he found her there. Perhaps he was tired, perhaps he was ill, perhaps he was magnetized—but he stood there, dumb and dazzled.

And you would not wonder if you had seen Hortensia as she was then—the largest, most luxuriant type of womanhood, superb and regal; flesh moulded every where into perfect curves; a fruity bloom on the cheek, a melting redness of the lip; features fit for marble, brown eyes that seemed to burn; a smile that harmonized the face like sunlight, and made conquest of you at once; hair that crowned the whole in braided gold, and a laugh that rippled like a passage of sweetest music whose thread you had hardly caught. She was something not to be seen twice in a lifetime; her beauty was of the sort that is given to one person out of a whole generation; old men took off their hats in the street when she passed along. To beauty was added another gift—she sang like a siren, and her wealth was almost fabulous.

She was singing when Randolph stood in the door—ah! how differently, he might well have thought, from the thin, faint tones of little Rosa's voice, just heard: rich, full, powerful music that delighted the inmost sense. She sang for him till after midnight. The next day he rode with her—his mother and sisters demanded that attention to their guest. The next day they had no need of demanding it.

Perhaps he was proud to be seen the esquire of such a dame; perhaps the sumptuous beauty stimulated his somewhat jaded sense; perhaps his sybaritic soul reveled in the pleasure of such neighborhood, the touch of such a hand, the sound of such a voice. The first he knew of it all was when, one day, having been lapped in this Elysium a week, as she swept by her gown brushed his arm, and sent a shiver thrilling him from head to foot. Then he was in a dream, beneath a spell; he forgot all about the little white colorless creature to whom he had once made such sacred vows: that pale flame burned unseen against the great blaze of red sunshine here. He hardly left Hortensia's side; all the animal delight in luxury and passion within him rose and swept him forward. He had intellect enough unblinded to direct it in the way he would, to become a power before her and above her, to fasten her thought and fancy as she had fastened his, to make himself the master. And two months from the time when he went home and found her singing that luscious Italian song he married Hortensia.

In all those weeks he never came near Rosa. If he ever thought of her, he may have felt a throb of pity, but he could not, would not, pause or turn. The timid note she sent him, when she feared lest he were ill, was tossed aside unopened. Indeed, I think that, for the time being, he was just and simply mad. At last, when I saw my little Rosa's wonder pass into dismay, when I saw her eyes heavy in the morning with the night's weeping, her lips contracted in silent pain, and the pain growing into an agony, I thought it best to tell her what I knew.

She had become very white and shadowy again, but she turned on me almost fiercely in her unbelief.

"They are going to the theatre to-night," said I. "You shall come with me, and see them for yourself."

I could not very well afford the thing, but

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I thought it best for her; and so we sent for tickets, and had a carriage, and went.

I am sure I forgot what the play was; nor do I believe that Rosa saw any thing in all the bright scene save the two faces of which we occasionally caught a glimpse, half shrouded as they were behind the draperies of the box. But we stood in the lobby while our hack was coming up, and we waited there for them as they came out. They came with the crowd, and paused close beside us; he lifted his hands to draw the white fur, with its rose velvet linings, closer about her—a common action enough, but it was no common look on his face that accompanied it, as he bent his head to hear her murmured word; it was a look impassioned and intense, a look of longing and adoring and of rapture. No place, indeed, for such a look, but Randolph was in the mood that regards neither time nor place. Rosa clasped my arm and held it like a vise; her weight was heavy on it; and so they passed on, with eyes only for each other, proud, rich, beautiful, satisfied; and when they had gone I beckoned an assistant, and he carried my fainting Rosa for me to the carriage, and there I tore her veil off, and we drove home. "Put him out of your heart, dear," I said. "He never deserved a place in such a shrine. And don't delude yourself with the idea that he is being sacrificed in marrying that woman; she is good enough for him. Nor with the hope that he can not marry her without first coming to you; he has forgotten that you exist." And after that the little thing went about her duties, whiter and thinner every day, but always busy, with a feverish desire to forget herself; and we saw no tears, and we heard no sighs—only I knew that, young as she was, the lovely world and happy life had lost their hold, and she would sooner die than live.

Well, well, that wedding was a gorgeous pageant. Hortensia's own home was so far away, and the season so inclement, that it was judged best for her to be married where she was; and the affair was pushed on eagerly by Randolph, and she was nothing loath. The church was filled with women in splendid toilets and their escorts; the altar was a blaze of radiance, with tier on tier of burning wax-lights, whose lustre fell on the matted blossoms underneath—on the chancel rails wreathed with exotics, the steps strewn with roses and jasmines and lilies; the young acolytes in their white and purple robes swung golden censers; the organ rolled out its tumultuous melody; clusters of airily clad maidens floated up the aisle with officers in all the glancing of gold-lace and plumes—for Randolph had been a West Point man himself, and his friends were round him now. The bride came in alone, with blooming little children holding up the wonderful work of her satin train; the groom waited for her at the altar; the lace-wrapped priest met them. And when they turned about and faced us and stepped down, I think many hearts must have beat more quickly at the sight of such majesty and splendor, such beauty and passion, as they embodied. But Rosa was not there—surely she could hardly have looked on such a scene and lived.

A glorious pageant; but it had its reverse. The family coach of the Howes, reserved for the bride, had met with an accident just before coming to the church, and it had been necessary to replace it by an additional one from the livery—a new and handsome clarence; but its last occupant had been an infected person, who, if he were conscious of what he did, had committed murder in using it. On her bridal journey the bride drooped and sickened; a fortnight from that night of splendid revelry her illness was declared—a week of wild delirium, and her body, the flesh falling from it, was rolled in a tarred sheet and carried in the rude small-pox hearse at midnight to its grave.

As for Randolph, I don't know what became of him then. There were all sorts of rumors—rumors of insanity, rumors of riotous dissipation, rumors of a wandering life in the blackest gloom. He might well have been crazed, plunging from such warmth and bliss into such ice-cold night and despair. He might well have been whirled off into any sin, seeing all the glory of that rosy flesh change as instantly to loathsomeness and corruption as if the ground had failed beneath his feet; seeing the nothingness of things of earth, unable yet to comprehend the things beyond. Only one rumor out of the whole was a certain truth—he did not come back. His mother and sisters might console themselves with their work; with the recollection of their pageant; with the understanding that Hortensia's great fortune was now in their own family; with the knowledge that there was one man in the world who, when age came to him, would have no hearth to warm him by, no child, no wife; at any rate they did not have Randolph to console themselves with. Whether it ever occurred to him or not that it was to them in any degree that he owed his misery—that they had brought the splendid temptress to him, and so insnared him that the quiet home, the gentle wife, the peaceful life he had been promising himself had become impossible before the intoxication with which they had allured him—I can not say. Truly, whatever the fault in their case may have been, he had nobody but himself, his own senses, his own weakness, to blame. He might remember Hortensia now as some dark star remembers the flash and glory of a comet's vaporous lustre that once wrapped it and passed away, some star that at its inmost centre still feels the drawing of the

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sun. It was seven years before any one here saw Randolph Howe again, and then he came home a white-haired man—white-haired, but his dark eyebrows still cast their shadow over his dark eyes, and the dark mustache seemed darker by the cheek brown with the touch of the suns of Southern seas.

These seven years had brought their changes to others too. They changed me from a middle-aged woman to an old one—a garrulous old one, you see. They changed the frequenters of our house to others. And they changed Rosa from the little stepdaughter to the mistress of the house; for her step-mother had died, after long pain and illness, and had left her burden of care and children for Rosa's shoulders to bear.

Well, it is wonderful to see sometimes how much the most fragile can endure. Rosa could hardly have looked more delicate now than she used to do, but she had refined away to something almost spiritual. The happy rippling laugh was gone, indeed: no one ever heard her laugh, but no one ever saw her cry; a gentle smile played about her face like a reflected light—the smile that comes from trying to make others happy. She had filled her step-mother's place better than it had ever been filled before; had prospered so as to warrant her taking a better house, and that house was kept to a marvel, not like a boarding-house, but like a home. Her little sisters she had sent away to school; for the oldest boy she had secured a place in a bank, and the two younger boys she kept at home. She had, moreover, found some time to read, to visit a few poorer people, and she never closed her piano. Her old boarders came back to visit her, her new boarders thought they had fallen upon Paradise; she had forgotten herself in doing for the rest—hardly more than twenty-five, she seemed to have the experience, the tact, the wisdom of twice as many years.

And of course we have been a happy family—we are a happy family. I wonder if it is all to be broken up because this man has come back!

For four months ago a person was thrown from his carriage upon the pavement opposite; and of course Rosa's doors flew open wide, and he was brought in and carried into the little private parlor that ran behind the others, and laid upon a lounge there, and the doctor was called. And as she looked at the half-unconscious man's face, which his position had hindered her from seeing before, Rosa's own face blanched; and as he opened his eyes he might have taken her for the reproachful ghost of the youth that he had wrecked. But he held his arms toward her with an imploring gesture, crying out her name, and then he fainted dead away.

When the doctor came he forbade the patient to be moved: it was a compound fracture, and a bad wound, and the wound must heal before the bone could knit; so a cot was brought down into the little private parlor, and his servant was sent for, and Rosa came into the room no more—only I, as an old woman, went and came as I would. And his mother and sisters, as soon as he could see them, called, one or the other of them, upon him every day, for they really loved him in their fashion. It would have been a hard heart that could have helped loving him, with his attractive ways: it was because we loved him so that things had been so bitter. I remember poor Mrs. Mayne, one day long before she fell ill and died, sitting down for a hearty cry to think he had disappointed her so.

At last—let me see, that was a month ago—Randolph sent for Rosa.

It was in the twilight. I was sitting in the front parlor by the grate, nodding, half in a dream, when she came in and glided through. The doors between the rooms were all wide open, it had been so warm when he lay dressed upon the lounge; and he had sent his attendant away.

"Did you ask for me?" she said. And her voice was clear and sweet as a bell, but she spoke in a tone as if she had never seen the man before.

He made her no reply. Only he was looking at her, I could see—for I was not nodding any longer—while she stood there with the glow of the fire-light upon her.

"Did you send for me?" she said again.

"Rosa! Rosa!" he cried, suddenly, and stretched his arms toward her again, as he did the day he was brought in. But she floated back like thistle-down before a breath. And at that he turned and buried his face in the cushion, and shook it with sobs. And, of course, that brought her round, as perhaps he knew it would—a woman can not bear to see a man cry; it seems to her then as if there were something wrong with the universe. She put her little cool hand on his where they were flung clasped above his head. "You have no need," I could just hear her murmur. "I forgave you long ago."

Presently he was still again. "Do not take it away," he said. "So cool, so pure! Oh, down there, on the other side of the world, I longed for the touch of it—longed for the cool touch of it when I was in a burning hell! Do not think I am ever going to make love to you again!" he exclaimed, half rising on his two elbows and confronting her. "I should as soon think of making love to one of God's saints! But I was in a delirium."

"Hush! hush!" she said.

Then she sat down on a low chair beside the lounge, and he lay and looked at her.

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And do you suppose he didn't make love to her, then and there and on the spot?

Oh yes, then, and at all other times. He hardly let her out of his sight; he sent for her almost hourly; he pursued her with his plea, and he called in all aids of pathos and pity. For a time she would not understand him, and then once I heard her answer, as she sprang away from the arm that had stolen round her unawares. "For what do you take me?" she cried, passionately. "Once you tossed me by like a faded flower! You tossed me down and trod on me! If you had trodden on a rose so, would there be much sweetness left? And do you think you did not tread all love out of my heart?"

"Rosa!"

"And can you believe that I have no more spirit—that I am so base as to endure the same—"

"But you said that you forgave me!" he answered her.

"And so I do."

"That is not the way Heaven forgives sinners!"

"I am not Heaven—I am an outraged woman!"

"And do *you* think I do not remember that?" he cried. "Do you imagine I ever forgot your suffering, your pain, after I once awoke? Do you imagine that it has been all selfish longing that has tortured me in these infernal years, and never once the desire to comfort you, the sense of your misery and loneliness? Do you imagine I would not rather have died, when I came to myself, than know that I had caused you all that? For I knew, I know, you suffered! Oh, Rosa, my little, poor white thing, forgive me, and let me atone for it! Oh, my love, come to me, come to me, be my own again!" But Rosa's hands were folded in her lap, and she did not stir.

And then Mr. Randolph took desperate measures; he sent for his mother and sisters to aid him; he threatened to tear his wound open; he even enlisted me. And the proud dame and her proud damsels had to stoop, had to come and beg my little pale Rosa to have mercy upon their son and brother, had to court her and invite her, and embrace her and make much of her!

"I suppose it will have to be," Miss Juliet said to Miss Abigail yesterday, as they waited for their carriage, and quite oblivious of me. "But how such an insignificant and commonplace body ever infatuated our Randolph so—"

I spoke right up. "Commonplace she may be to strangers as Rosa Mayne," I said, "but give her her fur-lined silks and cachemires, and ostrich plumes, and her husband's name and house and equipage, and you will all be wondering that you never saw the beauty of that spiritual Mrs. Randolph Howe!" I said.

They both turned and stared. And then Miss Abigail suddenly stooped and kissed me. "Well, you are a good little thing," she said. "And I hope it will all be for the best."

I know it will all be for the best! But if she does marry Randolph at last, what in the world do you suppose is going to become of me?

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE sun has never kept himself so long out of the way among us as this last season, and yet the old proverb, "Out of sight, out of mind," has not held good in his case. He has never been so much talked about as since he has made himself so scarce. We have complained about him, and longed for him, and sentimentalized over him, and philosophized and moralized upon him as never before; and now that he is coming back to us, and the hundred days of sleighing are over, and the grass is green, and the buds are bursting, and the birds are singing, the Easy Chair* can not be indifferent to the fact, nor refuse to add its word upon the worth of sunshine.

This winter has marked one of the great dates in the history of the sun, and Europe has kept the four hundredth birthday of Copernicus with much heart and circumstance. The great astronomer's statue has been placed in the Roman Catholic Church of St. John, in Thorn, his birthplace. His epoch-making work, *De Revolutionibus*, has been magnificently printed by the Copernicus Union there, and freely distributed among the scholars of Christendom; a festival volume of his fugitive pieces and memoranda has been published at Braunsberg, near the place and in the diocese where he lived as a priest for the last thirty-three years of his life; a jubilee number of the Warsaw *Illustrated Times* has presented the chief memorials of his glory, and Prussia combined with Poland to add splendor and significance to the occasion. Eloquence, music, and the drama entered into the festivity; and one of the most expressive acts was the transition from the scene that presented the astronomer in his priest's garb on his death-bed, in 1543, receiving the first printed sheets of his great book on the solar system, to the grand triumphal display when the rising curtain presented upon the stage his statue, crowned with flowers, and honored by the homage of science and the gratitude of the nations.

It is impossible for any man to tell the number and greatness of the changes that have come over our modern thought and activity from the studies of Copernicus, and it certainly is not our business to undertake that task. It is easier to

* The Easy Chair, but once again without its accustomed occupant.—Ed. Harper.

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look the pleasant sunshine in the face, and to chat a little about the play of his beams, and the power and blessing of his light and warmth. It is very evident that the new science has spread, and is spreading, great alarm among people of the old school, and that poets and men of letters, as well as theologians and devotees, have been reached by the scare. We often wonder that the Pope and the scholastics of his time were so scandalized by the doctrine of Copernicus, and that they thought that the Scriptures and the Church were brought to naught by the notion that the earth turned round the sun instead of the sun turning round the earth. But we find ourselves shrinking frequently from the results of his principles, and we can not bear to have our private interests and our personal prejudices made subject to the reign of law, and our own little piece of clay held subordinate to the universal order. Many who are not troubled about theological dogmas and ecclesiastical usages are much concerned for the elements of beauty, and the creations of poetry and the arts, in their fear that inexorable law may destroy all enthusiasm, and the abstractions of science may supplant the embodiments of fancy and the personations of love. It may be that much of our romantic and poetic literature has sprung from the reaction of the ideal sense against the threatening rule of materialism, and that Goethe and Scott, Wordsworth and Tennyson, and their fellows, have had much of their motive and their power from their mighty protest in behalf of the old ideal faith against the new naturalism. Tennyson's *In Memoriam* is perhaps as good a representative of this movement as any work of genius; and what is it but the cry of love and friendship against the fatality of law, and the affirmation of the rights of the heart and the life of the soul in view of the roll of planets, the play of atoms, and the sway of material forces? It is a cry out of the Golgotha which materialism makes of the universe for immortal life—a cry for God and his children in face of that vision of mouldering skulls and dissolving globes.

> "Who trusted God was Love indeed,
> And love Creation's final law,
> Though Nature, red in tooth and claw
> With ravin, shrieked against the creed."

There is certainly something in science that at first takes down our enthusiasm, and tells us how little our fancies amount to in view of the solid facts of nature, and how little our wishes are heeded in the movements of the universe. Thus, after reading the new views of the solar force, and learning that this light and heat come probably from fires that are fed by a perpetual supply of falling meteors, we find it hard to see the glorious Apollo in those terrible furnaces, or to make out any conception even of a being as little comely as old Vulcan in those abysses of destruction. In fact, some theorists deliberately say that the age of poetry and of the ideal arts has gone, and that the rise of science is the reign of simple fact, observation, and calculation. A tract has just come to hand from Berlin, of the date of 1873, which professes to contain the faith of a modern student of nature, which deliberately affirms that the higher intellectual faculties are those which are directed, according to mathematical and scientific and logical forms, toward positive facts, and which argue solely from these; while the lower functions of the brain produce all the dim, half or wholly unconscious ideas, such as bring dark intimations, mystical presentiments, aspirations, fancies, imaginations, and all poetical inspirations. According to him, all claims to poetical or theological revelations belong to the mental range of the "negroes and Bodokutes," and are wholly beneath the dignity of the human reason; and apparently by his standard Shakspeare's genius is less rational than Babbage's calculating machine, and Haydn's *Creation* is a lower work of art than the register of Father Secchi's astronomical clock. Yet this very man dreams and romances as wildly as any Congo magician when he soberly affirms that the world-space is not empty, but is filled in part with a fine material ether, and in part by world-dust, which bears the germs of plants and animals, kept cool in interstellar cold, all in readiness to clothe new globes with life.

The great masters of scientific thinking are themselves the practical refutation of the miserable prejudice that the scientific intelligence is incompatible with the ideal imagination, and every great discovery or invention has had the help of hypothesis as well as fact, and the light of imagination as well as logic. There is a certain scientific instinct which is as creative as poetical genius, and the chief thinkers of all ages, from Pythagoras to Copernicus, from Socrates and Plato to Kepler and Kant, have had it in connection with their faculty of abstraction. The best thoughts come intuitively to the scientist as to the moralist and the poet, and while the facts of nature may suggest them, it is only the open vision that can take the hint. It is a profound thought that Lichtenberg expresses when he says that "we should say *it thinks*, as we say *it lightens*." To say I think (*cogito*) is too much, if it means that it is we ourselves that do all the thinking. The mind, like the eye, has a sphere as well as a sense of its own.

There has certainly been an ideal element in all great discoverers, and the new science has brought, and is bringing, its forms of poetry and art. This festival volume of the Historical Union of Ermeland, for the late anniversary of Copernicus, contains seven Latin poems of his that are wholly new to us. They are in Horatian Latin verse, each containing seven stanzas, and are called so many stars, thus—Sidus I., Sidus II., etc. They all turn upon the birth of Christ, and show range of fancy and mastery of facts. But these are not the proof of his ideal genius, and his science of the heavens, in its severe geometry, is a grander poem than this Christmas Pleiades—these seven stars of devout song. That little folio of 217 leaves, in black-letter, with red initials, now preserved in its leather binding at Prague, is one of the great creations of genius as well as triumphs of calculation, and the rational mind which it has so educated is found constantly to bloom into beauty, and to embody the ideas of science in the creations of art.

We have had more than three hundred years of astronomy since Copernicus, and we are now closing a hundred years of chemistry since Priestley discovered oxygen, and Lavoisier completed the work and exploded phlogiston. These two sciences, that deal the one with the masses,

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the other with the atoms of the universe, are at the foundation of our new thought and activity, and no one can tell what great things are yet to come from them. The sun holds the central place in them both, and the light which comes from his mighty mass is the most powerful force that acts upon the molecules around us and within us. Light and its affinities are the most attractive and significant study of our time, and we are looking into the face of the sun and trying to make him smile upon us and work for us as never before. The visit of Professor Tyndall to this country had its great interest from this fact, and our people went to hear him in such remarkable numbers because he was thought to know all that is known about light, and they wished to hear what he had to say.

If we are wise we shall live more in the light of day, and not only make hay, but do a great many other things while the sun shines. In all probability the sun is to help us in our business of education, nurture, and health as never before. Already he is becoming the great compositor, and setting, not types, but the images of all nature and life into form for the press. The heliotype is the most marvelous of types, and every thing in the heavens and on earth can now be printed from its fonts. The people of our time have been instructed and entertained mightily by the photograph, and we are now seeing new and wonderful applications of this power. The copy, indeed, is not the original, and the sun copies and does not create the images in the camera. In this respect the power of the photograph is limited, and it is material for art rather than art itself. Yet the sun has much to do with creating the scenery and the life of nature. There is no good coloring, no exquisite form, no graceful action, without his rays, and he is the greatest of painters and sculptors; and the landscape, the flowers, and the trees, the insects, birds, and beasts, and man, their master, are ready for the eye and hand of art only after the sunshine has stirred them into life and activity.

We are undoubtedly to learn anew to win thrift and health from out-door living and work, and gardening is to have more place among the refinements as well as the utilities. We have not only the old question, "How shall we get a living?" to meet, but we are to consider the peculiar tendencies of our time, and the danger of losing health and tranquillity by the intense excitement of city life, and the morbid delicacy of our temperament and nerves. Our sons and our daughters need the garden and the field, the orchard and the forest, or their years will be few and not cheerful. It is well that these pursuits are entering now into the methods of education in schools and in colleges, and for the rich as well as the poor. The present catalogue of Harvard University gives a list of fifteen professors and teachers in the Bussey School of Agriculture and Horticulture, and this institution is no exceptional marvel, but one of the signs of the times. There is no more pleasant and interesting proof of this movement than the Garden Industrial School at Weimar, the city so famous as the residence of Goethe, who won honors as a naturalist as well as a poet, and set forth some original views regarding the theory of color and the structure of plants.

The object of this school at Weimar is to instruct school-children from their eighth to their fourteenth year, in their hours out of school, in gardening and in kindred industry, and also to fit young men who have left school for practical gardening, an employment which is in great demand in that country. This school was established in 1853, partly from the proceeds of charitable meetings, and partly from church offerings. A piece of land was purchased near the city, and devoted to this purpose, under the charge of a board of administration, with a director at the head. Three members of the board control the departments of trees, vegetables, and flowers; another member has charge of the accounts and the funds; and one has supervision of the property and of the sale of the productions. The director and the committee serve without salary, and with no return except for actual expenses. At the head of the practical working of the institution there is a superintendent who is both skilled in all garden industry and in the art of teaching. He has a salary, a house free, and a share of the profits of the garden. Under him there are three master-gardeners or overseers, who have severally charge of the nurseries, the vegetable garden, and the winter work. The last of these is an experienced carpenter, who has care of the planing and carving benches, the repair of the garden tools, and the oversight of the chamber furniture. Additional help is given by pupils who have been trained in the institution, and who, after their confirmation, learn gardening as their future occupation. These have to go through a three years' course in the institution without paying any fees. After a certain time of probation they receive a compensation, which increases, according to the capacity shown, in the second and third years. The oldest boys have charge of the flowers, the watering, and the pot-plants, and from four to eight boys are in this department, while the younger boys have their regular and appropriate tasks. Every day the superintendent sets for them and the overseers the work which is required by the season of the year.

This school is very popular at Weimar, and it has been found necessary to enlarge the farm. It attracts not only the children of the poor, but those of the middle and the upper classes, and it has been found remarkably serviceable in putting the idle boys of the place to work, and in giving new health and cheerfulness. The time of labor is limited to vacation holidays, to the weekly half-day holidays, and on school-days to the afternoon from four to seven o'clock. The labor is made cheerful by order and variety. The older and the younger boys serve in heavy and light work suited to them, and much is done to encourage them by judicious rewards. Their winter work is of various kinds, from basket making to straw braiding and envelope folding, and they sing a merry song as they work, or a story is told, or one of the older boys reads from a pleasant book. This school is supported by free gifts and by the proceeds of sales of produce. One source of income is from the sale of nosegays, which are delivered every week, and paid for at a monthly rate. The whole city is richer and better by this institution, and the minds as well as the bodies of the pupils show the benefit of out-door life and industrial education.

Why should garden schools be for boys only?

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Girls need their influence quite as much, and they are especially fitted for the nicer kinds of garden-work. In fact, they generally show such taste and ability in the management of flowers that they take to the pruning-scissors and the trowel of themselves, and probably we owe most of the flower beds of America to them. Our daughters have been brought up too much in the shade, and they have lacked the rose on the cheek and the strength of limbs that the air and the sunshine give. A change for the better is going on, and the effect is quite marked in complexion, form, and movement. There is no colorist like the sun, and a woman is foolish when she prefers pallid white to his nut-brown bloom, or when she seeks by artifice for the rosy hue that can come only from the rays that tint the lily and the rose. Moreover, grace of figure and movement comes in part from the vibration and tonic of the sunshine, and Greece, which made Apollo the god of the sun, won from the solar ray and the genial air the beauty of form that enabled the sculptor to model his Apollo from the living manhood.

We have reason to believe that the solar rays have peculiar power over the nerves and brain, and that the finest mental culture goes with the happiest condition of the sun and the air. The vine has its most luscious juices and its most witching charms in the latitudes and exposures that best command the sunshine; and man, who is a plant as well as an animal and a soul, follows after his kind, and his finest wit and genius seem to ripen best where the vine best ripens. Such exquisite senses and souls as Beethoven, Haydn, and Mozart, those masters of song, possessed grew up under the sunshine that falls upon the vineyards of the Rhine, and their music thrills with vibrations that seem to be voices of the undulations of light. For the blessing of genius, and for the health and taste and intelligence of the people at large and their children, we must use more the help of the sun, and gardening and education must go more habitually together.

We are glad to say a word for the out-of-door sport and activity of young people, and to urge the thousands of girls and boys who read these pages to take freely to the fields and the woods, now that the summer is coming. Take your eyes and ears and hands with you, and see and hear the beauty and the harmony of all nature at this season of life and joy. Run and jump and climb and wade as you will, and be careful to make notes of whatever is remarkable in your way. You will be stronger and wiser from this experience, and you will return to your books and your school with new interest and vigor. You will unlearn the folly of mistaking words for knowledge, and notions for facts, and abstract rules for living forces. A new day has come in education, and you must be awake and stirring under its light. Science is calling her students to the new school of nature in an island of the sea, and we may follow her call, if not to that island, to some retreat where things may be seen in themselves, and words may be their representatives without being their substitutes.

We are aware that great agitation is now going on in the class of institutions and powers that have belonged to our easy craft, and that there are signs of a change of opinion as to what is an easy seat. Thrones are somewhat losing their good name, and they are either abandoned in despair, as in France and Spain, or they are so marvelously transformed as hardly to be recognized, and the king or the emperor is called to exchange the velvet cushion for the hard saddle of the soldier, or the stiff chair in the cabinet council or at the treasury desk. It is pleasant to believe that one seat is becoming easy, and that is one which concerns not a single person or a single class, but all the boys and girls in Christendom—the school bench or chair. What shall be the height and size of the seat, what the angle and curve of the back, how shall the desk in front be adapted to the seat, shall the chair be movable toward the desk for writing, or shall the desk be movable toward the chair, as the last decision declares—these are questions that are stirring the friends of education, especially in Europe, and making a new literature on the subject. We are very much interested in this discussion, but must be content at present with protesting against the narrow benches, angular backs, and cramping desks that crook the spines and dwarf the chests of our school-children, and with claiming, in the name of God and nature, for our hosts of girls and boys free air and fair sunshine in their play, and wholesome rooms and easy seats for their study.

Editor's Literary Record.

POETRY.

Farm Ballads (Harper and Brothers) comprises in a volume of a little over a hundred pages, and handsomely illustrated, the poems of WILL CARLETON. Most if not all of them have appeared from time to time in American periodicals, several of them in *Harper's Weekly*, and the public verdict has already been rendered: it is one of very hearty approval. Mr. Carleton is happiest in his delineation of the homelier phases of American life and character. His best poems are such as "Betsey and I are out," and its sequel, "How Betsey and I made up;" or "Over the Hill to the Poor-House," and its sequel, "Over the Hill from the Poor-House." In sentiment, as in the "Fading Flower," and in tragedy, as in the "Death-doomed," his poetry is good, but less notable. But in these home pictures Mr. Carleton is as an artist not inferior to Bret Harte, John Hay, or Joaquin Miller, while both in the moral tone and in the warmth and healthfulness of feeling he is vastly their superior. The life and character which he depicts are rough, but not coarse, and he neither thinks it necessary to make his pages redolent with profanity, nor to shock his readers by blasphemy, nor to irritate them by torturing the English language in order to be true to nature. In his best poems the pathos and humor are so commingled that one scarce knows whether to laugh or to cry, and the interwoven threads defy separation. It is a notable feature of these poems that they exalt home and the home life,

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and that they depict a love which is absolutely free from sensuousness or passion.

The character of the literature of the age is its realism. To paint things as they are is deemed the office of imagination. The charm of WILLIAM MORRIS'S poems is that there is nothing realistic about them. They make the reader forget the world of fact: they carry him into one of fancy. Mr. Morris's latest poem, *Love is Enough* (Roberts Brothers), is a dream. One must be in a dreamy state to enjoy it. It is a September afternoon, when a delicious haze is in the air, and clothes the hills with a glorious indistinctness, and the very vagueness of the curtained landscape adds to its indescribable glory. The poem defies analysis. It has scarcely more of plot than a dream, and is as impossible to interpret. It possesses charming passages, yet it defies quotation as well as analysis. One can judge less of it as a whole from a sample verse than he could judge of the beauty of a rainbow, if he had never seen one, from a square inch of refracted light passed through a prism. To many, perhaps to most casual readers, this poem will seem incomprehensible, and they will ask, bewildered, what it means. But as there is music whose meaning is beyond interpretation, so there is poetry which the soul drinks in with an enjoyment which it can not itself comprehend or interpret to others. *Love is Enough* is like one of Beethoven's sonatas: the reader who is out of key to its melody sees nothing in it. He who is attuned to the poet finds in his music an enjoyment all the greater that he can neither interpret its secret to himself nor communicate it to others.

Lars: a Pastoral of Norway, by BAYARD TAYLOR (J. R. Osgood and Co.), is a less pretentious poem than his previous one, *The Masque of the Gods*, and it is as much better as it is simpler. It is, in truth, a parable whose moral meaning is what Milton calls "the unresistible might of weakness." The opening is dark with passion and red with blood. Lars and Per, rival Norwegian lovers, fight for Brita; Per is slain; Brita finds in the instant of his death that her love was for him; Lars becomes an exile, not for fear of punishment, revenge, or reproach, but because the land is filled with her who was his hope, but is now his desolation and despair. In Pennsylvania he finds a Quaker wife and imbibes Quaker principles, and, returning home, conquers the hate of his rival's brother, and puts an end to the bloody custom that gave the right of revenge to the next of kin, by offering his life a sacrifice, which not even revenge can take from a willing victim. The picture of the last encounter, in which Lars bares his breast to Thorsten's knife, and saves his life by the very undaunted courage with which he offers it, is finely conceived and finely painted. The whole poem will take rank as not only the finest production of Mr. Taylor's pen, but as one which entitles him to the name and rank of a true poet.

The Temple Rebuilt (Noyes, Holmes, and Co.), by FREDERIC R. ABBE, is an attempt to portray in verse the experience of the soul in its history, from the consciousness of its dignity down through the experience of guilt and consequent despair, and up again through its redemption in Christ, its development in grace and its work of love, to its hope of final glory. The theme is transcendent; the treatment is not. Such a poem, to be worthy of itself, must be either wrought out of a rare experience, and so interesting for its spiritual insight, or wrought by a rare genius, and so powerful for its appeal to a spiritual imagination. Mr. Abbe's book is neither; and though it is really a meritorious poem, its merits are so far beneath those which such a theme requires that the book is a disappointment. It is orthodox in thought, pure, simple, and Christian in sentiment, and not noticeably faulty in construction; but it is only the experience of millions put into a verse not superior to that which scores might phrase. As a dramatic poem it is not equal to the seventh and eighth chapters of Romans.

Most American readers know Hiawatha only as the purely imaginary hero of Longfellow's romantic poem. The anonymous author of *Hiawatha: the Story of the Iroquois Sage* (A. D. F. Randolph and Co.), conceding that Mr. Longfellow has "selected those aspects best adapted for pictorial effect," undertakes in a little volume of thirty pages to give a conception of Hiawatha, the Indian hero, "more consistent and dignified than that popularly entertained." The poetry of his story is a pleasant rhyme, which suffers more than it justly should from the inevitable comparison with that of Longfellow. The main value of the book is as a contribution to the popular knowledge of the life of the red man.—Scribner, Armstrong, and Co. issue a very neat and convenient edition of the complete poetical works of J. G. HOLLAND under the title of *Garnered Sheaves*. The volume is red-lined, is printed on good though thin paper, with clear type, and is very fairly illustrated. Mr. Holland's popular success as a poet entitles him to this honor, and his many literary friends will welcome this edition of his poems.—*More Bab Ballads* (George Routledge and Sons) is so well described by its title-page as "Much Sound, little Sense," that it needs no other or further characterization from us. The humor of both poems and illustrations is very broad—the humor of nonsense—but it is humor nevertheless.

FICTION.

THERE are two Bulwers, the old and the new, the author of *Paul Clifford* and *Eugene Aram*, and the author of *The Caxtons* and *My Novel*. *Kenelm Chillingly* (Harper and Brothers) is by the modern BULWER. It is a picture of modern life, painted by one who is more a philosopher than an artist, and more a critic than either, and whose pictures are but the vehicle for his philosophy and his criticism. The hero is an odd genius, in whom a romantic chivalry is intermixed with a misanthropical contempt of human kind, who is at once the dreamiest of idealists and the most satirical of realists. Of noble blood, and an heir to large property, he leaves his home to study life from the point of view of a country yeoman. He travels at first on foot, and carefully guarding his incognito, subsequently preserving it less carefully, and carrying himself in a manner more befitting his station. He begins with a philosophic contempt for love and a cynic's contempt for woman. But love wounds him at last, and he learns that there are truths whose depth philosophy has never sounded with her plummet. In truth, through-

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out his curiously adventurous career his idealism recognizes love in others, and with the chivalry of an English Don Quixote he defends the defenseless, while his realism despises love for himself, and makes a show of putting but light estimate on the very spirit of honor which actuates him. The moral of the story—for it has a moral—is embodied in the closing sentences: "The world is a battle-field, in which the worst wounded are the deserters, stricken as they seek to fly, and hushing the groans that would betray the secret of their inglorious hiding-place.....My choice is made: not that of a deserter—that of a soldier in the ranks."

Old Kensington (Harper and Brothers), in a course of professional perusing of the novels of the period, seems like an April day interjected into a stormy March. It is full of the odors of flowers and the singing of birds, and though tears sweep through it, yet the sunshine is upon them. They are not the cold and bitter rain of a sunless autumn day. It is a story of love without passion, and of pathos without tragedy. Its very placidity makes its reflection of life more perfect. Its characters have not the strong individuality which gives such singular vividness to the creations of George Eliot, but they are not one whit less real. In truth, the men and women of our daily life, if not more like those of *Old Kensington* than like those of *Middlemarch*, are more commonly seen through the less intellectually clear, but more sympathetic, atmosphere of the latter book. The story in its external incidents is quite as simple as *Middlemarch*. Its interest lies partly in the successive pictures, partly in the development of character, partly in the tale of inner life unfolded, but chiefly in the contagious sympathy of Miss THACKERAY's warm heart. We follow Dolly's heart experiences with an interest which we catch from the living sympathy of the author. The story of George's waywardness, wandering, and sudden death touches us deeply, because it has touched the writer first, and our eyes are dimmed with tears because the voice which tells us the story is tremulous with unaffected feeling. In short, the tenderness of a loving, womanly heart suffuses the whole book. It is Miss Thackeray in *Old Kensington* which makes it so delightful a story.

Pemberton; or, One Hundred Years Ago, by HENRY PETERSON (J. B. Lippincott and Co.), is a historical novel of the American Revolution, in which the treachery of Benedict Arnold and the capture of Major André play an important part. The author has evidently made a study of the era in which he has cast his story, and he has written not a mere wild romance, but a real if not always a true picture of the times. The historical characterization gives evidence, too, of a painstaking study of character which is not very often bestowed on works of this description. He gives to Major André a more "noble soul" than really belonged to him; but something is permissible, perhaps, to fiction, and the death of André, and the contrast of his character with that of Arnold, has always invested him with an honor greater than is his by right. The book is ingeniously written, and will be especially interesting to young readers.

Thornton Hall, by PHEBE F. M'KEEN (A. D. F. Randolph and Co.), is a picture of boarding-school life in a young ladies' seminary, and is written by one whose familiarity with the subject is the result of a life spent therein, part of the time as a scholar, part of the time as a teacher. It has merit; and though the critics may not award it an especially high rank for artistic excellence, it will prove acceptable both as an entertaining and instructive story to a large class of readers: to all parents who have daughters who are about going to school, for the hints it affords them as to the true principles which should underlie school training; to all girls about entering school, as an introduction to its life and a suggestion of its dangers; to all graduates, as a reminiscence of days whose recall is generally delightful, whatever the reality may have been; and to all teachers, less for any light it throws on methods than for the thorough geniality and sympathy of the spirit which it manifests in the author and inspires in the reader.

WILHELMINE VON HILLERNE has produced nothing, at least nothing from her pen has been given to American readers, which is not remarkable for vigor both of thought and expression. *A Twofold Life* (J. B. Lippincott and Co.) falls in no whit below her previous novels. The second chapter interprets the title of the story. In a delirium Heinrich becomes conscious of two selves within him, each striving for the mastery—Egotism, and the Genius of the Ideal, and each becomes embodied in a visible apparition. At their united command he feels himself divided, made, as it were, into two separate beings, endowed with a double nature. The motto of the one is "Enjoy;" the motto of the other is "Attain." The rest of the story is the life campaign between these two natures, each striving for the supremacy. Throughout the book a double name is given to the now twofold man, who is alternately Henri and Heinrich. Yet this opening chapter is almost the only one in which metaphysics are obtruded; for though the novel is essentially a metaphysical one, its philosophy is all expressed in dramatic forms. The authoress possesses both a curiously subtle intellect and a vivid and even sensuous imagination. The latter she uses to good advantage, and by its aid makes her story effective as a novel, irrespective of its philosophical aspects.—*Galama; or, The Beggars* (Charles Scribner and Co.), is what is ironically called a historical novel. The scene is laid in Brussels and vicinity during the opening of the Reformation, which ended in the emancipation of the Netherlands. The beggars, the Inquisition, the beginning of civil war, with a discreet admixture of love, make very excellent materials for a romance, full enough of adventure to satisfy the hungriest novel-reader. We must do the author the justice to say that he has made a very good use of his materials.—If *Little Hodge* (Dodd and Meade) is a story, and there is a little love intermixed with it to give it the flavor of a novel, it is a failure. If it is a satirical essay, a discussion of the labor problem in its English aspects, it is a success. It follows very closely the line of the author's first and most successful venture, *Ginx's Baby*, only this baby is the child of a farm-hand, and his life introduces the reader to the miseries which Joseph Arch is so bravely endeavoring to cure.—*Nicholas Nickleby* is the latest volume in

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"Harper's Illustrated Edition of the Works of Charles Dickens." Mr. C. S. Reinhart, who illustrates it, has taken a high rank among American artists for character-drawing, and he does nothing in this volume to dishonor either his own growing reputation or that of the series to which he contributes. His work does not suffer by comparison with that which in the other volumes has been produced by the best English and American contemporary artists. There is perceptible, perhaps, in some of the sketches something of the spirit of exaggeration; but this is the chief fault, and is one so commonly imbibed by the artists from Dickens, whose exuberant fancy can not always be interpreted by the pencil, that the reader will readily pardon it.

THEOLOGY AND RELIGION.

BOOKS of mere assault and criticism are at best but of secondary value. Those who propose to us to cast off the Christianity of the past as a worn-out garment owe it to us and to themselves to show what new garment they have to offer in its stead, and this rather difficult task Mr. Frothingham, with a clear conception of the need, and a courage worthy of a better cause, has attempted in his *Religion of Humanity* (D. G. Francis). Unlike many of the disciples of his school, Mr. Frothingham has an intuitive appreciation of the needs of the human heart, and consequently recognizes that the Christian religion rests not in its external evidences, but in the spiritual satisfaction it affords. He, perhaps for this reason, deals but slightly in criticism; instead, he points out the substitutes which he would offer for a closed Bible and an exiled Christ. He brings another Gospel—he does not merely criticise the old—and his work is in consequence a curious commingling of the mystical and the critical, the spiritual and the rationalistic, the like of which is hardly to be found elsewhere. It is because his work offers the substitute proposed by Free Religion for the religion of Christ that it deserves especial consideration at the hands of thinking men. He believes in a God, but in one unknown and unknowable, and declares that "the most unintelligible sayings about God are the most impressive to the religious mind;" he believes in an incarnation, but in a God "who is not so much *a* man as Man;" he believes in a Christ—not in the historical Jesus of Nazareth, but in an ideal Christ, whom he defines as "the human element in mankind;" he believes in an atonement, which consists in bridging "the gulf betwixt the animal and the human elements in man;" he believes in salvation, "by throwing ourselves enthusiastically upon the virtue of our rational powers;" he believes in inspiration, which in its highest and best forms is found in those who are "filled and fed from the perennial fountains of their own abounding hearts;" he believes in a Bible, "the literature of the soul," "found in strata all over the earth." The result of a comparison of the proposed religion of humanity with the religion of Christianity, as embodied not in creeds and confessions, but in the New Testament, and especially in the four Gospels, will not lead many who have any firm grasp on the substance to drop it that they may seize at the shadow. But for such a clear and succinct statement of the proposed substitute Mr. Frothingham is entitled to the thanks of all those who desire to know what modern skepticism desires them to surrender, and what it has to give them therefor.

Foot-Prints of Satan; or, the Devil in History, by Rev. HOLLIS REID (E. B. Treat), possesses a real value which one might not suspect from its title. It is not a book of morbid imagination, but one which bears in every chapter the evidences of painstaking research. The statistics of war, intemperance, the perversion of wealth, the perversion of literature, Romanism, paganism, free divorce, etc., are presented with a fullness which we have not elsewhere seen equaled.—*The Wonderful Lamp, and other Talks to Children*, by ALEXANDER MACLEOD, D.D. (Robert Carter and Brothers), is an admirable book for Sabbath evening reading aloud to the young folks, who will perhaps hardly read it themselves. The author possesses the same peculiar power of illustrating spiritual truths in forms easy to be comprehended by children which has given Dr. Newton's somewhat similar works so wide-spread and deserved a popularity.—*Comfort Ye*, by J. R. MACDUFF, D.D. (Robert Carter and Brothers), is an exposition of the last twenty-seven chapters of the book of Isaiah. It does not claim to possess any critical value, and is an exposition, not a commentary. But if it does not directly add to the original by any peculiar freshness of interpretation, it compels the reader to dwell on passages whose beauty and force often escape our attention simply because of careless and indifferent reading. It is an aid to meditation rather than to study.—We had the good fortune to hear one of the six discourses which constitute *The Lost Found*, by Rev. W. M. TAYLOR, D.D., of the Broadway Tabernacle, New York (Scribner, Armstrong, and Co.), a series of sermons on the parables recorded in the fifteenth chapter of Luke. The simplicity, homeliness of illustration, strong common-sense, directness, practicality, and spiritual warmth which make Dr. Taylor's preaching so successful are all strikingly exemplified in this little volume, which will be read with interest, as the preacher is heard with interest, for reasons which the heart appreciates but the head finds it difficult to explain.—In *Enigmas of Life* (J. R. Osgood and Co.) W. R. GREGG conducts his readers to no satisfactory conclusions, and does not even attempt to do so, but he compels his readers to think. He presents puzzles, but does not solve them; his book is one of enigmas to which he offers no key, and its value consists in the fact that it compels the reader to study out for himself the truth respecting important themes upon which Mr. Gregg offers him only provoking yet stimulating interrogatories. The style is remarkably clear, and at times eloquent, and the writer, who refuses himself to be mystified by words without wisdom, offers no such mystifying words to his readers.—The theological critics will find much to criticise in Mr. MURRAY'S *Music-Hall Sermons*, Second Series (J. R. Osgood and Co.). They are sometimes careless in statement. But they are plain, simple, earnest, direct, and modern; and we read them without any surprise that they should have been listened to by large congregations, and with the hope that they may find many readers.—The *Sunday Half Hours with Great Preachers*

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(Porter and Coates) contains fifty-two sermons from as many leading clergymen, ancient and modern. All schools are represented which accept the Bible as their basis, and the selections appear to be, on the whole, wisely made.—The death of Dr. GUTHRIE, the foremost modern preacher of that land of preachers, Scotland, gives a new interest to *The Works of Dr. Guthrie*, of which the Carters issue a uniform edition. The title of one of these books gives the characteristic of them all—*Speaking to the Heart*. It is this peculiar power, not the clear and accurate statement of the truth, not the vivid pictorial power which illustrates and enforces it, that gives to his writings their peculiar charm.—There has been a considerable demand for a book which should answer, not in an abstruse and scientific, but in a popular manner, the arguments of the modern evolutionists, and thus afford to common readers a means of satisfying themselves of the grounds on which Christian faith in a personal God and a superintending Providence is to be maintained against the new hypothesis which substitutes a gradual evolution for a Divine creation. Dr. BURR has undertaken to meet this want in *Pater Mundi*, Second Series (Noyes, Holmes, and Co.). He presents the theory briefly, weighs and replies to certain arguments in its favor, and then impugns it in successive chapters as in conflict with ontology, geology, the science of probabilities, solar astronomy, stellar astronomy, and nebular astronomy. As a popular embodiment of the arguments against evolution the work is decidedly worthy of commendation.—The present movement for a new translation of the Scriptures imparts a special interest to such a work as *The Historic Origin of the Bible*, by EDWARD CONE BISSELL (A. D. F. Randolph and Co.). The history of its growth and its preservation is almost as marvelous as any marvel recorded in it. That history is itself no mean argument for its inspiration as well as its authenticity. The work includes a history of, first, our English version; second, the written text and ancient version of the New Testament; third, the origin and canon of the Old Testament. It is only necessary to add that the author appears to deserve the commendation given to him by Professor R. D. Hitchcock, in an introduction, as "an ardent and critical scholar," who "has spared no pains to be sound and accurate in his conclusions."—Any detailed criticism of *Faith and Free Thought* (A. D. F. Randolph and Co.) would far transcend our limits; for the work consists of eleven lectures by different English divines, each of which is independent of the others, and would require a separate judgment. We can only say that in general the authors of these lectures appear to appreciate the difficulties which beset many honest minds at the present time, and that in the main they discuss those difficulties in an appreciative spirit, which tends to put their readers in sympathy with them, and to secure the attention of those who most need a solution of doubts. They are controversial without being combative or pugnacious.

RECENT ENGLISH BOOKS.

THE slave-trade is far from being as yet abolished; and the recent interest awakened in Great Britain, partly through the representations of Dr. Livingstone, finds full justification in the facts recorded in *Dhow Chasing in Zanzibar Waters*, by Captain G. L. SULLIVAN. The dhow, or baggala, is a native craft made to draw but a few inches of water, used for coasting purposes on the eastern coast of Africa, and employed alike in legitimate commerce and in the more profitable slave-trade. The extent of that trade is indicated by a few figures—such, for example, as that in two years over two thousand negroes were liberated by the expedition with which Captain Sullivan was connected; that the tax paid to the Sultan on slaves reported to be exported indicates the capture and exportation of over twenty-five thousand annually; and that this tax only represents a portion of the slave-trade, certainly not more than half, and that inadequately. Of this trade and of the practical measures for its suppression Captain Sullivan's book gives some idea in an account of adventures experienced in three cruises for the capture of the slave-dealers. The book is quite fully illustrated, and deserves study by philanthropists and statesmen in this country as well as in England.

Those who are familiar with Dean ALFORD'S *Commentary on the New Testament* in either of its forms not only recognize its scholarship and its impartiality, but yet more the deep, genuine, and thoroughly unaffected piety of its author. They learn in the use of it to love him who wrote it; and though the number of Dean Alford's readers and consequent friends in this country is not very large, we can not forbear calling their attention to the *Life, Journals, and Letters of Henry Alford, D.D., late Dean of Canterbury*, edited by his widow. The life was an uneventful one, but its record is full of inspiration, especially to the student. We could wish the editor had given us more information as to his literary habits—how, with his parish work, his students, his poems, and his published sermons and occasional articles, he succeeded in perfecting such a work as his Commentary. But if she has failed in this, she has not failed in giving her readers an insight into the working of his mind, and an acquaintance with his earnest and yet broad and liberal spirit. No better defense against the theological aspersions sometimes cast upon him could be offered than this biography, which is the more effective because pervaded by his own Christian and uncontroversial spirit. It is a lesson for less busy men than Dean Alford to find one so loaded down with multitudinous labors carrying on a long correspondence with a person of another parish who comes to him in religious perplexity for light, explaining in private letters doubtful and difficult questions in theology and criticism with as much fullness and conscientiousness as if they were essays for publication, and writing a letter to a young girl of his parish on her going out to service, giving her counsel respecting her new duties, and signing himself with a humility as delightful as it is unaffected, "Your affectionate minister and brother in the Lord."

Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD'S latest contribution to theology is, like all his writings, worthy of careful study. The object of *Literature and Dogma* is to show that the Bible language is that of literature, not that of dogma or philosophy; that its most important terms are vague and shadowy, not precise and well-defined; that, for example, the word God itself is, to quote our

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author's words, "a term thrown out, so to speak, as a not fully grasped object of the speaker's consciousness," and does not convey "a thoroughly definite and ascertained idea." It is his opinion that the Bible is losing its influence over the masses because it is misinterpreted, and made to carry a load which does not really belong to it, and his book is an attempt to clear away this load, and present what he regards as the essential teachings of the Bible itself, the spirit as opposed to the letter. To Mr. Arnold all miracles, all prophecies, and all well-defined theological ideas are extrabiblical, no part of the true Bible, save as the shell is part of the nut. To crack this shell, and throw it away, and get out the meat, is his avowed purpose. In doing this he shows himself at times either ignorant of Biblical criticism or supremely contemptuous of it, we are not sure which. It is not fair to uninformed readers to tell them that the reference to Shiloh, in Genesis, xlix. 10, does not relate to a future Messiah, when the best Hebrew scholars agree in giving it, both etymologically and grammatically, a prophetical interpretation; or to treat the prophecy in Matthew, xxiv. 34, "This generation shall not pass till all these things be fulfilled," in seeming ignorance of the fact that the Biblical use of the word "generation" calls for its translation here, as in other passages, by the term "nation." So his argument against miracles is not only not new, it is not even strongly put, and he writes with a curious oblivion of the argument respecting the historic truthfulness of Christ's real resurrection, the falsity of which he apparently assumes as beyond question. But in his interpretation of the heart of the Bible he is more successful. He opens up its great fundamental teachings respecting righteousness as a life that flows from the invisible God, and presents old and familiar truths in a guise which gives them all the force of new ones. Critically and grammatically, "grace and truth came through Jesus Christ" is a better rendering than the one which he suggests; but "happiness and reality came through Jesus Christ," though inadequate, yet gives to the old text a new meaning, and to the thoughtful reader a new insight; and those to whom such words as "regeneration" and "repentance" have ceased to carry with them any real spiritual significance will get the ideas which they were intended to convey, if not with equal accuracy at least with greater force, in Mr. Arnold's interpretations of the truths they embody. If Mr. Arnold really desired to commend the essentials of Biblical teachings to his readers, he would have accomplished his object more effectually if he had presented them without the destructive, sometimes contemptuous, and often wholly inadequate criticism which accompanies them, and which leaves one at times perplexed to know whether he is reading the pages of an enthusiastic disciple of Christ or a misanthropical unbeliever in both Him and His religion.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HOWEVER much Mrs. AMES herself may have regretted the lack of material from which she prepared her *Memorials of Alice and Phœbe Cary* (Hurd and Houghton), we are inclined to rejoice that the author was thus left to introduce us in her own way to the home and hearts of the sister singers. By reading her simple and graphic sketch we are admitted to the number of the familiar friends of Alice and Phœbe Cary. We have a glance at their childhood and early life, a glimpse of the humble home which they made for themselves in New York at the first, and a clearer and better view of the last years in the beautiful home which fitted itself about them. No more honest and tender love and no readier pen could have combined to give a memorial of the sisters whose love to one another and entwined life make a poem no less exquisite than their written words.

The Annual Record of Science and Industry for 1872 (Harper and Brothers) is the second of the series, the first of which we commended to our readers a year ago. It is perfectly safe to say that of the scientific year-books, of which three or four are published, this is by far the most thorough and complete. It is edited by Professor BAIRD, of the Smithsonian Institution; its materials are gathered not only from the Smithsonian Library, but also from over seventy-five scientific periodicals, embracing all the principal scientific periodical publications of this country and Europe. The work is introduced by a general summary of scientific and industrial progress during the year 1872, and the analytical table of contents renders it easy to refer to any topic, or even any important fact. A necrology embracing the principal losses by death during the year 1872 in the ranks of men of science is appended.

The Foreigner in Far Cathay (Scribner, Armstrong, and Co.) is less a book on China than a series of observations respecting China and the Chinese by one who ought to have good means of knowing whereof he writes—W. H. MEDHURST, British consul at Shanghai. It gives a very graphic picture of the life of foreign residents in China, and corrects some very common impressions respecting the habits and character of the native population. His suggestions respecting missionary methods indicate a man of broad and liberal mind, and the whole tone of the book is that of a fair, impartial, and candid writer, who desires only to give the truth, and who feels no temptation to sacrifice it to rhetoric, to dramatic effect, or to religious or political prejudices. His *quasi* defense of the opium trade is the only exception, and a defense the end of which is the assertion that "it can not be asserted that the association involves any more demoralization of character to the individual than a connection with the beer, wine, or liquor trade" can not, perhaps, be justly regarded as extravagant.

The Mother's Work with Sick Children (G. P. Putnam's Sons) is a translation by a physician from the French of another physician. This fact gives the work a certain authority which popular medical works do not always possess, while it imparts to it its only considerable fault: it presupposes too much knowledge on the part of the mother. We recognize the difficulty of writing on scientific subjects without using scientific terminology; nevertheless, a work intended for popular use ought not to require such a glossary as is appended to this. Notwithstanding this defect, the book deserves high praise. It is not beyond the apprehension of most mothers, if they are willing to give its oc-

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casionally obscure passages a little thoughtful study. It begins with a general consideration of the work of the mother in the physical care and training of children. It then proceeds to give specific and practical information on such topics as the proper remedies to constitute the mother's pharmacopœia, the right use of them in cases that do not call for medical advice or do not admit waiting for it, the indications which the mother may recognize of approaching disease, the proper care of the sick, and the proper administration of the sick-room. It is provided with an excellent index, which enhances its value as a book of reference; but its chief value is as a treatise for the mother's reading at her leisure, rather than for her hasty reference in times of special exigency.—There are not many mothers who will find time to understand and fill up the record, for which provision is made in the *Mother's Register* (G. P. Putnam's Sons), which is intended as a note-book of the children's health. It contains some useful information, compressed into very concise foot-notes; these and its provocation to a study of children's physical condition constitute its chief practical value.

We think it was Goethe who laid down as the three canons of criticism three test questions to be asked and answered: first, what does the author propose to do? second, is it worth doing? third, has he done it well? Applying these questions to *Siam, the Land of the White Elephant, as it was and is* (Scribner, Armstrong, and Co.), we see no reason to doubt that the editor and compiler has done his work fairly well, but great reason to doubt whether it is a work worth doing at all. The book opens with an account of the geography and ancient history of Siam, which appears to have been obtained from well-known and trustworthy sources. Then follows the matter contributed by the editor himself, the record of observations in Bangkok sixteen years ago, since which time the more important changes in the civilization of Siam have taken place. Then we have "Sir Harry Ord's Visit to Hua-wan," from the *Bangkok Calendar*, a journal published in the city of like name, and the six or eight chapters of Mouhot's "Travels, Explorations, and Adventures." A "Journey from Bangkok to Birmah," from the pen of Dr. Collins, an American missionary, is next given. The remaining chapters are made up from the writings of Bishop Pallegoix, Sir John Bowring, Dr. Bradley (a resident missionary), and Mrs. Leonowens. The map and illustrations do not add materially to the value of the work. The map of Siam, Cambodia, the Laos country, etc., is evidently the same as that attached to M. Mouhot's travels, and the illustrations are, with three or four exceptions, taken from the same work. Several of the English general atlases of the world contain maps of Siam (and the other lands of Indo-China as well) which are ten years more modern, and hence more full and accurate than is this map. Some of the illustrations, too, do but sorry justice to their subject. The "reigning First King of Siam" might fairly institute a libel suit against the engraver who gives the caricature on his majesty's handsome and intelligent features; and the picture of the "present Second King" is no better. In short, the book is but a compilation of works of travels whose information is too often rendered inaccurate by important changes which have taken place since they were written, or by inaccuracy of language, of which the title is itself an illustration. Siam is in no proper sense the "land of the white elephant," whose home embraces the entire central portions of the Chin-Indian peninsula, from Bengal to Cochin China, and whose name is assumed as a part of his royal title by the King of Ava, "Lord of many White Elephants." In truth, these albinos—whose whiteness, by-the-way, is not the effect of disease, as is indicated by this book—are seldom found within the strict boundaries of the kingdom of Siam. The editor has probably been misled by the fact that a white elephant on a red ground is its national standard. But we do not look for unicorns and lions in Great Britain because these emblems are on its national crest. It is not, however, to errors of this sort that we chiefly object, but to the fundamental conception which underlies not only this volume, but the series of which it is a part. We have a right to expect of such a library of travel that it will discriminate for the reader, and will sift out the true from the false, which this series does not do. It is because the countries of Indo-China are so little known that the general reading public are satisfied with *Romances of the Harem*, and other kindred publications. Not being able to contradict ingenious though marvelous statements from personal knowledge and experience, all is accepted as the truth, until some may appear who really know of what they speak, and also speak of no more than they know. We have taken this volume of a popular series because the series is popular, and because, of its kind, the book is fairly well done, in order to emphasize more strongly our protest against the whole system of book-making by any process, however skillful, of editing and compiling of information antiquated, and therefore inadequate and inaccurate, on subjects on which the public needs and is entitled to have the best, the latest, and the most trustworthy information.

Miss CATHERINE BEECHER has devoted her life to studying herself and instructing others in that nameless modern science which we may, in lieu of a better name, entitle "practical sociology," by which we mean the practical art of healthy and happy living in modern society, especially in the home circle. The *Housekeeper and Health-keeper* (Harper and Brothers) is a compend of her past utterances on these subjects; but it is also much more. It is the final result of thoughts, observations, philosophies, and suggestions which have survived the sifting processes of time and actual trial. It embraces the whole range of family life, from the preparation of a meal to the right management and culture of children. A peculiar mellowness and softness and absence of rigidity, which age, when instructed by experience, sometimes but not always brings, constitute the most manifest qualities of the volume, and render it far better and more helpful than any book of mere rules and recipes, though these are not wanting; and a thoroughly Christian and as thoroughly unconventional spirit breathes through the entire volume. She recognizes no true home but the Christian home. The young housekeeper may,

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indeed, at first be discouraged by the very excellence of the standards which Miss Beecher sets up; but on further examination she will find the directions so detailed and so explicit that she can not misread, and we venture with some assurance to prophesy that, having once used it as a guide-book in the difficult but important art of housekeeping, and the more difficult and more important art of home-keeping, she will not be willing to surrender it again, nor will the members of her kingdom be willing that she should.

Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record closes on the 28th of April.—The extra session of the Senate closed March 26. The long debate on Senator Caldwell's expulsion was terminated, March 24, by the Senator's resignation. A resolution was passed exonerating Senator Clayton from the charges made against him. In regard to the case of Senator Bogy, the Committee on Privileges and Elections requested to be discharged from the duty of further investigation.

Resolutions were passed during the session providing for the meeting of several of the important committees during the recess. Among these are the Committee on Transportation, that on Privileges and Elections—having special reference to modes of electing the President and Vice-President—and that on the Mississippi Levees. In regard to these levees, army engineers who have investigated the matter report the probable cost to be about $36,000,000. The Southern people claim that a large part of this amount would be saved every year as a result of the improvement. In 1861 the levees extending for 1504 miles had been constructed at a cost of $35,000,000. The yield of the plantations protected by them was 688,254 bales of cotton, and 460,000 hogsheads of sugar—worth $74,000,000. The ravages of the war have reduced these levees to a useless condition. In consequence, the sugars of Cuba and Brazil have taken the place of those of Louisiana, and a cotton crop estimated at 7,000,000 bales has been annually lost to the markets of the world.

The Committee on Transportation has already had before it the postal car question. There are fifty-eight lines of railroad running postal cars, and the Post-office Department is endeavoring to extend the system. The postal car is, in fact, a traveling post-office, in charge of an agent, who sorts the mail matter while the car is in motion. This system has been of great advantage, preventing long delays in the delivery of mail matter. Just before the close of the last session Congress passed a law increasing the compensation for this kind of transportation to the extent of $500,000 dollars, and authorized the Transportation Committee to sit during recess and investigate the "nature and extent of the obligations subsisting between the railroad companies and the postal service." The pay for railway mail service was adjusted according to the weight of matter carried, being per annum, for each mile, as follows: for a daily weight of 200 pounds, $50; of 500 pounds, $75; of 1000 pounds, $100; of 1500 pounds, $125; of 2000 pounds, $150; of 3500 pounds, $175; of 5000 pounds, $200; and $25 additional for every additional 2000 pounds. This advance was secured by the Postmaster-General with great difficulty, and was by him deemed insufficient. The presidents of some of the lines leading from New York threatened to take off the postal cars on the 1st of April, but in view of the investigation being made by the Senate committee they suspended action.

Mr. George William Curtis on the 18th of March resigned his position as a member of the Advisory Board of the Civil Service. He stated as his reason for resigning that the circumstances under which several important appointments had been recently made seemed to him to show an abandonment both of the spirit and the letter of the civil service regulations. Mayor Medill, of Chicago, has also resigned. In the place of these gentlemen, Dorman B. Eaton, of New York, and Samuel Shellabarger, of Ohio, have been appointed Commissioners by the President.

The new charter for New York city was finally adopted by the New York Legislature April 16. It abolishes the Board of Assistant Aldermen after January 1, 1875. The Mayor is to nominate and, with the consent of the Board of Aldermen, appoint all the heads of departments, and may remove them for cause. The Controller, Commissioner of Public Works, Corporation Counsel, President of Public Parks, and the President of the Police Department are retained in office during their present term. In the reduction of salaries of the leading officials there is a saving of over $350,000 annually, as compared with the old charter.

The New York Legislature, among its other failures, has not met the popular sentiment on the question of usury. Governor Dix in his last message recommended the repeal of all usury laws as a blot on our statute-books. The neighboring States have already accomplished this reform. The laws as existing in New York can not be enforced. They are also partial, since they allow corporations to loan money at rates exceeding that which is established by the general law. The fact that there has been a combination of individuals, and perhaps, as Recorder Hackett suggests, of some banks through brokers and middle-men, to diminish the circulation of money in regular channels, so as to raise the percentage for its use in irregular channels, to the profit of those combining for this end, and that this conspiracy is an offense against common law, has brought the subject before the Grand Jury of the General Sessions in New York city. The presentment made by this jury, April 17, declares that that body has been unable to trace the reason for the present stringency in the money market, the usury laws being so unpopular that not a man can be found who will aid the authorities in discovering transgressors of them. It attributes to these very laws the enormous rates that are paid for money in New York

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city, and thus the merchant and trader are embarrassed by the scarcity of money, owing to its withdrawal from its legitimate channels. It recommends the repeal of all usury laws, or a modification of them in their application to the city and county of New York.

The Senate of the New York Legislature, April 23, passed the Assembly bill entitled "An act to regulate interest and prevent usury." It continues the seven per cent. rate of interest. It provides that no person shall take a greater rate of interest than seven per cent. But the forfeitures and penalties attached are of such a character as to amount to almost nothing. The principal is not forfeited, but only the interest. The borrower or the lender may forestall any penalty beyond taxable costs by an offer before the institution of legal proceedings to give or accept the legal rate of interest.

The New Jersey Legislature adjourned April 4. It had passed the General Railroad bill; also a bill for the local taxation of all railway property heretofore exempt in view of paying a State tax. A Civil Rights bill was passed, giving colored citizens all the rights and privileges of whites. The various temperance projects, including Local Option, were defeated; also the bill to make education compulsory. The State taxation was increased fifty per cent. rather than divert from the school fund the proceeds from the sales of land under water.

Governor Parker, of New Jersey, has appointed, in consonance with the resolution passed by the Legislature, April 4, two persons from each Congressional District to prepare amendments to the constitution of the State for submission to the next Legislature.

The two Houses of the Kentucky Legislature are divided on the question of local taxation for the support of the common-school system in that State—the Lower House insisting upon submitting the question to a majority of the resident real estate owners. As the report of the Senate Committee, April 17, justly says, "To give land-holders alone of all the people the right to declare whether or not the boys and girls of Kentucky shall be educated, would be to inflict a stab which, if not fatal, would certainly cripple and destroy the efficiency of the great system to which the poor and needy look as their only hope for the mental development of their offspring."

A disgraceful collision between whites and negroes has occurred at Colfax court-house, in Grant Parish, Louisiana, on the Red River. The reports are conflicting. This much seems evident: A body of negroes was called out by Sheriff Shaw to defend the court-house from an attack threatened by the supporters of the M'Enery government, who had gathered in large numbers for that purpose from the neighboring parishes. The collision took place April 13. The negroes were defeated, and a general massacre followed. The court-house was burned. It is stated, on the authority of United States Marshal S. B. Packard, that there was no loss on the part of the colored men until after their surrender, when they were murdered in cold blood. He reports that his chief deputy buried the remains of sixty negroes found on the field. A steamer, with a detachment of United States troops on board, started for Colfax.

State elections have taken place in Rhode Island, April 2, and Connecticut, April 8. Henry Howard, the Republican candidate, was elected Governor of Rhode Island by a majority of over 5000. Charles R. Ingersoll, the Democratic candidate, was elected Governor of Connecticut by a majority of 3237. From the first three Congressional Districts Republican Congressmen were elected, among them J. R. Hawley; from the fourth W. H. Barnum, Democrat, was elected. The Democrats gained largely in the State Legislature.

At the meeting of the Mormon Conference in Salt Lake City, April 8, Brigham Young resigned his position as trustee in trust of the Church. He announced his intention of going so far south that the telegraph would not reach him. He will probably have a following, and establish a new settlement in Arizona or Sonora.

In the British House of Commons, April 7, Mr. Lowe, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, presented his financial budget for the year ending March 31, 1873. He announced a reduction of the debt of £6,861,000. The actual revenue exceeded the estimated by nearly five millions of pounds. Mr. Lowe proposed to provide for the payment of half of the Geneva award out of the revenues of the present year without additional taxation, and announced that the government was enabled to propose a reduction of fifty per cent. in the duty on sugar, and to take off a penny from the tax on incomes. On April 24 these propositions were passed, except that reducing the duty on sugar, which was recommitted.

A bill for the exile of members of the Bonaparte family was passed March 29 by the French Assembly, 347 to 291. M. Grévy, President of the Assembly, resigned that position April 2. It is reported that he will assume the leadership of the Left in the Assembly, a position heretofore accorded to Gambetta. M. Louis Buffet was elected President April 4. The election in Paris, April 27, to fill the vacancy in the Assembly resulted in the choice of M. Barodet (Radical), who received 180,146 votes. Baron Stoffel received 27,058, and Count de Remusat (Thiers's candidate) 135,406. The elections in Marseilles and Bordeaux were also carried by the Radicals.

In the Prussian House of Lords, March 10, Prince Bismarck made an important speech in advocacy of the constitutional amendment upon which the new Church laws are to be based.

The Electoral Reform bill, which has been passed by the Austrian Reichsrath, and received the sanction of the Emperor, is an important triumph for the people. The bill provides for the election of members of the Lower House by all persons entitled to the suffrage—the number of members to be increased to 120. The votes are to be given in writing. Those entitled to vote in one province are to be eligible in all. The representatives of large landed proprietors will be increased fifty per cent., it is estimated; and these and those for the towns are to be returned by direct election.

It has been officially estimated at St. Petersburg that the three Russian columns from Orenburg, the Caucasus, and Turkestan would arrive on the borders of Khiva by the 1st of May. It appears from the manifesto published in this

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connection in the *Invalide Russe* that the Russian government has exhausted every pacific resource, and that the Khan of Khiva persists in retaining the Kirghese prisoners, and in rejecting all overtures for a commercial treaty with the Governor-General of Turkestan similar to those established between that officer and the chiefs of Khokan, Bokhara, and Tashkend. In 1869 the Russian government occupied a point on the bay of Krasnovodsk (on the eastern shore of the Caspian) for the erection of a fortified factory, in order to attract a portion of the Central Asian caravans toward the banks of the Caspian, to secure the safety of the nomad subjects of Russia in the neighborhood of the sea, and to improve the relations of the government with Khiva. In order to secure the new commercial route thus projected between the Caspian Sea and Central Asia it is necessary that Khiva should be either Russian or subject to Russian influence.

The prospect of a Russian invasion seems to have frightened the Khan of Khiva, who is reported to have executed his chief counselor, imprisoned his uncle and other influential Khivans inimical to Russia, and released the Russian prisoners.

M. Vámbéry estimates the population of the khanate at about 500,000, divided into sedentary and nomadic tribes. The khan can place in the field 25,000 cavalry, and a few auxiliary squadrons, all poorly commanded. The khanate's best defense, says Vámbéry, is the desert by which it is surrounded, in parts of which no water is to be found, and where the heat of summer and the cold of winter are alike insupportable.

A war has been in progress between the Dutch East India government, in the island of Sumatra, and the kingdom of Achen, in the northern part of the island. The Achenese have violated treaty obligations, and have been guilty of robbery, and of kidnaping men, whom they sold as slaves. The Dutch forces, after unsuccessful attempts, costing them the loss of forty-five killed and over four hundred wounded, have resolved to suspend hostilities until next autumn.

The Shah of Persia left Teheran April 19 on a tour to Europe.

THE WESTERN FARMERS.

The Association of Patrons of Industry had its origin in Iowa about two years ago. The main object of the association at the outset was to procure, through the agency of granges, or bands of farmers established in every township in the State, farmers' implements on the co-operative plan. The association was a secret society, having its ceremonies of initiation and a symbolic ritual. A pleasant feature of the order is the prominence given to social intercourse among the members. The farmers take their wives and daughters to the granges; indeed, the formation of granges is impossible without a certain ratio of lady members. Among other properties possessed by each grange are a well-selected library, a piano or a melodeon, a microscope, botanical, mineralogical, or entomological specimens, and similar facilities for intellectual entertainment or scientific study. The ritual is pleasing, and in one of the degrees occurs a social festival. This order, therefore, helps to relieve the tedium and dreary isolation which are the unpleasant characteristics of country life.

The legitimate business of the grange embraces every thing that can be advantageous to its members. Among the more prominent matters now fairly inaugurated and in good working condition may be mentioned a systematic arrangement for rapidly procuring and disseminating information relative to crops; the aspect of demand and supply; prices in various markets; the cost of transportation from point to point by various routes; the establishment of dépôts for the sale of special products, so as to bring the consumer in direct contact with the producer; also for the purchase and exchange of live stock, seeds, plants, and fruits of all kinds; facilities for procuring help and labor at home or from abroad, and work for those seeking employment; a well-guarded system of testing and ascertaining the merits of newly invented or newly introduced farming machinery and implements, the results of which are at once communicated to all the members of the order.

From Iowa this order has spread eastward into Ohio, Illinois, and Indiana, and through Tennessee into Northern Mississippi and Alabama. One-third of all the grain elevators and warehouses in Iowa are owned or controlled by the granges, and before last December over 5,000,000 bushels of grain were shipped by them to Chicago. The number of cattle and hogs shipped in the same manner is enormous, and with increased profits to the farmers. In the purchase of agricultural machinery and implements the purchases made through the grange have saved to its members $365,000 by actual computation. Not less than $100,000 will be invested during the year 1873 by the granges in establishing manufactories, and thus, by the bringing of skilled labor among them, will a home demand for the products of the farm be created.

Inspired by the same purpose as these granges are the organizations in Illinois, Ohio, and other States known as farmers' clubs, or farmers' associations. It is estimated that of the 1500 townships in Illinois over 800 have organized clubs, or granges, the average membership being one hundred.

The most important of the farmers' conventions met at Springfield, Illinois, April 2. Out of the 102 counties in the State 73 were represented by 291 delegates. The resolutions adopted declare that chartered monopolies not regulated and controlled by law have proved detrimental to the public prosperity; that railways, except in those countries where they have been held under the strict regulation and supervision of the government, have been instruments of arbitrary extortion, and have been as much opposed to free institutions and free commerce as was the feudal system of the Middle Ages; that a despotism "which defies our laws, plunders our shippers, impoverishes our people, and corrupts our government" must be subdued and made to subserve the public interest; that the State can not create a corporation which it can not thereafter control; that there is occasion for alarm in the contemplation of an interest which combines in the hands of a few men a capital of nearly $250,000,000 in the State of

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Illinois, and $4,000,000,000 in the Union; that it is the duty and within the power of the Legislature to pass laws fixing reasonable maximum rates for freight and passengers, without classification of roads; that the existing statute providing for a classification of railroads, with a view to adjusting a tariff of charges according to the gross amount of earnings, is a delusion and a snare, and is so framed that the railroads are able to classify themselves, and that it should be carefully modified or repealed; that inasmuch as the Supreme Court has clearly pointed out the way to reach the unjust discriminations made by the Illinois railroads, the necessary laws on this subject should be enacted by the Legislature without delay; that a bill should be passed declaring railroads public highways, and requiring railroads to make actual connections with all roads whose tracks meet or cross their own; that legal rates of fare should be insisted upon; that the provision of the State constitution of 1848 prohibiting the granting of special railroad charters should be strictly enforced, and also the provision of the constitution of 1870 prohibiting the issue of watered stocks; that Congress should repeal all laws "preventing the competition of small vessels which may choose to engage in the carrying trade on our inland lakes, between ports in the United States, without regard to nationality;" that the protective duties on iron, steel, lumber, and materials which enter into the construction of railway cars, steam-ships, sailing vessels, and agricultural implements, should be immediately repealed; that the laws making the stocks of railroad corporations personal property should be repealed, and the law so amended as to withdraw such stocks from speculation and give to them the permanency and certainty of ownership of the railroads themselves; and that the railroads (now assessed at not over one-tenth of their value) should pay taxes on the full value of their property.

The following is the substance of the platform adopted at the recent convention of the farmers of California:

Repeal of the taxes on growing crops; repeal of the tax on mortgages; establishment of San Francisco as a free port for interior commerce; repeal of the Federal tariff on grain sacks and material for grain sacks; and the establishment of a maximum freight rate for railroad transportation.

The Illinois Legislature has not, at the time we write, completed its Railway bill. In the place of the Hildup and Donahue bills, a compromise bill combining the best features of these has been passed by the Assembly. Some important amendments to the bill were adopted in the Senate April 24. The fact that no special rates were allowed in the Assembly bill for transportation of freight in large quantities shows how partial is the knowledge of legislators when they come to treat of great measures. The same thing is shown in the proposed amendment to the Pennsylvania constitution, which is intended to prevent the consolidation of railroad lines.

In pursuance of the call of Governor Smith, of Georgia, there will be a convention of the Governors of the Southern, Western, and Southwestern States at Atlanta, Georgia, May 20, to consider measures for the accomplishment of the Atlantic and Great Western Canal, by which it is proposed to connect the Tennessee River, and through that river the entire system of Western inland navigation, with the Atlantic Ocean at Savannah and Brunswick, Georgia.

Governor Carpenter, of Iowa, has addressed letters to the Governors of the Northwestern States, containing references to a meeting held at Des Moines some three months ago, with a view of calling a convention of delegates from the several Northwestern States and Territories to devise means for the improvement of the Fox and Wisconsin rivers and the Huron and Ontario Canal, and to make such arrangements as will tend to promote the early consummation of these enterprises.

INDIAN AFFAIRS.

The massacre of Major-General E. R. S. Canby and the Rev. E. Thomas, D.D., Peace Commissioners, by the Modocs at the lava beds, in Oregon, April 11, has brought the whole Indian subject again to the foreground.

The Modoc Indians have been for a score of years unfriendly to the whites. A treaty made in 1864 provided for the setting apart of a tract of land of about 768,000 acres in Southern Oregon for this tribe. A part of the tribe settled on this reservation. Captain Jack's band, however, preferred to stay at their old homes near Clear Lake. Late in 1869 Captain Jack and his band were, not without difficulty, persuaded, in view of certain amendments made to the treaty, to settle upon the reservation. Early in 1870 there was trouble between the Modocs and Klamaths, and they were separated, the former being removed to another part of the reservation. Disturbances were soon renewed, which resulted in the departure of the Modocs. In his report for 1871, Mr. A. B. Meacham, who was wounded in the recent massacre, and who was then Superintendent of Indian Affairs for Oregon, recommended the establishment of a separate reservation for the Modocs near their old home—the tract indicated by him being six miles square, and lying partly in Oregon and partly in California. But his suggestion was not acted upon. An agreement was made with the Modocs that they should not be disturbed until definite action was taken by the Indian Office, provided they refrained from theft and disturbance. The Modocs proved restive, and in the spring of 1872 Mr. T. B. Odeneal, who had succeeded Mr. Meacham, concluded that they had by their maraudings forfeited all claim to consideration under this agreement. April 12, 1872, Commissioner Walker wrote to Odeneal directing the removal of the Modocs to the Klamath Reservation. June 17, Odeneal replied that he did not believe the removal practicable at that season of the year without using the military for the purpose; and then, if the Modocs should resist, success with the force at hand seemed doubtful. He asked for a postponement until September, which was granted. The Modocs refused to be removed, and Captain Jackson with thirty men (of Colonel Wheaton's command) reached the Modoc camp November 29, and upon his demand that the Modocs lay down their arms, the Indians opened an attack, which lasted for two hours, when they escaped. That day eleven citizens were murdered by the Indians. The camp was surrounded, and on January 17 a severe en-

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gagement occurred between Colonel Wheaton and the Modocs, in which the troops were defeated and forced to retire, with a loss of forty killed and wounded. All attempts to dislodge the Modocs from their fastnesses in the rocks of the lava beds proved fruitless, and a Peace Commission was appointed. On March 3 the Peace Commissioners reported that the Indians had agreed to surrender and to be removed to a southern and warmer climate. A second dispatch, March 4, to Secretary Delano reported that they emphatically rejected all offers and propositions. A new Peace Commission was organized, March 16, composed of General Canby, Dr. Thomas, Mr. Meacham, Judge Rosborough, of Yreka, California, and Mr. Dyer, of Oregon.

On the 22d March General Canby telegraphed to General Sherman as follows:

"I think that a system of gradual compulsion, with an exhibition of the force that can be used against them, if the Commission should again fail, will satisfy them of the hopelessness of any further resistance, and give the peace party sufficient strength to control the whole band. Time is becoming of the greatest importance, as the melting of the snow will soon enable them to live in the mountains. This will greatly increase the difficulties we have to contend with, as they will then break up into small parties, and can more readily make their escape from their present location."

Several parleys were held, at which the Modocs were insolent in manner, and their brutality reached its culmination in the treacherous massacre of April 11. Since that melancholy event several attacks have been made upon the Modocs, but no report of any decisive results has reached us at the time we write this.

An important epoch or transition point was marked by the declaration made by Congress March 30, 1871, that "hereafter no Indian nation or tribe within the territory of the United States shall be acknowledged or recognized as an independent nation, tribe, or power with whom the United States may contract by treaty." As Commissioner F. A. Walker has lately written, these would have seemed brave words to William Penn, Captain Miles Standish, or Captain John Smith. They show that the day of block-houses has gone by. But, for all that, the complete mastery of the perplexing Indian question is not yet ours. We are still resorting to measures of expediency, still postponing a decisive conflict, knowing that soon the necessity for conflict will disappear. According to the report of the Indian Commissioners for 1872—

"Three years will see the alternative of war eliminated from the Indian question, and the most powerful and hostile bands of to-day thrown in entire helplessness on the mercy of the government. Indeed, the progress of two years more, if not of another summer, on the Northern Pacific Railroad, will of itself completely solve the great Sioux problem, and leave the 90,000 Indians ranging between the two transcontinental lines as incapable of resisting the government as are the Indians of New York or Massachusetts. Columns moving north from the Union Pacific and south from the Northern Pacific would crush the Sioux and their confederates as between the upper and nether millstone; while the rapid movement of troops along the northern line would prevent the escape of the savages, when hard pressed, into the British possessions, which have heretofore afforded a convenient refuge on the approach of a military expedition.

"Toward the south the day of deliverance from the fear of Indian hostility is more distant; yet it is not too much to expect that three summers of peaceful progress will forever put it out of the power of the tribes and bands which at present disturb Colorado, Utah, Arizona, and New Mexico to claim consideration of the country in any other attitude than as pensioners upon the national bounty. The railroads now under construction or projected, with a reasonable assurance of early completion, will multiply fourfold the striking force of the army in that section; the little rifts of mining settlements now found all through the mountains of the Southern Territories will have become self-protecting communities; the feeble, wavering line of agricultural occupation, now sensitive to the faintest breath of Indian hostility, will then have grown to be the powerful 'reserve' to lines still more closely advanced upon the last range of the intractable tribes."

By the time this Record reaches our readers it will have been decided whether recent events have developed a new situation, rendering a general Indian war inevitable. It has been just this situation that the government has been for years striving to avoid by a policy that, from a superficial view, has been pronounced pusillanimous and wasteful. Individual murders have been allowed to go unpunished. Two and a half millions of dollars are spent annually in the subsistence of Indians without reference to their ability or disposition to work, so that the average cost of the Indian service has gone up from four millions in 1866, 1867, and 1868 to seven millions at the present time. The increase is due to this system of feeding Indians. Commissioner Walker, though he justifies the system, does not hesitate to admit that it is paying blackmail to insolent savages. He claims that points of dignity can only arise between equals. "With wild men, as with wild beasts, the question whether to fight, coax, or run is a question merely of what is easiest or safest in the situation given.... Grant that some petty Sioux chief believes that the government of the United States feeds him and his lazy followers out of fear or out of respect for his greatness—what then? It will not be long before the agent of the government will be pointing out the particular row of potatoes which his majesty must hoe before his majesty can dine. The people of the United States are great enough, and sufficiently conscious of their greatness, to indulge a little longer the self-complacent fancies of those savage tribes, if by that means a desolating war may be avoided."

The cost of a general Indian war, as estimated by Mr. Walker, would "reach an aggregate not much short of that of the year of largest preparations and largest operations during the rebellion"—this apart from the humane consideration of the exposed condition of our frontier settlements. He quotes from the report of a commission, comprising such officers as Generals Sherman, Harney, Augur, and Terry, rendered to the President January 7, 1868, in which they use the following language in reference to the "Chirrington massacre" and the Cheyenne war of 1864:

"No one will be astonished that a war ensued which cost the government thirty million dollars, and carried conflagration and death to the border settlements. During the spring and summer of 1865 no less than eight thousand troops were withdrawn from the effective force engaged in suppressing the rebellion to meet this Indian war. The result of the year's campaign satisfied all reasonable men that war with Indians was useless and expensive. Fifteen or twenty Indians had been killed, at an expense of more than a million dollars apiece, while hundreds of our soldiers had lost their lives, many of our border settlers had been butchered, and their property destroyed."

"This," says Mr. Walker, "was the experience of the United States in a contest with an

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Indian tribe numbering, perhaps, 4000 men, women, and children, and able to bring into the field not one-fifth as many warriors as the Sioux bands of to-day. Not to go back to wars waged with tribes now subjugated or extinct, were we to cast up the expenditures involved in the Sioux war of 1852–54, the Cheyenne war of 1864, just referred to, the Navajo war, the second Sioux war in 1866, the second Cheyenne war in 1867, we should undoubtedly reach a total greatly exceeding one hundred millions of dollars."

He estimates the potentially hostile tribes as numbering 64,000 Indians. "Of the Sioux of Dakota, tribes, bands, and parties, to the number of 15,000; of the Indians of Montana, Blackfeet, Bloods, and Piegans, Assiniboines, and roving Sioux, to the number of 20,000; of the Indians in the extreme southwestern part of the Indian Territory and on the borders of Texas, Kiowas, Comanches, Cheyennes, and Arrapahoes, to the number of 7000; of the Indians of Arizona, Apaches of several tribes, to the number of 9000; of the Mountain Indians of Colorado, Utah, and Nevada, to the number of 5000; of the Indians of New Mexico, to the number of 2000; and of the Indians in Oregon and Washington Territory, to the number of 6000."

But he does not consider it probable that in a general Indian war the government would be called upon to fight more than one-half of these Indians at any one time.

The Indian Commissioners state that nearly five-sixths of the 300,000 Indians of the United States and Territories are civilized or partially civilized. The Commissioner of Indian Affairs divides them as follows: civilized, 97,000; semi-civilized, 125,000; wholly barbarous, 78,000. Of the civilized Indians the Cherokees are the most advanced. They number 15,000, and have a reservation in the Indian Territory of four million acres. "They have their own written language, their national constitution and laws, their churches, schools, and academies, their judges and courts. Their dwellings consist of 500 frame and 3500 log houses. During the year 1872 they raised 3,000,000 bushels of corn, besides large quantities of wheat, oats, and potatoes, their aggregate crops being greater than those of New Mexico and Utah combined. Their stock consists of 16,000 horses, 75,000 neat cattle, 160,000 hogs, and 9000 sheep..... The Cherokees have sixty schools in operation, with an aggregate attendance of 2133 scholars. Three of these schools are maintained for the instruction of their former negro slaves." There are in the Indian Territory from 40,000 to 45,000 Indians in the same general condition as the Cherokees.

Mr. Walker recommends the adoption of the reservation system as the general and permanent policy of the government. "The number of Indians now having reservations secured to them by law or treaty is approximately 180,000. The number of such reservations is ninety-two, ranging in extent from 288 acres to 40,750 square miles, and aggregating 167,619 square miles. Of these reservations thirty-one, aggregating 2693 square miles, are east of the Mississippi River; forty-two, aggregating 144,838 square miles, are between the Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains; and nineteen, aggregating 20,068 square miles, are upon the Pacific slope. In addition to the above, 40,000 Indians, having no lands secured to them by treaty, have had reservations set apart for them by executive order out of the public lands of the United States. The number of reservations thus set apart is fifteen, aggregating 59,544 square miles."

These reservations, Mr. Walker thinks, should be consolidated, so that the territory assigned to the Indians west of the Mississippi shall constitute one or two grand reservations. The tract now known as the Indian Territory would accommodate 250,000 Indians, giving each man, woman, and child 120 acres. If there are two reservations, then, besides the Indian Territory, there should be another tract set apart farther north for the Sioux, Crows, Poncas, Arickarees, Flatheads, Blackfeet, Northern Cheyennes, Arrapahoes, etc., numbering altogether 54,000. "The intrusion of whites upon these reservations should be provided against by legislation." Also, Indians should be compelled to remain on their reservations. Then "a rigid reformatory control should be exercised by the government over the lives and manners of the Indians of the several tribes, particularly in the direction of requiring them to learn and practice the arts of industry, at least until one generation shall have been fairly started on a course of self-improvement."

Such are the main features of what is known as the peace policy. The Commissioners claim that under its operations the number of outrages have steadily diminished. Still it is on trial, and the question has yet to be answered whether it will accomplish its main object—the prevention of a general Indian war. It must be understood, however, that this policy is not applied to Indians in actual hostility. These come under the jurisdiction of the army, and the army, as General Sherman says, "has no policy about Indians or any thing else. It has no voice in Congress, but accepts the laws as enacted, and the interpretation thereof by the proper officials, and executes them with as much intelligence, fidelity, and humanity as any other body of citizens."

General Sherman has always been of the opinion that the Indian Bureau should be under the conduct of the War Department instead of under that of the Department of the Interior. He says, in a recent letter:

"From the organization of the government up to 1850 the Indians and Indian Bureau were under the War Department, so that nearly all the civilization and Christianization of the Indians thus far accomplished occurred under army supervision. To-day, in case an Indian suffers a wrong, I believe he will be more likely to appeal to the commanding officer of the nearest military post than to his own agent; for in the one he sees with his eyes the evidence of a force to compel obedience, whereas in the other nothing of the kind. In like manner, I believe the annuities to treaty Indians would reach the parties in interest quite as surely through army officers as through civilians. And when Indians have committed depredations—as is very common—and the annuities are chargeable with the amount of damages, such stoppages could more safely be made by a commanding officer having soldiers at his back than by an agent afraid of his life—as too many of them are, and have reason to be. The present Indian agents, as a class, are very good men; but they lack the force, the power, which savages alone respect."

The general holds all the Modocs responsible for the late massacre. On the 12th of April he issued an order to General Gillem to make the

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attack so strong and persistent that the fate of the Modocs might be commensurate with their crime. He adds, "You will be fully justified in their utter extermination."

In the letter above alluded to, he says:

"This whole matter must be left to the officers on the spot, and these must be sheltered against the howl of such as followed Major Baker after the Piegan attack, as also General Custer after his attack on Black Kettle's camp. There is not much danger of too much harm being done. To be effective and exemplary, the blow must involve the terrible; enough to impress the kindred tribes of Klamaths and Pi-Utes. I believe the civilians and soldiers wish the same end, and, in fact, do not differ much as to the process. All Indians must be made to know that when the government commands they must obey, and until that state of mind is reached, through persuasion or fear, we can not hope for peace."

Even Mr. Walker admits the force which a brilliant campaign, like that of General Crook in Arizona during the past season, has in impressing the Indians with a sense of the power of the government. He shows that certain of the so-called—and sometimes properly so-called—massacres perpetrated by the army, or by the frontier militia, have had very effective results. "Colonel Baker's attack upon a Piegan camp in 1869, even though it should be held to be justified on the ground of necessity, must be admitted to be utterly revolting in its conception and execution. Yet no merited chastisement ever wrought more instant and durable effects for good. The Piegans, who had been even more wild and intractable than the Sioux, have since that affair been orderly and peaceable. No complaints whatever are made of their conduct, and they are apparently as good Indians as can be found among the wholly uncivilized tribes."

LABOR STRIKES.

It has been carefully estimated that the strike of last year involved a direct loss of $4,000,000 to the business of New York, which was about equally divided between the workmen and employers.

The strike of the colliers and iron-workers of Wales had a duration of between two and three months. During that time over 60,000 persons were idle. These men are said to have been receiving at the time of the strike $300,000 weekly, and the stoppage of this vast sum has brought untold misery and suffering to the workmen and their families. The miners have lost $2,000,000 in wages, while the unions have only contributed $75,000 to their wants. After all this, the result is that the men are compelled to go to work at nearly the old wages. The prospective strike in New York is having a serious effect on the business of the city. The number of buildings under contract is unusually small. Those having contracts have already made extensive arrangements for doing as much as possible of the work at other points near New York, one job of stone-cutting, the largest in the city, being under contract in Jersey City, by which $150,000 is lost to New York workmen.

The Legislature of Illinois, March 19, passed a bill attaching severe penalties to intimidations resorted to in strikes.

On the 5th of April the gas-men employed in the works of the New York Gas Company (East Twenty-first and Twenty-second streets, New York city) struck for the adoption of the eight-hour system. The men, about two hundred in number, were dismissed. They failed to persuade the gas-men of the Manhattan and other companies to join them. Men from Ward's Island and from other companies supplied the places of the strikers, but at first so inefficiently that the streets in the lower part of the city were without light after ten o'clock on the night of the 5th. But this difficulty was soon overcome. There were some outrages committed on the new men. The strike proved an utter failure for want of co-operation, and the New York Company lost more from the unskillful work of the new men, and the necessity of maintaining a large police force to protect these men and the works, than would have paid the cost for a year of the additional gang of workmen which the adoption of the eight-hour system would have required.

At the blast-furnace of the Western Iron Company, in Knightsville, Indiana, there was a collision, April 15 and 16, between the negro laborers from Virginia and the white miners and puddlers, who were on a strike, and whose places the negroes had filled. The disturbance was quelled by the arrival of police and military from Indianapolis.

The committee recently appointed by the Massachusetts Legislature to inquire into the condition of operatives in manufacturing towns report, after visiting all the larger towns and cities, that there is no call for legislative interference in regard to the hours of labor in factories, or the employment of women and minors.

Now that the interests of agriculture are being made so prominent in connection with the issues raised between the farmers and the railroads, it is inevitable that a new question must enter into the consideration of all labor problems—what will be the effect upon the agricultural interests of a general strike of the mechanical trades for a day's work of eight hours without a reduction of wages? According to the report of Mr. David A. Wells, the Special Commissioner of Revenue for 1869, the gross values created by the various industries of the country amounted to $6,285,000,000, which were assigned as follows:

Agriculture	$3,282,950,000
Cotton manufacture	71,500,000
Woolen manufacture	66,000,000
Iron production—pig and bar	119,950,000
Leather manufacture	222,600,000
Railway service	360,000,000
Fisheries	100,000,000
All others	2,602,000,000
Total	$6,825,000,000

This is given as the value of the total products of the labor of each of these classes. The census of 1870 gives the total number of persons engaged in paid occupations at 12,505,923. Of these, 5,922,471 are employed in agricultural labor. In round numbers, one-half the population employed in labor of all kinds are employed in agriculture. Dividing the whole value of the labor by the number of persons engaged in it, the product is an average of $546 each per annum. But this enumeration of occupations embraces every variety. It is estimated that there are about one million of skilled laborers, mechanics, whose average wages are $750 per year, whose labor with its incidents is worth one thousand millions of dollars. The average value of the product of each person engaged in agri-

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culture, including all its branches, is $554. The reduction of the number of hours of all other labor one-fifth, without any reduction in its cost, will levy an additional tax of twenty per cent. upon every article which farmers have to purchase. As the number of persons thus burdened constitute one-half of our laboring population, it will be difficult to effect the proposed change in our industrial economy through political enactments or through an appeal to popular opinion.

MISCELLANEOUS.

According to the Bureau of Statistics, our imports for the eleven months ending November 30, 1872, amounted to $633,999,597, as against $550,545,174 for the corresponding period of 1871. Our domestic exports amounted to $492,092,500, as against $463,121,594 in 1871; our foreign exports to $23,362,380, as against $25,141,439 in 1871.

Allowing for the difference in the warehouse account, the imports for the eleven months ending November 30, 1872, are in excess of the domestic and foreign exports, combined, to the amount of $117,767,227, while for the eleven months ending November 30, 1871, the imports exceeded the exports by only $48,611,567.

An important decision was rendered by the Supreme Court of Illinois, March 24, declaring telegraph companies responsible for the correct transmission of messages where the message is not repeated.

The new Indiana divorce law provides that no divorce shall be granted unless the applicant can prove by at least two witnesses a *bona fide* residence of two years within the State, forbids the person obtaining the divorce to marry again within two years, and limits the grounds for the divorce to the causes specified in the present statute.

An important opinion has been delivered by the Supreme Court of Illinois, through Judge Thornton, as to the legal liabilities of a husband for the conduct of his wife. Judge Thornton decides that since "the relations of husband and wife have been so changed as to deprive him of all right to her property, and to the control of her person and her time, every principle of right would be violated to hold him still responsible for her conduct." It is impossible, therefore, to recover damages from the husband for slander perpetrated by the wife.—In this connection it may be mentioned that a bill is before the British House of Commons, which has passed to a second reading, giving a married woman the right to hold property independently of her husband, and to control her own earnings.

The storm in Nebraska about the middle of April seems to have been as fearful in its results as that of Minnesota last January. Men were frozen to death within two rods of their dwellings while feeding their stock. Houses were blown down, and families were compelled to resort to the cellars, or perished in the attempt to reach the neighbors. The destruction of cattle was very great.

At a dinner recently given by the national bank presidents of Philadelphia in his honor, the Hon. A. G. Cattell stated the object of his mission abroad to be the facilitation of the refunding of the national debt at a lower rate of interest. The arrangements for carrying out this object have been made by an agreement between the government and a syndicate composed of the most eminent bankers in this country and Europe. The parties to this syndicate are Messrs. Jay Cooke and Co., representing Messrs. H. M. Rothschild and Sons, Messrs. Jay Cooke, M'Culloch, and Co., and themselves, for one-half, and Messrs. L. P. Morton and J. P. Morton, representing Messrs. Baring Brothers and Co., Messrs. J. S. Morgan and Co., Messrs. Morton, Rose, and Co., Messrs. Drexel, Morgan, and Co., and Messrs. Morton, Bliss, and Co., for the other half. Already, under the management of Secretary Richardson, $200,000,000 of the six per cent. have been exchanged for five per cent. bonds, resulting in an annual saving in interest of $2,000,000.

The census for 1870 shows that in the past decade New England has increased in population 350,847, or a little over 11 per cent., which is just about half the rate (22.22 per cent.) of the increase of the whole country during the same period. Of this increase 168,170 was by the immigration of foreigners, and 182,677, or under 6 per cent., by births. The ratio of increase by births was much the largest in those States in which the number of foreign-born persons was greatest. In New Hampshire, where the foreign-born citizens are fewest, and received the smallest number of accessions during the decade, the population did not increase at all, but, on the contrary, fell off 7773. Rhode Island, whose total population is less, but whose foreign-born population is double that of New Hampshire, gained 24.47 per cent., which is above the average. Massachusetts, with the enormous foreign population of 353,319, and having in her midst 590,352 persons both of whose parents were foreign born, added 226,285, or 18.38 per cent., to her population.

We are now able to give the official estimate of the actual loss sustained by the Boston fire. The value of the property destroyed was estimated by the commissioners appointed to inquire into the causes of said fire to be $70,000,000. Of this amount there was covered by insurance—

In Massachusetts companies	$35,411,104
By companies of other States	15,818,520
By foreign companies	4,864,458
Total insurance	$56,094,082

There has been or will be paid in full of this amount:

By companies of other States and foreign companies	$20,495,343
By Massachusetts companies	15,180,000
By companies of other States not paying in full	1,200,000
Total	$36,875,343

Of the Massachusetts stock companies doing business in November last only eleven survived the catastrophe, and of the fifteen mutual companies doing business in Boston four were rendered insolvent by the fire. It is a remarkable fact that the merchants and property-holders of Boston, who will receive on their gross insurance $65\frac{73}{100}$ per cent., realized within $2,500,000 of the whole amount of the sum received by the people of Chicago, though, according to the estimates in both cases, the loss in Chicago was $48,000,000 in excess of that of Boston.

The mortality of the principal cities of the world for 1871 has been estimated as follows,

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by the death rate per 1000: New York, 28.6; Philadelphia, 22.9; St. Louis, 16.9; Chicago, 23.3; Baltimore, 26.7; Boston, 23.5; Cincinnati, 22.3; New Orleans, 29.2; San Francisco, 21.5; Buffalo, 13.9; Washington, 14.6; Louisville, 23.5; Newark, 23.7; Cleveland, 19.5; Richmond, 34.4; Charleston, 31.1; Petersburg, Virginia, 43.8; Havana, Cuba, 45.8; Montreal, Canada, 36.9; London, England, 24.7; Liverpool, 35.1; Glasgow, 32.9; Dublin, 26.2; Paris, 54.7; Berlin, 38.9; Vienna, 35.7; Rome, 30.7; Florence, 37.6; Naples, 39. The large rate for Berlin and Paris was due to the late war.

DISASTERS.

March 30.—At Shughan Station, on the Rutland and Washington division of the Rensselaer and Saratoga Railroad, the express train was thrown from the track, which had been undermined by water. Two men were killed and twelve injured.

April 1.—The steam-ship *Atlantic*, of the White Star line, from Liverpool to New York, while putting into Halifax for a fresh supply of coal, struck, while running at full speed, upon a rock fifty yards from Meagher's Island, and in a few minutes became a total wreck. There were 957 persons on board, of whom 535 were drowned, all the women and all but one of the children being included among the lost. The *Atlantic* sailed from Liverpool March 20, commanded by Captain James A. Williams. About the 27th she encountered a gale which continued three days, during which she made comparatively slow progress. At noon on the 31st she was 460 miles from Sandy Hook, with only 127 tons of coal in her bunkers. On leaving Liverpool she had a supply of 967 tons, of which 80 were used before the voyage commenced, leaving only fourteen days' supply had the coal been of the best quality, which it was not. Hence the necessity for putting into Halifax. At midnight of the 31st the captain went below, leaving the vessel in charge of the second and fourth officers. Sambro Light was not seen, though the sky was clear; nor did the officers see the land before the fatal shock. When the ship struck, it was at a point thirteen miles westward of that for which her officers supposed she was making. The ship had been in soundings for eight hours, but the lead was not once used, nor were any of the precautions taken which are usual when approaching land. Yet, notwithstanding this acknowledged lack of vigilance, by which a thousand lives were periled and over half that number actually lost, the Halifax Commission, by way of penalty, simply deprives the captain of his certificate as extra master and master for two years, and the certificate of the fourth officer is suspended for three months. The Commission reports that the conduct of Captain Williams and his officers after the ship struck "seems to have been all that could be demanded of men in their situation." This verdict is certainly at variance with all the published accounts of the disaster.

April 3.—On the St. Louis and Southern Railroad, at French Village, a construction train ran into a passenger train. A number of passengers were scalded, and three were killed.

April 8.—The wall of a new building at Rochester, New York, on which a crowd was standing looking at the freshet in the Genesee River, gave way, and about thirty persons were drowned.

April 14.—Two cotton-mills at Chicopee, Massachusetts, were destroyed by fire. Six thousand bales of cotton were burned, the loss of property amounting to $500,000, and 800 persons were thrown out of employment.

April 19.—At Richmond Switch, Rhode Island, on the Providence and Stonington Railroad, the train connecting with the steamboat line from New York to Stonington was thrown into the river, the railroad bridge having been undermined through the breaking of a mill-dam above it. The engineer, fireman, and six others were killed, and about forty persons were wounded. There were about 130 persons on the train, and the number of lives lost is probably much larger than reported.

March 19.—The city of San Salvador has again vindicated the justice of its old Indian appellative, "Cuscatlan," the "land that swings like a hammock." Three successive earthquake shocks have absolutely destroyed the city. Only a single edifice—a large wooden building known as the College of Trent—is left standing. The only other buildings not completely leveled with the earth are the Government House and the Hotel del Parque, both built of stone, and two stories in height. Although the city contained a population of from 15,000 to 20,000, the citizens were so completely warned by the earlier shocks that the loss of life is estimated at less than 500, the lowest estimate being 50. A curious feature of the disaster was the exhumation of dead bodies from the cemeteries. The loss of property is estimated at from $12,000,000 to $20,000,000.

April 4.—An explosion of fire-damp in a coal mine near Abertillery, Monmouthshire, England. Five miners killed and many injured.

April 10.—A manufactory in Rome, Italy, destroyed by lightning. Five persons killed and seventeen wounded.

April 16.—Severe thunder-storm in Wales. Several persons killed by lightning.

OBITUARY.

March 27.—In Hartford, ex-Senator James Dixon, of Connecticut, aged fifty-eight.

March 28.—In Elkton, Maryland, John Thompson Mason, Secretary of State of Maryland.

March 31.—In Coscob, Connecticut, Charles W. Barras, dramatic author, aged forty-seven.—At Königstein, Saxony, Mrs. James Gordon Bennett.

April 8.—In New York, Alderman Peter Gilsey, aged sixty-two.

April 27.—In Washington, Commodore John H. Aulick, of the United States Navy, aged about eighty-four.

March 26.—In London, Count Arthur von Bernstorff, German minister to England, aged sixty-five.

March 27.—In Rome, the Countess Guiccioli (Madame De Boissy), nearly seventy years of age.—At Paris, Amédée Simon Dominique Thierry, the French historian, aged seventy-six.

April 11.—In Paris, Saint Marc Girardin, the eminent French writer, aged seventy-two.

April 18.—In Munich, Baron Justus Liebig, the chemist, aged seventy.

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Editor's Scientific Record.

SUMMARY OF SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS.

THE summary of progress in our May number brought the subject up to about the 1st of March, where we resume it, and proceed to notice the comparatively few discoveries of interest that have since been made known.

Under the head of *Astronomy* nothing can be more startling than the announcement that the earth has actually passed through a portion of a comet without material influence upon terrestrial affairs. The researches of those who have studied the phenomena of meteors and of comets seem to have demonstrated that a shower of shooting-stars is the appearance put on by a comet's tail when the earth shoots through it, and that this periodically happens in the cases of Tempel's and of Biela's comets. Mr. Proctor has published some very plausible views as to the process by which comets and meteor streams have been originally formed within the solar system, in opposition to the theory that assigns the distant stellar systems as their birth-place. Thus he thinks Jupiter may have given rise to quite a number, and Uranus to at least one. The new star atlas, by Heis, is added to the list of original and valuable star charts. Among the important works relating to the motions of the planets of the solar system we notice the new determination, by Kruger, of the mass of the planet Jupiter, as deduced from its attraction of the asteroid Themis; and especially important in this department of astronomy will be esteemed the thorough investigation of the orbit of Uranus, with tables of his motions, now in press, from the pen of Professor Newcomb. Two new asteroids have been added to this group of planets, bringing the total number up to 130. The general activity in astronomical matters is shown by the proposed new building for the Cincinnati Observatory, by the assignment of an additional astronomer (Professor E. S. Holden) to the Naval Observatory, and, in France, by the complete reorganization of the corps of government astronomers.

In *Solar Physics* Secchi gives us his views of the nature of the solar spots and prominences, and deduces from theory, as well as from his own observation, the probable variability of the sun's diameter. The discussion of this matter by Faye, in several communications to the Paris Academy of Sciences, will serve to give precision to our views of this enigmatical subject. An instructive comparison has been made, showing that the work done by two thousand steam-engines, of one hundred horse-power each, and all working continuously for four thousand years, is only equal to the immense amount of force stored away in the sun's heat, and liberated in one minute's time on the earth's surface, in order to render it fit for habitation.

In *Terrestrial Magnetism* we note the interesting studies of Moncel, showing that the origin of many of the so-called ground currents is to be sought for in the apparatus itself; also the valuable contribution made by Professor Airy to our knowledge of the phenomena attending the great aurora of February 4, 1872, by the publication of theregisters of the self-recording ground current apparatus at Greenwich Observatory. The views held by Glaisher as to the relation of the auroral phenomena to the induced currents of terrestrial magnetic force have found an advocate in Professor Foster, of Zurich, and may be considered as entitled to at least as much weight as any that have yet been propounded in reference to the aurora.

In *Terrestrial Physics* the announcement made by the Coast Survey will be received with interest, that the self-registering tide-gauge in Penobscot Bay shows, by the fluctuations of the water surface, that on the 17th November, between midnight and 6 A.M., there were numerous decided earthquake waves. A severe earthquake shock is reported at Concord, New Hampshire, by Mr. Rockwood. The temperature of the interior of the earth (if that can be called the interior that is within a half mile of its surface) has been subjected to careful measurements by Dunker, who, from observation in an Artesian well 3900 feet deep, finds the rate of increase to be one degree (Fahrenheit) for every forty-seven feet of descent.

As for that which occurs above the earth, and within half a mile of its surface, we notice in *Meteorology* the study of Dove into the non-periodic changes of climate, as connected with the subject of corresponding and opposite climates in neighboring countries, such as Greenland and Iceland. A letter of Mr. Scott, of London, presents us with some of his views on the English system of storm warnings. The tables and charts of the annual rain-fall in Switzerland, and the similar work for the United States recently published by the Smithsonian Institution, give us some interesting points of comparison between the climates of these two republics. The exceptional character of the weather of the past winter has continued during the month of March, the Signal-office telegrams showing that at least ten distinct storms passed over the United States during that month.

One of these storms is among the most remarkable on record, and may properly be called the *Atlantic storm*, from the fact of its being the one in which the steam-ship *Atlantic* was wrecked, resulting in the loss of more than five hundred passengers. This was first noted on the coast of Oregon as a storm centre on the 26th of March (Wednesday). Passing over Dakota and Iowa, it was marked by a region of very low barometric pressure, and by Saturday it had passed Washington, and extended to New York, accompanied by tremendous rains and violent winds. On this day an area of a hundred miles in diameter in the State of New York exhibited a barometric depression to twenty-nine inches. During Sunday the storm centre developed in New England into absolutely unprecedented proportions, and on Monday morning passed out along the mouth of the St. Lawrence over the ocean, with a barometric pressure below 28.8, a record hitherto unparalleled. On Sunday afternoon the premonition of this storm reached the steamer *Atlantic*, and the barometer, falling almost as rapidly as in a cyclone, warned her captain to adopt the measure of turning her course toward Halifax, with its disastrous result.

Guthrie announces a very interesting relation

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between electricity and heat, which may result in important applications hereafter. He finds that a heated object, especially if in connection with the earth at the time, has the power of discharging the electricity of an insulated electrical body when brought near to it, this power increasing with the intensity of the heat. Thus a point at a white heat will have an effect equally powerful with that of a body of much larger surface brought to only a dull red.

A paper by Meunier upon the outer crust of meteorites indorses the opinion to which we have already referred, that this is due to the mechanical action of the air through which the body has passed rather than to heat, and he calls attention to the fact of similar incrustations upon boulders long exposed to the atmosphere, especially in desert regions.

A movement has been set on foot for the renewal of the geological survey of the State of Pennsylvania, to be under the charge of Professor J. P. Lesley, of Philadelphia. This is proposed not only as a means of bringing to light important deposits of mineral wealth now unknown, but also for the purpose of securing a satisfactory and exhaustive representation of the subject in the approaching Centennial Exposition of 1876.

The note of preparation for *Explorations* in various parts of the world during the coming summer continues to be heard, and it is expected that, more than ever before, the different nations will exercise a friendly rivalry in this respect. In Africa we have already at work the Livingstone Congo Expedition, under Lieutenant Grandy, and that of Sir Bartle Frere, while a German Congo expedition is said to be nearly ready to start. Sir Samuel Baker, under the auspices of the Egyptian government, is also occupied in penetrating the interior of the continent, while General Purdy, it is said, will endeavor to join him by way of the east coast. Recent advices refer, we trust groundlessly, to reports of the massacre of Baker and his party by the natives. A Russian expedition is about to be fitted out for the exploration of Siberia. Nothing has been heard lately of the Swedish expedition to Spitzbergen, which, it will be remembered, was prematurely fastened in by the ice. This also detained a large number of persons belonging to a supply ship which was to return before the winter set in, and grave apprehensions are felt whether the limited supply of provisions on hand will subsist so numerous a body of men. Efforts were made by the steamer *Albert* and a sailing vessel to extend relief, but both were driven back by the severe weather and other difficulties. Mr. Rosenthal, an enterprising merchant of Bremen, it is understood, is about dispatching his steamer to repeat the effort to render help.

Nothing has been heard of Captain Hall since our last account, but it is hoped that in the course of the summer news will be received from him.

In America preparations are being made on a very large scale for explorations in the western part of the United States, at least three well-equipped parties being nearly ready to take the field. One of these, under Professor Hayden, will explore the main Rocky Mountains south of the 40th parallel; another, under Lieutenant Wheeler, probably divided into several branches, will continue the investigations already begun in Arizona, and will take up a new field in Colorado, and possibly in New Mexico. Major Powell, who has been engaged for several years in exploring the cañons of the Colorado River, has returned to that region for the purpose of finishing the uncompleted work.

The International Commission for the survey of the northern boundary of the United States has also renewed its operations, and will explore the line as far west of Pembina as possible. It is accompanied by Dr. Elliot Coues as surgeon and naturalist, and his well-known qualifications lead us to hope for many interesting scientific results.

Mr. William H. Dall, who, under the auspices of the Coast Survey, has been engaged in surveying the Aleutian Islands, resumes his labors in that quarter, and will visit the westernmost islands of the group in order to determine their availability as a landing station for a Pacific Ocean cable. Mr. Henry W. Elliott and Captain Bryant, on the Fur-Seal Islands, will also continue the natural history investigations which have already yielded such extensive results. Other parties, the details of which are not yet announced, will also be engaged in different parts of the United States.

As already stated, the United States naval expeditions for the survey of a canal route across Nicaragua and the Isthmus of Darien are still actively at work, although, so far, no very definite conclusions have been reached in addition to those obtained during the last year.

The British exploring ship, the *Challenger*, has been dredging and sounding in the Bay of Biscay and in the vicinity of Madeira during the winter, and has already made some very interesting discoveries. She was last heard of at Bermuda, and it is not improbable that her next move will be toward the coast of the United States.

The New York nautical school-ship *Mercury*, which last year made important observations in deep-sea temperatures, has continued these labors during the cruise of the past winter, having ascertained the temperature and other physical peculiarities of the ocean at several points. This vessel, commanded by Captain Giraud, has returned safely to New York, and a detailed report of operations may, doubtless, soon be expected from him.

Numerous announcements in the way of *Natural History* have been made within the last month or two, although embracing nothing of any particular importance. A paper by Dr. Haeckel on calcareous sponges is an important one both as a matter of zoological investigation and as a contribution to the general theory of evolution.

A specimen of the small Liberian hippopotamus, which weighs, when fully grown, only about 700 pounds, has lately been brought alive to England. It was obtained in the Scarcies River, in Western Africa, and having reached Liverpool in safety, was sent to the Dublin Zoological Garden, but unfortunately died in a few days after its arrival.

One of the most noteworthy facts in connection with natural history is the donation by Mr. Anderson, of New York, to the Cambridge Museum

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of Comparative Zoology, of the island of Penikese,* in Buzzard's Bay, for the establishment of a summer school of zoology. Professor Agassiz has had an institution of this character in contemplation for some time, and had arranged to start it on Nantucket during the present season. But this donation from Mr. Anderson of an island worth $100,000, followed by the gift of $50,000 to meet the actual expenses, enables him to carry out his plan in the most permanent manner. No better place could have been selected on the coast of the United States for this purpose, and we have no doubt this will become a place of resort for naturalists superior even to what is expected from the zoological station at Naples founded by Dr. Antoine Dohrn.

In *Agriculture* the important announcement is made by Guerin-Ménéville of the decrease of the silk-worm disease in France, this being shown by the fact that unsound eggs have actually produced healthy worms. No new facts appear to have presented themselves in reference to the grape-vine louse disease, which has threatened to destroy the vineyards of France and other parts of Europe.

The enterprise of rearing ostriches in captivity for the sake of the feathers continues to be prosecuted, large farms and runs being laid out in South Africa for the culture of these valuable birds. A great increase in the supply of ostrich feathers has already taken place, with a corresponding reduction in their cost.

A French writer announces the existence of nitre in great quantity in the blite (*Amarantus blitum*), and suggests its cultivation on a large scale for the purpose of obtaining potash salts to serve as the basis of mineral manures.

A new page has been opened in the history of the American aborigines by a communication on the part of Professor Kerr in reference to mica mines in North Carolina. The occurrence of plates of mica in the Western mounds has long been known, but its probable source has hitherto been unexplained. Quite recently the mica regions of North Carolina have been found to abound in extensive excavations and tunnels made long prior to the settlement of the South by the white races, and in all probability these are the long-sought-for localities for the substance in question.

A lecture by Mr. Geikie upon the antiquity of man in Great Britain estimates his existence there to be at least as far back as 200,000 years, and during the glacial period. The detection of the remains of the *Lagomys*, or the Little Chief Hare, in the island of Corsica in association with human remains is believed to be indicative of the existence at one time of a subarctic climate in that island, during which it must have been inhabited by man.

Mr. Leon de Rosny has issued a call for the meeting of a council of Orientalists, to be held in Paris on the 10th of July next, and earnestly invites the co-operation of American scholars.

The subject of *Fish Culture* in America continues to receive much attention, the meeting of the Fish-culturists Association, held in New York in February last, giving evidence of great activity on their part. Numerous papers were read, and a great deal of important business was transacted. The experiment of transferring the eggs of white-fish to California, under the direction of the United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, has at last proved to be a success. The first consignment of 200,000 perished, possibly from the inclemency of the weather. Of a second transmission, however, a large percentage of the eggs were hatched out, and are in good condition at the establishment of the State Commissioners at Clear Lake. These gentlemen have commissioned Mr. Livingston Stone to visit the East and obtain living fish of different kinds for stocking the waters of the State, among them black bass, eels, perch, white-fish, cat-fish, etc. The Central Pacific Railroad Company has placed a car at his command, and has also given him letters to all the connecting railway companies, which, it is hoped, will secure their ready co-operation. The car will be fitted out at Charlestown, New Hampshire, the seat of Mr. Stone's fish-breeding establishment; and he expects to carry with him, in addition to the fish named, a large number of young shad.

Preliminary steps for an important engineering enterprise have been taken by Congress in the appointment of a commission to examine and report upon the best method of irrigation in the valleys of certain rivers in California. Another Congressional movement was the appropriation of $100,000 for the institution of a series of experiments in reference to steam-boiler explosions.

The continued rise in the price of iron imparts great activity to its manufacture, the demand being far ahead of the possibility of a supply. This is due, in part, to the immense extension of engineering enterprises, in the way of building railroads, steamers, etc., and partly to the great rise in the price of coal in England, which has caused the stoppage of numerous establishments, and thrown the burden of manufacture upon a smaller number. It is likely, therefore, that every available means for increasing the product, in the way of searching out new localities of the ore, and the erection of new furnaces, will be employed.

A new heating and illuminating agent is announced in Great Britain. This is prepared by passing superheated steam through a heated mass of coke and iron, and consists of a mixture of hydrogen, carbonic oxide, and carbonic acid. As first made, it is without illuminating power, which, however, it acquires by passing through petroleum, by which twenty per cent. is taken up. It is yet a question, however, whether the new illuminator will stand the test of the condensation likely to be caused by cold weather, while, again, the existence of carbonic oxide as one of the ingredients of the gas is considered likely to produce serious effects in case of leakage.

The department of *Materia Medica* has been enlarged by the announcement of a new anæsthetic, in the form of methylene ether, which, in Dr. Richardson's opinion, possesses the valuable properties of chloroform without its inconveniences. The use of trimethylamine in acute articular rheumatism is strongly urged anew by an eminent French physician.

It is stated that the danger of mercurial poisoning in mineral factories may be measurably

* See map on page 4 of this number, where it is spelled *Penîguese*.

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diminished by the evaporation, during the night, of the vapor of ammonia.

According to Dr. Fayrer, almost the only sure remedy for snake bite consists in tiding over a certain period of the disease by the application of artificial respiration. This has also been used to great advantage in several cases of apparent suffocation by the fumes of carbonic oxide gas. It has long been known as the final resort in treating persons apparently dead by drowning.

Among the miscellaneous announcements we have that of a gift of about twenty acres of valuable land by Mr. James Lick, of San Francisco, to the California Academy of Sciences, coupled with the condition, however, that the academy shall within three years erect a building thereon worth $150,000.

A bill has passed Congress authorizing the President to extend an invitation to the International Statistical Congress to hold its next meeting in the United States.

We regret to announce the death of Dr. John Torrey, of New York, the eminent botanist and chemist, as having occurred since our last summary. Other deaths announced are those of Mr. Jourdan, in France; Sir Frederick Madden, of the British Museum; and Mr. R. W. Thomson, the inventor of the steam road engine with India rubber wheel tires.

CONGRESSIONAL ACTION RESPECTING FORESTS.

A very important bill was lately introduced into Congress by Mr. Haldeman, of Pennsylvania, and has now become a law. It provides that every future sale of government land shall be with the condition that at least ten per cent. of the timbered land shall be kept perpetually as woodland; and if the land be not timbered, then the patent is to be issued on the condition that ten per cent. of the quantity is to be planted with forest trees within ten years, and kept forever as woodland. If this be done, an abatement of fifty per cent. is to be made on account of the expense of the planting. A violation of this agreement is to be met by the forfeiture of the land. It is also proposed that any one who may wish to acquire title to the public land, under the homestead act, can do so by proof of the fact that he has had, at the end of three years after taking possession, at least one acre under cultivation with timber for two years, and that this shall be continued until one acre in every ten is planted with trees, in clusters not more than sixteen feet apart.

GROUND CURRENTS AND THE AURORA OF 1872.

The journal of the London Society of Telegraph Engineers contains a very interesting summary of the phenomena of "ground currents," as observed in connection with the aurora of 1872, February 4. Not only was this aurora one of the most remarkable of recent years, because of the wide extent of its visibility, but it seems to have been attended with electrical disturbances that are, as yet, unparalleled in the annals of science for their intensity, if not for their duration and geographical extent. The above-mentioned journal gives a fac-simile of the automatic photographic records kept at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, during the day of the aurora, and from this the exact nature of the electrical disturbance may be deduced. It appears that all the telegraph lines of the world were more or less affected on the day in question, and that all those running east and west, or nearly so, and especially the ocean cables, were rendered temporarily useless for business purposes from the disturbance caused by these extraneous currents of electricity, which are supposed to enter the line *via* the earth plate, or ground connection at each end of the line, and which either overpower or partially mask the effects produced by the current let on from a galvanic battery by the operator in the ordinary course of sending dispatches. The origin of the currents thus flowing through the telegraph wires or cables from one continent to the other is, so far, quite unknown, and though several hypotheses seem plausible, yet there are still wanting those accurate observations on which to base a correct explanation. The Greenwich records show the current to have produced effects similar to those resulting by a zinc current flowing from the east or northeast to the west or southwest.

The observations on the Red Sea cable showed the strongest current to have equaled that produced by one hundred and seventy Daniell's cells. On the Persian Gulf cable and the Atlantic cable the ground currents were equal to eighty Minotti cells. It would possibly be to the advantage of all concerned in telegraphy if systematic study on an extended scale of these earth currents could be instituted. The thorough understanding of the subject would doubtless lead to the invention of some method of ameliorating the disturbing effects of these currents on the business of the various companies.

PROTECTIVE FLUID OF CYMBEX.

According to Von Rossum, the larva of the genus *Cymbex* emits a colored fluid with great force through several apertures, for the purpose of protecting itself from the attacks of birds and other animals. This substance has been chemically investigated, and proves to be mainly an albuminoid compound, having much the reaction of white of egg. The coloring matter is supposed to be chlorophyl, or something similar to it.

PREHISTORIC SACRIFICIAL MOUND IN AUSTRIA.

Professor Woldrich gives an account of the discovery of a sacrificial mound in the vicinity of Pulkau, in Lower Austria, in which he succeeded in finding a great number of remains of animals that, in his opinion, had been sacrificed in some religious rites, possibly in connection with human victims, some remains of which were also discovered. Numerous implements were met with, some of them of stone, some of bronze, and others of bone and horn; pottery also was found, some of which was very tastefully ornamented. The principal animals observed were the peat dog, the peat ox (*Bos brachyceros*, ver.), and a larger species (*B. primigenius*); the goat, sheep, fallow deer, and stag.

The occurrence of the fallow deer among these remains is considered of great interest, as substantiating the assertion of Jeitteles that this animal was originally a native of Europe, and not, as generally supposed, introduced from an

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adjoining continent. Specimens of the pig, of the horse, and of various birds were also found, but the latter were not distinguishable. The conclusion reached by Professor Woldrich was that the whole belonged to the bronze period, and that the epoch was one when stone implements were still used in connection with those of bronze.

DISTRIBUTION OF ATROPINE IN THE PLANT.

According to Lefort, atropine is more abundant in the leaves of the deadly nightshade before flowering than afterward, so that they should be collected for manufacturing purposes between flowering and fruitage. The quantity in the roots varies very greatly, the young roots yielding more than roots of two or three years old, because the latter contain a smaller proportion of bark.

INJURIOUS EMANATIONS FROM MANUFACTORIES.

The necessity of legislative action for the protection of the health of the community in the vicinity of certain manufacturing establishments is shown by the experiences with the Freiberg lead-smelting works. All vegetation has been destroyed in the vicinity, and a pine forest at a distance of four miles has been considerably injured. Cattle feeding on the fodder of the district experience peculiar attacks of sickness. Analysis of the affected plants exhibits traces of arsenic and lead, and an abnormal quantity of sulphuric acid. In view of the variety of substances involved in the supposed agencies, experiments were made to determine to which the result was especially to be ascribed, and it was found that arsenic was not at all injurious, successive fumigations of arsenious vapor producing no effect on the trees; nor was vegetation destroyed in the neighborhood of arsenic factories. When arsenic was applied in solution to the roots of plants it was found to be more prejudicial. In continuing the experiment, finely powdered lead carbonate was applied from time to time for one year to a young fir. During that year there was no growth; but the next season it proved to be healthy and vigorous. The most destructive results were found to be due to sulphurous oxide. Five fumigations, with air impregnated with $\frac{1}{18000}$ of this gas in volume, caused all the leaves to fall, and killed the upper part of the tree. A still more excessive dilution produced similar evils, but required a longer time. Trees fumigated for a period of three months were killed, even when treated with a mixture of one-millionth of the gas by volume, the moist trees being first affected. Soot appeared to have no injurious effects; benzine was burned under a case surrounding a young fir till the tree became quite black; but the tree produced its annual shoots notwithstanding, and remained quite healthy.

The general result is that sulphurous oxide is the especially poisonous ingredient of the smoke from smelting-works. A curious fact has been noticed in Germany in reference to the action of sulphurous oxide—namely, that an atmosphere of $\frac{1}{33000}$ of sulphurous oxide destroys the chlorophyl grains in wheat, oats, and pease in a few hours; but, curiously enough, a proportion of one in 74,000 produces no injury. Cabbages, and all plants having large, strong leaves, appear to be but slightly affected. Wood smoke does not injure vegetation; but that of coal and of some kinds of turf is very prejudicial, owing to the sulphurous oxide produced in combustion.

RAIN-FALL IN THE UNITED STATES.

The extensive work on the rain-fall in the United States, lately published by the Smithsonian Institution, will be invaluable to engineers and others to whom are referred the great questions of improving the navigation of the rivers of this country. By means of such tables as are given in this volume a few minutes' computation enables one to determine the area of country that must be drained in order to secure a water supply sufficient for any specified purpose. The engineers of Europe have long been sensible of the great practical value of works of this nature, and we have before us a chart of the rain-fall of Switzerland, showing, by carefully drawn isohyetals, the minutest detail of the annual precipitation (including the melted snow of winter). The construction of this chart, which is probably preliminary to a far more elaborate exhibit, is based on the returns during the six years 1864–1869, from the ninety-seven stations of the Switzerland hydrometric commission of the "Naturforschenden" Society. A comparison of the data for some of the Swiss lakes with those for the great lakes of America may prove of interest. Thus we have the annual rain-fall for Lake Geneva, 39.4 inches; for Lake Neuchatel, 37.4; for Lake Zurich, 46.2; for the Boden-See, 43.3 inches. On the other hand, we find from the Smithsonian charts, for Lake Ontario, 32; for Lake Erie, 38; for Lake Huron, 30; Lake Michigan, 30; Lake Superior, 28 inches; and for Salt Lake, Utah, 20 inches.

The ratio of rain-fall to evaporation, and the resulting volume of water flowing into the rivers, are among the most interesting of the questions that come before hydraulic engineers. Mr. Benteli, the author of the Switzerland rain chart, has studied the subject, and finds that in the area drained by the Aar only eighteen per cent. of the rain-fall is lost by evaporation; the remainder flows into the river past the city of Aarau.

The neighborhood of the Grimsel, and of Mount St. Bernard, is the region of the heaviest rain and snow fall in all Europe, the annual fall being measured as 98.4 inches. The Smithsonian rain charts give 80 inches for the extreme northwest coast of Washington Territory, and 60 inches for Southern Florida, as the points of heaviest rain-fall within the United States.

THERAPEUTIC QUALITIES OF HYOSCYAMUS.

In an article by M. Oulmont upon the therapeutical action of hyoscyamine in convulsive and spasmodic affections, being a continuation of a former paper by him, published two years since, on the physiological action of this substance, the following conclusions are presented: 1. Hyoscyamine represents all the active principles of henbane, and the fixity of its composition allows its being employed with a precision that is not attainable with henbane in substance. 2. It should be given at first in small doses (two milligrams per diem), whether in the form of pills or hypodermic injections, but the dose may ultimately be increased to ten or even twelve milligrams per diem. 3. It should be contin-

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ued even after the supervention of slight symptoms of intoxication (as dryness of the throat, and dilatation of the pupils); but if these become more serious, and cerebral symptoms are produced, it should be suspended. Such symptoms, however, soon disappear. 4. Its action is narcotic, and it is efficacious against pain, and especially in neuralgia, but its efficacy is less marked than that of opium and belladonna. 5. It exerts a favorable action in spasmodic and convulsive neurosis. It has cured mercurial tremor when all other means have failed, and in senile trembling and *paralysis agitans* it has produced an amelioration procurable by no other means. 6. In *locomotor ataxy* it is of no use, but in *traumatic tetanus* it has produced an amount of relief that encourages further trial.

CURE FOR CATARRH.

Although a catarrh of itself is not to be classed with the dangerous diseases, it is always troublesome, and if the bronchiæ become affected a favorable termination, especially with aged persons, is not always certain. A remedy for this affection, as suggested by Dr. Hagar, is as follows: Five parts of carbolic acid, six of aqua ammoniæ (specific gravity 0.960), ten of distilled water, and fifteen of alcohol are to be mixed together in a wide-mouthed bottle, half filled with cotton or asbestus, and snuffed up from time to time from the bottle. After a thorough trial of this prescription Dr. Brand states that it shortens the first stage of the disease, prevents the second, and alleviates all the symptoms. He prefers, however, to apply it by inhalation through the mouth as well as the nose, by pouring a few drops on porous paper, and holding it in the hollow of the hand before the face, with the eyes closed.

EXPLOSIVENESS OF WET GUN-COTTON.

The discovery by Professor Abell, of the Woolwich Observatory, made several years ago, that compressed gun-cotton fired by means of a detonating fuse exercised an extraordinary shattering power upon objects with which it was in contact, has been applied to a great many practical purposes, in consequence of the facility of manipulation. One special advantage claimed was the fact that the same cotton, when ignited by an ordinary match, would burn scarcely more rapidly than ordinary cotton, and with no explosive action. Several instances of disaster, however, have lately occurred in preparing and using this material, which tend to show that it is not quite so safe to handle as was originally anticipated.

Recent discoveries at Woolwich have somewhat restored confidence in this substance. Mr. E. O. Brown, of the arsenal, has found that compressed gun-cotton containing fifteen to twenty per cent. of water, and, consequently, incombustible under ordinary circumstances, can be exploded by detonating fuses almost as well as if perfectly dry, and it may be kept quite damp for an indefinite period of time without affecting its utility. In the course of his experiments Mr. Brown placed disks of wet compressed gun-cotton upon a slab of iron an inch thick, without any covering, and on exploding them the iron was found deeply indented. A solid tamping of sand was then laid over the disks, and after the explosion the iron was shattered to fragments. By this new discovery the cotton may be kept wet in cylinders, and will be absolutely free from any dangerous results should it be exposed to any agency other than that of a percussion-cap or a detonating fuse.

METEORIC SHOWER OF NOVEMBER 27, 1872.

The scientific journals of Europe contain copious accounts of the great meteoric shower on the evening of November 27, only the end of which was seen in this country. Professor Bruhns writes that at the Leipsic observatory seven hundred meteors fell, in the south and southeast, in the course of thirty-five minutes. Between eight and nine o'clock an observer, looking north, counted at the rate of twenty per minute. About one out of six was as bright as a star of the first magnitude, and most of the remainder were between the second and third, only about one-third of the whole being fainter than the third magnitude. The brighter ones were generally yellow, though sometimes green.

The accounts from France and from all parts of Germany are of the same general nature, but it seems that in Italy—owing, perhaps, to the clearer sky—the phenomenon appeared to better advantage. At the observatory of Moncalieri thirty-three thousand meteors were counted in six hours, showing the shower to have been one of the most remarkable of recent times.

RAIN-GAUGE AT SEA.

The apparatus used for the determination of the amount of rain-fall on land is not adapted for use upon the sea, but an arrangement has recently been devised by which the rain-gauge is hung like a ship's compass in its gimbals; an open mouth is thus always directed toward the sky. In this way it is hoped that much valuable information will be obtained which will have an important bearing on the discussion of the subject of general climatology. It is probable that hereafter such gauges will constitute a part of the equipment of every vessel fitted out for scientific purposes.

THE SEQUOIAS OF CALIFORNIA, AND THEIR HISTORY.

Dr. Gray's address before the American Association at its last meeting, recently republished with supplementary notes and appendix, discusses certain scientific questions suggested by a visit to the "Big Trees" of California. More remarkable than either the size or age of these trees (and none of them is over two thousand years old) is their *isolation*. The only existing species of the genus are restricted to limited portions of California, one to the Coast Range, the other yet more narrowly to a few spots in the Sierras. Were they created thus isolated both systematically and geographically? are they destined to a more extended range? or are they but the scanty remnants of a race now almost extinct? The first suppositions are shown to be as improbable as unscientific. The third forms the main subject of the address.

The only near relatives of the red-woods are our Southern cypress, ranging from Maryland to Mexico, and the Glyptostrobus, which is found in China. Yet geology teaches that in the tertiary period these families were not thus separated, but that the cypress, several Sequoias, and a

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Glyptostrobus existed together in Europe. To show the connection of these facts, a comparison is made of the present floras of the three regions, Eastern and Western America and Northeastern Asia. It is found that while there is very great dissimilarity between the characteristic forms of the Atlantic States and California, there is as remarkable a likeness between the vegetation of the same States and Eastern Asia. Various instances are cited of plants of very limited range in the Atlantic States, which occur again, the same or nearly so, in Japan or Eastern Asia, and nowhere else. And of all the numerous species which are common to these regions, either identical or with slight differences, only one-third are also found on the intermediate Pacific slope of America, and of the corresponding genera less than one-fourth.

Now the only known cause of resemblance is inheritance (always attended with some difference, especially under changed conditions), and the supposition of a common remote ancestry is the readiest method of explaining these similarities in so remote floras. In a discussion of this subject in 1859, Dr. Gray considered this ancestral vegetation as occupying in the pliocene, or a still earlier period, the then temperate high northern regions of the earth. The glacial period which followed, extending southward, drove this vegetation gradually before it, while the differences of climate which marked, then as now, different longitudes determined the survival or destruction of species and the degrees of difference in resultant forms. Under varying or similar conditions species became modified in the same or different directions.

Recent geological discoveries, which establish the antiquity of present species, have confirmed this view. The cypress has been found fossil not only in the miocene of Europe, but also of Spitzbergen, Greenland, and Alaska. Remains of at least three species of Sequoia, closely allied to our own, exist abundantly in the same formation, showing that these and kindred species were once prevalent throughout the arctic regions, and extended southward into Central Europe and our own Rocky Mountains. The Chinese Glyptostrobus and the Gingko, now confined to Japan, had their near representatives occupying a like wide range. The Libocedrus of California was, with the Sequoias, in Spitzbergen; and the oaks and other common trees of the Atlantic States had numerous and close representatives in the flora of polar latitudes. And these same forms may be traced yet farther back into the cretaceous period.

The conclusion reached is that the facts justify the opinion that the essential types of our actual flora are marked in the cretaceous period, and have come to us through the tertiary without notable change; that the present existing species are the lineal descendants of the ancient ones; that the adaptation of vegetable life to successive times and changed conditions has been maintained not by absolute recreations, but by gradual modifications; that "order and exquisite adaptation did not wait for man's coming, nor were they ever stereotyped." An earnest protest follows against the thought that such conclusions should have an irreligious tendency. As Christian faith outlived, unharmed, the notion of the fixity of the earth, so will it the idea of the absolute fixity of the species inhabiting it, and "in the future, even more than in the past, faith in an *order*, which is the basis of science, will not—as it can not reasonably—be dissevered from faith in an *ordainer*, which is the basis of religion."

DO FLIES EAT POLLEN?

The question has sometimes arisen as to whether flies actually eat the pollen of plants, or simply carry it away on their legs and backs. Mr. A. W. Bennett, however, reports the result of examinations prosecuted by himself of the stomachs of various diptera, which were found to contain large quantities of pollen grain, showing that it must have been actually consumed. In reply to the query as to the possibility of insects which are organized for sucking devouring such solid bodies as the pollen grains, it is answered by Müller that the transverse denticulations found in the valves at the end of the proboscis of many diptera are especially adapted for chewing the pollen grains, and for dividing the threads by which these grains are often bound together.

DISCOVERY OF THALLENE AND OTHER SOLID HYDROCARBONS.

Professor Henry Morton, in a communication to the *American Chemist*, calls attention to a solid hydrocarbon lately discovered by him, and which he names *Thallene*. In the previous investigations of certain tarry matters left in the bottom of the still in distilling petroleum for the manufacture of illuminating oils, he also succeeded in extracting a solid crystalline body of a yellow-green color, and of remarkable fluorescence, which he described under the name of *Viridin*. This was very remarkable for the peculiar spectrum which its fluorescent light yielded, resembling in a striking manner that of anthracene, although the crystalline form, solubilities, and fusing points of the two bodies were decidedly unlike. He subsequently succeeded in separating another species from Viridin besides the Thallene in question. The paper referred to contains a very copious account, accompanied by diagrams of the peculiar phenomena of these chemical novelties.

FICHTELITE.

Professor Mallet, of the University of Virginia, has lately examined certain colorless crystalline crusts found in the cracks between the annual rings of growth of a log of long-leafed pine (*Pinus australis*), and has come to the conclusion that in all respects they are identical with the *fichtelite*, a hydrocarbon hitherto only known in a fossil state.

RATE OF INCREASE OF HEAT IN PENETRATING THE EARTH.

A new determination of the rate of increase of heat as we descend into the earth has been lately made by Dunker, and the care with which the experiments were conducted gives much value to his results. The observations were made in an Artesian well in Sperenberg, Germany, having a depth of about 3900 feet. The well being supplied with water from several springs, it was necessary to avoid the disturbing influence upon the temperature of the circulating water; and,

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in order best to secure this end, a small hole was bored at the bottom of the larger bore of the well. This smaller hole was about twenty feet deep; the self-recording thermometer was placed in it, and the entrance firmly closed. The average of two determinations made in this way gave, after correcting for all known sources of error, 37.24° Réaumur, or 115.79° Fahrenheit, as the temperature of the strata at the depth of the small hole. The measures at lesser depths were taken with equal care (by effectually stopping, temporarily, the water circulation), and they show that the rate of increase was not uniform, being on the average one degree Centigrade for 27.8 meters of descent, or one degree Fahrenheit for forty-seven feet.

SIGNS OF DEATH.

Dr. Hugo Magnus, assistant physician to the hospital at Breslau, suggests that the tying of a tight ligature around one of the fingers will determine whether a person supposed to be dead is so in reality. If life be not extinct the extremity of the finger soon becomes red, the depth of the color increasing to dark red and violet, while the skin above the ligature remains white. This is easily understood, as, if there be any circulation of the blood, the ligature prevents the return of the venous blood, while the arteries still continue to convey it to the capillaries. A test so simple can be applied without difficulty, and seems to be quite decisive.

PREPARATION OF KOUMISS FROM CONDENSED MILK.

According to Carl Schwalke, this is accomplished by dissolving six cubic inches of condensed milk in a little cold water, to which add fifteen grains of lactic acid, eight grains of citric acid dissolved in water, two hundred and twenty-five grains of rum, and dilute with water to from one to two quarts. Put the mixture in a Liebig's bottle, impregnate with carbonic acid, and place it in a warm room. If in from two to four days it is sparkling, and fermentation has commenced, it is in good condition, and will remain so for about a week.

ACTION OF OZONE ON VULCANIZED RUBBER.

Mr. Wright, in the *American Journal of Science*, refers to the action of ozone upon vulcanized rubber, his attention having been called to it by the fact that the ebonite insulators of Holtz's electro-machine became unusually hygroscopic soon after the instruments had been used, with the attendant production of ozone—to such an extent, indeed, that the liquid sometimes trickled down in drops. Examination showed that this contained a considerable amount of free sulphuric acid, which was supposed to result from the action of ozone upon the sulphur of the India rubber.

EXCRETION OF CARBONIC ACID FROM THE SKIN.

Careful observations have been made by Dr. Aubert in reference to the amount of carbonic acid excreted by the skin in man. For this purpose the subject was placed in a close box accurately adapted to the neck, and having tubes connected with it for the entrance and exit of the air, the tubes being, of course, again connected with apparatus for the analysis of the air, thus containing the products of the cutaneous respiration. The general result arrived at was that, in the course of twenty-four hours, the maximum amount of carbonic acid exhaled was about 97 grains, and the minimum about 35½, thus making a mean of 59.7 grains of carbonic acid as eliminated from the whole surface of the body below the neck. This, of course, is independent of the quantity exhaled from the lungs. Making proper allowance for the head, in addition, the entire quantity may be reckoned at about 60 grains per diem. During the same time, however, the quantity thrown out by the lungs amounted to 13,500 grains; so that the percentage exhaled by the skin is very trifling. The quantity of acid eliminated increased with the increase of the temperature to which the subject was exposed.

ANTIQUITY OF MAN IN BRITAIN.

Mr. Geikie, director of the Geological Survey of Ireland, in a lecture recently delivered upon the antiquity of man in Britain, calls attention to the differences between the paleolithic and neolithic stone periods of that country, marked by the occurrence of rude stone implements in the former, and polished ones in the latter. He estimates a wide interval of time between these two periods, the paleolithic being characterized by the occurrence of the implements referred to in caves and in river gravels, associated with the remains of animals which are now either extinct or which have retreated far to the north, and are only to be found in an arctic climate—the former including the cave bear, the Irish deer, several species of rhinoceros, elephant, etc.; the latter the reindeer, the glutton, and the musk-ox.

He concludes that paleolithic man must have entered on the stage ages before the valleys of the south of England were hollowed out to their present depth, that during his long occupation the rivers succeeded in cutting out these valleys, and that not until after this was effected did paleolithic man disappear and neolithic man take his place, no neolithic remains occurring in the ancient river gravels.

Mr. Geikie then inquires into the nature of this break, and the causes which produced the simultaneous disappearance of paleolithic man and the old pachyderms, and the subsequent introduction of neolithic man and the animals of an almost totally different form. This he explains by the intervention of the glacial epoch, and concludes that during the paleolithic period man experienced two kinds of climate, one almost arctic, the other mild and genial, the two represented by the preglacial and interglacial periods.

After the unknown period of time in which the last glacial changes were completed and the surface of the land was again exposed, neolithic man made his appearance. Mr. Croll estimates the commencement of the glacial epoch as being at least 240,000 years ago, and the period itself as lasting for 1600 centuries. If man be of preglacial age, his antiquity in Britain is therefore fully 200,000 years.

While Great Britain was still joined to the Continent neolithic man and his associated animals made their appearance (the winters being severe enough to freeze over the rivers in the

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south of England), coming in from the east and south, or from regions whence they had been previously displaced by these climatological changes. However the intervals indicated may have been bridged over for them elsewhere, Mr. Geikie is quite satisfied that they were entirely absent from Great Britain for a very long period of years.

TREATMENT OF INTERMITTENT FEVER BY CARBOLIC ACID.

Dr. Déclat announces to the Academy of Sciences of Paris a new method of treatment of intermittent fever, the success of which has been tested upon cases conducted in France, Hungary, Algeria, Senegal, India, etc., and which, after a few days of trial, sometimes with a single application, has succeeded in causing the disappearance of the fever. The advantages of the treatment are that it may be applied at any time, and that there are no counter-indications on the part of the nervous system, the intestinal apparatus, etc. The brain and the stomach, so frequently affected by the use of quinine, are not interfered with by the new medicine.

The method in question consists in the hypodermic injection of carbolic acid, introduced under the skin of the chest, the belly, the inside of the thighs, etc. The first day of the treatment four injections are to be used of one hundred drops of carbolic acid of one per cent., the next day three injections, and the day after two.

The author states that the first operation always diminishes the fever, and frequently cures it entirely; the second is sometimes merely a precautionary measure, and the third is even less necessary. As an additional precaution in some cases, especially if there are indications of cachexy and decided visceral engorgement, Dr. Déclat prescribes the use every day of twenty to twenty-five centigrammes of pure carbolic acid, either in sweetened water or in the form of a special sirup.

EXPLOSIVE ANTIMONY.

Antimony is precipitated from its solution in hydrochloric acid on copper foil attached to the negative pole of a battery (the positive being platinum foil) as a brittle, lustrous film, which, after being washed with distilled water, scales off on bending the copper foil, and by friction or percussion can be made to explode, with the evolution of light and heat, on account of its sudden passage from the ductile, homogeneous, amorphous condition to the crystalline.

FOUR HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTH OF COPERNICUS.

The original manuscript of the great work, *De Revolutionibus Orbium Cœlestium*, of the immortal Pole, Copernicus, has been safely preserved in Prague for three hundred years, and is now being published as a part of the collection of writings issued to commemorate the fourth centennial anniversary of his birth. It will be remembered that this most interesting work, which has virtually been the foundation of modern astronomy, was originally printed during the latter years of his life, but not altogether under the personal supervision of the author, and was immediately proscribed by the Romish Church, so that few if any copies of the original edition are now extant. The numerous subsequent editions have given the original text in a more or less mutilated state, and it is a welcome contribution to astronomical literature that we are now to have a faithful copy of the work as it still exists in the own handwriting of Copernicus. This book will form one of the four subdivisions of the *Spicilegium Copernicanum*, the other divisions being composed of the lesser works, correspondence, etc., of the great astronomer. The original manuscript of the *De Revolutionibus* forms a volume of 217 leaves of small folio, one foot high and eight inches broad, quite clearly written, in uniform small letters, with black ink, the titles and initials of the separate books and chapters being colored red. It has been in the possession of the Nostitz family since the year 1600.

AMOUNT OF FORCE DERIVED BY THE EARTH FROM THE SUN'S HEAT.

An interesting computation has been made of the amount of force imparted to the earth by the sun's heat. According to the best investigations that have been made, there is received in one minute enough heat to raise the temperature of five and a half cubic miles of water one degree Centigrade. If, now, we compare this with the work done by a given amount of heat, as utilized in a steam-engine, it will be found that the heat sent to the earth in the sun's rays during the space of one minute is able to do as much work as would be done by two thousand steam-engines of one hundred horse-power each, working continuously for the space of four thousand years.

What becomes of this inconceivably great amount of power is worthy of consideration; and we begin to realize the nature of the problems of the future scientists when we reflect that by far the larger part of this heat force expends itself upon the earth in actual work, only a small portion of it being radiated into space. Of course the result accomplished, such as the maintenance of the temperature of the earth, ocean, and atmosphere, the stimulating of animal and vegetable life, etc., etc., must be the equivalent of the power retained by our globe.

EXHALATION OF MOISTURE BY PLANTS.

Dr. Deitrich, the superintendent of the experimental station near Cassel, communicates the following results of experiments to determine the amount of moisture exhaled by plants: First, for the same species of plant the amount of vegetable matter produced is in direct proportion to the amount of water given off; second, the amount of nutritive matter taken up is also related to the amount of water exhaled; third, the amount of moisture exhaled varies with different species of plants. According to the amounts exhaled, the experiment establishes the following order: buckwheat, clover; then lupines, beans, and oats equal; summer rye and wheat equal; and last, barley.

YELLOW COLOR OF SILK.

Pfeiffer informs us that the yellow color of silk is a more or less altered chlorophyl, which has been deprived of its blue color. He succeeded in extracting uncolored chlorophyl from the raw silk, which, when heated with ether containing hydrochloric acid, could be again divided into the blue and yellow constituents.

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Editor's Drawer.

OUR LONDON SCRAP-BOOK.

THE HAYMARKET.



DEATH (A LA WATTEAU).

THERE is no hay sold in the Haymarket; but, indulging in a grim conceit, one might say that the old name has been appropriately retained, although all signs of the original commerce have disappeared. For "all flesh is grass," and here nightly poor withered humanity, once fresh and beautiful as the verdure of the meadows, is offered for sale, bargained for, and bought. The Haymarket is a subject upon which English writers are wonderfully reticent. Even when the town happens to be their theme, it is passed over with the slightest comment. The savage vice of the East End, indeed, is regarded as supplying scenes horribly picturesque. But the haunts of the wealthy and fashionable depravity-hunters obtain covert allusion in lieu of graphic description. It would hurt the proper pride of a Londoner, who may have dwelt upbraidingly on the condition of Paris, to admit the existence in the very centre of London of scenes as deplorable as any to be discovered in the French capital.

The Haymarket is a short but spacious thoroughfare, touching at one end Pall Mall, and at the other abutting upon Tichborne Street. In the daytime it appears to be a sufficiently dull and respectable street. It offers but few temptations to pencil or pen. The Civil Service Stores —the particular horror of tradesmen—stand here, and carriages arrive at and leave the doors every minute. Even what are popularly known as "swells" do not object to purchase goods at a few pence under the current retail prices, though coupled with the disadvantages of "no credit" and no goods sent out. One likes to see a lady in gorgeous attire and blaze of jewelry taking home a pot of marmalade or a jar of pickles in her own carriage, and it is quite comforting to reflect that she has saved at least twopence by the transaction. Here one or two celebrated picture-dealers and print-sellers have handsome shops, the windows of which offer an unfailing attraction; and an old bookseller, whose plate glass stands sadly in need of cleaning, exhibits some wonderful old black-letter volumes for the delectation of those who enjoy the perusal of such curiosities above all other descriptions of reading. Here, too, stands the Theatre Royal, where the old theatre stood. Little Mr. Pepys, of the *Diary* celebrity, attended that temple of the drama, and was particularly pleased when his gallant and moral sovereign, Charles II., happened to occupy the royal box. On such occasions it is to be feared he allowed his loyalty to get the better of his literary tastes, and permitted his eyes to rest more often upon the box than upon the stage. Was it not at that theatre that he heard the wonderful "wind-musique" sung by the angels in Massinger's *Virgin Martyr* (a play of which the chatty little critic didn't "think much")? And has he not left it upon record that the said "musique" was so sweet that "it ravished me so that it made me really sick, just as I have formerly been when in love with my wife?" Little did Mrs. Pepys, who dutifully sat beside her husband in the pit, know of the unconjugal reflection passing through the mind of her lord and master. In the present theatre Mr. Buckstone—a relic of the old school—has amused two generations of play-goers, and seems likely to entertain a third, although he has grown deaf in the service of his patrons. Here, too, Mr. Sothern's Lord Dundreary became the rage, making *Our American Cousin* the talk of the town for three years. Nearly opposite the theatre stands her Majesty's Opera-house, with its quaint bass-reliefs. This house was burned to the ground about six years ago, but was immediately rebuilt. Owing to some difficulty raised (it is understood by Earl Dudley, who is one of the proprietors) the new building has not been opened for performance, her Majesty's opera company appearing on the Drury Lane stage in the mean time. In the quiet by-streets are favorite stands of exhibitors of performing mice and performing canaries. A natural philosopher with one eye occasionally exhibits razor-paste for sale. The paste is most decidedly not worth the penny which the vendor demands, but his oration in praise of the discovery is worth that coin twelve times told.

But it is the night side of the Haymarket which has given the neighborhood its peculiar notoriety. When the lamps are lit, and the moonlight plays fantastic tricks among the carved figures on the Opera-house; when the print shops are closed, and the shutters up at the Civil Service Stores; when the canary man has gone,

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and the proprietor of the mice is at home educating new performers; when the natural philosopher—long ago retreated—is perchance following up some discovery that may restore sight to his disabled optic; when bars and supper-rooms and cafés throw out floods of light upon the pavement, crowded with sauntering figures; when the air is heavy with cigar smoke and filled with the *rustle-rustle* of stiff silks—then the Haymarket *is* the Haymarket. Our ancestors had a rough and healthy method of dealing with these subjects, which has not descended to our less vigorous period. They dashed boldly *in medias res*. They called spades spades. In the practice of morality they were not a whit behind their descendants. But they must surely have blushed less, because, not making a habit of concealment, they experienced no shock at accidental disclosures. I believe, nevertheless, that if Ben Jonson were alive now, and were to give a dramatic presentation of the Haymarket (which in his time was a field surrounded with hedges), we would hoot him. Or if that later satirist, Hogarth, were among us to paint a new series of the "Harlot's Progress," we would call him rude.



A HEREDITARY LEGISLATOR—LORD R——.

It is permitted to us to tread this pavement, but we must keep our eyes shut to a good deal that transpires. What we see we may report—but not overminutely; and as for comment, we had better omit any. So, understanding our duty, we wander through the crowd. It is nearly midnight. A considerable stream is pouring into the Haymarket from Great Windmill Street, in which thoroughfare is situated a large dancing-saloon known as the Argyle Rooms, and licensed by an act of George III. Observe how many of these leaders of the demi-monde drive away in their own private broughams. Note the monograms on the panels and the neat liveries of driver and footman. A crowd clusters round the entrance of this licensed establishment to watch the departing ladies, some of its number feeling flattered if they should receive from one of them a nod of recognition, a tap of the fan, a friendly wink. The attendant policeman finds it difficult to keep the roadway clear. Like Fastidius Brisk, in *Every Man out of his Humor*, he "swears tersely and with variety." But his efforts are ineffectual. Till the last brougham has driven away, till the last anonyma unattended has tripped off, till the lights are turned out, the little crowd stands staring intently as if some very meritorious action were being performed. But it flashes across one's mind that just such a little crowd will gather round a corpse, or hang about the door of a house where murder has been done. Remembering which, one shudders and turns away. And from what class of society are the incomes drawn to pay for these broughams, for these jewels, for these dresses? From every class. It is openly visited—this haunt—by men of wealth and of what is popularly denominated "spotless reputation." That big burly man with the florid complexion is Sir —— ——, a celebrated city banker. He spent the early part of the evening behind the scenes at one of the theatres. He is finishing up the night here. That evil-visaged and elderly person with his hair brushed over his temples might have been a coster-monger, but is in reality a lord. He has been mixed up in a variety of shady transactions, the most notorious being that of the famous "Restorer of Youth," who has been recently liberated from Newgate. On each arm hangs a girl smoking a cigarette. The combined ages of his protégées

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ANONYMA.

would not reach his own by ten years. To-night he patrols the Haymarket; to-morrow night he will be making laws for the government of Britain. He is one of our hereditary legislators. Yonder go a couple of Foreign-Office clerks, members of a staff noted as being the best-dressed and most empty-headed in London. The number of old men to be found here always excites astonishment. How their white heads—in a few years to be laid under the sod—contrast with the flaxen or auburn or black tresses of their companions! but how well harmonized are their senile mumblings with the hard, hollow, ringing laugh of the dames! The laugh heard here is the most dismal cachinnation ever uttered. It reminds one of Swinburne's line—

"Laughter
Heard far down in hell."

In this revel of Circe strange characters meet. Billiard-markers jostle marquises. Clerks smoke cigars under the noses of merchants. And as the crowd slowly passes up and down in two unceasing streams, the buzz of conversation surges, the hollow laugh is repeated; all is motion and gayety and abandon. "Let us be merry, for—to-morrow we die!"

But sad as this picture is, there are not wanting touches which will make it sadder still. What is the end of all this rustle of silk, and rattle of carriages, and glitter of gold, and pleasing attentions of adolescent or senile members of the aristocracy? While the eye rests on the beauty and the wealth, it is hard to believe that in nine cases out of ten that



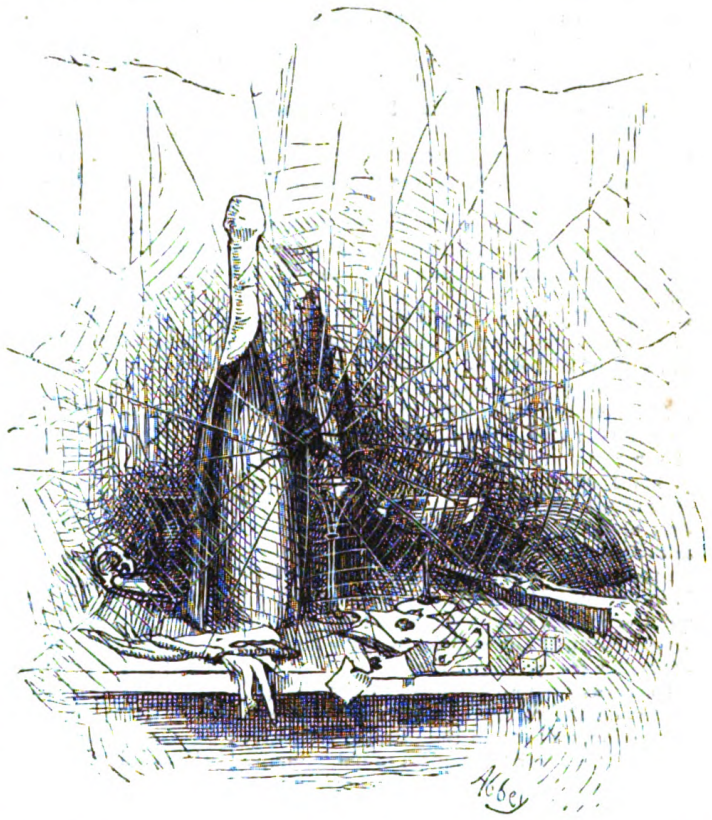
"ANY WHERE, ANY WHERE, OUT OF THE WORLD."

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end is the hospital, or the prison, or the Thames. But an observant eye will catch some indications of the fate which hangs suspended over the gay rabble: a figure suddenly stopping on the footway, the painted cheek turning pallid, the hand suddenly pressed to the side, the eyes closed in agony, the faint moan lost in the surrounding chorus; or a fair young form hauled off to the police station, resistful and blasphemous; or the sudden appeal of one with pinched face and eager eyes, who informs you that she is "down on her luck," that she hasn't "tasted food since eight this morning," and implores relief. These are the incidental strokes which complete the picture. These are the figures which Hogarth would throw into his foreground. Such instances encountered *en passant* must give great zest to the forced gayety of those who are not sick, or hungry, or in distress —*yet*. There is scarcely one of these women, how gay or "lucky" soever, that does not hate the life like poison—that would not embrace any decent opportunity, unaccompanied by restriction of liberty and badge of charity, of flying it forever. "A short life and a merry one!" Never was so dreadful an error circulated. It is the cruelest unintentional irony. "Merry?" quotha. We have just seen them in their merriest mood, and heard their very best pretense of gayety. But before those few hours of gas-light is there not the weary day, when the staring sun shines on the tinsel and the wine stains? Are there not lonely intervals of reflection, memories of happy homes mayhap, of innocent attachments, of gentle and womanly pleasures? And how often are they followed by dark moments of despair, when existence seems swallowed up in the blackness of darkness, when the future seems to reveal only a lower depth, and into the broken heart comes the wild longing

"to be hurled
Any where, any where, out of the world!"

But did we not promise to be sparing of our comments? The Haymarket is clear now, except of a straggler or so, a vendor of hot potatoes wheeling his empty oven toward the Seven Dials, or a chick-weed man, who addresses us incoherently, and is apparently very drunk, or a policeman stretching his arms and yawning under the colonnade of the Opera-house. A clear moon shines calmly on the now empty pavement, and Big Ben, from the tower of the Houses of Parliament, is solemnly and sonorously tolling two o'clock. These small hours like me not. The early morning zephyrs are of the keenest, too. Let us hasten home!



Captain Hart is one of the oldest and ablest officers in the Police Department in this city. For a long time he was in command of a police steamboat, and became a terror to the wharf and bay pirates that infest the water precincts of New York. The captain is a character. A sailor in early life, and the son of a sea-captain, he has all the blunt, frank qualities of the brave seaman, with none of Jack's vices. The captain is a great wag, though it is known only to the few who try to get the rig upon him, and then his wit and resources are all at command, and woe to him who thinks he can get the better of Captain Hart. He is just as brave as he is good, and a more daring, trusty, valiant, and successful officer was never in command of a ship or a squad.

Our distinguished and stalwart fellow-citizen, Jackson Schultz, when president of the Board of Health, had made himself and some friends merry at the expense of Captain Hart, who laid it up against the president, and waited his chance to get even with him. The chance came soon and suddenly, and in a way quite unexpected to both. Mr. Schultz and a party of friends were out on the East River in a yacht, and to their great annoyance got aground, high and dry, on Blackwell's Island, with a hole stove in the bottom of their vessel. Captain Hart was lying at the wharf of the island with his police boat, having just landed some prisoners. Mr. Schultz

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immediately went over to the captain, who saw him coming, took in the situation, and prepared to give him as good as he had got.

MR. SCHULTZ. "Captain, my old friend, glad to see you: and your boat too. We've got aground, and I want you to take us off and set us down on the other side."

CAPTAIN HART. "Have you got a permit to leave the island?"

MR. S. "A permit! What in the name of wonder do you mean?"

CAPTAIN H. "Why, you can't get off the island without a permit: you know that as well as I do."

MR. S. "Come now, none of your nonsense, captain; you know well enough I am not sent here. We have run ashore, and you must take us off."

CAPTAIN H. "Yes, that's just what every man says who gets here. I never knew one who didn't say there was some mistake about it, and he wanted to get away as soon as possible. No, no, Mr. Schultz, that cock won't fight: you must get your discharge in the regular way, or just serve your time out. I'm very sorry for you, but I must do my duty, and please my friends afterward."

Just then the truth dawned on the Board of Health's mind that he had played a joke off upon the captain some time before, and was now sold in return. He owned up, promised to call it quits, or even to give up beat; and the captain, having tormented him sufficiently, gave him and his friends a free passage to town.

At another time a committee of the Legislature was on the captain's boat making a tour of inspection, and one of the members, Senator Andrews, who knew the captain of old, attempted to extract amusement for himself and his fellow-members by rallying the captain on his *preaching*, as it was reported that he sometimes indulged in that exercise.

"Oh," said the captain, "I've taken to the law lately."

SENATOR. "Not been admitted?"

CAPTAIN. "Yes, regular; passed my examination in open court."

SENATOR. "And answered all the questions fair and square, captain?"

CAPTAIN. "All but one."

SENATOR. "And what was that?"

CAPTAIN. "I don't like to tell; it may hurt your feelings, and some of the gentlemen here may be offended."

ALL. "Oh no; out with it: what was it? Let's hear."

CAPTAIN. "Well, the judge asked me—and I couldn't tell—'How can a man go to the Legislature, get three dollars a day, pay five dollars a day for his board, and lay up money?'"

The committee gave the captain a round of applause, and invited him to supper that night, which he positively declined.

IT seems to us that this will answer. It is just over from England, and has not got into American types:

A milliner's apprentice, about to wait upon a duchess, was afraid of committing some error in her deportment. She therefore consulted a friend as to the manner to be adopted, and was told that on going before the duchess she must say her "Grace," and so on. Accordingly, away went the girl, and on being introduced, after a very low courtesy, she said, "For what I am going to receive, the Lord make me truly thankful." To which the duchess answered, "Amen!"

THE recent publication of Lord Lytton's last novel, *The Parisians*, recalls one of many amusing criticisms on his early works, published in *Fraser's Magazine* for February, 1832. It appears in a report of "The great and celebrated Hogg Dinner," an imaginary banquet supposed to have been given in honor of the Ettrick Shepherd. The author of *Pelham* was among the guests, and in the course of the proceedings Sir John Malcolm rises to "propose the health of Mr. Edward Liston (*sic*) Bulwer, and the memory of that lamented gentleman, Mr. Eugene Aram." In reply, Bulwer begs the company to "accept a volunteer song that he had been practicing the whole morning for the occasion." Then comes

LISTON BULWER'S SONG.

Though Fraser may call me an ass,
I heed not the pitiful sneerer;
He freely opinions may pass—
Their value depends on the hearer.
An ass! yet how strange that the word
Thus used in malevolent blindness,
I, blessed with adorers, have heard
In tones of affectionate kindness.

There's Colburn avows I'm an assortment of all that is clever;
Ask Hall—he affirms such an assistant he never saw, never!
Cries Bentley, "My vigs! vot an assemblage of talents for puffing!"
Thus all are agreed I'm an ass:
A fig for Regina's rebuffing!

THE following, which occurred recently in one of the London courts, has not found its way into American print, and may possibly be worth a smile from some of our brethren of the bar:

Some two months ago Mr. Huddleston, Q.C., married the sister of the Duke of St. Albans, and was considerably chaffed by his brothers-in-the-law at the happy event. Not long afterward he was counsel for the defendant in a breach-of-promise case before Mr. Justice Honeyman. The counsel for the plaintiff indulged in Buzfuz, and read a letter of the defendant to the fair plaintiff, in which he described himself as miserable.

Mr. Huddleston remarked that every man was miserable till he married.

His lordship said Mr. Huddleston was a leading authority on the subject; in fact, he was the most recent case.

The judicial joke was greeted with roars of laughter.

NEVER was there a truer or better saying by an English judge than that of an eminent chief justice to a lawyer who, to illustrate his point, used an expression that provoked laughter. Instead of a reprimand, the judge observed that "the Court is very much obliged to any member of the bar who will enliven the tedium of legal proceedings with a little honest hilarity." The sublimest tragedies of Shakspeare are for a very good purpose intermingled with farcical and comical scenes. We find in an English weekly journal which is scarcely seen on this side an instance where more than the usual mirth was

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provoked. It occurred quite recently at the Warwickshire Assizes, where Lord Chief Justice Bovill was trying a case of murder against a father and step-mother. At his request the male prisoner was defended by Mr. Buszard, who, in cross-examining the surgeon who had examined the deceased child, interrogated him as follows:

MR. BUSZARD. "Did you ever know of a case in which a person died of strangulation and could swallow afterward?" (Laughter.) The learned counsel immediately discovered the Hibernian character of his interrogation, and apologized for having raised a laugh in so serious a case. The judge, who had participated in the general merriment, said he was certain it was not intended. Mr. Buszard then repeated the query in another form. "Had the witness ever known a case in which a person had been able to swallow after the strangulatory act, and before the death?"

WITNESS. "I have not."

Mr. Buszard inquired if witness had ever seen a case of death by strangulation. After apparently running back through his memory for many years he replied, "Yes."

MR. BUSZARD. "Where was that?"

WITNESS. "At Idlecote."

MR. BUSZARD. "When?"

WITNESS. "On the 15th of last December."

MR. BUSZARD. "What! this case?"

WITNESS. "Yes." (General laughter.)

And so this trial for murder was enlivened by "general laughter," and the presiding judge was so tickled by a barrister's slip of the tongue that he could not refrain from joining in "the general merriment." Such a modern instance would help to prove Shakspeare's intimate knowledge of humanity, in which broad farce and deep tragedy are only removed from each other by very slender boundaries. In the other court, at the same assizes, Mr. Justice Denman was trying a case of alleged conspiracy, when, in the cross-examination of a female servant, there occurred the following scene:

His lordship asked the witness a number of questions, and in reply she said she used to sit on the door-step when she wanted to sit down, as there was no chair in the kitchen. His lordship asked her some questions relative to the beds and bedding, and witness laughed a good deal.

HIS LORDSHIP. "Why do you laugh? I have noticed you do it several times."

Witness continued laughing, but made no reply. On the question being repeated, she said she thought his lordship would understand bedding to mean mattresses and such-like.

HIS LORDSHIP. "Oh, then it was my folly you were laughing at. [Laughter.] Was that so?"

WITNESS. "Yes, Sir." (Loud laughter.)

HIS LORDSHIP. "And when you laughed during your examination and cross-examination by the counsel, I suppose you were laughing at their folly?" (Laughter.)

WITNESS. "Yes, Sir." (Loud laughter.)

HIS LORDSHIP. "I am very much obliged to you for your candor. I have learned something to-day. Good-day to you." (Loud laughter.) Witness then left the box.

Courts of justice are usually so dreary that the audience are always ready to seize upon the slightest provocation for a laugh, and in the foregoing instances they were quite justified in doing so.

CONCERNING "back pay," an amusing incident occurred just at the close of the late session of Congress. The House generously voted to pay committee clerks for the whole month of March, though the sessions only continued four days of that month. The officers charged with disbursements made up the bills promptly, and instead of letting the clerks, in usual course, take the bills to their chairmen for approval, they themselves took them around for that purpose. The officer who took the bill of the clerk of the Committee on Banking and Currency, of which the Hon. Samuel Hooper is chairman, is reported to have had the following colloquy:

MR. HOOPER. "What is this?"

OFFICER. "It is Mr. F——'s bill for the month of March. The House has voted to pay committee clerks for the whole month."

MR. HOOPER. "Why do you bring it to me?"

OFFICER. "We want to settle our accounts, and so are getting the bills all approved ourselves, instead of waiting for the clerks to attend to them."

MR. HOOPER (*hesitatingly*). "Well, I guess you may as well let my clerk bring this to me. I should like to see him. *I haven't had a sight of him for about a month.*"

THE following, fresh from over sea, is told at the expense of a distinguished and estimable son of Scotia. It seems that a dinner-party was in progress during a brilliant display of northern lights, and this gentleman, stepping out to cool his burning brow, was startled by the display. He stood amazed; then, turning to the window, saw, within, his wife, sitting with the ladies waiting for the gentlemen to end their claret and cigars. Pushing aside the lace curtains, he beckoned his wife Agnes to come out. She complied, when he said to her, solemnly,

"Wagnes, d'er see any thing exstronory now?"

"Yes, Dolly, I see you have been drinking too much wine."

"No, nor that, Wagnes; I mean exstronory phornomonums in atmosphere."

"Why, where, Dolly?"

"Up yonder, Wagnes."

"Why, dear me! yes, I do, indeed—the most brilliant aurora I ever saw."

"Wagnes, are things a-shootin'?"

"Yes, dear."

"An' a-flashin', Wagnes?"

"Yes, Dolly."

"An' a sorter spreadin' and dancin', eh, Wagnes?"

"All that, my dear."

"Ho!" (much relieved). "Do you know, Wagnes—I mean Agnes—when'r I come out an' saw the celestial phornomonums a-glowin' upper yonder, bless me effer I didn't think I was *in vino verit—ass.*"

THE accompanying lines are nonsensical enough. They were written to please a group of youthful folk, and serve to show that our En-

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glish tongue is as capable of being twisted into "uncouth shapes" as is the Latin, if any one will take the trouble:

One winter's eve, around the fire, a cozy group we sat,
Engaged, as was our custom old, in after-dinner chat;
Small-talk it was, no doubt, because the smaller folk were there,
And they, the young monopolists! absorbed the lion's share.
Conundrums, riddles, rebuses, cross-questions, puns atrocious,
Taxed all their ingenuity, till Peter the precocious—
Old head on shoulders juvenile—cried, "Now for a new task:
Let's try our hand at *Palindromes!*" "Agreed! But first," we ask,
"Pray, Peter, what *are* Palindromes?" The forward imp replied,
"A *Palindrome's* a string of words of sense or meaning void,
Which reads both ways the same: and here, with your permission,
I'll cite some half a score of samples, lacking all precision
(But held together by loose rhymes), to test my definition:

"A milksop, jilted by his lass, or wandering in his wits,
Might murmur, '*Stiff, O dairy-man, in a myriad of fits!*'

"A limner, by photography dead beat in competition,
Thus grumbled, '*No, it is opposed; art sees trade's opposition!*'

"A nonsense-loving nephew might his soldier-uncle dun
With '*Now stop, major-general, are negro jam-pots won?*'

"A supercilious grocer, if inclined that way, might snub
A child with '*But ragusa store, babe, rots a sugar-tub.*'

"Thy sceptre, Alexander, is a fortress, cried Hephæstion.
Great A. said, '*No, it's a bar of gold, a bad log for a bastion!*'

"A timid creature, fearing rodents—mice and such small fry—
'*Stop, Syrian, I start at rats in airy spots,*' might cry.

"A simple soul, whose wants are few, might say, with hearty zest,
'*Desserts I desire not, so long no lost one rise distressed.*'

"A stern Canadian parent might in earnest, not in fun,
Exclaim, '*No sot nor Ottawa law at Toronto, son!*'

"A crazy dentist might declare, as something strange or new,
That '*Paget saw an Irish tooth, Sir, in a waste gap!*' True!

"A surly student, hating sweets, might answer with *élan*,
'*Name tarts? no, medieval slave, I demonstrate man!*'

"He who in Nature's bitters findeth sweet food every day,
'*Eureka! till I pull up ill I take rue,*' well might say."

CHIEF JUSTICE CHASE contributes an anecdote of the late President Lincoln that will be new to most of our readers:

When the draft just previous to his re-election was ordered, leading politicians of Indiana thought it injudicious, and appointed a committee, of which Governor Baker made one, to wait upon the President. They remonstrated with him against the draft without producing any effect, and finally urged the danger of his defeat in case Indiana should go against him, as they believed it would if the draft went on. "It is of no consequence," the President replied, "whether I am elected President or not. The country must be saved. We must have soldiers. The Union must be restored." Governor Baker went out from the presence of Mr. Lincoln feeling rebuked for having allowed party considerations to influence him enough to make the plea.

DURING the March term of the Oyer and Terminer, held in this city, Judge Brady presiding, a poor unfortunate named Nixon was tried and convicted of murdering Charles Phyfer. Notwithstanding the gravity of the trial, the testimony of a colored man, named William Henry Johnson, was given in a manner that rendered resistance to laughter impossible. It was given thus:

William Henry Johnson (colored) testified that on the day of the shooting he saw two men having an altercation in Chatham Street; one of them was on horseback, and the other drove a wagon. The man in the wagon told the man on horseback to get out of the way, when the latter turned round and attempted to strike him two or three times.

Cross-examined by District-Attorney Phelps:

Q. "Where do you live, Johnson?"—*A.* "In a garret." (A laugh.)

Q. "What is your business?"—*A.* "My wife follows the washing business, but she makes me do the work."

Q. "Where was the wagon when you saw it?"—*A.* "'Twas in the street." (Laughter.)

Q. "What part of the street?"—*A.* "In the street, not on the sidewalk."

Q. "On which side of the street?"—*A.* "On the same side that I was."

Q. "How near was the wagon to the sidewalk?"—*A.* "Well, upon my soul, I could not tell. That's a pretty hard thing to tell, as I did not measure it."

Q. "Are you deaf?"—*A.* "Sometimes." (A laugh.)

Q. "When you first saw the man on horseback, where was he?"—*A.* "On his back." (Great laughter.)

Q. "Where was the wagon?"—*A.* "Well, boss, I guess we talked about that before." (Applause.)

Q. "With what hand did he strike the prisoner?"—*A.* "He struck him with no hand; he struck him with the whiffletree. 'Pon my honor I can't say in which hand he held the whiffletree, except it was the right or the left." (Laughter.)

Q. "Were they near Barnum's clothing store?"—*A.* "Well, see here now, boss, I ain't able to read nor write, and I can't tell Barnum from A. T. Stewart, or any of them big folks, by looking up at their names."

Q. "When did you tell this to Mr. Howe?"—*A.* "Mr. Howe? Mr. Howe, when was it I went to see you?" (Great laughter in the court, and counsel joined.)

Q. "Did you know Nixon?"—*A.* "No, I did not know him from Tom, Dick, or the devil. [Continued merriment.] The fact is, boss, men will get into musses, particularly colored folks. You know, some folks bees down on the colored people. I mean folks as have no eddication, and don't know their grammar nor their dictionary. I can write my name—no, I can't either, come to think of it." (Laughter.)

Q. "Do you know officer Van Buskirk?"—*A.* "Who? What? Does he know me? I guess not. No, Sah." (Laughter, during which the Court ordered the witness to retire.)

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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCLXXVIII.—JULY, 1873.—Vol. XLVII.

JACK ASHORE.



AROUND THE GLOBE.

PEACEABLE citizens view the slips of a sailor ashore with a loving indulgence that is not accorded to any class of landsmen. The fuddled condition in which he is too often found fails to excite the loathing which we can not check when an intoxicated Celt comes bearing down upon us, and by a casuistry not altogether unaccountable we laugh at his propensity to "kiss the book," as Stephano in *The Tempest* affably paraphrases his fondness for "celestial liquor." A roving blade, and during the greater part of his life necessarily beyond the normal influences of inland society, he gains a strong individuality. Primitive impulses hold him submissive; he is superstitious and dependent, yet wayward and not easily thwarted; consequently the moment he is released from the slavery of the ship he flies from the extremes of discipline to the lowest dissipation of freedom. The conditions of his life entitle him to abundant charity, but a careless condonation of his vices is detrimental to all efforts for his improvement, and the fact that he is as fit a subject for rational philanthropy as the farm laborer ought to be borne prominently in every mind. In most nautical novels and ballads the jollities of a sailor's life experiences ashore are painted in rosy tints, and the inevitable misery following debauchery and excess, from which our tars are even less exempt than any other human beings, is glossed over in a manner that will not bear the strictest analysis. Marryat and Dibdin, always brilliant in characterization, but frequently incorrect, have portrayed a creature to whom care is unknown and the whole world extends a benevolent hand; at sea he is chiefly occupied in receiving a double supply of grog from his captain, or dancing hornpipes, and on shore at "every port he finds a wife," and "sports the splendid guinea."

> "While up the shrouds the sailor goes,
> Or ventures on the yard,
> The landsman, who no better knows,
> Believes his lot is hard.
> But Jack with smiles each danger meets,
> Casts anchor, heaves the log,
> Trims all the sails, belays the sheets,
> And drinks his can of grog."

The impression thus conveyed is pernicious, and as false to reality as are Mr. Dion Boucicault's Irish peasants. The can of grog is generally adulterated villainously, and the "splendid guinea" is drawn from his pocket by robbers while he lies stupefied from liquor on some unclean floor. "The little cherub" can not be trusted to meet every emergency, and vigilant, thoughtful human endeavor can alone atone for the past neglect, and insure the future improvement of a class of men on whom depend the prosperity and honor of every maritime nation. If it be considered, as it reasonably may, that our way to the recovery of ocean commerce lies fully as much in manning our merchant navy with intelligent and temperate men as in the building of vessels, the importance of attention to the condition and influences which surround sailors on land will be appreciated.

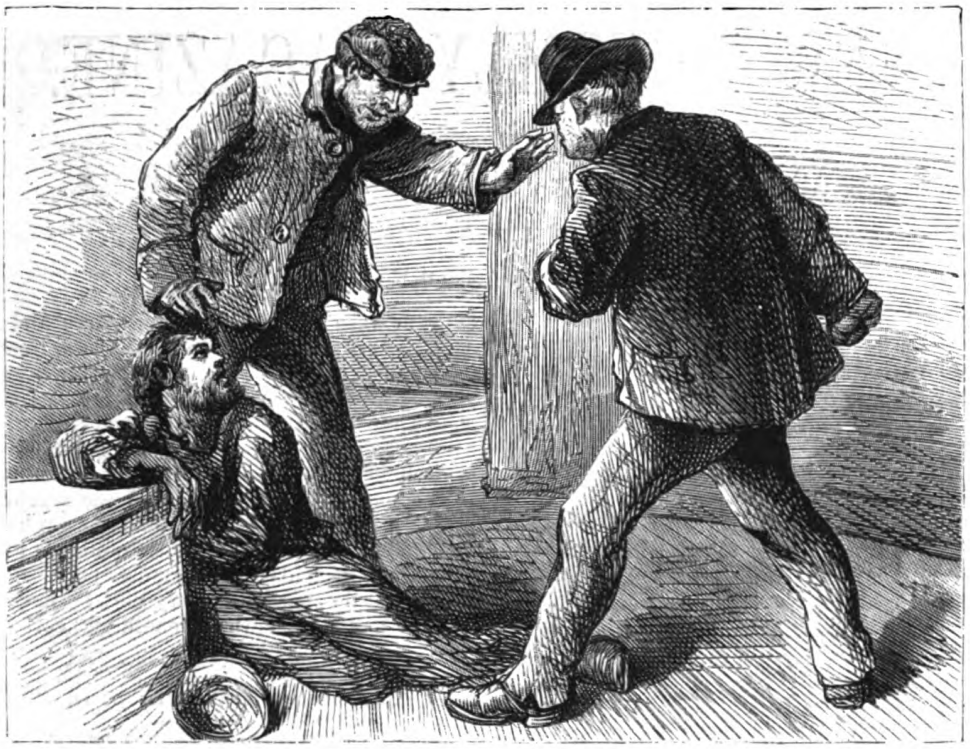
Personally, Jack is shy and difficult of access, with a healthy horror of ostentatious aid. They who would impress him favorably must be quiet and in earnest, for he is suspicious of "tracts," and will more readily believe the boarding-house keeper than the colporteur. If he has frustrated some schemes for his welfare, it is because they were made in ignorance of his nature, and

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THE TOUTER AND HIS CONFEDERATE.

it is manifestly unfair that he should be passed with a merely tolerant exclamation of good-will. Until recently no adequate laws had been made for his protection in America, and while a very effective code was in operation in Great Britain, here he was the undisputed prey of the most degraded and rapacious land-sharks. As I have intimated, a very important reform has been attempted recently in the enactment of provisions based upon justice, but these are less preventive than restrictive; and it must be remembered that the abuses of generations can not be effaced by the remedial measures of one year.

Remarkably grateful, a sailor once won to a man or a cause becomes a steadfast, affectionate, and enthusiastic adherent. His colors are true-blue, and a friendly action, a caressing hand in sickness, or a pleasant word at an opportune moment will keep green in his memory through life.

"'Longside of an enemy, boldly and brave
He'll with broadside on broadside regale her;
Yet he'll sigh to the soul o'er that enemy's grave,
So noble's the mind of a sailor."

Probably those who most thoroughly comprehend his nature are the boarding-house keepers, who, however desperate on occasion, invariably try to cajole before they venture to force. As soon as a ship arrives in the lower bay the touters of these worst of men board her, if, under the new shipping law, they can evade the deputy-commissioners, and stealing into the forecastle, demand the sailor to tell where he intends to lodge while in port. A burly confederate stands near the touter, and if a ready answer is refused, the sailor receives an unexpected and stunning blow in the face. When he recovers he finds the principal remonstrating with the confederate for his brutal interference, and appreciative of the timely sympathy, Jack surrenders himself to the tender mercies of the wolf, one of his best qualities thus becoming a means of his own destruction. Perhaps before the ship is fairly moored he is enticed ashore, and driven to one of the gloomy dens in Cherry, Water, or Roosevelt Street, where he has no more hope than a school-boy in a gambling-house. His stay in port may be a week or a month, according to the amount of wages due to him; but his treatment will be the same as long as his money lasts, and when it has gone he will as surely be cast adrift. Formerly he seldom touched his own pay. The boarding-house keeper made a trifling advance when the sailor landed, and as seven or ten days elapsed before the ship-owners paid off their crews, a heavy bill against him for food, lodgings, and raiment had been run up. The money accruing, therefore, from a winter voyage around the Horn or across the Atlantic fell by power of attorney, or a less legal instrument, into the hands of the boarding-house keeper. If the bill represented a larger amount than the

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wages, Jack was shipped off at once, an advance note, payable several days after the sailing, having also been extorted from him. At present, under the beneficent shipping act, the sailor is paid in person before the Commissioner at the end of his voyage, and the boarding-house keeper can fleece him no more directly than by extortionate charges. But that our seamen are unconscionably bled in boarding-houses is not the most telling charge that can be brought against these wicked institutions. More vital importance attaches to the fact that a sailor within their doors is far removed from every agency of physical and spiritual good, and that with each successive voyage he becomes less able to perform his duties on shipboard, more nervous in the perilous moments when life and treasure depend upon his courage, and further behind the comprehension of the many recent scientific discoveries tending to simplify ocean navigation. His love of old associations and cordiality is the means whereby he is caught. A collier will drink at "The Mine," a tinker at "The Blacksmith's Arms," a railway employé at "The Double Track;" and houses bearing nautical names—for example, "The Flowing Sea," "The Mariner's Home," or "The Sailor's Return"—have an irresistible charm for seamen. The fanciful name is not the only attraction, however. Trophies of travel or war, a model ship or a rusty cannon, cheap specimens of marine art, and flashily dressed courtesans, are equally conspicuous and potential. One of these rookeries corresponds closely in the exterior and interior with all others. The building is unsteady and dilapidated, the location being an odoriferous corner of the winding lanes that skirt and diverge from the East River front. The surrounding structures are similar in style and appearance; the ruined mansions of our old families are here awaiting the long-deferred end of their vicissitudes, meantime affording refuge for criminals whose avocations are plied nearer to the heart of the city, as well as to the numerous "dock rats," whose foraging ground is more accessible. The sailor's boarding-house can not be distinguished upon a hurried survey, but a careful examination will reveal it by the landlord's imbecile travesties upon home comforts and beauties. A neglected geranium or fuchsia has been placed in the window, the dusty surface of which is seamed like the tearful face of an unclean child; a yellowish and tattered lace curtain has been raised across it, and behind this again is plainly shadowed a cluster of repulsive women, who are alternately gossiping with the idlers at the bar and leering at the passers-by, or fooling with a needle and a strip of calico in the endeavor to affect the womanly charms of quiet conversation and industry. If you have the courage to explore and listen to rude jokes, which you can not possibly answer, in the first room you will find that the men to whom the women have been talking are unoccupied sailors, whose faces are pitifully devoid of intelligence, their eyes being dull and inexpressive of decent emotion. The men expectorate, hitch up their trowsers, dive their hands deeply into their empty pockets, and are as inattentive to the chattering of the women as to the story which is being told by the man behind the bar, who, nevertheless, is a mighty political auxiliary of the Custom-house, and between the perquisites of the primary and wages of his boarders is enabled to live in undeserved sumptuousness. The misery of last night's excesses is upon the crowd; one and all are



THE SAILOR BOARDING-HOUSE—EXTERIOR.

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heavy and weary—as hopeless and dejected as men who are under sentence for crime. Anon an incident diverts and stirs them. A hack drives up to the door, and a seaman, already half intoxicated, is dragged out by two touters who accompany him. The landlord and women close about him, the first with profuse words of welcome, and the latter with violent caresses. The plump hint that the new-comer shall prove himself the generous, lavish fellow of past experience is not necessary, and all present advance to the bar, as the counter, three mysterious bottles, two lemons, and a meagre assortment of impaired crockery are politely designated. Poor Jack! He toasts Meg, Margery, and Kate, and then, in an altered, trembling voice, remembers his mother, an action decried by the women as unmanly and religious. But the better mood in such an atmosphere only endures a little while, and then, by example and appeal, he is encouraged in the horrible debauchery for the practice of which the house is maintained. Three items are already recorded against him in the blotted ledger for deduction from his wages—three dollars are charged for the boat which brought him ashore, two dollars for the hack, and two more for the poisonous drinks supplied to the company. In a very few days all he has earned by very many days of severe toil is exhausted, his hands are unsteady, his head giddy, home ties are thought of impatiently, and again dreary forecastle life is resumed.

The night scenes of the dance-room give the truest idea of the contaminating influences that are exerted for the moral impoverishment of sailors and the enrichment of the landlords. Behind the bar, appropriately, is situated the crib, wherein are held the revelries which draw down our mariners to a criminal level. A screen hides the interior from the street, and also secures to the habitués safety from police raids, since our officers are too busily occupied in the punishment of overt vice in this district to attend to cautiously sequestered instances. In a low-roofed, dimly lighted apartment, only a few feet square, a reeking audience



JACK IN THE SAILOR'S BOARDING-HOUSE.

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gathers. The "dance" is, of course, a bold euphemism for indescribable sin; as the hour flies the license grows greater: the pseudo-sewing-women are now in their own satanic element. In writing here we can not be more specific. If philanthropists desire to learn of opportunities for good work, let the police and overworked missionaries testify.

In all we have said it has not been our intention to imply that nothing has been done in behalf of sailors ashore, or that no agencies are working to secure those improvements so desirable and imperative. Organizations conducted by a few of the foremost merchants in this port are striding ahead rapidly in the humane effort of elevating seamen, and thereby enhancing our maritime power. Inadequacy, due largely to the difficulty of making charitable people comprehend that toilers of the sea are not irreclaimable, can alone be laid at their doors; inefficiency can not. Of the reforms that have taken place, especially during the past three years, no more convincing evidence can be needed than this: an eminent metropolitan journalist estimated in 1868 that there were in this city no less than 169 sailors' boarding-houses, in which 15,000 seamen were annually robbed of at least $3,000,000; to-day there are only about ninety houses, and of these forty are licensed. The demand for protective legislation has been partly satisfied in the act by which commissioners are appointed in the several circuit courts of the United States to supervise the shipping and discharge of seamen engaged in merchant vessels. The State law enacted in March, 1866, for the repression of dishonest boarding-house keepers, which had through political influence secured an adverse judicial decision, has been revived, and has abolished a few houses, while it has checked lawlessness in all. Outrages still occur, but the movement to uproot them is not declining or losing adherents, although its vicissitudes are numerous and its means limited.

The oldest benevolent institution in America in connection with seamen is the Marine Society of the City of New York, organized in 1770, which from a fund of $62,000 and members' dues affords aid amounting to from $75 to $95 each, per annum, to sailors' widows. Notwithstanding the somewhat narrowed sphere of this society, for some unexplained reason the spirit which animated its founders did not continue; most of them, in fact, concluded, after an apparently superficial trial, that efforts for the improvement of sailors must prove futile, and for nearly half a century the land-sharks had their own way. The broad philanthropy and consistent methods of to-day were not then ripe, and when, in 1816, another attempt was made in Jack's behalf, the need of improving his physical condition before exhorting him to a spiritual life was overlooked. The attentions paid him, however, were not unprofitable, and led to subsequent practical work. The Rev. Ward Stafford preached the first sermon to seamen in America, at the school-house No. 37 Cherry Street, on December 20, 1816; the New York Marine Bible Society was formed two years later; and in 1820 the Mariners' Church in Roosevelt Street, the first ever built, was dedicated. The Bethel flag, first hoisted on the ship *Cadmus*, Captain Christopher Prince offering prayer, appeared frequently at the mast-heads of the vessels wharfed around the island; and on May 5, 1828, the question, "How can sailors be made intelligent and healthy, as well as Christians?" was partly answered in the formation of the American Seamen's Friend Society, with the Hon. Smith Thompson as president, and the late Bishop M'Ilvaine as secretary. With this the movement for the welfare of Jack fell into the hands of men of wealth and liberal culture; he was no longer prayed at, and then left to the vicious associations and discomfort of the boarding-house; thereafter, if he chose, he might avail himself of the same opportunities that landsmen have for education, refinement, and saving; with the Bible should be proffered a loaf of bread, decent lodging, and protection from his enemies. The second clause of the new society's constitution expressed its object thus: "To improve the social and moral condition of seamen by uniting the efforts of the wise and good in their behalf; by promoting in every port boarding-houses of good character, savings-banks, register-offices, libraries, museums, reading-rooms, and schools, and also the ministration of the Gospel and other religious blessings."

Starting with aims so liberal, and with a definite understanding of what would be required from it, the society could not fail. It has prospered; the material work has been carried on abreast of the evangelical, and in many ports throughout the United States, and in foreign countries largely frequented by American seamen, it has erected Sailors' Homes and missionary stations. The substantial works it has dedicated to the seamen of the port of New York alone prove its immense value. One of the earliest of its ventures was the publication of a little magazine advocating Jack, and in the year following its incorporation the society had so far impressed the claims of its wards upon the public mind that the Seamen's Bank for Savings was opened. Although this institution has lost its distinctiveness, and is now engaged in a general business, having deposits amounting to $10,400,000, $2,000,000 still lie in it to the credit of seamen. The Colored Sailors' Home was next instituted under the auspices of the society, and in 1842 a like home at No. 190 Cherry Street

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THE SEAMEN'S EXCHANGE AND THE CHERRY STREET HOME.

was ready for the reception of white seamen. Since its opening the former has accommodated 17,486 men, while the latter has found room in the same time for 79,978.

The good influences current in these homes almost counterbalance the bad influences brought to bear in the characterless boarding-houses. There are faults which are plain enough to those who seek them; the present buildings are in some respects unsuited to their uses; the charge of inadequacy again recurs; but the results they obtain discourage cavil. In their administration they are laudably wise. Eminent tact is required in the treatment of seamen, and this is possessed to a singular degree by the managers of the homes. An institution which in the event of an infraction of rules would severely censure and threaten would never answer as a harbor for "Jack ashore." Considerate and not too numerous rules leniently enforced, a mild remonstrance instead of an ascetic rebuff, forbearance and good humor, are the virtues which his friends must practice. He is also sensitive and hesitating in accepting favors that are not given from the heart, and this independence he has been enabled to preserve in the homes, which are self-supporting.

The Home in Cherry Street is partly hidden by the Seamen's Exchange. It has the aspect of an ordinary hotel, and displays no distinguishing sign, unless it be the wooden figure of a naval lieutenant perched on the cupola near the flag-staff. Groups of tanned and stalwart men are chatting in the wide balcony and in the smoking-room, which is entered from the hall. In the basement front is a clothing store, and in the rear a spacious dining-room. Breakfast is served from six to seven o'clock, dinner from twelve to one, and supper at six. The quality of the food supplied is excellent, and the quantity unlimited. Passing to the first floor again there is a room, set apart for the purpose, in which a weather-beaten old tar, recently home from a five-years' trading voyage to the South African coast, is entertaining two handsome young daughters, who have traveled from a Minnesota village to see him and kiss him. The reading-room and museum are also on this floor. Curiosities from every clime in which American sailors have frozen or melted are aggregated here in cabinets, simply labeled in the crude handwriting of the contributor. Relics of lost vessels, of battles, hunts, explorations, and aboriginal loves; a splintered spar which sustained the giver one dark night upon the waters; a rusty cutlass stained with the wicked blood of a Malayan pirate; a quiver of Indian arrows; a stone pilfered from a Chinese temple; and the varicolored plumes worn by a South Sea Island belle at a ball given by the crew of an American ship—are clustered behind the glass doors, and from their dusty shelves speak countless volumes of thrilling adventures on the flood and in the field. Abundant

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reading matter can also be found in this hall, which is clean, light, and airy.

The three upper floors are occupied as bedrooms. About 150 lodgers can be conveniently accommodated, but the average number is 100. Baths with hot and cold water are always ready for use. The rooms of the regular boarders are mostly single-bedded, and are better furnished than those given to casual guests. Disturbances among the men are rare. Occasionally a backslider comes home three sheets in the wind after closing hours, but he can not withstand the amiable appeal of Mrs. Alexander, the matron, and allows her to send him quietly to bed. Our inspection is incomplete unless we are introduced to this lady—"Mother" Alexander, as she is affectionately called by the sailor, to whose care she is heartily devoted. She has aided her husband in superintending the Home for several years past, and is as proud of her boarders as they are of her. A comely woman, and spirited in the work that lies nearest to her, she exercises a power over the most austere and apparently uncompromising sinners. She is jolly and practical, and by the charm of her own personality reclaims and uplifts those about her. Her cozy private sitting-room is overcrowded with tokens of gratitude, which are every day being brought to her from men in the obscurest corners of the globe. From these profuse mementoes she might stock and maintain a menagerie, a museum, or a fancy-goods store. One man vouches for his affectionate remembrance of a kindness received in port by a chameleon, which he has sent home from a Mediterranean town by a friend; another, with an exquisite comprehension of woman's instinct, has remitted an ugly Hindoo god, accompanying it with, not incense and myrrh, but a love of a stuffed and exceedingly rare monkey. A very rude effort at oil-painting hangs from one of the walls, and its wonderful defects might be accounted for by the facts that forecastle light, in which it was executed, was bad, and that the author had never attempted any thing of the kind before. The live stock that arrives at Mrs. Alexander's doors includes cockatoos and gold-fish, Spanish poodles and small tigers. Parrots and monkeys are a sailor's favorite tokens of remembrance, however, and these are given in such quantities that one of her greatest desires is to make friends who will accept her innocent little Darwinians.

During the year ending May, 1872, the number of boarders was 2200, an increase of 238 over the previous year, and of 1237 over the year before. These included both seamen and mates, but not captains, who object to associating on shore with their subordinates. During the same period the men deposited $32,741 with the superintendent for safe-keeping, and of this amount $16,144 was sent to relatives, and $3843 was placed



AN OLD TAR'S WELCOME.

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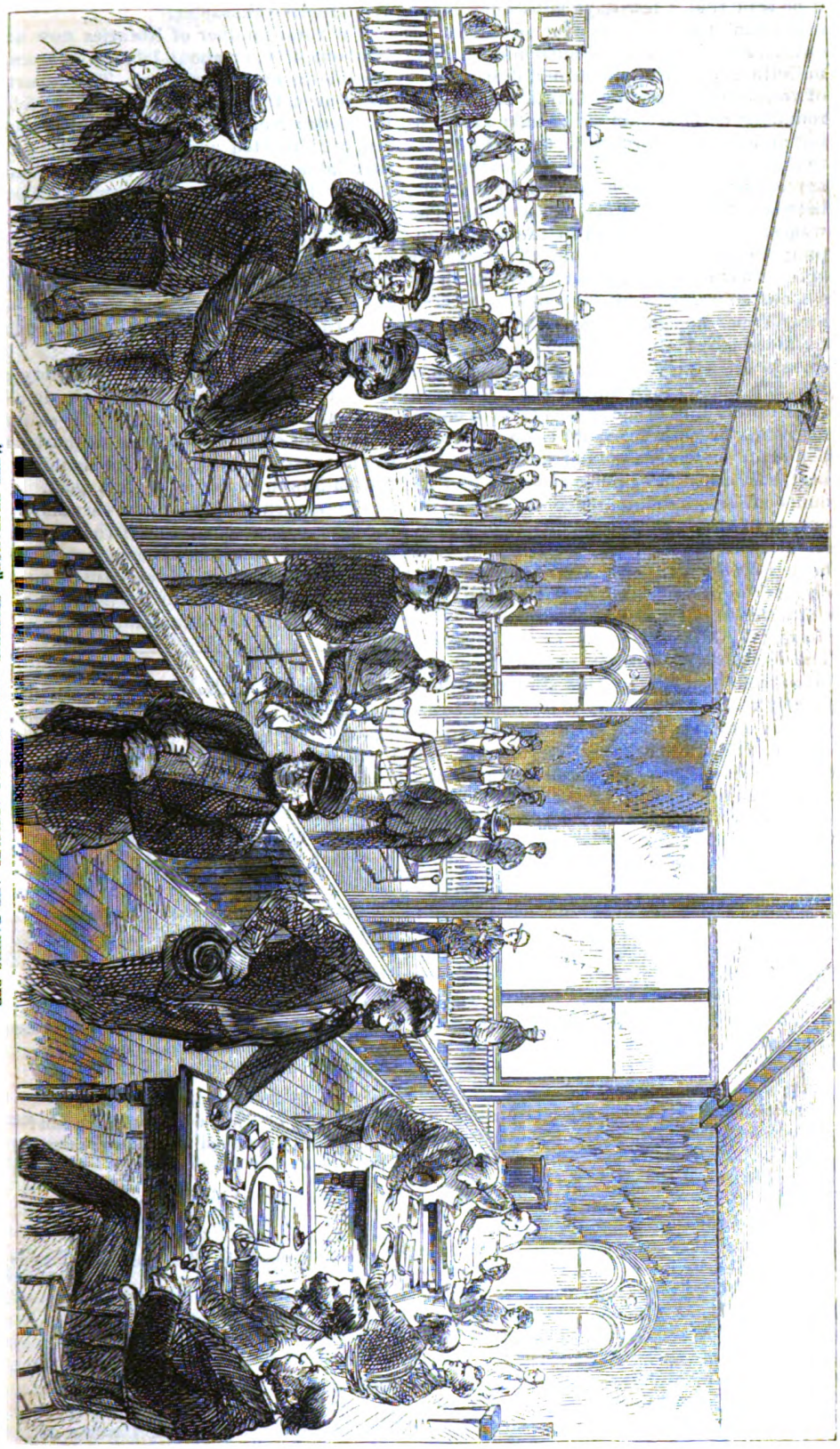
THE SAVINGS-BANK.

in the savings-bank. Shipwrecked and destitute seamen applying to the American Seamen's Friend Society are sent here, and gratuitously provided for until they obtain another ship. The uniform charge of board and lodging is seven dollars per week, as in the licensed boarding-houses. The boarders' opportunities for dishonesty are numerous, but a defaulter is exceptional, seamen, as a body, being noted for their integrity. The Home building is owned by the society, and is leased to the superintendent, who conducts it upon an independent basis, although a percentage of his profits is paid to the society, which also reserves the right to supervise and regulate the tariff.

Across Cherry Street lies the Seamen's Exchange, the front of which is on Water Street, partly visible a little north of the New York bridge tower, to passengers by the Fulton Ferry boats, and noteworthy as the largest edifice dedicated to sailors in America. "This building gives the sailor comforts which he will appreciate, and such influences will preach religion to him if Christianity is never mentioned," remarked Henry Ward Beecher at the opening services, April 17, 1872. Another grand effort has here been made for the secular benefit of the sea-farers, of whom over 60,000 come to this port annually, at least 3000 being in port at all times. Not intended to supersede the several minor reading-rooms and Bethels near the wharves, the aim of the Exchange is to furnish all kinds of rational entertainment. As in the adjoining Home, part of the basement is devoted to a clothing store, where every requisite for a sea outfit can be purchased at low rates, and the remainder is used as a bowling-alley. A savings-bank and reading-room occupy the first floor, and a hall capable of seating about 800 people, which will be used for lectures, concerts, and prayer-meetings, is located on the next floor. Above are the offices of the United States Shipping Commissioner.

At the time of our visit few sailors are in attendance, as the old boarding-house keepers are holding back their boarders from shipping until the Commissioner will consent to omit irksome points from the en-

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"THE EXCHANGE"—SHIPPING CREWS, SIGNING ARTICLES, AND PAYING OFF.

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forcement of the new law. In passing, let it be said that a few days subsequently we heard that the Commissioner remained obdurate, and the "strikers" surrendered. The bulletin giving the names and destinations of vessels wanting crews is full. At the surrounding desks a number of men are signing articles for a voyage in the *Susy B*—— to the Labrador coast. The articles form the agreement, executed in printed legal forms, between the men, masters, and owners. The wages, services, and food of the man shipping are precisely stipulated. The mariner agrees that he will be orderly, faithful, honest, and sober. The master binds himself to pay $35 per month (the ordinary wages of an able-bodied seaman), and to provide a certain dietary. The first day's allowance for each man, which during the rest of the week differs only in the substitution of cocoa for coffee or pork for beef, consists of one pound of bread, one pound and a half of beef, half a pound of flour, one-eighth of an ounce of tea, half an ounce of coffee, two ounces of sugar, and three quarts of water. At another desk a crew recently arrived home is being paid off. Certificates of discharge are given to all men, the blank for character being filled variously with "B." (bad), "V. G." (very good), or "G." (good). The impositions formerly practiced by unprincipled men are by this simple method greatly restricted. Every man before shipping is now required to produce his discharge. Should he have deserted his last ship, the discovery of the fraud is almost unavoidable.

We started on our tour from the offices of the Seamen's Friend Society, at No. 80 Wall Street, with details courteously supplied by Rev. Dr. S. H. Hall, its corresponding secretary; Mr. L. P. Hubbard, the financial agent; and the Rev. H. H. M'Farland. Sailors with whom we have talked have alluded to "loan libraries." Let us return to head-quarters and inquire what they are. In calm weather and on long voyages the men have many idle hours, and no means of recreation, and in view of this the society, in 1859, began furnishing naval and merchant ships with loan libraries. Each library contains about forty-five volumes, in a strong wooden case, which is lodged with the captain of the ship. The character of the libraries is strongly religious, but not sectarian. It may appear from the following schedule that a larger proportion of secular works would be a wise change: Nelson on *Infidelity; Sailor's Companion; Path of Peace; Way of Life;* Hall's *Papers for Home Reading;* Spurgeon's *Sermons;* Kitto's *Daily Bible Illustrations; Pilgrim's Progress;* Dr. Cuyler's *New Life; Illustrated Library of Wonders; Progress of Discovery; Dictionary of the Bible;* Captain Russel's *Watchword;* books on natural science; biographies; *Seamen's Hymns;* temperance publications; and other works of a not especially attractive character.

The total number of libraries now afloat is about 4500, or about 185,000 volumes, accessible to 180,000 seamen. The report for the year ending May, 1872, shows the following facts: Number of new libraries sent to sea, 312; refitted and reshipped, 424; total (available to 10,888 men), 756; conversions during the year in connection with the work, 70. Both officers and men use the libraries, and the volumes are returned to the society, often years after their issue, in perfect condition; often, too, when a ship has been lost, the library has been placed in a small boat, with the compass and a little store of food, and so preserved.

The work and means of this society, and several others of less magnitude in New York, are steadily advancing. The shipping act has not crushed all the land-sharks, and the new Exchange has not for members all the sailors who come to this port. True and permanent reforms move very slowly, as the best oak grows. But if the movement for the improvement of Jack ashore is never permitted to recede, an increase in number of American ships and in the prestige of the navy is beyond all uncertainty.

HOLIDAY.

THE earth is nothing but flowers and grass;
The sky is a light, and the wave its glass:
I will make a part of the shadowless whole,
And be a body without a soul.

I leave the troublesome creature bound
By hopes and fears that hedge it round;
So may I look, for a single day,
To live unhindered the life of May;

To spring into bloom from the clover root;
To feel the sap in the young leaf shoot;
To hive my honey, to spread my wing;
To work or idle with any thing;

To slide with the fly on the water's face,
And swim with the fish that follows chase;
To feel myself once more at one
With all the life that is under the sun!

But what is sighing about the spot?
What sound of wind where wind is not?—
Poor wretch! pursued by all thy cares,
Hast stolen after me unawares?

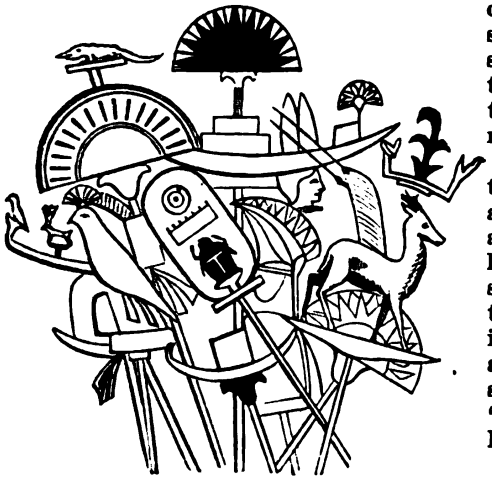
Go, get thee back, kind soul, I pray!
Sad or merry another day,
I ask for only these few short hours
To grow in the light like grass and flowers.

But still the poor soul, all undone,
Sighs and shivers beneath the sun!
I can not bear that pitiful pain—
The homeless creature must come again.

Alas! the time when I could lie
As free from thought as the open sky
Is never for me, henceforth, I trow:
Soul, we must comfort each other now!

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NATIONAL STANDARDS AND EMBLEMS.



EGYPTIAN STANDARDS—PHARAOH'S ARMY.

CARLYLE sees, he tells us, in a nation's military banners "the divine idea of duty, of heroic daring; in some instances of freedom, of right."

We find representations of standards on the oldest bass-reliefs of Egypt. Sacred rites were performed to them; and they were regarded with a degree of awe which lent a peculiar significance to the words of Solomon, "Terrible as an army with banners."

It is related that the standard of Mohammed was held in such sacred awe that it was death to any infidel who dared to look upon it. It was carried in procession at one time, when several hundred Christians, who ignorantly gazed upon it, were massacred by the Turkish populace.

In our time the standard flag is the symbol of the independent and self-contained life of a people, and it awakens in the dullest heart some sense of what is due to the individual from the state, of the value of honor and patriotism and temperate discipline.

"It is in and through symbols," adds Carlyle, "that man consciously or unconsciously lives, moves, and has his being: those ages, moreover, are accounted the noblest which can the best recognize symbolical worth, and prize it the highest."

A soldier's fidelity to his flag has in it something ennobling and sublime, and gives him a share in the national life and liberty of which that flag is the emblem. Tattered, shot-torn, smoke-blackened, it is nevertheless a symbol of the highest value and importance, and has power to direct the thoughts and passions of individuals, so that a mighty host becomes as one man. Moreover, it is a symbol of a nation's past. Bright memories of victory flash about it; or perhaps some recollections live in its drooping folds of a day of disaster and shame, or a time of oppression and suffering; so that, gazing upon this mysterious symbol, the citizen and the soldier feel the hot blood throbbing at their heart, and the battle-light reddening on their brows.

Colored banners were evidently among the earliest symbols used as military standards, and as tribes multiplied they gradually became party-colored by stripes and linear divisions. In the earlier times the shield was colored in its device similar to the flag, and, as a custom, these colors were identified with the dress of the tribe or party as distinguishing features. We read of Joseph's "coat of many colors," and that "Mordecai went out from the presence of the king in royal apparel of blue and white."

The distinctions produced by different colors have pervaded all the affairs of life, ancient and modern. They characterized the games of the Roman circus, and the different factions of the hippodrome were distinguished by their colors of white, red, blue, and green; to these Domitian added yellow. Homer speaks of the purple banner of Agamemnon.

In the crusade under Richard Cœur de Lion and Philip Augustus the French were distinguished by red crosses, the English by white, and the Flemish by green.

All maritime nations have always had certain marks, signs, or colors to distinguish their vessels. We read in Ezekiel (xxvii. 7), "Fine linen with broidered work from Egypt was that which thou spreadest forth to be thy sail; blue and purple from the isles of Elishah was that which covered thee."

Pliny tells us that the stern and prow of trading vessels and men-of-war were, without exception, decorated with colors; and at Athens, Corinth, and Sicyon the profession of ship-painters founded the famous school of painters in those cities.

The invention of standards is attributed by ancient writers to the Egyptians, and this with great probability, as they had the earliest organized military forces of which we have any knowledge; we may, therefore, feel tolerably certain that the Hebrews had the idea of at least the use of ensigns from the Egyptians. Diodorus informs us that the Egyptian standards consisted of the figure of an animal at the end of a spear. Among the Egyptian sculptures and paintings there also appear other standards, which either resemble at the top a round-headed table-knife or an expanded semicircular fan. The latter are attributed to the Greco-Egyptians; but we are unable to find any satisfactory data to show that they were other than varieties of most ancient standards. The early Greeks employed for a

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ANCIENT ASSYRIAN STANDARDS.

standard a piece of armor at the end of a spear; but Homer says that, as above stated, Agamemnon used a purple veil with which to rally his men. The Athenians afterward, in the natural progress which we observe in the history of ensigns, adopted the *olive* and the *owl;* and the other Greek nations also displayed the effigies of their tutelary gods, or their particular symbols, at the end of a spear. Some of them had simply the initial letter of their national name.

The standards of the Egyptians, used in the army of Pharaoh's time, form a curious group of implements. Each regiment and company had its own peculiar banner or standard, constituting a numerous collection of strange devices. Beasts, birds, reptiles, or a symbolic combination of emblems, were the ordinary objects employed. A prominent and evidently much respected standard among others was that, elsewhere alluded to, in the form of a semicircle, bearing what may be regarded as representations of the sun, moon, and other heavenly bodies. All were evidently objects of superstitious veneration, which were calculated to awaken in the Egyptian soldiers that degree of enthusiasm indispensable to success in warfare.

Allusions to standards, banners, and ensigns are frequent in the Holy Scriptures. The four divisions in which the tribes of Israel marched through the wilderness had each its governing standard, and tradition has assigned to these ensigns the respective forms of the symbolic cherubim seen in the visions of Ezekiel and John—that of Judah being a lion, that of Reuben a man, that of Ephraim an ox, and that of Dan an eagle. The post of standard-bearer was held at all times as of the greatest importance, and none but officers of approved valor were ever chosen for such service; hence Jehovah, describing the ruin and discomfiture which he was about to bring on the haughty King of Assyria, says, "And they shall be as when a standard-bearer fainteth."

The ancient Persian standard is variously described. It seems to have been a golden eagle at the end of a spear fixed upon a carriage. They also employed a figure of the sun, especially on great occasions, when the king was present with his forces. Quintus Curtius mentions the figure of the sun, inclosed in crystal, which made a most splendid appearance above the royal tent. We therefore presume it was the grand standard, inasmuch as, even at this day, when Mohammedanism has eradicated most of the more peculiar usages of the Persians, the sun continues to divide with the lion the honor of appearing on the royal standard.

Among the very ancient sculptures at Persepolis we discover specimens of other standards. One of these consists of a staff terminating in a divided ring, and having below a transverse bar, from which two enormous tassels are suspended. The other consists of five globular forms on a cross-bar. They were, doubtless, of metal, and probably had some reference to the heavenly bodies, which were the ancient objects of worship in Persia. The proper royal standard of that country, however, for many centuries, until the Mohammedan conquest, was a blacksmith's leathern apron, around which they had at one time been rallied to a successful opposition against the odious tyranny of Zahawk.

Many national standards have arisen from similar emergencies, when that which was next at hand, being seized and lifted up as a rallying-point for the people, was afterward adopted, from an enthusiastic attachment which clung to it as having been identified with patriotic deeds.

In this way originated the horse-tails of the modern Turks, and the bundle of hay at the top of a pole, adopted at one

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TURKISH AND PERSIAN.

time by the Romans as the ensign of the *manipulus*.

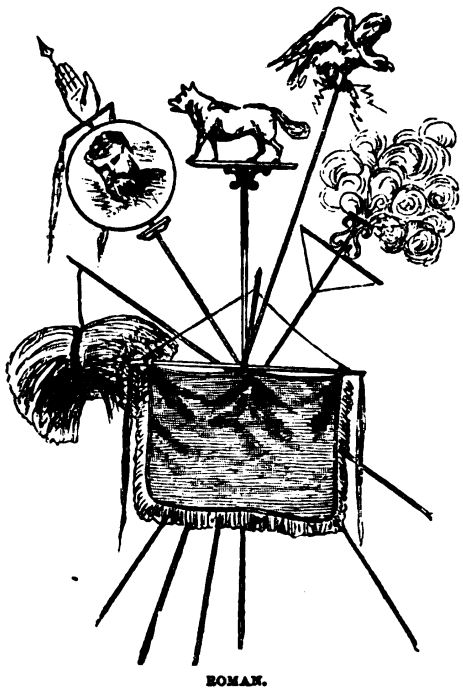
At this time each "maniple" of troops had its peculiar ensign and standard-bearer. Following the bundle of hay we find in use a spear with a cross-piece of wood at the top, sometimes with the figure of a hand above, and below a small round or oval shield of silver or gold. On this were represented the warlike deities, Mars and Minerva, but, after the extinction of the commonwealth, the effigies of the emperors and their favorites. From this custom the standards were called *numina legionum*, and were regarded with religious veneration.

The standards of different divisions of the Roman army had certain letters inscribed on them for distinction. The standard of a legion, according to Diodorus, was a silver eagle with expanded wings on the top of a spear, sometimes holding a thunder-bolt in its claws; hence the word *aquila* was used to signify a legion. The place for this standard was near the general, almost in the centre. Before the time of Marius figures of other animals were used. The vexillum, or flag of the cavalry, was, according to Livy, a square piece of cloth fixed to a cross-bar at the end of a spear. These flags had sometimes fringes and ribbons. The divisions of a legion had also their particular ensigns, sometimes simply attached to the end of a spear and sometimes fixed below the images. An infantry flag was red, those of the cavalry blue, and that of a consul white.

Layard says, in *Nineveh and its Remains*, regarding the standards of the Assyrians: "Standards were carried by the charioteers. In the sculptures they have only two devices: one a figure (probably that of the divinity) standing on a bull and drawing a bow; in the other, two bulls running in opposite directions. These figures are inclosed in a circle, and fixed to a long staff ornamented with streamers and tassels. The standards seem to have been partly supported by a rest in front of the chariot, and a long rope connected them with the extremity of the pole. In a bass-relief of Khorsabad this rod is attached to the top of a standard."

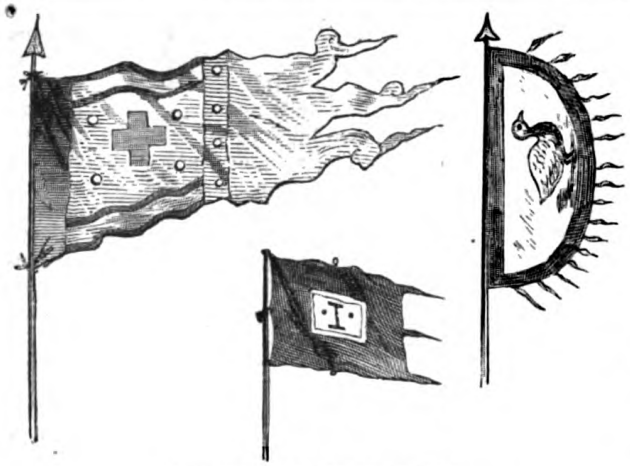
The national ensigns of the Romans were various, and varied from time to time, according as new conquests were made, or superstitious feeling exalted or degraded a symbol. Pliny observes that the eagle was the first and chief military ensign; others were the wolf, the minotaur, the horse, and wild-boar. Before the time of Caius Marius the eagle only was borne in actual warfare; the other ensigns were left behind in the camp. Caius Marius rejected altogether the other emblems, and retained the eagle exclusively. But at a subsequent period some of the old emblems were resumed. We find the wolf among the ensigns of the Trajan column. The dragon, the ensign of the Parthians, was adopted, as shown by the Arch of Severus; it was the device also of the Dacians, and seems to have been a general ensign among barbarians. The dragons were embroidered in cotton, silk, or purple.

From the Romans the dragon came to the Western Empire, and was long in England the chief standard of the kings and of the



ROMAN.

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BANNERS OF THE TENTH CENTURY.

dukes of Normandy. Matthew Paris notes its being borne in wars which portended destruction to the enemy. It was pitched near the royal tent, on the right of the other standards, where the guard was kept. Stowe adds that the dragon standard was only used when it was an absolute intention to fight, and "a golden dragon was fixed, that the weary and wounded might repair thither, as to a castle, or place of greater security." The ensigns carrying the dragon standards were designated by massive gold collars which were worn about their necks.

Pinnæ, or aigrets of feathers of different colors, were also used, intended as signals or rallying-points. Representations of animals also, fixed upon plinths perforated with holes, are found, and were evidently ensigns intended to be placed upon the ends of spears.

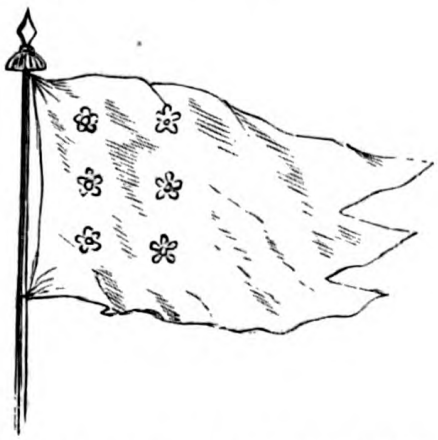
The hand, appearing on the top of Roman standards, was probably an ancient symbol, perhaps of Oriental origin. It is found as a symbol in ancient Mexico, and as the badge of Ulster. And as it is found in some Irish coats of arms, it may have had a Phœnician origin.

At the present day the flag-staff of the Persians terminates in a silver hand, and with the Turks in a silver crescent.

Prescott says, speaking of the ancient Mexicans: "Their national standard, which has been compared to that of the ancient Romans, displays in the embroidery of gold and feather-work the armorial ensigns of the state. These were significant of its name, which, as the names of both persons and places were borrowed from some material object, was easily expressed by hieroglyphical symbols. The companies and the great chiefs had also their appropriate banners and devices, and the gaudy hues of their many-colored plumes gave a dazzling splendor to the spectacle." The national emblem of ancient Mexico was the swan.

The rabbins suppose that the standards of the Jewish tribes were flags bearing figures derived from the comparisons used by Jacob in his final prophetic blessing to his sons. Thus they have Judah represented by a lion, Dan by a serpent, Benjamin by a wolf, etc.

The later Jews were of opinion that with respect to the four grand divisions, the standard of the camp of Judah represented a lion, that of Reuben a man, that of Joseph an ox, that of Dan an eagle; this was under the conception that the appearance in the cherubic vision of Ezekiel alluded to this division. The Targumists, however, believe that the banners were distinguished by their colors, the color for each tribe being analogous to that of the precious stone for that tribe in the breastplate of the high-priest, and that the great standard of the four camps combined the three colors of the tribes which composed it. They add that the names of the tribes appeared on the standards, together with a particular sentence from the law, and were, moreover, charged with appropriate representations, as of the lion for Judah, etc. Aben Ezra and other rabbins agree with the Targumists in other respects, but put in other representations than the latter assign. The cabalists have an opinion that the bearings of the twelve standards corresponded with the months of the year and the signs of the zodiac, the supposed characters of the latter being represented thereon; and that the distinction of the great standards was that they bore the cardinal signs of Aries, Cancer, Libra, and Capricorn, and were also charged with each one letter of the tetragrammaton, or quadriliteral name of God.



BANNER PRESENTED BY THE POPE, EIGHTH CENTURY.

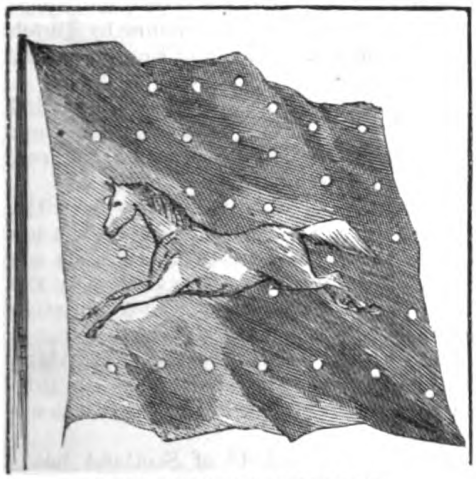
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These appear to be the results of rabbinical interpretation. Most modern expositors seem to incline to the opinion that the ensigns were flags, distinguished by their colors or by the name of the tribe to which each belonged. This may, perhaps, be accepted as conclusive, unless the instances we have given from early practice of other nations may lead to the conclusion that flags were not the earliest but the ultimate form which standards assumed. We have in most instances seen them preceded by any object that would serve for a distinguishing mark. The interpretation we have cited is founded on the hypothesis that all sculpture, painting, and other arts of design were forbidden to the Hebrews; but this prohibition is held in doubt by many.

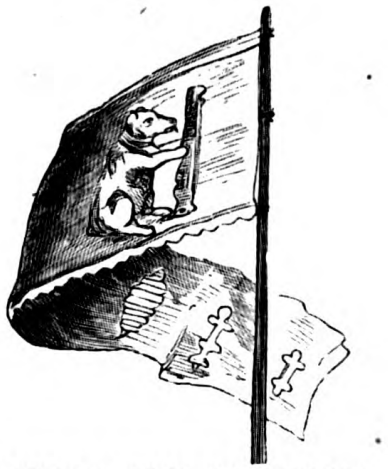
The savages of the Pacific and South Seas make use of distinctive signs. Woven reeds are used for sails, and rushes for streamers, from whence originated the word *flag*.

The waving flag is said to have been introduced by the Saracens, before which time ensigns of war were generally extended on cross-pieces of wood. The flag acquired its present form in the sixth century in Spain. Armorial bearings became hereditary in families at the close of the twelfth century. They took their rise from the knights painting their banners with different figures, and were introduced by the crusaders.

In England the introduction of banners was clearly of a religious origin. Venerable Bede says that when St. Augustine and his companions came to preach Christianity in Britain, in the latter part of the sixth century, and having converted Ethelbert, the Bretwalda of the Anglo-Saxons—his queen, Bertha, having already embraced the Christian faith—the monk and his followers entered Canterbury in procession, chanting, and they carried in their hands little banners on which were depicted crosses. The missionaries were allowed to settle in the



EARLY ENGLISH ROYAL STANDARD.



STANDARD OF RICHARD, EARL OF WARWICK.

Isle of Thanet, and Canterbury became the first Christian Church.

The raven has been regarded from very early ages as an emblem of God's providence, no doubt from the record in Holy Writ of its being employed to feed Elijah the prophet in his seclusion by the brook Cherith; and it was the well-known ensign of the Danes at the time of their dominion in Britain. In the year 742 a great battle was fought at Burford, in Oxfordshire, and the golden dragon, the standard of Wessex, was victorious over Ethelbald, the King of Mercia. The banners of several of the Saxon kings were held in great veneration, especially those of Edmund the Martyr and of Edward the Confessor. The latter king displayed as an ensign "a cross fourchée between five martlets of gold," on a blue field, and which may still be seen on a very ancient shield in the south aisle of Westminster Abbey. When William the Norman set out to invade England he had his own ensign, the two lions of Normandy, depicted on the sails of his ships; but on the vessel in which he himself sailed, besides some choice relics, he had a banner at the mast-head with a cross upon it, consecrated by the pope, to give sanctity to the expedition. Indeed, it has been the practice in every age for the pope to give consecrated banners wherever he wished success to any enterprise, numerous instances of which might be cited in very recent times. And in the British army, down to the present day, whenever any regiment receives new banners, it is customary to draw the regiment up in line, and, in the presence of officers and men, bless the new colors with prayers, which are offered by clergymen of the Church of England; the colors are presented to the regiment by the hand of a lady of rank.

With the crusades, when heraldry began to assume a definite form, flags became subject to established rules. Up to that period

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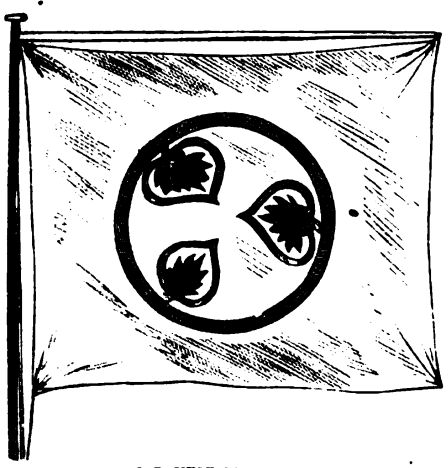


FRENCH EAGLE.

they were generally small in size, and terminated in three points.

Up to 1340 the royal standard of England was charged with three lions, *passant-gardant* in pale; and in that year Edward III. began to bear the arms of England and France quarterly. In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries mention is made of standards conveyed on a car drawn by horses. The "Battle of the Standard," in 1138, was so called from the "car-standard" which was brought into the field by the English. It was formed of a long pole placed on a car, having at its summit a silver *pix* containing the Host, and beneath three banners—those of St. Peter, St. John of Beverley, and St. Wilfred of Ripon.

Ossian mentions the standards of the kings and chiefs of clans, and he says that the king's standard was blue studded with gold, having on it the figure of a white horse. These standards were generally mounted upon a car drawn by horses, like the Persians. This kind of standard was of Asiatic origin, and adopted by the Italians, and subsequently introduced by Stephen. The standard of Stephen was fixed upon a staff surmounted by a cross *pattee*, "wide at each end, and the small branches projecting outward."



JAPANESE STANDARD.

The imperial standard of England was first hoisted on the Tower of London and on Bedford Tower, Dublin, and also displayed by the foot-guards on the union of the kingdoms, January 1, 1801. This event, it is said, gave rise to the appellation of "Union-jack," which has since characterized the English standard; but the origin of the term "jack" has had many disputed authorities. During the time of the crusades it was applied to St. George's cross on a white field, which the soldiers wore over their armor both on the breast and back. In the English treaty with the Dutch, entered into February, 1673, it was agreed "that all Dutch ships, whether ships of war or others, whether a squadron or single ship, which shall happen to meet any ships or vessels whatsoever belonging to the King of Great Britain, whether one or more, carrying the king's flag, called *the jack*, in any seas from Cape Finisterre to the



CHINESE STANDARD.

middle point of the land Van Staten, in Norway, shall strike their top-sail, and lower their flag in the same manner and with like ceremony of respect as has been usually paid at any time or place heretofore by Dutch ships to those of the King of England or his ancestors."

We read of a *white banner* that was carried in the army of the kings of England in their wars against Scotland. The manor of Shorne, in Kent, was held *in capite* under it.

The "cross of St. George" has been the badge both of kings of Britain and the nation from the time of Edward III. Its use was for a while nearly superseded by the "roses," but revived upon the termination of the wars between the rival houses.

The banner of St. George was white, charged with the red cross; while the British ensign is red, with blue cross in the upper inside corner.

The "Blue Blanket" of Scotland has a local history of no little interest as a famous

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THE LIBERTY FLAG OF 1775.



STANDARD OF EARLY AMERICAN CRUISERS.

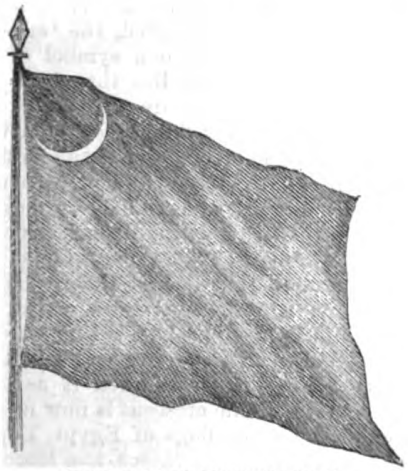
standard. In 1482 King James III. presented this standard to the trades of Edinburgh, "as a perpetual remembrance of their loyalty and bravery, with power to display the same in defense of their king, country, and their own rights." This standard was kept by the convener of the trades, and on its appearance, Maitland says that "not only the artificers of Edinburgh are to repair to it, but all the artisans or craftsmen within Scotland are bound to follow it, and fight under the convener of Edinburgh." It was borne by the craftsmen at the battle of Flodden in 1513; and displayed for the purpose of assembling the incorporated trades to protect Queen Mary after her surrender to the confederated nobles at Carberry Hill.

The "Blue Blanket" was brought out on the occasion of the rescue of James VI. from a rabble that assailed him in the old Tolbooth for refusing to listen to a petition presented by the Presbyterian ministers. The standard has been carefully preserved, and is still held in great honor and reverence by the burghers of Edinburgh, and indeed by all Scotland.

The flag of the Covenanters of Scotland was first unfurled in 1638, and was displayed at the battle of Drumclog in 1679, and at "Bothwell's Bridge" in the same year. This old emblem, which is cherished with peculiar reverence by the Scotch people, is preserved by the Antiquarian Society of Edinburgh.

From the twelfth to the fifteenth centuries the chief standard of the French was the famous "Oriflamme," which figured conspicuously in the history of the nation at that period. It is described as a "square banner of flame-colored silk," and is spoken of by Guillaume as follows: "The Oriflamme is a banner made of silk stronger than gimp. It is a flaring sendal, and that simply without any figure upon it."

The origin of the French tricolored flag is set forth in the following explanation: "The immediate occasion for adopting the blue, white, and red, constituting the French tricolor, is said to have been that they were the colors worn by the servants of the Duke of Orleans, and they were first assumed by the people when the minister Necker was dismissed in 1789." But these colors in com-

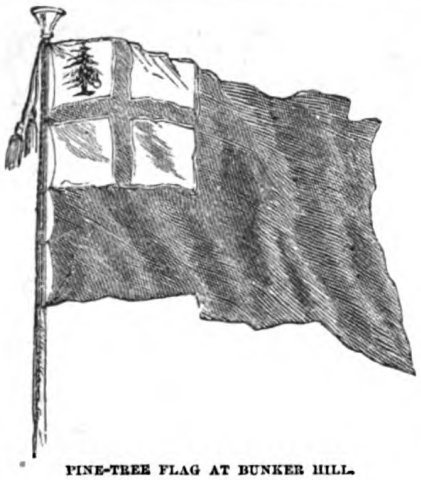


FIRST FLAG OF SOUTH CAROLINA.



THE GADSDEN FLAG OF 1776.

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PINE-TREE FLAG AT BUNKER HILL.

bination appear to have been formed by uniting the three colors successively used in the French standards at different periods, viz., the blue of the banner of St. Martin, the red of the Oriflamme, and the white of the white cross supposed to have been assumed by Philip of Valois. The three colors were given by Henry IV. to the Dutch on their desiring him to confer on them the national colors of his country, and they have been since borne successively by the Dutch republic and the kingdom of the Netherlands. The domestic livery of Louis XIV. was tricolored, as were also the liveries of the Bourbon kings in Spain. At the Revolution they were borne in the same order as the Dutch, but in a different position, viz., parallel to the flag-staff, whereas in the Dutch flag they are at right angles with it.

The eagle used in the French armies at this day as a regimental standard is wrought from pure gold, and valued intrinsically at about two thousand dollars each. The ribbon attached is of silk, five inches wide, three feet long, and richly embroidered. It was introduced into the French army by Napoleon I., but after his fall it was abandoned, and again adopted by Napoleon III. This standard was a conspicuous feature in the late war, and proved to be a much-coveted prize among the German soldiery, who, it is claimed, captured nearly two hundred of them in the disastrous successive defeats of the French.



BUNKER HILL STANDARD.

In adopting the eagle as a standard the French have perpetuated the old Roman spirit, which attached great adoration to this proud bird, and so closely allied the eagle to the military destinies of that nation. The Romans are said to have adopted it from the Etruscans, at which period the eagle soared above the greater part of the then known world. As a symbol of daring and defiance it has ever been foremost, and, as such, it has symbolized the American republic from its earliest history. In Job it is written of the eagle, "Where the slain are, there is she;" and the poet has sung, "The eagle shook destruction from its plume on nation, throne, and king;" and Salathiel, "The Roman bird, grasping the thunder in its talons,



FLAG ADOPTED BY CONGRESS, 1777.

and touching with one wing the sunrise, and the other the sunset, casts its shadow over the world."

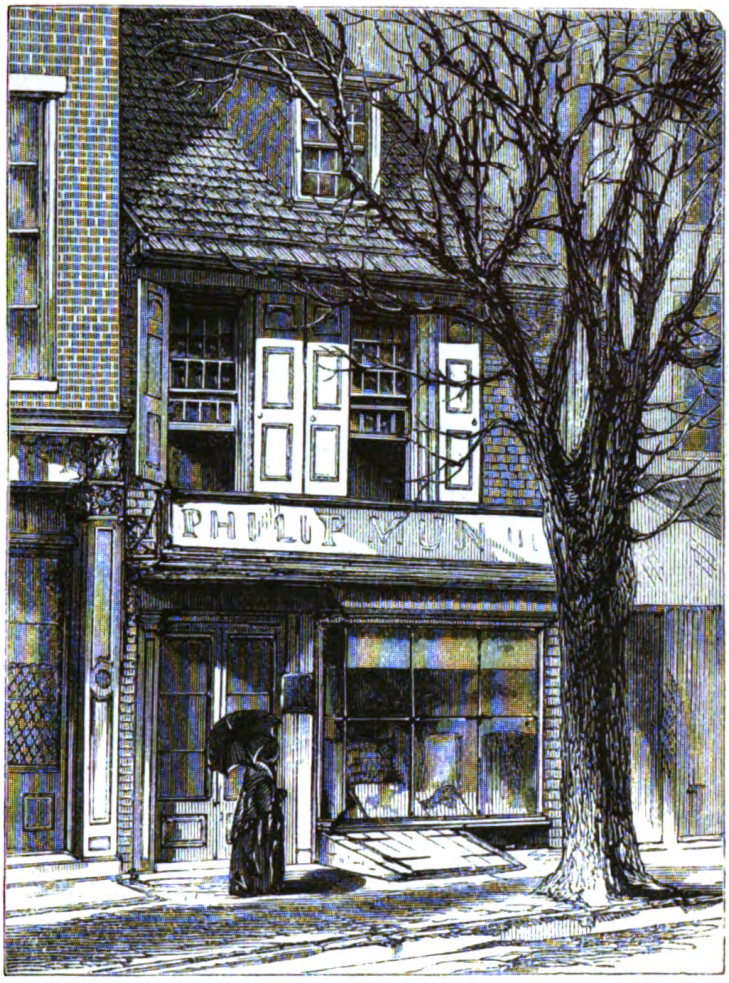
Regarding the crescent, employed as a national emblem, we have the following account: "As is well known, the crescent, or, as it is usually designated, the 'crescent montant,' has long been a symbol of the Turkish empire, which has thus been frequently styled the 'Empire of the Crescent.' This symbol, however, did not originate with the Turks, for long before the conquest of Constantinople the crescent had been used as emblematic of sovereignty, as may be seen from the still existing medals struck in honor of Augustus, Trajan, and others; and we are assured that it was the symbol of Byzantium. On the overthrow of the empire of Mohammed II., the Turks, regarding the crescent, which every where met their eyes, as a good omen, adopted it as their chief bearing." The crescent is now used as an emblem on the flags of Egypt, Tripoli, Japan, Turkey, Arabia, Mecca, and Morocco.

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The Russian and Austrian standards, and that of Prussia, retain the eagle as a symbol of sovereignty. The Russian double-headed eagle is the Byzantine bird. The Prussian eagle is single-headed. On each of the standards of Russia, Prussia, and Austria the eagle is black and displayed on a yellow or golden field. The Russian eagle holds a sceptre in its right talon and a globe in its left; the Austrian eagle is reversed in this particular.

The Poles at one time displayed a white eagle on their standard, but its career was of short duration, as its three black adversaries combined to destroy it.

The "Gallic cock" was displayed in France during the reign of Louis Philippe as the sovereign bird of the nation.



HOUSE WHERE THE FIRST AMERICAN FLAG WAS MADE.

The emblem of the Mexican republic is an eagle and cactus, commemorative of an incident in the early history of the Aztecs.

The American standard, the emblem of the leading republic of the world, has for nearly a century commanded the homage of nations throughout the globe.

Its history embraces many interesting facts and stirring incidents connected with the early days of the republic and the American colonies.

The colonies, up to the Revolution, in allegiance to the mother government, retained the standards of the old country, with the addition of some local emblem which was thereon inscribed as a distinctive feature. Massachusetts adopted the pine-tree, which device was placed on the coins as well as flags used by that colony. But not until the period approaching the Revolution does there seem to have been any attention paid to the subject of independent standards by the several colonies.

The colony of Connecticut adopted, July 1, 1775, this motto, which was inscribed on its standards and drums, "*Qui transtulit sustinet*," which was construed as follows—"God, who transplanted us hither, will support us."

In March, 1775, a "Union flag," with a red field, was displayed at New York on a liberty-pole, bearing the inscription, "George Rex, and the liberties of America;" and on the reverse, "No Popery." Frothingham says this flag was also displayed on the liberty-poles and on the famous liberty tree on Boston Common.

About this time a standard was adopted for the thirteen colonies combining the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew, *with thirteen stripes, alternate red and white.* (The banner of St. Patrick, the emblem of Ireland, was not combined with the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew in the standard of Great Britain until 1801, the year of the union with Ireland.)

The first Independence flag displayed in South Carolina was that used at the taking of Fort Jackson, on James Island, September 13, 1775. "A flag being thought neces-

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MRS. ROSS AND THE FLAG COMMITTEE.

sary for the purpose of signals, Colonel Moultrie, who was requested by the Council of Safety to procure one, had a large blue flag made, with a crescent in one corner, to be uniform with the troops.

October 20, 1775, Colonel Reed, with the co-operation of Colonels Glover and Moylan, designed a flag or signal to be used by the American cruisers, which was adopted. It is described as a white flag with a pine-tree in the centre, and bearing the motto, "Appeal to Heaven." The London *Chronicle*, an anti-ministerial paper, contains a paragraph, January, 1776, describing a flag of this description captured with a provincial privateer at that time.

"February 9, 1776, Colonel Gadsden presented to Congress an elegant standard, such as is to be used by the commander-in-chief of the American navy, being a yellow field, with a lively representation of a rattlesnake in the middle in the attitude of going to strike, and the words underneath, 'Don't tread on me.'

"*Ordered*, That the said standard be carefully preserved and suspended in the Congress-room."

Several accounts lead to the belief that at the battle of Bunker Hill standards of various devices were used by the patriot army. From one statement we learn that "the Americans displayed a flag with the cross of St. George, the ground being blue, and in the upper corner nearest the staff a pine-tree." Another writer says that Bunker Hill was fought under a red flag, bearing the motto, "Come, if you dare."

On the 14th of June, 1777, Congress took action, viz.: "*Resolved*, That the flag of the United States be thirteen stripes alternately red and white; that the *union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation.*" It was also proposed to insert a lyre, about which the thirteen stars were to be grouped, as embodying the "constellation Lyra," signifying harmony. But this suggestion was not carried out.

The blue field was taken from the Covenanters' banner in Scotland, likewise significant of the league and covenant of the United Colonies against oppression, and incidentally involving vigilance, perseverance, and justice. The stars were then disposed in a circle, symbolizing the perpetuity of the Union, the circle being the sign of eternity. The thirteen stripes showed with the stars the number of the United Colonies, and denoted the subordination of the States to and their dependence upon the Union, as well as equality with themselves. The whole was a blending of the various flags used previous to the war, viz., the red flags of the army and white colors of the floating batteries—the germ of our navy. The red color also, which, with the Romans, was the emblem of defiance, denoted daring, and the white purity.

The five-pointed star, from the heraldry

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of Holland, France, and Germany, was adopted for the flag, but the designers of the early coinage of the United States made use of the six-pointed star, as found in English heraldic language. The size of the flag of the army is six feet six inches in length, by four feet four inches in width, with seven red and six white stripes. The first seven stripes (four red and three white) bound the square of the blue field for the stars, the stripes extending from the extremity of the field to the end of the flag. The eighth stripe is white, extending partly at the base of the field.

By the United States law of January 13, 1794, it was enacted "that from and after the 1st of May, 1795, the flag of the United States shall be fifteen stripes, alternate red and white," and "that the union be fifteen stars, white, in a blue field." This was our national flag during the war of 1812.

On the 4th of April, 1818, Congress altered the flag by directing a return to the thirteen stripes, as follows:

"Be it enacted, etc., That from and after the 4th day of July next the flag of the United States be thirteen horizontal stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be twenty stars, white, in a blue field.

"And be it further enacted, That on the admission of a new State into the Union, one star be added to the union of the flag; and that such addition shall take effect on the 4th of July next succeeding such admission."

The return to the thirteen stripes was by reason of the anticipation that the addition of a stripe on the admission of each State would make the flag too unwieldy. The old number of stripes, also, perpetuated the original number of States of the Union, while the addition of stars showed the Union in its existing state.

The construction of the first national standard of the United States, as a design, from which the "Stars and Stripes" was afterward adopted, took place under the personal direction of General Washington, aided by a committee of Congress "authorized to design a suitable flag for the nation," at Philadelphia, June, 1777.

This took place at the residence of Mrs. Ross, a relative of Colonel Ross, in Arch Street, between Second and Third, where General Washington and the committee completed the design, and employed Mrs. Ross to execute the work. The house is still standing (No. 239). Mrs. Ross was afterward Mrs. Claypoole. Her maiden name was Griscom, and, according to the fashion of the times, she was called "Betsy."

Betsy Griscom had, before the Revolution, acquired some knowledge of the "upholder" trade, as it was then called—an occupation synonymous with that of the modern upholsterer—and at the time mentioned was carrying on business on her own account in her little shop. One day, probably between the 23d of May and the 7th of June, 1777, during which period Washington was in Philadelphia, there came to her the commander-in-chief, the Hon. George Ross, and other gentlemen, members of Congress, who desired to know whether she could make them a flag according to a design which they would produce. She intimated her willingness to try. The design was for a flag of thirteen red and white stripes, alternate, with a union, blue in the field, spangled with thirteen six-pointed stars. Mrs. Ross expressed her willingness to make the flag, but suggested that the stars would be more symmetrical and pleasing to the eye if made with five points, and she showed them how such a star could be made, by folding a sheet of paper and producing the pattern by a single cut. Her plan was approved, and she at once proceeded to make the flag, which was finished the next day. Mrs. Ross was given the position of manufacturer of flags for the government, and for some years she was engaged in that occupation. The business descended to her children, and was carried on by her daughter, Clarissa Claypoole, who voluntarily relinquished it on becoming a member of the Society of Friends, lest her handiwork should be used in time of war.

IMPROVISATIONS.—VII.

FILL, for we drink to Labor!
And Labor, you know, is Prayer:
I'll be as grand as my neighbor
Abroad, and at home as bare!
Debt, and bother, and hurry!
Others are burdened so:
Here's to the goddess Worry,
And here's to the goddess Show!

Reckless of what comes after,
Silent of whence we come:
Splendor and feast and laughter
Make the questioners dumb.
Debt, and bother, and hurry!
Nobody needs to know:
Here's to the goddess Worry,
And here's to the goddess Show!

Fame is what you have taken,
Character's what you give:
When to this truth you waken,
Then you begin to live!
Debt, and bother, and hurry!
Others have risen so:
Here's to the goddess Worry,
And here's to the goddess Show!

Honor's a thing for derision,
Knowledge a thing reviled;
Love is a vanishing vision,
Faith is the toy of a child!
Debt, and bother, and hurry!
Honesty's old and slow:
Here's to the goddess Worry,
And here's to the goddess Show!

BAYARD TAYLOR.

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DOWN BY THE BROOK.



Down by the brook went Effie and I,
Down by the brook 'neath the forest trees,
When the air with the breath of flowers was sweet,
And the long grass swayed in the summer breeze.
The brooklet danced in the sunbeams bright,
And murmured its own sweet song of glee,
While over our heads the merry birds
Were filling the air with melody.

Ah me! I wonder if ever now
Her thoughts go back to that dear old time,
When under the trees alone we sat,
Hearing the ripples' dreamy rhyme?
And dipping her hand in the waters bright,
How lazily she with the ripples played!
And the dimples hid in her soft, fair cheek
As I watched her there 'neath the old trees' shade.

Alas for the vows we plighted then!
Her heart was fickle, and mine was strong:
The love she gave on that summer day
Lasted only the summer long!
Down by the brook, 'neath the grand old trees,
Effie and I no more may go,
And only the birds in their leafy nests
Shall hark to the ripples' dreamy flow.

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SICILY AND THE SICILIANS.



STATUE OF PALERMO.

SICILY is at once the largest and most interesting island in the Mediterranean. Its general neglect by tourists might be thought to spring from its similitude in configuration to something superfluous kicked by the boot—Italy—into the sea. Mathematically, it is an isosceles triangle; geologically, it is a profound mystery; historically, it is a fascinating study; actually, it is a land of variegated and bewildering beauty.

The island appears to be an interrupted extension of the Italian peninsula; its natural products also indicate a former connection of the two. Still science refuses to recognize its mountains as a continuation of the Apennines, and there is very little resemblance between it and Africa. A strange land is Sicily, with a strange, eventful history and a singular and superstitious people, Italians by name, but of mixed and mysterious blood. Containing less than eleven thousand square miles, the interior is a high table-land, bounded by ranges descending steeply along the northern and sloping much more gradually to almost open plains on the southern coast. The elevated region is intersected by ridges, rising one above another into lofty mountains, crowned by Ætna's steep. Compared to that, all the other summits of the island are insignificant, the loftiest being from three to four thousand feet, and most of them much less. Where their sides, in consequence of altitude or ruggedness, can not be cultivated, they are covered with fine forests, while between the mountains frequently lie deep and delightful valleys, sometimes stretching out into broad and fertile plains, which yield the charm of variety and unexpectedness to the magnificent landscape. The rivers are numerous, but of such slender dimensions, except at the most favorable season—they are almost dry during summer—that all their classic fame is required to redeem them from contempt. They are prodigal streams, supremely lavish of their possessions at certain periods, and forced to arid niggardliness for the remainder of the year. To them much of the once-renowned fruitfulness of Sicily must have been owing; and even now, though more liable to exhaustion, they continue to stand the country in the same stead.

The position of the island, in the midst of an inland sea, easily accounts for its checkered history. Apart from its early barbaric occupation, the Phœnicians, Greeks, and Romans invaded it, and established themselves there; and in later times the Saracens, Normans, and Teutons had their conquests and settlements on the much-disputed soil. Its varied aspects answer to its

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varied fortunes; every square foot of its territory has its myth, its tradition, or its pregnant fact.

The first inhabitants of Sicily, according to tradition, were the Cyclops and Lestrygonians, who, having served the purpose of poetry, passed into the thin air from which they had been evoked. The island was then called Trinacria, from its shape; but after the Sicanians from Iberia (ancient Spain) had gained possession of it, they gave it the name of Sicania. Thê Siculi, expelled from Italy, crossed the strait now known as Messina, vanquished the Sicanians, and baptized the triangle after themselves in their own and their enemies' blood. The Greeks subsequently planted colonies there, and founded Syracuse, Agrigentum, Messina, and other cities. The country was afterward conquered by the Carthaginians, then by the Romans, and later overrun by the Goths, who were in turn driven out by Belisarius. In the ninth century the Saracens gained a firm foot-hold on the island, and kept it until expelled by the Normans. At the close of the twelfth century the cruel Henry VI. of Germany established the Suabian sovereignty, crushed by the French under Charles I., Duke of Anjou, whose reign was suddenly ended in 1282 by that terrible massacre, the Sicilian Vespers.

The princes of Aragon having eventually become the sovereigns of Sicily, they ruled over it until 1516, when it was annexed to Spain by the succession of Ferdinand the Catholic, and held by that power until a popular insurrection gave it to Austria. The Peace of Utrecht assigned the island to Victor Amadeus, Duke of Savoy, who, after four years, returned it to the Hapsburgs in exchange for Sardinia. In 1734 the Austrians were ejected by the Spaniards, and, two years later, by a formal treaty it and Naples were united under the name of the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies. Twenty-five years ago repeated though ineffectual attempts were made by the Sicilians to deliver themselves from the Neapolitan yoke; but Garibaldi, after patriotically liberating them in 1861, generously handed over the fruit of his victories to Victor Emanuel, and the much-chafed and ever-changing island was annexed to the kingdom of Italy, where it naturally belongs, and where it is likely to remain.

It will be some time before Sicily will be invaded to any extent by sight-seeing vandals, and its comparative immunity from them adds to its attraction. Travelers for mere comfort are not likely to be drawn thither, since railways and telegraphs have been hardly begun, and the inns, with few exceptions, furnish bad lodging and worse fare. No one journeying there need fear gout, if he be secure against dyspepsia, and any stranger can sleep soundly in the interior towns, provided he be so thoroughly fatigued as to be insensible to entomic assaults. The taverns outside of the cities make no pretense to good accommodations in the Anglo-Saxon sense, and frequently, after the manner of the Spanish ventas, supply nothing but eggs, bread, and wine, with the rudest and most populous of couches. Several railways are projected, but the only one in running order a short time ago was from Palermo to a point near Messina, to which it will soon be extended. Steamers ply regularly between Naples and Palermo and Messina, and between Marseilles and the latter port, and sail occasionally from the first two cities to Trapani, Girgenti, and Catania. Mail routes are established between the chief towns, for which the usual fare is five bajocchi (nearly eight cents) a mile, with the same amount for the postilion at every relay. Going into the interior often requires mule-back, unless you prefer the *lettiga*—a species of sedan, borne by two of the long-eared quadrupeds to the monotonous music of jingling bells. This is a dull, drowsy mode of getting along, which a person of health and energy will not care to adopt more than once. The back of a strong mule and the aid of a trusty muleteer afford the most satisfactory means of journeying in the mountainous districts. To these a stock of provisions, a tent, and bedding may be added with advantage. They are not indispensable, but they insure independence. Unless you be pachydermatous, you must not forget to provide yourself with a pair of sheets, sewed stoutly together on all sides but one, and drawn with strings like a bag. Into this you must get at night to avoid the swarm of insects which will otherwise devour you. This kind of preparation will seem a little odd at first, and may induce you to dream you are a sack of meal. But if you neglect it you won't be able to dream at all, or even lose consciousness, and, moreover, your body will be certain to present the next morning a striking resemblance to a South Sea Islander's.

The natives never mind the vermin. They are so entirely devoid of sensibility that they would sleep, I fancy, though the vulture of Prometheus made a perpetual breakfast of their liver. But if you be either American or English the Sicilian insects will regard you as a Frenchman left over from the Vespers, and do their very vilest to drain you of the last drop of blood which you ought to have lost at that historic butchery.

I have been told the nocturnal bag will not always protect my countrymen from the tormentors indigenous to the soil, that it has in some instances been eaten up, and in others carried off by swarms of vermin. I am unwilling to vouch for this, at least until it receives corroboration. I frankly confess, however, that ancient Trinacria has as

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large and regular a crop of fleas, bugs, and biters generally as any territory of like dimensions on the globe, and that, while their infinite number and variety may commend them to the consideration of entomologists, they can not be conscientiously indorsed as conducive to the wayfarer's comfort.

A serious impediment to Sicilian travel is the water-course (fiumana) descending from the mountains to the sea, and liable to be encountered almost any where. It is often impossible to bridge over the fiumana on account of its breadth and rapidity. It runs like a mill-race, bearing in its rushing current a vast mass of stones, broken wood, and miscellaneous fragments. During the summer all the streams, including many of the largest rivers, cease to babble—in the vernacular, dry up. But then hardly any one, last of all the foreigner, is disposed to travel. Apart from the discomfort of a blazing sun and a heat almost tropical, there is imminent danger of malaria, always perilous to the unacclimated, be their prudence or precaution what it may. In stormy weather—and violent storms, often accompanied by thunder and lightning, are common from November to March—you will find your carriage, a quaint and clumsy vehicle, interrupted by one of those shallow torrents. The sole method of progress under the circumstances is to mount upon the back or shoulders of the driver or his assistants, and be carried through the boiling stream. Plenty of aid is usually at hand, as the country people, knowing where their service will be needed, follow your carriage to the fiumana for the sake of earning a few tari.

The Sicilians, as a rule, are indolent, like most of the Southern and Eastern people—the natural effect of their climate; but I have yet to see any order of human beings unwilling to exert themselves when certain of being paid for their exertion.

A droll spectacle to witness is the peasants and postilion tugging at the wheels of the diligencia, up to their knees or waists in water, cracking whips, beating the poor horses—poor in a double sense—and yelling and groaning in every note of the gamut. Any defect of work is requited by noise. Judged by the uproar, every lubber is a Milo in performance, though the extent to which the labor is drawn out evinces the elasticity of the Sicilian conscience. If the vehicle were relieved in a few minutes, as it might be ordinarily, you might think a handful of grain sufficient compensation; but when the better part of an hour is employed, you feel ashamed to offer any thing but carlini, or perhaps tari, for what seems to have been such superhuman toil. The lusty fellows look so spent, too, so perfectly resigned to die in your behalf, when they approach you with moist faces and outstretched hands, that you would appear even to yourself the veriest churl should you withhold largely disproportionate rewards.

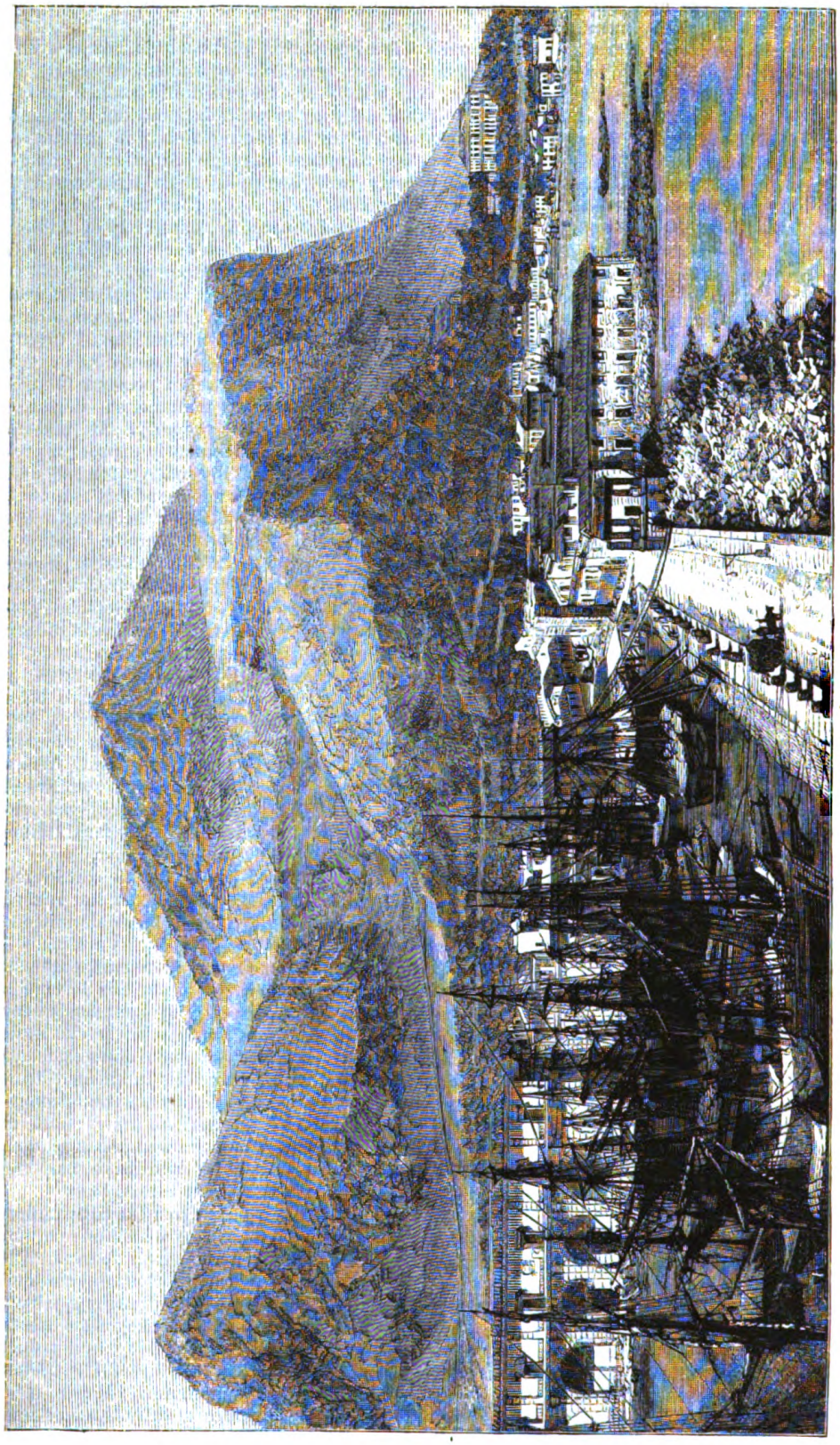
Transportation pickback is not convenient nor agreeable to women, especially as the bucolicists are not distinguished for either delicacy or skill in handling feminine burdens or arranging feminine garments. The islanders manage American women pretty well, owing to their lightness and suppleness; but when they take hold of a heavy and unwieldy daughter of Albion they are prone to awkward accidents and surprising disorders of drapery.

I remember a mishap to an English dragon of the feminine gender, one of the numerous family so unpleasantly familiar to Continental wanderers. After mounting on the broad back of a Catanian peasant for the purpose of crossing a fiumana, she declared he did not carry her properly. He had no conception of her vehemently expressed protest, which was in her native tongue, and consequently he did not mend his manners. Thereupon she struck her heels into his sides as if he had been a mule. Sicilian blood is hot, and the Sicilian mind supremely sensitive to the slightest approach to insult. The conveyer of Queen Victoria's plethoric subject fired at once, and pretending to stumble, threw her over his head into the stream. She was borne some distance by the strong current, and would have been drowned had not her bearer, deeming her punishment adequate to her offense, rescued her in a semi-insensible condition. When recovered she would not have swallowed her wrath if the water had not enjoyed precedence, and fairly washed away for the time all traces of her impetuous temper.

The climate of the island is considered pleasant and healthy. I should not regard it so, though I may have esoteric definitions for those adjectives. The skies are beautifully blue, and the atmosphere transparently serene in summer, when persons having a prejudice in favor of living sedulously stay away. Autumn is thought to be the most propitious season; but then dews and fogs predominate, and rain falls in sheets. Terrible tempests are varied by occasional snow-squalls in January and February; and in April and May, when the weather is settled, the heat begins to be oppressive, and the dreaded sirocco blows at intervals.

This southeast wind from the Libyan deserts is a pneumatic misery which no one who has once endured it can ever forget. The natives fear it, believing that disease and death are borne upon its burning wings. The moment they feel it they shut themselves in their houses, closing every door and window against the hateful intruder, and seldom venture forth until it has abated. The sirocco continues usually three or four days. If it were to last much longer it

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THE MOLE AT PALERMO.

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would interfere severely with the two and a half millions of Sicily's population. Its effect on the system can scarcely be imagined. The first time I experienced it I imagined myself walking in the shadow of my own funeral. Instead of fearing that I was going to die, I feared that I should not; for, while the sirocco blows upon you, your speedy obituary seems as if it might be delightful reading. The woful wind affects the mind as much as the body. It brings a distressing languor, a terrible depression of spirit, a strange voluptuousness of insensible pain, a vivid consciousness of rising desperation fettered by exhaustion. It is a terrestrial seasickness, in which nausea is supplanted by lassitude, and the hope that the ship may go down by the desire that the sufferer may go up. When the sirocco breathes on my dearest foe it will make me, through sympathy and pity, his bitterest friend.

From April to November excessive droughts prevail in Sicily, to the serjous harm, sometimes to the destruction, of the harvests and vintage. Thus between high winds and violent rains, heavy fogs and tempests, intense heat and the sirocco, ruinous aridity and deadly malaria, alternating one with the other the year round, a very slender margin is left for fine or salubrious climate. By way of amends for these, the island is subject to volcanic eruptions, water-spouts, hurricanes, and earthquakes, which are periodically active in diminishing the census, and revealing to native superstition the immediate supervision of an offended Deity. Recently a terrible hurricane nearly destroyed the town of Palazzuolo, and at Palermo and in every part of the country great loss of property and life has occurred from time to time through the fury of the elements. If the Almighty smites what He loves, Sicily must be one of the most dearly cherished of all His affectionately inflicted possessions.

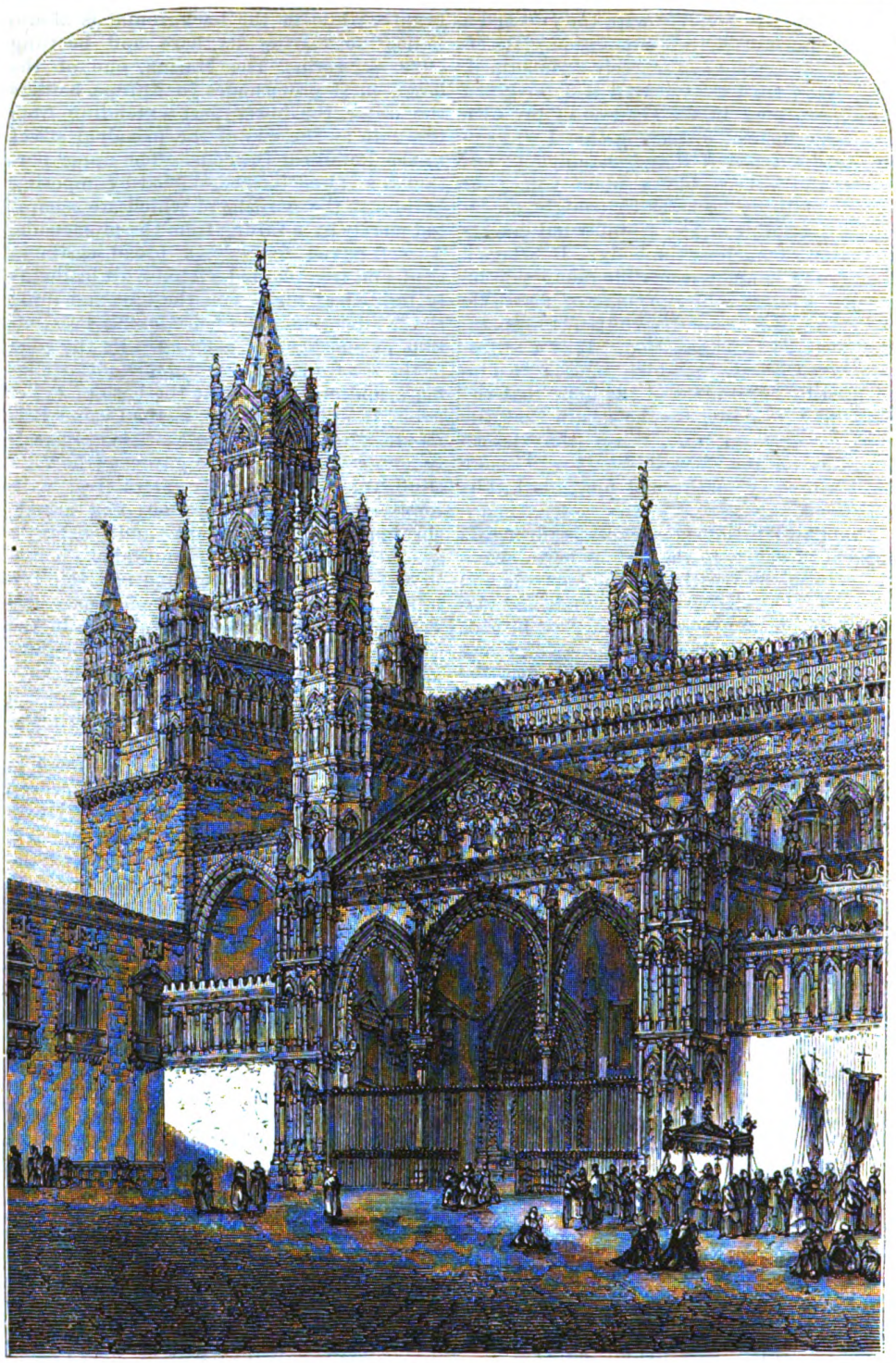
Whatever the climate and hygienic qualities of the island, no one, after visiting it, will deny its picturesqueness, its manifold attractions, its sovereign claim to beauty. It has charms of its own that even Italy, land of loveliness, can not boast. Blending Grecian ruins with delightful scenery, Norman architecture with Byzantine and Saracenic forms, stately cathedrals with majestic aspects of nature, it addresses itself simultaneously to the archæologist and artist, the lover of the antique and the novel, the scholar, the philosopher, and the poet.

Palermo, the capital and metropolis of Sicily (population about 200,000), is naturally the first point of visitation. In a rich plain, surrounded on the land side by two distinct mountain ridges, its situation is admirable, its bay being regarded by its inhabitants as the equal of the bay of Naples. The sea stretches before the city in blue beauty, while in the background is Monte Pellegrino rearing its bare and beetling cliffs skyward. The Marina, one of the handsomest promenades in Europe, borders the water, the lower part extending from the gate at the end of the principal street to the Botanical Gardens. The upper portion is a raised terrace, skirted by imposing buildings, the gardens of which are separated merely by a railing from the promenade. A well-paved footway, a broad carriage-road, and tree-planted avenues, all brilliantly lighted at night, rim the bay, and draw the fashionable and leisure-loving Palermitans at the hour of evening. By the edge of the sea frowns the strong fort of Castellamare, and on the spur at the base of Pellegrino, in sharp contrast, is the Casino Belmonte, a noble villa, whose site is universally admired. The public gardens (the Villa Giulia) are exceedingly attractive, with fountains and kiosks, statues and arbors, shrubbery and choice plants, and constantly sought by sight-seers. Fountains abound in the city, those of Neptune and the Tribunal among the most conspicuous. The Fountain of the Statue of Palermo, in the Villa Giulia, is an elaborate work, representing a crowned figure, an eagle at its side, with divers symbols, which are understood by the citizens in a way very flattering to their municipal vanity.

The Greco-Gothic cathedral, assigned to the tenth century, though the incongruous cupola is plainly modern, is superlatively ornamented, and the south porch remarkably rich. Its porphyry monuments, particularly those of the Emperor Frederick II. and King Roger the Norman, are singularly interesting. The crypt of the cathedral is noticeable for its dwarf pillars and intersecting Gothic arches. Of its twenty-four tombs the most prominent are that of Archbishop Frederick of Antiocha (bearing the effigy of an armed warrior) and the sarcophagus of the founder, Gualterio Offamilio. Among other public buildings are the Palace of the Tribunal, a fine fountain in front; the interesting Church of San Giuseppe, adjoining the old Palace of Charles V., in an open space crowded with statues; the Royal Palace, in the Norman and Saracenic style, massive, though gloomy, a small belfry at the top, and a clock below the cornice, with a striking monument to Charles V. to the left of the pile; the Observatory, where the priestly savant Giuseppe Piazzi discovered the planet Ceres; the Archiepiscopal Palace, the Mint, Public Library, Custom-house, and several theatres. The port is inclosed by a mole, terminated by a light-house and battery, which, with the shipping, are deserving of attention.

The name Golden Shell (Conca d' Oro) has been applied to the space between the hills and the bay of Palermo, on account of its

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CATHEDRAL OF PALERMO.

graceful shape. The city, nearly rectangular, and about four miles in circumference, is surrounded by decayed walls, having twelve gates, and protected by bastions. From the sea its numerous spires, domes, and towers give the capital a superb appearance, which is hardly sustained by closer inspection. Two wide streets, the Cassaro (now called the Corso Vittorio Emmanuele) and the Via Macqueda, divide the town into four nearly equal parts. They intersect each other at right angles near the cen-

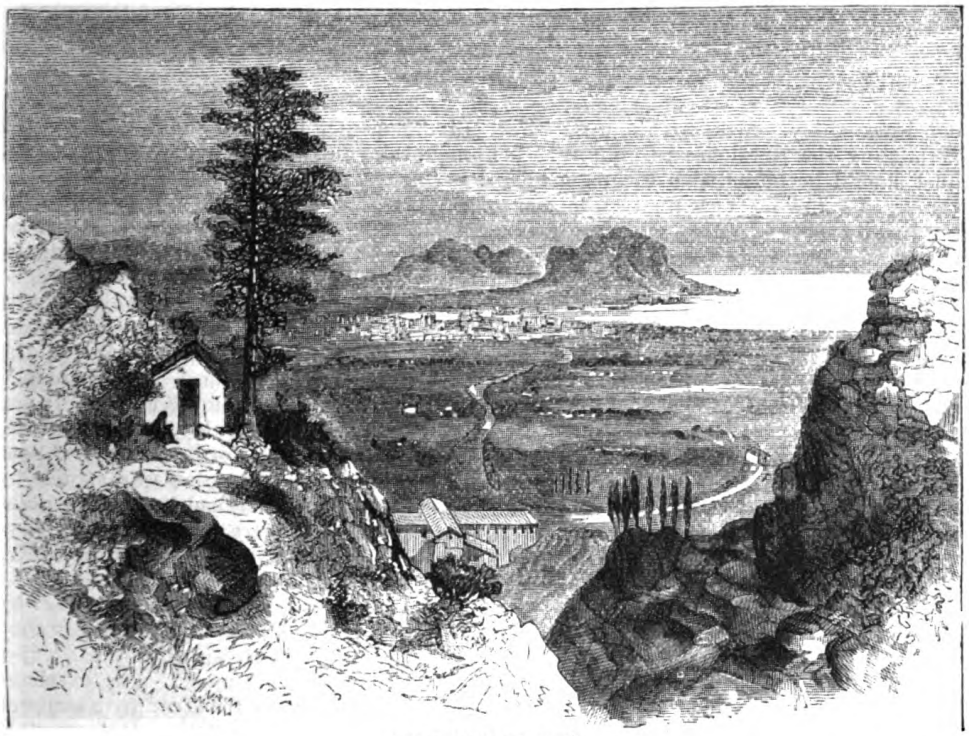
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tre of the city, in a large octagonal piazza known as the Quattro Cantinieri, embellished with a fountain and divers statues. Numerous small streets, irregular, narrow, and dirty, run into the two main thoroughfares, which, in common with the rest, are paved with blocks of lava. The houses generally resemble those of Naples, having flat roofs, terraces, and Venetian blinds, and being divided into flats.

One of the most curious churches in Palermo is San Giovanni degli Eremiti, over seven centuries old, and named after a community of Apulian hermits invited by the then reigning monarch to occupy the adjoining monastery. Its crumbling cloister looks even more ancient than it is, and its rounded cupolas would be thought to mark a mosque but for the form of the Latin cross and the spherical apses indicative of the Roman religion. The style of the dome, the peculiar corbels, and other portions of the interior are reproductions of the tombs and mosques of Cairo and Constantinople.

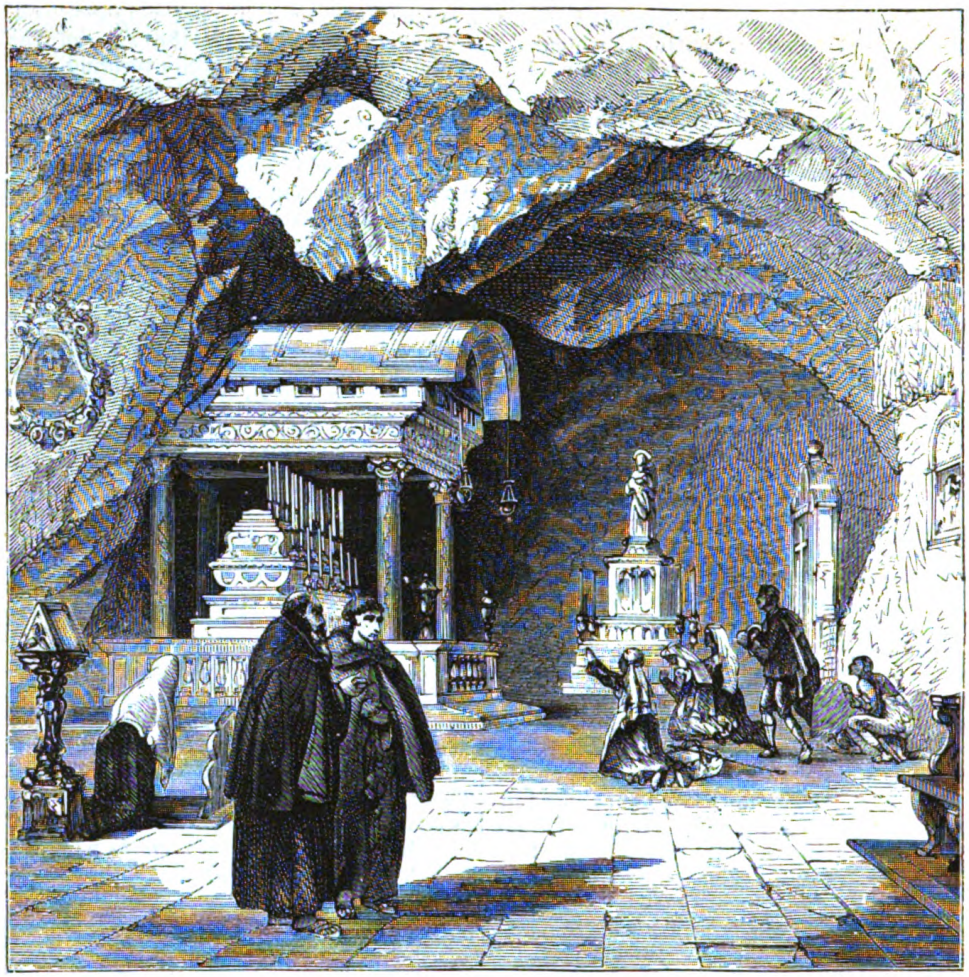
Palermo's principal beauty is in its surroundings. The plain behind the town is one of the richest in the world, and the city is seen to the greatest advantage from the Convent of Santa Maria di Gesù, some two miles distant, at the eastern extremity of the plain. The ecclesiastical edifice on the lower slope of Monte Grifone is almost hidden in aloes, olives, oleanders, pines, huge cypresses, and luxuriant vines, among which are a few date-palms, once plentiful, though now nearly extinct in that neighborhood. Behind the convent, on the side of the mountain, is a small chapel, overhung with ivied rocks and subtended by a gigantic yew. From that point the panorama includes the luxuriant level of Palermo, girdled by its precipitous heights, and the city sleeping in the curved arm of the beautiful bay. Pellegrino, resembling Gibraltar, and flanked by abrupt precipices, looms up grandly and gloomily in the background.

That barren rock is sacred to the Palermitans because it was once, they devoutly believe, the abiding-place of Rosalia, their patron saint. She is reported to have lived and died in a cavern in the mountain, unknown to her noble and wealthy relatives, from whom she had fled when a child in order to embark in the routine business of penance and prayer. She had no motive for her hegira, since she was entirely comfortable and tenderly loved at home. But being in the line of canonization, it was necessary for her either to do something magnificently absurd or lose her chances. After death she remained quiet for nearly five centuries—very extraordinary tranquillity for a saint—and then, during the plague of 1624, she obtained a spiritual interview with one Bonelli, a pious soap-boiler, and informed him she had never been buried. This unimportant fact had escaped her recollection until that moment; but when it was disclosed her mortal remains were collected, and interred with the fullest sacer-



SANTA MARIA DI GESÙ.

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GROTTO OF ST. ROSALIA.

dotal pageantry. Still was she unsatisfied, permitting the pestilence to rage until her dust should be borne with theologic pomp through the town. That final cataplasm to her vanity proved effective. The plague ceased at once, and ever since the citizens have had an annual festival, from the 11th to the 15th of July, in Saint Rosalia's honor. It is a grand occasion. A gayly decorated car, bearing the supposed bones of the therapeutic lady, is dragged through the streets, followed by a long procession of priests, nuns, monks, and all secular and ecclesiastic dignitaries. The most ostentatious services are held in the cathedral, lighted with thousands of tapers, fire-works are burned in the squares in the evening, the shops and dwellings are illuminated, and the entire population surrenders itself to a frenzy of superstition.

The grotto or retreat on Pellegrino in which the fair and high-bred Rosalia is imagined to have dwelt, and which she miraculously revealed to the holy man of soap (his soap became duly sanctified after the divulgement), is about half-way up the mountain, and still a place of pilgrimage. It contains a statue of the saint, by Gregorio Tedeschi, covered with a robe of solid gold. Such a garment would be rather inconvenient for temporal uses, though, trusting the hagiologists, it is quite the vogue in paradise. Another image of Rosalia is mounted on the brink of a precipice, for the benefit of sailors, who, regarding it from the sea, invoke its protection. The amount of good it does is simply incalculable. It can guard mariners admirably, it is said; but, oddly enough, it can not shield itself. About thirty years ago the saint was struck by lightning, though she had been doing nothing but standing there sinless in serene limestone, and so badly impaired as to require restoration.

The most obstinate skeptics may profit by repairing to the shrine—for love of Beauty is a religion of itself—since they can enjoy thence a splendid survey. An excellent causeway ascending the steep by a series of zigzags renders the grotto easily accessible

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either on foot or by mule. The harbor, the Marina, the greater part of the city, the fantastic mountains encompassing the glorious bay, and the distant coast, melting off toward Bagaria, there meet and magnetize the eye. Immersed in the sunlight, the picture is exquisite, almost a counterpart of the bewitching landscape seen from Sorrento. One need not be an artist or a poet to appreciate it fully. It would appeal to a mathematician, or suffuse with satisfaction the supremest cynic.

On the way back to the city from Santa Maria di Gesù, to the left of the road, is the church and monastery of Santo Spirito, surrounded by cypresses, and memorable as the scene of the Sicilian Vespers. Built seven centuries ago, little of the original structure remains, except the east end, with its pointed windows and interlacing arches.

The bloody revolution known as the Vespers took place on the vigil of Easter. A large number of the native population had assembled for vespers at the church, when some two hundred of their French rulers charged the Palermitans with carrying concealed arms and meditating insurrection. In the midst of the worshipers was a beautiful Sicilian bride accompanied by her husband and a retinue of friends. A Frenchman, Drouet, under pretense of searching for hidden weapons, thrust his hand into the young woman's bosom, whereupon she swooned in the arms of her lord, who, striking the insulter down, exclaimed, "Let us exterminate our oppressors!" The cry, "Death to the French!" at once arose, and the infuriated crowd fell upon the foreigners with clubs and knives, and slaughtered every one of them, Drouet being the first victim. Maddened with blood, the Sicilians, while the bells of the churches were sounding the vespers, and the sky and the earth were kindled with vernal loveliness, rushed into the city, repeating their baleful cry, and inflaming the worst passions of the multitude, and slew whomsoever they could find. The butchery was indiscriminate and terrible. Neither women nor children were spared. The convents were broken into, and every monk of French extraction ruthlessly murdered. No prayers availed, no roof was protection, no altar sanctuary. The massacre extended through the island. The French were attacked in their castles, and threw themselves from the towers and battlements to avoid a more dreadful death. Every human creature who could not pronounce *ciceri* (vetches) in the Italian fashion was revealed as a foreigner, and killed on the instant—a test similar to that reputed to have been instituted by Jephthah to distinguish the Ephraimites from the Gileadites. More than four thousand souls perished in and about Palermo on that single night, Guillaume de Porcelet, a most exemplary gentleman, having been the only Frenchman spared in that hour of awful and revolting retribution.

Cruel and hideous as was the Sicilian Vespers, it was not the result of premeditation or treachery, but a sudden and fearful uprising of an oppressed people against wrong. It struck dismay to tyrants, and strengthened the cause of liberty throughout Europe, while the French long and bitterly remembered the bloody lesson.

When Henry IV., nearly three centuries after, told the embassador from Spain (Sicily then belonged to that kingdom), "If I am provoked, I will breakfast in Milan and dine in Naples," the minister replied, "Your majesty may perhaps arrive in Palermo in season for vespers."

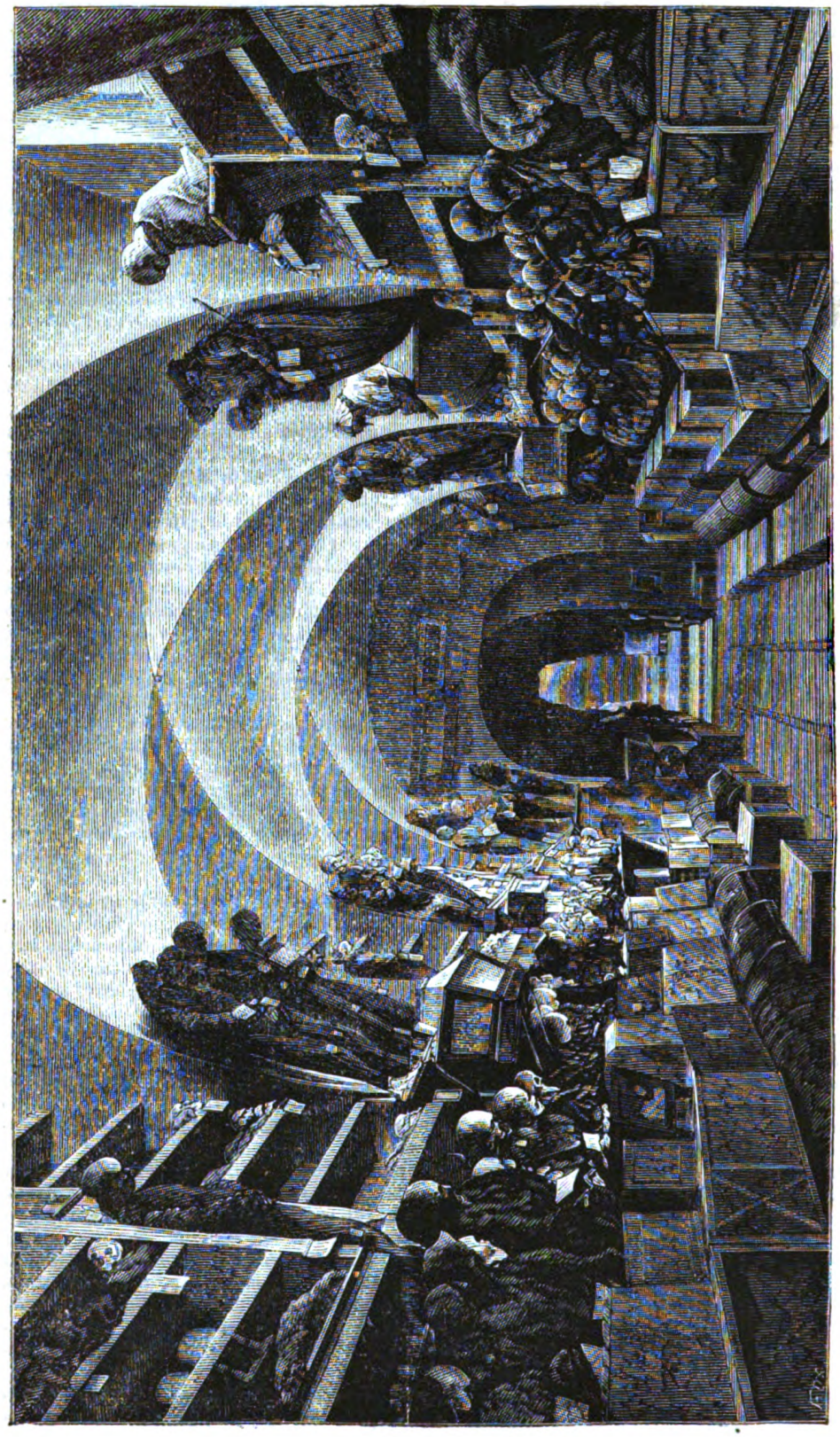
Connected with the convent of Santo Spirito are two vaulted galleries, in which are kept the skeletons of certain noted persons. The anatomies are attired in the garments they wore in the flesh, and exposed in cases and coffins covered with glass. A ghastlier exhibition could not be devised; and as you come suddenly upon it, you are more revolted than if you had been gradually led up to the dismal display. The object is devotional, of course. To wean you from the living it is deemed desirable to disgust you with the dead. What is the good of death, I should like to know, if we are to have our remains rendered repulsive! The skeletons are tricked out in the tawdriest finery, and the contrast between gay clothes and grave plunder would be shocking to a mind not capable of seeing the grim humor of the thing.

On one side is the remnant of an army officer gaudily adorned, his osseous appearance clearly indicating, notwithstanding his fine clothes, that he is in no condition to receive company. Not far away is what was once a woman—sadly out of repair at present—in a "love of a bonnet," the ribbons lying upon her cervical vertebræ, and a fine lace cape inwrapping her clavicle. On the bony fingers of a late (very late) leader of society are white kid gloves, and her tibiæ and fibulæ are covered with embroidered silk hose. Some of the grinning skulls induce you to believe they are enjoying the drollery of the situation, and intimating by a silent chuckle that they are vastly better off than the spectators.

The Sicilians never suspect that their show is funny; and I question if its comic element would be detected by any one but an American. Palermo is not the place for it. It ought to be removed over here. It would draw in Sacramento or San Francisco, and large bets would be taken on the relative ugliness of the different skeletons, leaving the question to be decided by the gentlemen in the coffins.

Several of the feminine departed may suggest other decayed ladies, who not only refuse to be buried, but try to hoodwink you

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CATACOMBS OF THE CAPUCHIN CONVENT, PALERMO.

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by pretending they are still young. They may insinuate they are the counterfeits of animated social antiques of your external acquaintance, minus their toilet and the artful marvels out of which they are created.

At the Capuchin Convent, on the other side of Palermo, near the Zisa Palace, the mortuary specimens are still more curious. A great many bodies of both sexes are preserved there, having been embalmed after death by a peculiar process, part of which consists of exposure to running water for several months. Every monk of St. Francis who has died in Palermo is deposited in those gloomy vaults, the light falling from small upper windows across the groined arches. The ghostly friars are dressed in the habit of their order, and either laid away on shelves, or fastened against the walls in upright position. There is an air of dreary sportiveness in the desiccated old fellows which they never suspect. Some of them wear their hoods, and others are bare-headed, showing the tonsure that marks their priestly office. Death is rarely ludicrous, nor are its surroundings and associations of the sort to inspire mirth. But I defy any man possessing the smallest vein of humor, however unworked, to go through those catacombs and examine the mummified without laughing inwardly or outwardly. The mode of embalming has given many of the monks a decidedly queer and waggish look. They were saturnists in life, and they are involuntary jesters in death. Beyond the grave they lost their gravity; after sepulture they ceased to be sepulchral. None of them are erect—indeed, they incline at as many angles as the houses of Amsterdam—and they are grouped together very grotesquely. A number would serve as illustrations of different stages of ebriety, from the flush of elevation to staggeringly stupid intoxication. They lean on one another after the manner of incapacitated topers, they pitch forward, they stretch backward like monastic Toodleses, and you expect every minute to hear them ask in hollow tones for a dozen flagons of Lacryma Christi.

About the ecclesiastics who seem sober is a quizzical atmosphere. Some of them appear to look at you with a wink and a drawn expression of the mouth, as if they were exploding with a joke they were debarred from repeating.

Near the entrance an old fellow, who must have been a jolly dog in his day, impresses you as the repository of endless capital stories that he will tell the moment you are left alone with him.

A slender friar with a big head might be a learned archæologist full of a new theory. His hood, resting on his occiput, and the twist of his neck convey the impression that he is thinking profoundly, and afraid somebody will guess his thought.

An embalmed pair show like talkers, one of them, as usual, doing the greater part of the talking. The listener has weariness and the struggle for patience stamped upon his wrinkled visage. He must, like Narcissus, have been killed by a bore.

The catacombs are occupied by the bodies of worldlings too, though the well-preserved brothers are the chief attraction. The corpses are either numbered or ticketed, like articles at cheap auctions, many of the attached cards bearing the names of the defunct. The price of places varies with the position, though women, for some mysterious reason, are charged twice as much as men—perhaps because their clothes take up so much more room. The women are exposed in glass-lidded coffins, as at the Santo Spirito, always in their best raiment, the thought that they would be so attired yielding consolation to their last moments. Not a few wear their bridal robes—whether because they had been newly wedded or because those were the finest of their garments can not be conjectured. Some of the bodies have been there for centuries, and their retired spirits belonged to men of mark.

The King of Tunis is on exhibition, among other historic characters. Having been shipwrecked on the coast of Sicily, he was rescued by the Franciscans, and taken to their convent, where, having died from exhaustion, they claimed him as their own. It is not every day they can get a monarch into the order, and it was very natural they should make the most of the royal Tunisian.

To stimulate the flaccid affection of surviving kinsfolk, and prompt further outlay in masses for the repose of souls, small pictures of spirits in purgatory praying to the Virgin for release are ingeniously distributed through the catacombs. The sufferers are often made in the likeness of the dead, so that there can be no lack of directness in the suggestion. One of the monks acts as guide to sight-seers for a fee (fees are required every where in Sicily, though they need not be large), points out and comments upon his dead brothers with great gusto, and shows the spot he has chosen for himself. The Southern nations find a morbid pleasure in looking at and keeping the dead in all their repulsiveness, instead of putting them out of sight, as is the Northern custom, and embalming them in the ideals of recollection.

To return to the city. The Palermitans are emphatically pleasure-lovers, and get great satisfaction out of trifles. The upper classes have much the same, though not nearly so many, amusements as the Neapolitans. Passionately fond of music, the theatre, and spectacles of every sort, their home is under the sky, and domesticity and privacy, in our sense, distasteful. Every pleas-

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SICILIAN TYPES AND COSTUMES.

ant evening they flock to the Marina, the Flora, the Garibaldi, and other gardens, smoke, take ices and wines, gossip, dance, practice the arts of gallantry, and torture ingenuity to bury time. They prefer show to comfort. If they can appear well in public, and display themselves in a handsome equipage, they are willing to dispense with any number of conveniences. You will frequently see persons sumptuously attired coming out of mean lodgings, before which a splendid carriage waits. After advertising their state they will ride back to poor provender and untidy apartments, satisfied with the performance of a high social duty. Poor noblemen let their best apartments (piano nobile) and dwell in dingy back-rooms in order to sustain an outward pretense.

Love of inflated titles is a weakness, and on no account must one of them be missed. Where they do not exist, they are often assumed, even shop-keepers sometimes addressing each other as "gracious Sir," and "most illustrious merchant." Compliments —more properly, fulsome flatteries—are constantly exchanged between persons of position. The extent of the impregnation of the atmosphere with garlic from such cause is beyond estimate.

The common people are generally ignorant and indolent, very poor and very superstitious, easily amused and aroused, cheerful and gay, though excitable and revengeful. They are darker than other Italians, shorter in stature, more inclined to take offense. They have touches of the Spaniard and the Arab in their nature, and many of them, from their extreme swarthiness, their large noses, and heavy faces, would be mistaken for Israelites. They delight in gambling; a grano won by fortune yielding them more satisfaction than a tarì earned by work. They have so little money—the American notion of extreme poverty would convey to them luxurious wealth —that they play games of hazard for beans, buttons, and bits of macaroni. They would starve here on five times their wages; but there the climate is milder, and circum-

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stance less exacting. The sunlight, a bottle of oil, a pound of macaroni, a few rags, and a pint of wretched wine—far inferior to the worst casse poitrine of the Quartier Mouffetard—constitute contentment.

The contrasts of Palermo exceed those of other cities of Southern Italy. Even the Corso's stately buildings have shops in the basements, often squalid in keeping and unsavory in effusion. The handsome portals, surmounted with coats of arms, are marred by slips of coarse paper, announcing apartments to let, with other dingy appurtenances. The overhanging balconies, where you try to imagine lovely signoras wooing the evening with their lute-like tones, are garnished with lines of family linen or festoons of prosaic provender.

All along the thoroughfare from the highest stories extend ranges of heavy overhanging galleries, inclosed with lattice-work. These belong to the numerous nunneries and monasteries (much reduced since the unification of Italy) which add to the gloomy appearance of the city. They are great shadow-casters architecturally as well as socially. A man of artistic and sensitive organization can almost feel a cloister before he sees it. Altogether unnatural, its cause and effect proceed from blight. Like sterility in the midst of fertility, or pestilence swooping over health, it betrays violation of order, contradiction of law. From the balconies of the convents may be seen not infrequently the pale and peering faces of the nuns, curious about the world they have quitted, and which flows and frets and dashes in the busy street below. A broad entrance to the building, having a number of grated openings, through which the "brides of heaven" talk to their relatives and friends, is styled the parlatorio. There congregate also the numerous dependents of those establishments, who feel, or feign, a degree of reverence for the recluses that is humiliating to witness. Among the visitors are not a few of the decrepit and invalid, who, though the recipients of material charity, have still greater spiritual needs. Satisfied with crusts of bread, they want whole loaves of incorporeal food. They hobble through the world, and indulge their senses, leaving their souls to the care of priests, and praying periodically on their own account for the intermediate state of purgatory.

The ground-floor of the houses in the Corso and other streets is usually appropriated to cafés or shops. Many of the loungers about the former are soldiers and priests, both inclined to the discussion of very secular subjects, to the consumption of wine, and the fumigation of tobacco. Mechanics and tradesmen exercise their callings on the footway—the Sicilians are Zoroastrians in practice, though not in creed—without regard to pedestrians, who are forced into the main thoroughfare amidst a crowd of donkeys and horses, carts and conveyances of every sort. The result is a generally chaotic movement, in which wheels and women, mules and men, carriages and children, are densely intermingled, added to a shouting, racket, and uproar that revive memories of Broadway. Drivers of vehicles scream at every individual in the surging mass, and, in spite of naturally soft and pleasant voices, at such a shrill pitch that you clearly trace their treble above the bass and baritone of the promiscuous chorus. Every body is good-natured, and nobody is run over. A Palermitan prides himself upon his dexterity in avoiding horses' feet and carriage wheels as much as any New Yorker does; and if he seems to miscalculate chances, you may be sure he has just been to the confessional, and believes his shrived soul has better prospects for the future than it may ever have again.

The Sicilians are as thirsty a race as the Spaniards. They drink like Pantagruel. Though they prefer wine, they take water in vast quantities, because it is so much cheaper. They swarm about the showily decked water stalls, usually at the street corners, and exchange small copper coins for large draughts. The water, deliciously cooled with snow from Ætna, is well worth the little charged for it, because it is far more palatable to a cultivated taste than the common wines of the country.

Beggars used to be almost as common as fleas in Palermo, and they are still in superfluous activity. The establishment by a benevolent nobleman some thirty-five years ago of a mendicant asylum has materially diminished professional alms-seekers; but the members of this annoying fraternity would much rather follow Zingare habits, precarious though they be, than be cared for methodically. The beggars of the capital seize every occasion to solicit strangers, whom they recognize afar off, and often demand carlini while you are struggling to extricate yourself from a suddenly contracted space, bounded by the rear of a mule and the fore-feet of a horse.

Palermo, like other cities and towns of the island, has an immoderate quantity of titled families. A proverb of the country says, "Every Sicilian not a woman or a priest is a marquis or a count." But even this is not comprehensive enough, for the inmates of San Martino, a spacious monastery outside the walls of the metropolis, are all of noble extraction, and only such are admitted to the order. Primogeniture is rigidly adhered to throughout the land. Consequently the younger sons, forbidden to marry out of their rank, and too vain (let us forever cease to dignify such meanness by the name of pride!) to attempt to sup-

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port themselves by their own industry, become drones and burdens on the community. They verify the adage, "An idle brain is the devil's workshop," by falling into dissolute habits, and committing offenses which would consign them to prison but for their distinguished connections. Gambling, dueling, tippling, and wenching are their pastimes, with spasmodic comprehensions of their unworthiness, which naturally, if not properly, lead to suicide.

The law is a favorite profession in Palermo and elsewhere. The Sicilians are of a very litigious spirit, as may be inferred from the fact that there are nearly four thousand advocates, solicitors, and notaries in that city, fully one-fiftieth of the entire population. The number is lessening, however, as the island grows in prosperity, and the people (slowly) emancipate themselves from ignorance and superstition. The influence of the new order of affairs in Italy—notably the deprivation of the Pope's temporal power—is unquestionably beneficial, and the social health of Sicily gradually but steadily improves.

Fishing is an important industry in Palermo. Some five thousand of the inhabitants are engaged in it, and they are formed, it is said, into a regular corporation, having, besides officers, surgeons and chaplains and a semi-military government. The principal fish caught is the tunny, much relished by the Palermitans, as it was by their ancestors the old Romans, Greeks, and Carthaginians. Very large, weighing a thousand pounds frequently, it is sold after being cut into steaks. It is the cat-fish of the Mediterranean, and its exposure in slices and its eager purchase remind one of similar scenes in the towns along the Mississippi. The tunny is gregarious—enters the Mediterranean in shoals early in the year, and is caught in quantities in large nets, in nearly the same manner as by the ancients, during May, June, and July. The Sicilians are reputed to be fond of novelty. Their fondness may arise from their slight acquaintance with it, like the hermit who loved all women because he had never known any. Their mode of taking tunny is an example. They have acquired no new ideas respecting it in two thousand years.

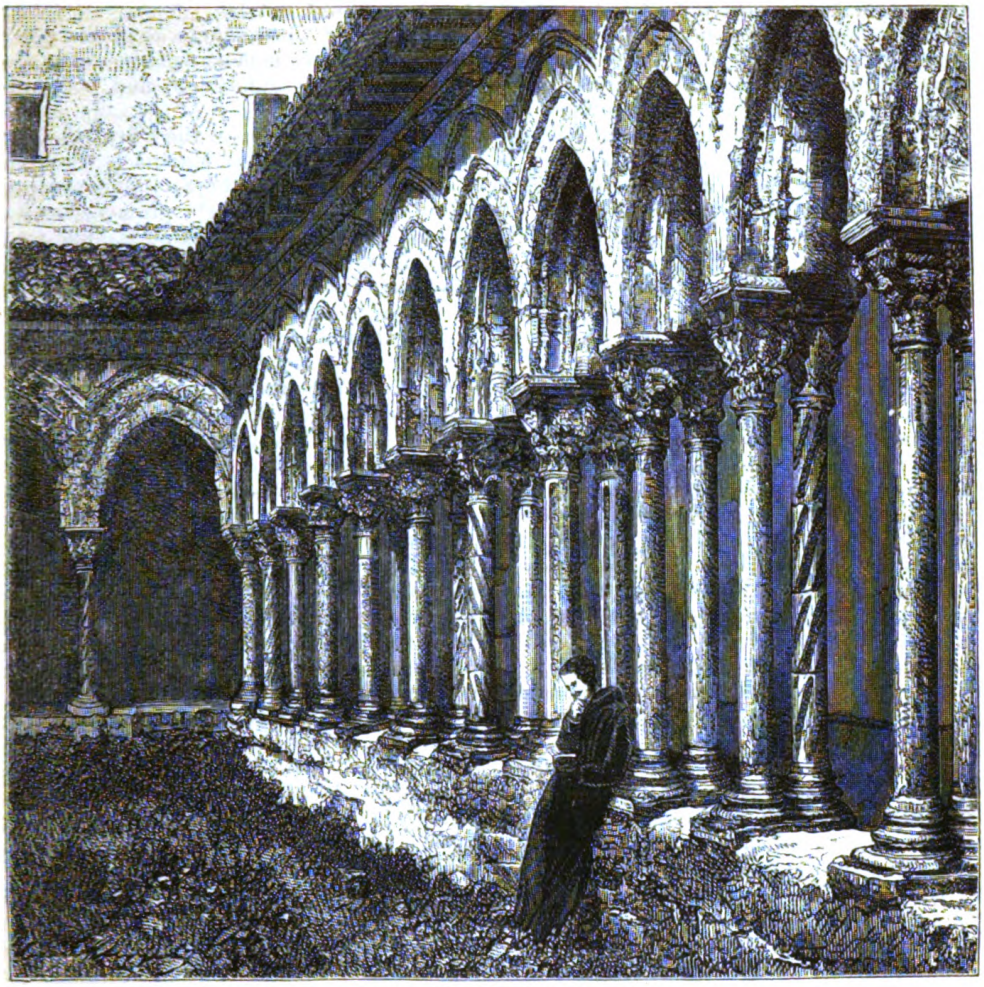
The nets, divided into four communicating square spaces called rooms, are moved east and west about a mile from the shore, each of the spaces at right angles, fastened at the bottom with stones, and floated at the upper edge by logs of cork or other light wood. A single net of very wide meshes fastens the whole to the shore. This arrests the fish, drives them into the outer room (bordonaro), which is raised a trifle and closed by the boatmen keeping watch. Frightened, the tunny, in trying to escape, enter the next room (bastardo), whence, finding no freedom, they dash into the other chambers. In the last (corpo) they stay until it is full—two or three days sometimes—when the net is weighed, and they are dextrously dispatched with hooks and harpoons by the fishermen, who go out in flat-bottomed boats for that purpose.

Going from Palermo through the Porta Nuova, the finest of the twelve gates, over a good road, you arrive at Monreale, four miles distant, to see the cathedral, considered the handsomest in Sicily. There are beautiful views on the way of the luxuriant plain, covered with olive, orange, and lemon groves, bamboos, magnolias, and immense geraniums, interspersed with vineyards and fields of waving corn, vast aloes, and thickets of cactus—flower, foliage, and fruitage almost choking each other. White houses relieve the deep green here and there; rocks and cliffs spring up, as if to protest against the tyranny of enchantment; mountains, rugged and brown, make stern contrasts; the distant domes and towers of the capital laugh back the sunshine, and the sapphire sea caresses the lovely land until, subdued by its fascination, it stretches out, weary and wanton, to dream of its returning joys.

During the Norman reign in Sicily, William II. built the cathedral because the Virgin—in the Middle Ages she was especially engaged in architectural suggestions—had requested him to do so. He employed all the talent he could find, and the result was a very costly and inharmonious, though really sumptuous church. It is Greek, Saracenic, Italian, and Norman—not imposing outwardly, but very rich in its inward variety. In form a Latin cross, it has immense bronze doors, similar to those of the Baptisteria at Florence, massive pillars of different-hued marbles, slightly pointed arches, a flat roof gorgeously carved, and Byzantine mosaics wrought upon a gold ground all over the walls. A single aisle runs behind the nave, the eastern end consisting of three apses, in the central one of which is a colossal head of Christ. Slender pointed windows over the arches admit a subdued light into the cathedral, while the lower part, sunk in half shadow, creates a delightful picturesqueness, and on a bright day produces the most striking artistic effects.

On the south side of the church is the spacious cloister, surrounded by single or coupled columns—the angles have four—supporting small pointed arches of peculiar pattern. The pillars are all different, and all delicately and elaborately ornamented; grotesque heads and figures, flowers, fruits, and battle scenes, being carved on some of the capitals. At one angle, in a square recess, is a marble fountain, with a column ornamented in Saracenic style. The cloister in its general effect recalls the Alhambra and the Cordova cathedral.

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CLOISTER OF THE CATHEDRAL, MONREALE.

Many of the villas in the vicinity of Palermo, particularly those at Bagaria, mostly made up of them, are very fantastic in style. Two of these, built by the Prince of Radili and the Duke di Serra-di-falco, have delightful gardens, containing not only statues, temples and fountains, but imitations of ruined castles, broken aqueducts, and moss-grown abbeys. They have also miniature cliffs, artificial labyrinths, and rustic huts containing life-sized automata, which appear as enraged monks or jolly friars, when the doors, connected with wires, are opened by visitors.

You can go from Palermo to Messina by sea, or over the coast road. By the former you get a fair view of the Lipari Islands. They are a bold and striking group, all volcanic, Stromboli the best known because of its active forces. It is a conical bifurcated rock, nearly round, twelve miles in circumference, and rising 2500 feet out of the sea. Desolate as it seems, it has a town of 1300 people and a sparse cultivation on its rugged flanks. It is very difficult of ascent; but the view from the summit indemnifies the climber for his pains. The effect of its eruption is exceedingly grand. At a little distance the sea appears to belch forth volumes of flame, and the burning lava looks like waves of crested fire. The Sicilian peasants regard it as one of the mouths of the bottomless pit, and even Pope Gregory I. was of their opinion. It is the fashion in Messina to send hated persons there, and "Go to Stromboli!" has the full significance of our invitation to follow the example of Æneas.

Soon after sailing past Stromboli you enter the Faro, as the Straits of Messina are called. In the narrowest part is the abrupt rock of (Sciglio) Scylla (a spur of the mountains of Calabria), some two hundred feet high, its base hollowed out by the action of the waves. Opposite it is the celebrated rock and shoals of Charybdis, the two currents of the straits and the harbor of Messina creating the whirlpool. Every body knows the time-honored adage, and the symbolical fable of the ancients that Scylla was a fearful monster, who devoured sailors approaching too near. The old poets great-

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ly exaggerated (poetry, indeed, is little more than a refined art of symmetrical exaggeration) the perils of the Faro (they now have a very different application), for the Athenians and Syracusans, the Locrians and Rhegians, frequently had naval engagements there. Its waters are seventy to ninety fathoms deep, and the channel is nearly three miles wide. The curling eddies are powerful, but not at all dangerous to modern navigation.

The approach to Messina shows the town to advantage. The harbor is formed by a semicircular strip of land, which gave it its original name—Zancle (Ζαγκλη)—signifying sickle, and is one of the very best in the Mediterranean. The broad quay, la Marina, embellished by a handsome fountain and statue of Neptune, is crowded with shipping from all parts of Europe and America. The admirable commercial situation of the city has caused it to flourish in spite of its visitation by countless calamities. Earthquakes are its specialty, and as a rule they are strictly first class. They are always expected, and the inhabitants are never disappointed except as to date. The catastrophe may be delayed, but its coming can be depended on. In anticipation of earthquakes, the houses are not built of more than two stories, and many of them are but one. So familiar have earthquakes become to the Messinese that when one of them is absent, and pining for return, a sound shaking restores his spirits—it makes him feel at home.

How Messina has devised to keep one hundred thousand inhabitants, with all her magnificent opportunities of burying them, is hard to understand. But she has existed so long—she dates her founding to 1000 years B.C.—and her people are so prolific, that human nature has replaced what external nature has removed.

A precious relic shown at one of the churches is an autograph letter of the Virgin Mary addressed to the Messinese, assuring them she had taken them under her special care and protection. That there might be no question of its genuineness, she gave to the person intrusted with the sacred epistle a lock of her hair, which is also preserved, and certainly as veritable as the manuscript. Nobody but a heathen would doubt either, albeit any one might fail to understand exactly the Virgin's idea of protection. Is it represented by hurricanes, tempests, plagues, sieges, and earthquakes? These are the benignities she has showered upon her beloved city. Are they blessings in disguise? If so, the Messinese might well pray for curses without concealment.

The principal streets of the town are for the most part regular and well built, and its squares and gardens contain some handsome statues and fountains, that of Don John of Austria in the Piazza Annunziata being the most notable. The architecture is not out of the common, and, like every thing else, bears copious vestiges of earthquake, tornado, inundation, and bombardment.

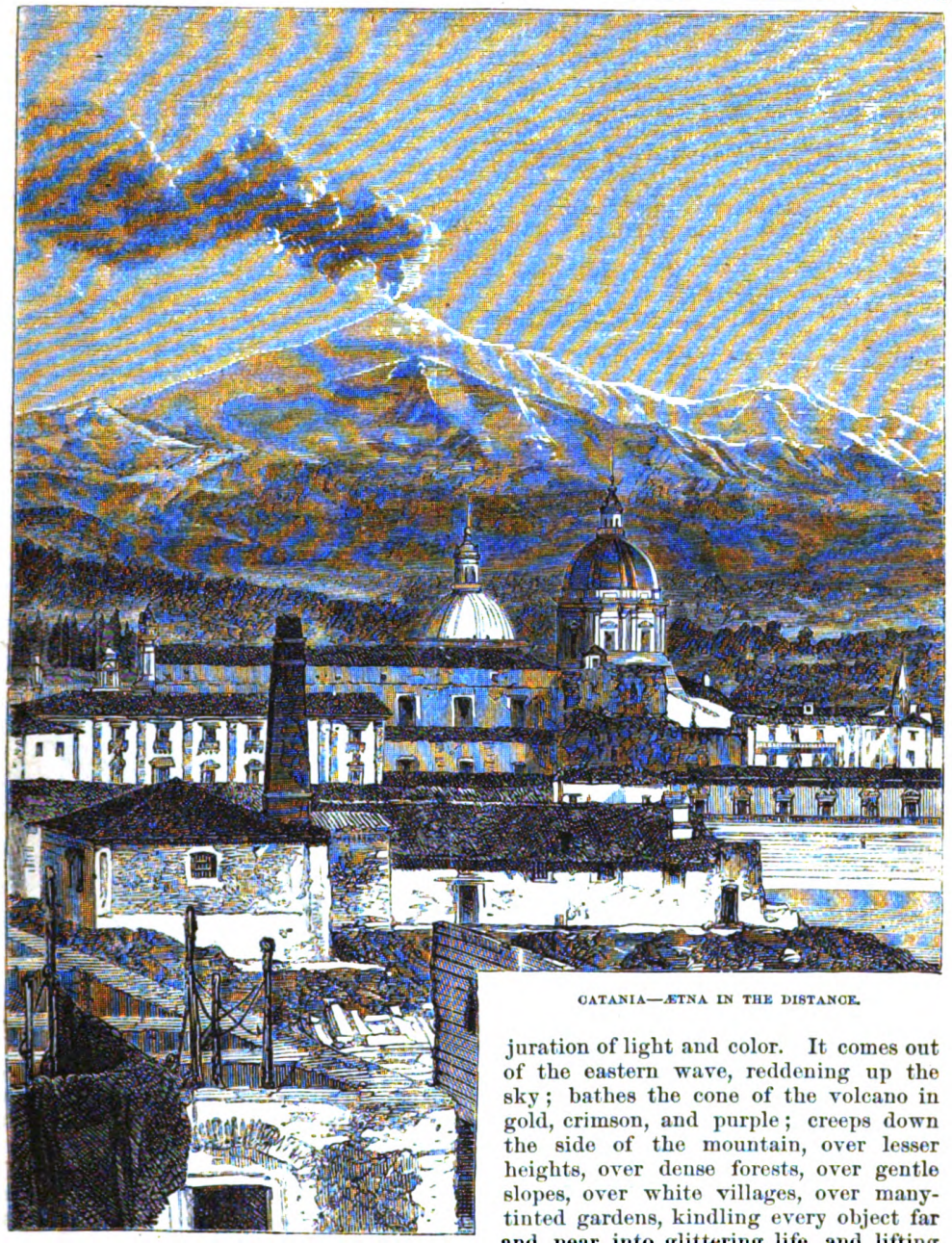
The fittest hour to see the life of the city is at sunset. Then the Marina is thronged with gay equipages (the Sicilians who can afford it rejoice in riding); promenaders set out for their evening stroll on the fine road skirting the northern shore of the Faro; the sea-breeze rises; the Calabrian mountains on the opposite coast gladly thrust their snowy heads into the crimson warmth of the sunset, and when it has gone turn gray with sorrow, until the rising moon comforts them with her radiant love, and crowns their aged brows with a sheen of silver, walks in brightness on the blue waters, and stirs the slumbering earth to a soft sympathy with heaven.

The environs of Messina are lovely and luxuriant, and can be best commanded by ascending the neighboring mountain, from which the Sickle is plainly seen, the entire length of the straits, the numberless conical hills and deep ravines of the neighborhood, the grand background of the Apennines, and the wildly abrupt and changeful outline of the Lipari Islands from Stromboli to Alicudi.

An English-speaking person should not forget, though very apt to, that Messina is the scene of *Much Ado about Nothing*. The most brilliant comedy ever produced, it has not a bit of local coloring, or adaptation of time and place. Shakspeare's choice of location was mere accident. He thought of it as a name only; he took it as the mental territory to put his delightful creations on. He had never seen Sicily. His mind was with his body in England. Dogberry bids his varlets call at all the ale-houses, and names for his constables Hugh Oatcake and George Seacoal. There was never an ale-house in all Sicily, and Oatcake and Seacoal scarcely smack of the language of the country. Shakspeare was the one transcendent genius who could defy congruity, and always seem symmetrical.

From Messina to Catania is a carriage-road, following the shore and unfolding fine scenery all the way. Mountains descend nearly to the sea, leaving a strip of fertile and highly cultivated plain, dotted with picturesque towns and villages. The shore has a broad belt of white sand—a becoming border to the blue water—broken here and there by fragments of fallen rock. The little town of Taormina furnishes what many think the finest view in the whole island. It is likewise renowned for the ruins of its ancient theatre—originally erected by the Greeks, and restored by the Romans—capable of accommodating 40,000 persons. Insignificant as the town now is (its pop-

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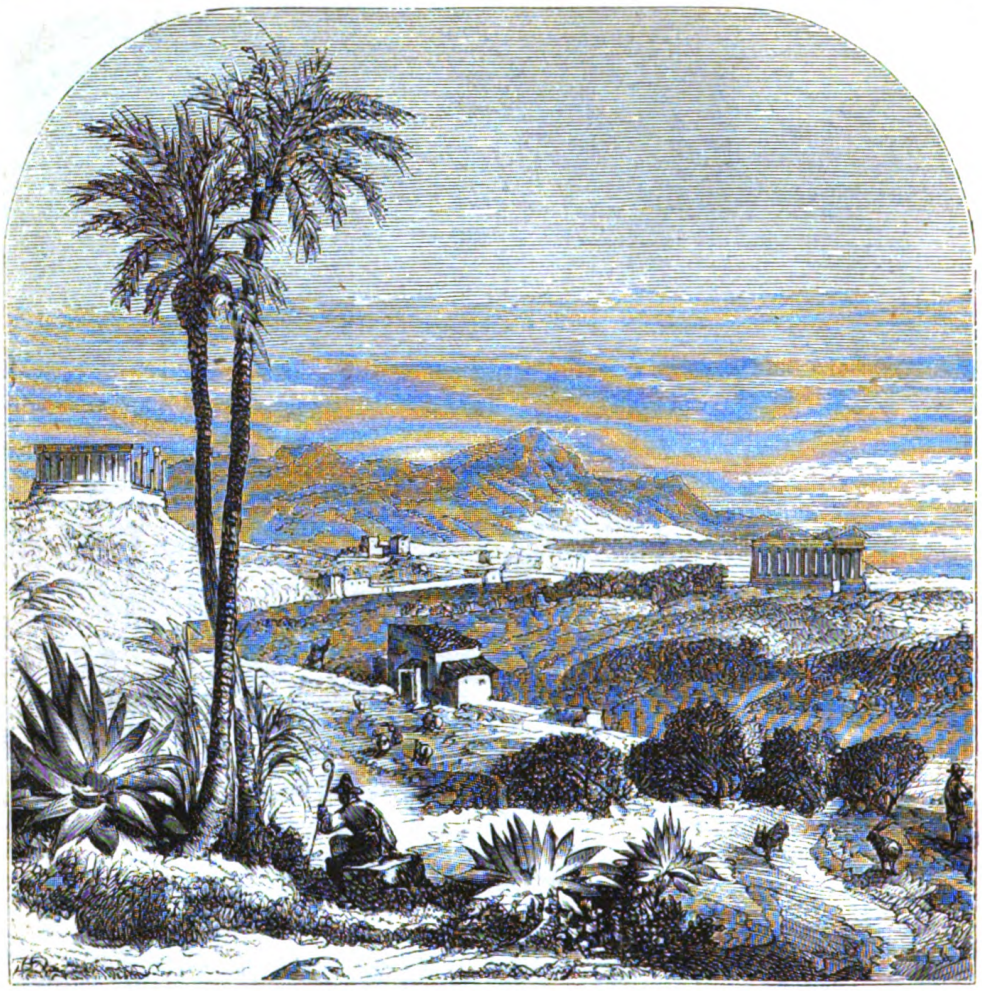
CATANIA—ÆTNA IN THE DISTANCE.

ulation is not over 4000), it was one of the oldest and most celebrated cities in Sicily. It is perched upon a precipice, and the theatre is in a hollow of the mountain. From the latter the grand survey is usually made. You see the broad expanse of the Mediterranean, the winding shore all the way from Messina to Syracuse, the variegated plains, the undulating broken surface, rising into mountains, dipping into hills, abrupt rocks, beetling cliffs, the richest verdure, the ruggedest barrenness, and Ætna looming grand and grim over the varied vastness, awing it to submission and repose. The rising of the sun works a conjuration of light and color. It comes out of the eastern wave, reddening up the sky; bathes the cone of the volcano in gold, crimson, and purple; creeps down the side of the mountain, over lesser heights, over dense forests, over gentle slopes, over white villages, over many-tinted gardens, kindling every object far and near into glittering life, and lifting the wondrous landscape to the loftiest splendors of a Southern clime.

Near Aci Reale, a considerable town, composed almost entirely of lava, is the Staircase of Acis (Scala d' Aci), where, as told in the fable, the shepherd was slain by his rival, Polyphemus, for love of Galatea, the steps consisting of nine different layers of lava, separated by a mould of vegetable earth.

In the immediate vicinity is a singular cluster of islands, known as the Crags of the Cyclops (Scogli dei Ciclopi), vast masses of lava and basaltic columns rising in savage grandeur out of the sea. These are

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GIRGENTI.

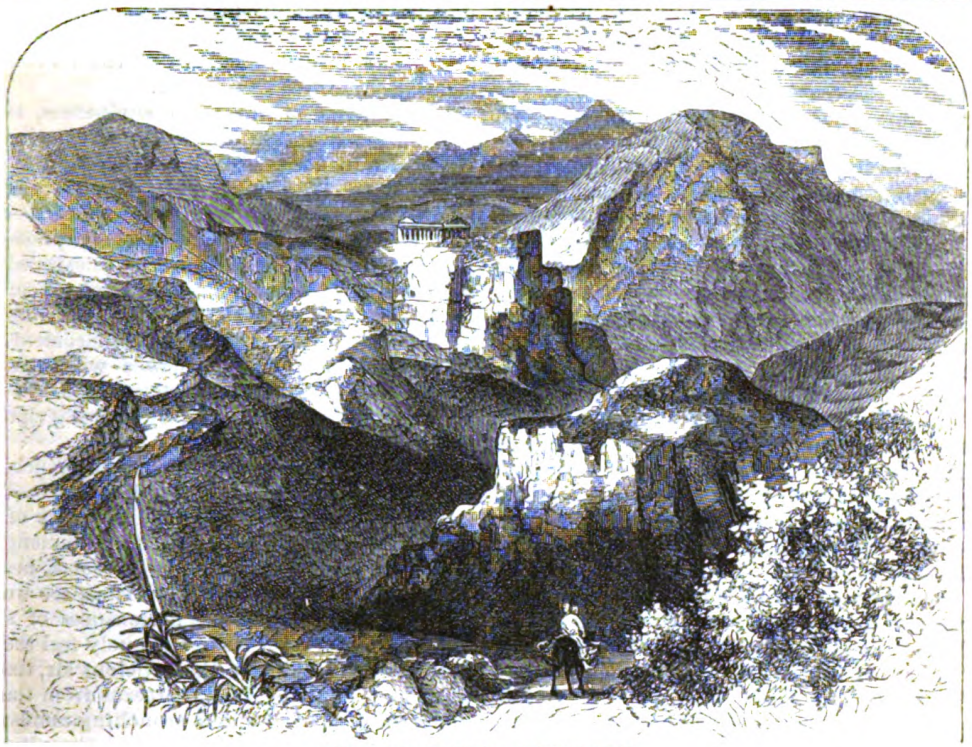
the rocks which Polyphemus is supposed to have hurled at Ulysses as he escaped after boring out the single eye of the monster. The whole Sicilian coast is pregnant with ancient facts, figments, and traditions that seem like scattered leaves torn from classic chronicles.

In traveling on the island you have opportunities to see the pleasures of the peasantry and lower classes at the feste so common in Roman Catholic countries. Their holy-days are always holidays. They put on their best attire—often very pretty and picturesque in the interior towns—attend mass, stream out of the church, kiss their friends all round, gossip, drink wine, philander, dance; extract honey from every blossom. At night they illuminate the houses, make bonfires, discharge musketry, throw up rockets; are all children again. They are ignorant, superstitious; their province includes their world. Yet are they more contented than enlightened republicans, doomed to think for themselves, to read daily journals, to fashion their own destiny, to understand the possibility of their becoming President.

Catania, a magnet of misfortune, woos the eye of the journeyer by land or sea. At the base of Ætna, its marrer and its maker, its domes and towers look down upon luxuriant vegetation, and smile serenely in the face of calamities yet to come. Submerged again and again by floods of molten lava, it has literally risen from the hand of its destroyer to fairer life and fresher beauty. It owes its prosperity to its ruin, its fertility to its despoiler. Catania is a city of lava. Its streets are paved with lava, its mole, churches, and houses are made of lava. The moment you reach it you are besought to buy lava. You walk on lava, you sleep in lava, you breathe lava, lava becomes the substance of your being. The streets of the town (population about 66,000) are broad and open, and its piazza handsome; but neglect, uncleanness, and decay check admiration and chill enthusiasm.

The main object of going to Catania is to see Ætna, and an excellent distant view of

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TEMPLE OF SEGESTE—DISTANT VIEW.

the volcano can be had from the port. The eruption of 1669, after covering the old city, poured its burning torrent into the hissing sea, and sombre and ragged masses still mark the spot. The whole of the region included in a circle of a hundred miles from the crater as a centre is within range of its destruction. Though the summit of the cone is 10,874 feet high, the gradual and graceful slope of the mountain to the plain makes its height seem much less. The vast tract is covered with vestiges of different eruptions —more than eighty in all—the old lava beds being decomposed and overspread with vegetation. The most remarkable modern eruptions are those of 1792, 1811, 1819, 1832, and 1868. The first continued for an entire year, the currents of lava while fluid being often thirty feet deep. In 1832 the sides of the mountain opened in many places, belching forth fire, ashes, and stones, while the main lava stream was eighteen miles long, one mile wide, and forty feet deep.

Ætna has three zones, the first a cultivated region (Piedimontana), from the sea to the base of the mountain. The second is a wood (Il Bosco), extending six to eight miles up the sides, of chestnut, ilex, oak, and pine. Some of the trees have extraordinary growth, the best example of which is the Chestnut-Tree of a Hundred Horses (Castagno di Centi Cavalli), so called because the Queen of Aragon is said to have taken shelter in its trunk with a retinue of a hundred cavaliers. The tree really has five distinct trunks, forming a circle through which a carriage might be driven.

Below the Bosco are nearly two hundred miniature cones, thrown up by different eruptions, that any where else would rank as creditable volcanoes. From the wood to the crater is a scene of desolation, composed of dreary wastes and deep hollows, covered with scoriæ and ashes, and buried in snow three or four months out of the twelve. This snow is a necessity to the island as well as to Malta, even to Barbary sometimes, and is gathered with the greatest care.

The ascent is tedious, though not very hard, the chief difficulties to contend against being the changes of temperature and the high wind. The crater is much less striking than that of Vesuvius. The circumference is estimated at two and a half to four miles, and the depth at six to eight hundred feet. The entire top of the mountain is heated, and jets of steam shoot up from countless sulphur-crested crevices. Near the centre of the crater are two mounds of ashes and scoriæ, and from apertures at the top and sides issue clouds of thick smoke, accompanied by hissing and rumbling sounds. A thin vapor rises from the bottom of the yawning cavern, whose interior is colored with efflorescences of ammonia, sulphur, and vitriolic salts. The bubbling and boiling, the muttering and grumbling, the rending and roaring, that seem to be perpetually going on in the bowels of the earth as you stand and listen on the brink of the burning

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gulf, make you marvel more than ever at the terrible and invisible forces of nature.

Syracuse, thirty miles southeast of Catania, on the coast, is of little interest save to the antiquarian. Stagnant, neglected, and decayed at present, it is reputed to have had two hundred thousand inhabitants once —nearly ten times its present population. Classicists may weep over its departed grandeur, but practicalists who enjoy comfort will not long tarry there. The famous fountain of Arethusa, into which she was changed by Diana that she might escape Alpheus, has been profaned to a washing tank. The remains of the Greek theatre, where the venerable Timoleon harangued the citizens; the Latomiæ, or prisons cut in the solid rock, and resembling natural caverns; the Ear of Dionysius, an excavation seventy feet deep, gradually lessening to a point, from which a narrow channel conveyed the conversation of prisoners to the tyrant's hearing—are the lions of the town.

On the western coast of Sicily is Girgenti, the ancient Agrigentum, as distinguished for luxury as the modern city is for nastiness. The ruins of the Temple of Concord and Temple of Juno are extremely interesting, and the approach to the town is very picturesque. But no ruin on the island equals that of the Temple of Segeste, standing serenely beautiful on a high precipice, encompassed by an amphitheatre of many-formed mountains, exemplifying the exquisite art of the Greeks in combining situation and effect, and bringing nature to the service of their admirable handiwork.

Sicily, after centuries of supineness, is making ready and falling in to march with the Army of Progress. The Railway and Telegraph — the universal educators, the avant-couriers of popular enlightenment— will change her front and metamorphose her spirit. Her lazzaroni and priesthood are steadily dwindling. Her strongholds of ignorance and superstition have been invaded by the contagion of Advancement. Newspapers and school-houses will soon supply the place of monasteries and convents. The People are rapidly growing ripe for higher and better things.

Nature has done much, almost too much, for the classic island. She has received beauty in excess, but the deadly beauty of the fabled basilisk. While we linger among her orange groves and aloe blossoms, her broken temples and her fairy vistas, are we not held by a dreamy consciousness of a mortal charm? Do we not vaguely feel the pestilence breathing in the delicious air, the tornado whispering in the breezes from the violet sea, the earthquake crouching amidst the luxuriance of the landscape—the pitying sigh of Nature ere she takes the dread weapons from the hand of Fate to strike her suffering children down?

A SIMPLETON.

A STORY OF THE DAY.

By CHARLES READE.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE electrified man rushed out into the storm, but he scarcely felt it in his body; the effect on his mind overpowered hailstones. The lightning seemed to light up the Past; the mighty explosions of thunder seemed cannon strokes knocking down a wall, and letting in his whole life.

Six hours the storm raged, and before it ended he had recovered nearly his whole Past, except his voyage with Captain Dodd —that, indeed, he never recovered—and the things that happened to him in the hospital before he met Phœbe Falcon and her brother: and as soon as he had recovered his lost memory his body began to shiver at the hail and rain. He tried to find his way home, but missed it; not so much, however, but that he recovered it as soon as it began to clear, and, just as they were coming out to look for him, he appeared before them, dripping, shivering, very pale and worn, with the handkerchief still about his head.

At sight of him Dick slipped back to his sister, and said, rather roughly, "There now, you may leave off crying: he is come home; and to-morrow I take him to Cape Town."

Christopher crept in, a dismal, sinister figure.

"Oh, Sir," said Phœbe, "was this a day for a Christian to be out in? How could you go and frighten us so?"

"Forgive me, madam," said Christopher, humbly; "I was not myself."

"The best thing you can do now is to go to bed, and let us send you up something warm."

"You are very good," said Christopher, and retired with the air of one too full of great amazing thoughts to gossip.

He slept thirty hours at a stretch, and then, awaking in the dead of night, he saw the past even more clear and vivid; he lighted his candle and began to grope in the *Cape Gazette*. As to dates, he now remembered when he had sailed from England, and also from Madeira. Following up this clew, he found in the *Gazette* a notice that H.M. ship *Amphitrite* had been

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spoken off the Cape, and had reported the melancholy loss of a promising physician and man of science, Dr. Staines.

The account said every exertion had been made to save him, but in vain.

Staines ground his teeth with rage at this. "Every exertion! the false-hearted curs. They left me to drown without one manly effort to save me. Curse them, and curse all the world!"

Pursuing his researches rapidly, he found a much longer account of a raft picked up by Captain Dodd, with a white man on it and a dead body, the white man having on him a considerable sum in money and jewels.

Then a new anxiety chilled him. There was not a word to identify him with Dr. Staines. The idea had never occurred to the editor of the *Cape Gazette*. Still less would it occur to any one in England. At this moment his wife must be mourning for him. "Poor—poor Rosa!"

But perhaps the fatal news might not have reached her.

That hope was dashed away as soon as found. Why, these were all *old newspapers*. That gentlemanly man who had lent them to him had said so.

Old! yet they completed the year 1867.

He now tore through them for the dates alone, and soon found they went to 1868. Yet they were old papers. He had sailed in May, 1867.

"My God!" he cried, in agony, "I HAVE LOST A YEAR."

This thought crushed him. By-and-by he began to carry this awful thought into details. "My Rosa has worn mourning for me, and put it off again. I am dead to her, and to all the world."

He wept long and bitterly.

Those tears cleared his brain still more. For all that, he was not yet himself, at least I doubt it: his insanity, driven from the intellect, fastened one lingering claw into his moral nature, and hung on by it. His soul filled with bitterness and a desire to be revenged on mankind for their injustice, and this thought possessed him more than reason.

He joined the family at breakfast, and never a word all the time. But when he got up to go he said, in a strange, dogged way, as if it went against the grain, "God bless the house that succors the afflicted." Then he went out to brood alone.

"Dick," said Phœbe, "there's a change. I'll never part with him: and look, there's Colly following him, that never could abide him."

"Part with him!" said Reginald. "Of course not. He is a gentleman, and they are not so common in Africa."

Dick, who hated Falcon, ignored this speech entirely, and said, "Well, Phœbe, you and Colly are wiser than I am. Take your own way, and don't blame me if any thing happens."

And soon Christopher paid the penalty of returning reason. He suffered all the poignant agony a great heart can endure.

So this was his reward for his great act of self-denial in leaving his beloved wife. He had lost his patient; he had lost the income from that patient; his wife was worse off than before, and had doubtless suffered the anguish of a loving heart bereaved. His mind, which now seemed more vigorous than ever after its long rest, placed her before his very eyes, pale and worn with grief, in her widow's cap.

At the picture he cried like the rain. He could give her joy by writing, but he could not prevent her from suffering a whole year of misery.

Turning this over in connection with their poverty, his evil genius whispered: "By this time she has received the six thousand pounds for your death. *She* would never think of that, but her father has: and there is her comfort assured, in spite of the caitiffs who left her husband to drown like a dog."

"I know my Rosa," he thought. "She has swooned—ah, my poor darling—she has raved—she has wept"—he wept himself at the thought—"she has mourned every indiscreet act as if it was a crime. But she *has* done all this. Her good and loving but shallow nature is now at rest from the agonies of bereavement, and naught remains but sad and tender regrets. She can better endure that than poverty—cursed poverty, which has brought her and me to this, and is the only real evil in the world but bodily pain."

Then came a struggle, that lasted a whole week, and knitted his brows and took the color from his cheek, but it ended in the triumph of love and hate over conscience and common-sense. His Rosa should not be poor; and he would cheat some of those contemptible creatures called men, who had done him nothing but injustice, and at last had sacrificed his life like a rat's.

When the struggle was over, and the fatal resolution taken, then he became calmer, less solitary, and more sociable.

Phœbe, who was secretly watching him with a woman's eye, observed this change in him, and with benevolent intentions invited him one day to ride round the farm with her. He consented readily. She showed him the fields devoted to maize and wheat, and then the sheep-folds. Tim's sheep were apparently deserted; but he was discovered swinging head downward from the branch of a camel-thorn, and seeing him, it did strike one that if he had had a tail he would have been swinging by that. Phœbe called to him: he never answered, but set off running to her, and landed himself under her nose in a wheel somersault.

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"I hope you are watching them, Tim," said his mistress.

"Iss, missy, always washing 'em."

"Why, there's one straying toward the wood now."

"He not go far," said Tim, coolly. The young monkey stole off a little way, then fell flat, and uttered the cry of a jackal, with startling precision. Back went the sheep to his comrades post-haste, and Tim effected a somersault and a chuckle.

"You are a clever boy," said Phœbe. "So that is how you manage them."

"Dat one way, missy," said Tim, not caring to reveal all his resources at once.

Then Phœbe rode on, and showed Christopher the ostrich pan. It was a large basin, a form the soil often takes in these parts; and in it strutted several full-grown ostriches and their young, bred on the premises. There was a little dam of water, and plenty of food about. They were herded by a Kafir infant of about six, black, glossy, fat, and clean, being in the water six times a day.

Sometimes one of the older birds would show an inclination to stray out of the pan. Then the infant rolled after her, and tapped her ankles with a wand. She instantly came back, but without any loss of dignity, for she strutted with her nose in the air, affecting completely to ignore the inferior little animal, that was nevertheless controlling her movements. "There's a farce," said Phœbe. "But you would not believe the money they cost me, nor the money they bring me in. Grain will not sell here for a quarter its value: and we can't afford to send it to Cape Town, twenty days and back: but finery, that sells every where. I gather sixty pounds the year off those poor fowls' backs—clear profit."

She showed him the granary, and told him there wasn't such another in Africa. This farm had belonged to one of the old Dutch settlers, and that breed had been going down this many a year. "You see, Sir, Dick and I being English, and not downright in want of money, we can't bring ourselves to sell grain to the middle-men for nothing, so we store it, hoping for better times, that maybe will never come. Now I'll show you how the dam is made."

They inspected the dam all round. "This is our best friend of all," said she. "Without this the sun would turn us all to tinder —crops, flowers, beasts, and folk."

"Oh, indeed," said Staines. "Then it is a pity you have not built it more scientifically. I must have a look at this."

"Ay, do, Sir, and advise us if you see any thing wrong. But hark! it is milking-time. Come and see that." So she led the way to some sheds, and there they found several cows being milked, each by a little calf and a little Hottentot at the same time, and both fighting and jostling each other for the udder. Now and then a young cow, unused to incongruous twins, would kick impatiently at both animals, and scatter them.

"That is their way," said Phœbe: "they have got it into their silly Hottentot heads as kye won't yield their milk if the calf is taken away; and it is no use arguing with 'em; they will have their own way; but they are very trusty and honest, poor things. We soon found that out. When we came here first it was in a hired wagon, and Hottentot drivers: so when we came to settle I made ready for a bit of a wrangle. But my maid Sophy, that is nurse now, and a great despiser of heathens, she says, 'Don't you trouble; them nasty ignorant blacks never charges more than their due.' 'I forgive 'em,' says I; 'I wish all white folk was as nice.' However, I did give them a trifle over, for luck: and then they got together, and chattered something near the door, hand in hand. 'La, Sophy,' says I, 'what is up now?' Says she, 'They are blessing of us. Things is come to a pretty pass, for ignorant Muslinmen heathen to be blessing Christian folk.' 'Well,' says I, 'it won't hurt us any.' 'I don't know,' says she. 'I don't want the devil prayed over me.' So she cocked that long nose of hers, and followed it in-doors."

By this time they were near the house, and Phœbe was obliged to come to her postscript, for the sake of which, believe me, she had uttered every syllable of this varied chat. "Well, Sir," said she, affecting to proceed without any considerable change of topic, "and how do you find yourself? Have you discovered the Past?"

"I have, madam. I remember every leading incident of my life."

"And has it made you happier?" said Phœbe, softly.

"No," said Christopher, gravely. "Memory has brought me misery."

"I feared as much; for you have lost your fine color, and your eyes are hollow, and lines on your poor brow that were not there before. Are you not sorry you have discovered the Past?"

"No, Mrs. Falcon. Give me the sovereign gift of reason, with all the torture it can inflict. I thank God for returning memory, even with the misery it brings."

Phœbe was silent a long time: then she said, in a low, gentle voice, and with the indirectness of a truly feminine nature, "I have plenty of writing-paper in the house; and the post goes south to-morrow, such as 'tis."

Christopher struggled with his misery, and trembled.

He was silent a long time. Then he said, "No. It is her interest that I should be dead."

"Well, but, Sir—take a thought."

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"Not a word more, I implore you. I am the most miserable man that ever breathed." As he spoke, two bitter tears forced their way.

Phœbe cast a look of pity on him, and said no more; but she shook her head. Her plain common-sense revolted.

However, it did not follow he would be in the same mind next week: so she was in excellent spirits at her protégé's recovery, and very proud of her cure, and celebrated the event with a roaring supper, including an English ham and a bottle of port-wine; and, ten to one, that was English too.

Dick Dale looked a little incredulous, but he did not spare the ham any the more for that.

After supper, in a pause of the conversation, Staines turned to Dick, and said, rather abruptly, "Suppose that dam of yours were to burst and empty its contents, would it not be a great misfortune to you?"

"Misfortune, Sir! Don't talk of it. Why, it would ruin us, beast and body."

"Well, it will burst, if it is not looked to."

"Dale's Kloof dam burst! the biggest and strongest for a hundred miles round."

"You deceive yourself. It is not scientifically built, to begin, and there is a cause at work that will infallibly burst it, if not looked to in time."

"And what is that, Sir?"

"The dam is full of crabs."

"So 'tis; but what of them?"

"I detected two of them that had perforated the dike from the wet side to the dry, and water was trickling through the channel they had made. Now, for me to catch two that had come right through, there must be a great many at work honey-combing your dike; those channels, once made, will be enlarged by the permeating water, and a mere cupful of water forced into a dike by the great pressure of a heavy column has an expansive power quite out of proportion to the quantity forced in. Colossal dikes have been burst in this way with disastrous effects. Indeed, it is only a question of time, and I would not guarantee your dike twelve hours. It is full, too, with the heavy rains."

"Here's a go," said Dick, turning pale. "Well, if it is to burst, it must."

"Why so? You can make it safe in a few hours. You have got a clumsy contrivance for letting off the excess of water: let us go and relieve the dam at once of two feet of water. That will make it safe for a day or two, and to-morrow we will puddle it afresh, and demolish those busy excavators."

He spoke with such authority and earnestness that they all got up from table: a horn was blown that soon brought the Hottentots, and they all proceeded to the dam. With infinite difficulty they opened the waste sluice, lowered the water two feet, and so drenched the arid soil that in forty-eight hours flowers unknown sprang up.

Next morning, under the doctor's orders, all the black men and boys were diving with lumps of stiff clay and puddling the endangered wall with a thick coat of it. This took all the people the whole day.

Next day the clay wall was carried two feet higher, and then the doctor made them work on the other side, and buttress the dike with supports so enormous as seemed extravagant to Dick and Phœbe; but, after all, it was as well to be on the safe side, they thought: and soon they were sure of it, for the whole work was hardly finished when news came in that the dike of a neighboring Boer, ten miles off, had exploded like a cannon, and emptied itself in five minutes, drowning the farm-yard and floating the furniture, but leaving them all to perish of drought; and, indeed, the Boer's cart came every day, with empty barrels, for some time, to beg water of the Dales. Ucatella pondered all this, and said her doctor child was wise.

This brief excitement over, Staines went back to his own gloomy thoughts, and they scarcely saw him, except at supper-time.

One evening he surprised them all by asking if they would add to all their kindness by lending him a horse and a spade and a few pounds, to go to the diamond fields.

Dick Dale looked at his sister. She said, "We had rather lend them you to go home with, Sir, if you must leave us; but, dear heart, I was half in hopes—Dick and I were talking it over only yesterday—that you would go partners like with us; ever since you saved the dam."

"I have too little to offer for that, Mrs. Falcon, and, besides, I am driven into a corner. I must make money quickly, or not at all: the diamonds are only three hundred miles off. For Heaven's sake let me try my luck."

They tried to dissuade him, and told him not one in fifty did any good at it.

"Ay, but *I* shall," said he. "Great bad luck is followed by great good luck, and I feel my turn is come. Not that I rely on luck. An accident directed my attention to the diamond a few years ago, and I read a number of prime works upon the subject that told me things not known to the miners. It is clear, from the Cape journals, that they are looking for diamonds in the river only. Now I am sure that is a mistake. Diamonds, like gold, have their matrix, and it is comparatively few gems that get washed into the river. I am confident that I shall find the volcanic matrix, and perhaps make my fortune in a week or two."

When the dialogue took this turn Reginald Falcon's cheek began to flush and his eyes to glitter.

Christopher continued, "You, who have befriended me so, will not turn back, I am sure, when I have such a chance before

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me; and as for the small sum of money I shall require, I will repay you some day, even if—"

"La, Sir, don't talk so. If you put it that way, why, the best horse we have, and fifty pounds in good English gold, they are at your service to-morrow."

"And pick and spade to boot," said Dick, "and a double rifle; for there are lions, and Lord knows what, between this and the Vaal River."

"God bless you both!" said Christopher. "I will start to-morrow."

"And I'll go with you," said Reginald Falcon.

CHAPTER XIX.

"HEAVEN forbid!" said Phœbe. "No, my dear, no more diamonds for us. We never had but one, and it brought us trouble."

"Nonsense, Phœbe," replied Falcon; "it was not the diamond's fault. You know I have often wanted to go there, but you objected. You said you were afraid some evil would befall me. But now Solomon himself is going to the mines, let us have no more of that nonsense. We will take our rifles and our pistols."

"There—there—rifles and pistols!" cried Phœbe: "that shows."

"And we will be there in a week, stay a month, and home with our pockets full of diamonds."

"And find me dead of a broken heart."

"Broken fiddle-stick! We have been parted longer than that, and yet here we are all right."

"Ay, but the pitcher that goes too often to the well gets broke at last. No, Reginald, now I have tasted three years' happiness and peace of mind, I can not go through what I used in England. Oh, doctor, have you the heart to part man and wife that have never been a day from each other all these years?"

"Mrs. Falcon, I would not do it for all the diamonds in Brazil. No, Mr. Falcon, I need hardly say how charmed I should be to have your company: but that is a pleasure I shall certainly deny myself, after what your good wife has said. I owe her too much to cause her a single pang."

"Doctor," said the charming Reginald, "you are a gentleman, and side with the lady. Quite right. It adds to my esteem, if possible. Make your mind easy; I will go alone. I am not a farmer. I am dead sick of this monotonous life; and, since I am compelled to speak my mind, a little ashamed, as a gentleman, of living on my wife and brother, and doing nothing for myself. So I shall go to the Vaal River, and see a little life; here there's nothing but vegetation—and not much of that. Not a word more, Phœbe, if you please. I am a good, easy, affectionate husband, but I am a man, and not a child to be tied to a woman's apron-strings, however much I may love and respect her."

Dick put in his word. "Since you are so independent you can *walk* to the Vaal River. I can't spare a couple of horses."

This hit the Sybarite hard, and he cast a bitter glance of hatred at his brother-in-law, and fell into a moody silence.

But when he got Phœbe to himself he descanted on her selfishness, Dick's rudeness, and his own wounded dignity, till he made her quite anxious he should have his own way. She came to Staines with red eyes, and said, "Tell me, doctor, will there be any women up there—to take care of you?"

"Not a petticoat in the place, I believe. It is a very rough life: and how Falcon could think of leaving you and sweet little Tommy, and this life of health and peace and comfort—"

"Yet *you* do leave us, Sir."

"I am the most unfortunate man upon the earth; Falcon is one of the happiest. Would I leave wife and child to go there? Ah me! I am dead to those I love. This is my one chance of seeing my darling again for many a long year perhaps. Oh, I must not speak of *her*—it unmans me. My good, kind friend, I'll tell you what to do. When we are all at supper, let a horse be saddled and left in the yard for me. I'll bid you all good-night, and I'll put fifty miles between us before morning. Even then *he* need not be told I am gone; he will not follow me."

"You are very good, Sir," said Phœbe; "but no. Too much has been said. I can't have him humbled by my brother, nor any one. He says I am selfish. Perhaps I am; though I never was called so. I can't bear he should think me selfish. He *will* go: and so let us have no ill blood about it. Since he is to go, of course I'd much liever he should go with you than by himself. You are sure there are no women up there—to take care of—you—both? You must be purse-bearer, Sir, and look to every penny. He is too generous when he has got money to spend."

In short, Reginald had played so upon her heart that she now urged the joint expedition, only she asked a delay of a day or two to equip them, and steel herself to the separation.

Staines did not share those vague fears that overpowered the wife, whose bitter experiences were unknown to him; but he felt uncomfortable at her condition—for now she was often in tears—and he said all he could to comfort her; and he also advised her how to profit by these terrible diamonds, in her way. He pointed out to her that her farm lay right in the road to the diamonds, yet the traffic all shunned her, passing twenty miles to the westward. Said he, "You should profit by all your resources. You

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have wood, a great rarity in Africa; order a portable forge; run up a building where miners can sleep, another where they can feed; the grain you have so wisely refused to sell, grind it into flour."

"Dear heart! why, there's neither wind nor water to turn a mill."

"But there are oxen. I'll show you how to make an ox-mill. Send your Cape cart into Cape Town for iron lathes, for coffee, and tea, and groceries by the hundred-weight. The moment you are ready—for success depends on the order in which we act—then prepare great boards, and plant them twenty miles south. Write or paint on them, very large, 'The nearest way to the Diamond Mines, through Dale's Kloof, where is excellent accommodation for man and beast. Tea, coffee, home-made bread, fresh butter, etc., etc.' Do this and you will soon leave off decrying diamonds. This is the sure way to coin them. I myself take the doubtful way; but I can't help it. I am a dead man, and swift good fortune will give me life. You can afford to go the slower road and the surer."

Then he drew her the model of an ox-mill, and of a miners' dormitory, the partitions six feet six apart, so that these very partitions formed the bedstead, the bed-sacking being hooked to the uprights. He drew his model for twenty bedrooms.

The portable forge and the ox-mill pleased Dick Dale most, but the partitioned bedsteads charmed Phœbe. She said, "Oh, doctor, how can one man's head hold so many things? If there's a man on earth I can trust my husband with, 'tis you. But, if things go cross up there, promise me you will come back at once and cast in your lot with us. We have got money and stock, and you have got head-piece: we might do very well together. Indeed, indeed, we might. Promise me. Oh, do, please promise me!"

"I promise you."

And on this understanding Staines and Falcon were equipped with rifles, pickaxe, shovels, water-proofs, and full saddle-bags, and started, with many shakings of the hand and many tears from Phœbe, for the diamond washings.

CHAPTER XX.

PHŒBE'S tears at parting made Staines feel uncomfortable, and he said so.

"Pooh, pooh!" said Falcon; "crying for nothing does a woman good."

Christopher stared at him.

Falcon's spirits rose as they proceeded. He was like a boy let loose from school. His fluency and charm of manner served, however, to cheer a singularly dreary journey.

The travelers soon entered on a vast and forbidding region that wearied the eye: at their feet a dull rusty carpet of dried grass and wild camomile, with pale red sand peeping through the burned and scanty herbage. On the low mounds, that looked like heaps of sifted ashes, struggled now and then into sickliness a ragged, twisted shrub. There were flowers, too, but so sparse that they sparkled vainly in the colorless waste which stretched to the horizon. The farm-houses were twenty miles apart, and nine out of ten were new ones built by the Boers since they degenerated into white savages: mere huts, with domed kitchens behind them. In the dwelling-house the whole family pigged together, with raw flesh drying on the rafters, stinking skins in a corner, parasitical vermin of all sorts blackening the floor, and particularly a small, biting, and odoriferous tortoise, compared with which the insect a London washer-woman brings into your house in her basket is a stroke with a feather, and all this without the excuse of penury; for many of these were shepherd kings, sheared four thousand fleeces a year, and owned a hundred horses and horned cattle.

These Boers are compelled, by unwritten law, to receive travelers and water their cattle; but our travelers, after one or two experiences, ceased to trouble them; for, added to the dirt, the men were sullen, the women moody, silent, brainless; the whole reception churlish. Staines detected in them an uneasy consciousness that they had descended, in more ways than one, from a civilized race; and the superior bearing of a European seemed to remind them what they had been, and might have been, and were not; so, after an attempt or two, our adventurers avoided the Boers, and tried the Kafirs. They found the savages socially superior, though their moral character does not rank high.

The Kafir cabins they entered were caves, lighted only by the door, but deliciously cool, and quite clean; the floors of puddled clay or ants' nests, and very clean. On entering these cool retreats, the flies, that had tormented them, shirked the cool grot, and buzzed off to the nearest farm, to batten on congenial foulness. On the fat, round, glossy babies not a speck of dirt, whereas the little Boers were cakes thereof. The Kafir would meet them at the door, his clean black face all smiles and welcome. The women and grown girls would fling a spotless handkerchief over their shoulders in a moment, and display their snowy teeth in unaffected joy at sight of an Englishman.

At one of these huts, one evening, they met with something St. Paul ranks above cleanliness even, viz., Christianity. A neighboring lion had just eaten a Hottentot *faute de mieux;* and these good Kafirs wanted the Europeans not to go on at night and be eaten

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for dessert. But they could not speak a word of English, and pantomimic expression exists in theory alone. In vain the women held our travelers by the coat tails, and pointed to a distant wood. In vain Kafir *père* went on all fours and growled sore. But at last a savage youth ran to the kitchen—for they never cook in the house—and came back with a brand, and sketched, on the wall of the hut, a lion with a mane down to the ground, and a saucer eye, not loving. The creature's paw rested on a hat and coat and another fragment or two of a European. The rest was foreshortened, or else eaten.

The picture completed, the females looked, approved, and raised a dismal howl.

"A lion on the road," said Christopher, gravely.

Then the undaunted Falcon seized the charcoal, and drew an Englishman in a theatrical attitude, left foot well forward, firing a gun, and a lion rolling head over heels like a buck rabbit, and blood squirting out of a hole in his perforated carcass.

The savages saw, and exulted. They were so off their guard as to confound representation with fact; they danced round the white warrior, and launched him to victory.

"Aha!" said Falcon, "I took the shine out of their lion, didn't I?"

"You did: and once there was a sculptor who showed a lion his marble group, a man trampling a lion, extracting his tongue, and so on; but report says it *did not convince the lion.*"

"Why, no; a lion is not an ass. But, for your comfort, there *are* no lions in this part of the world. They are myths. There were lions in Africa. But now they are all at the Zoo. And I wish I was there too."

"In what character—of a discontented animal, with every blessing? They would not take you in; too common in England. Hallo! this is something new. What lots of bushes! We should not have much chance with a lion here."

"There *are* no lions: it is not the Zoo," said Falcon; but he spurred on faster.

The country, however, did not change its feature; bushes and little acacias prevailed, and presently dark forms began to glide across at intervals.

The travelers held their breath, and pushed on; but at last their horses flagged; so they thought it best to stop and light a fire, and stand upon their guard.

They did so, and Falcon sat with his rifle cocked, while Staines boiled coffee, and they drank it, and after two hours' halt pushed on; and at last the bushes got more scattered, and they were on the dreary plain again. Falcon drew the rein, with a sigh of relief, and they walked their horses side by side.

"Well, what is become of the lions?" said Falcon, jauntily. He turned in his saddle, and saw a large animal stealing behind them with its belly to the very earth, and eyes hot coals; he uttered an eldrich screech, fired both barrels with no more aim than a baby, and spurred away, yelling like a demon. The animal fled another way, in equal trepidation at those tongues of flame and loud reports, and Christopher's horse reared and plunged, and deposited him promptly on the sward; but he held the bridle, mounted again, and rode after his companion. A stern chase is a long chase, and for that or some other reason he could never catch him again till sunrise. Being caught, he ignored the lioness with cool hauteur. He said he had ridden on to find comfortable quarters: and craved thanks.

This was literally the only incident worth recording that the companions met with in three hundred miles.

On the sixth day out, toward afternoon, they found, by inquiring, they were near the diamond washings, and the short route was pointed out by an exceptionally civil Boer.

But Christopher's eye had lighted upon a sort of chain of knolls, or little round hills, devoid of vegetation, and he told Falcon he would like to inspect these before going farther.

"Oh," said the Boer, "they are not on my farm, thank goodness: they are on my cousin Bulteel's;" and he pointed to a large white house about four miles distant, and quite off the road. Nevertheless, Staines insisted on going to it. But first they made up to one of these knolls and examined it; it was about thirty feet high, and not a vestige of herbage on it; the surface was composed of sand and of lumps of gray limestone, very hard, diversified with lots of quartz, mica, and other old formations.

Staines got to the top of it with some difficulty, and examined the surface all over. He came down again, and said, "All these little hills mark hot volcanic action—why, they are like boiling earth-bubbles—which is the very thing, under certain conditions, to turn carbonate of lime into diamonds. Now here is plenty of limestone unnaturally hard, and, being in a diamond country, I can fancy no place more likely to be the matrix than these earth-bubbles. Let us tether the horses and use our shovels."

They did so, and found one or two common crystals, and some jasper, and a piece of chalcedony, all in little bubbles, but no diamonds. Falcon said it was wasting time.

Just then the proprietor, a gigantic, pasty colonist, came up, with his pipe, and stood calmly looking on. Staines came down, and made a sort of apology. Bulteel smiled quietly, and asked what harm they could do him, raking that rubbish. "Rake it all avay, mine vriends," said he; "ve shall thank you moch."

He then invited them languidly to his house. They went with him, and, as he vol-

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unteered no more remarks, they questioned him, and learned his father had been a Hollander, and so had his vrow's. This accounted for the size and comparative cleanliness of his place. It was stuccoed with the lime of the country outside, and was four times as large as the miserable farm-houses of the degenerate Boers. For all this, the street-door opened on the principal room, and that room was kitchen and parlor, only very large and wholesome. "But Lord"—as poor dear Pepys used to blurt out—"to see how some folk understand cleanliness!" The floor was made of powdered ants' nests, and smeared with fresh cow-dung every day. Yet these people were the cleanliest Boers in the colony.

The vrow met them, with a snow-white collar and cuffs of Hamburg linen, and the brats had pasty faces round as pumpkins, but shone with soap. The vrow was also pasty-faced, but gentle, and welcomed them with a smile, languid but unequivocal.

The Hottentots took their horses, as a matter of course. Their guns were put in a corner. A clean cloth was spread, and they saw they were to sup and sleep there, though the words of invitation were never spoken.

At supper, sun-dried flesh, cabbage, and a savory dish the travelers returned to with gusto. Staines asked what it was: the vrow told him—locusts. They had stripped her garden, and filled her very rooms, and fallen in heaps under her walls; so she had pressed them, by the million, into cakes, had salted them lightly, and stored them, and they were excellent, baked.

After supper the accomplished Reginald, observing a wire guitar, tuned it with some difficulty, and so twanged it and sang ditties to it that the flabby giant's pasty face wore a look of dreamy content over his everlasting pipe; and in the morning, after a silent breakfast, he said, "Mine vriends, stay here a year or two, and rake in mine rubbish. Ven you are tired, here are springbok and antelopes, and you can shoot mit your rifles, and ve vill cook them, and you shall sing us zongs of Vaderland."

They thanked him heartily, and said they would stay a few days, at all events.

The placid Boer went a-farming, and the pair shouldered their pick and shovel, and worked on their heap all day, and found a number of pretty stones, but no diamond.

"Come," said Falcon, "we must go to the river;" and Staines acquiesced. "I bow to experience," said he.

At the threshold they found two of the little Bulteels playing with pieces of quartz, crystal, etc., on the door-stone. One of these stones caught Staines's eye directly. It sparkled in a different way from the others: he examined it: it was the size of a white haricot bean, and one side of it polished by friction. He looked at it, and looked, and saw that it refracted the light. He felt convinced it was a diamond.

"Give the boy a penny for it," said the ingenious Falcon, on receiving the information.

"Oh!" said Staines. "Take advantage of a child?"

He borrowed it of the boy, and laid it on the table after supper. "Sir," said he, "this is what we were raking in your kopjes for, and could not find it. It belongs to little Hans. Will you sell it us? We are not experts, but we think it may be a diamond. We will risk ten pounds on it."

"Ten pounds!" said the farmer. "Nay, we rob not travelers, mine vriend."

"But if it is a diamond it is worth a hundred. See how it gains fire in the dusk."

In short, they forced the ten pounds on him, and next day went to work on another kopje.

But the simple farmer's conscience smote him. It was a slack time; so he sent four Hottentots, with shovels, to help these friendly maniacs. These worked away gayly, and the white men set up a sorting table, and sorted the stuff, and hammered the nodules, and at last found a little stone as big as a pea that refracted the light. Staines showed this to the Hottentots, and their quick eyes discovered two more that day, only smaller.

Next day nothing but a splinter or two.

Then Staines determined to dig deeper, contrary to the general impression. He gave his reason: "Diamonds don't fall from the sky. They work up from the ground; and clearly the heat must be greater farther down."

Acting on this, they tried the next strata, but found it entirely barren. After that, however, they came to a fresh layer of carbonate, and here, Falcon hammering a large lump of conglomerate, out leaped all of a sudden a diamond big as a nut, that ran along the earth gleaming like a star. It had polished angles and natural facets, and even a novice with an eye in his head could see it was a diamond of the purest water. Staines and Falcon shouted with delight, and made the blacks a present on the spot.

They showed the prize at night, and begged the farmer to take to digging. There was ten times more money beneath his soil than on it.

Not he. He was a farmer: did not believe in diamonds.

Two days afterward another great find. Seven small diamonds.

Next day a stone as large as a cob-nut, and with strange and beautiful streaks. They carried it home to dinner, and set it on the table, and told the family it was worth a thousand pounds. Bulteel scarcely looked at it; but the vrow trembled, and all the young folk glowered at it.

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In the middle of dinner it exploded like a cracker, and went literally into diamond-dust.

"Dere goes von tousand pounds," said Bulteel, without moving a muscle.

Falcon swore. But Staines showed fortitude. "It was laminated," said he, "and exposure to the air was fatal."

Owing to the invaluable assistance of the Hottentots, they had in less than a month collected four large stones of pure water, and a wine-glassful of small stones, when, one fine day, going to work calmly after breakfast, they found some tents pitched, and at least a score of dirty diggers, bearded like the pard, at work on the ground. Staines sent Falcon back to tell Bulteel, and suggest that he should at once order them off, or, better still, make terms with them. The phlegmatic Boer did neither.

In twenty-four hours it was too late. The place was rushed. In other words, diggers swarmed to the spot, with no idea of law but diggers' law.

A thousand tents rose like mushrooms; and poor Bulteel stood smoking, and staring amazed, at his own door, and saw a veritable procession of wagons, Cape carts, and powdered travelers file past him to take possession of his hillocks. Him, the proprietor, they simply ignored; they had a committee, who were to deal with all obstructions, landlords and tenants included. They themselves measured out Bulteel's farm into thirty-foot claims, and went to work with shovel and pick. They held Staines's claim sacred —that was diggers' law; but they confined it strictly to thirty feet square.

Had the friends resisted, their brains would have been knocked out. However, they gained this, that dealers poured in, and, the market being not yet glutted, the price was good; Staines sold a few of the small stones for two hundred pounds. He showed one of the larger stones. The dealer's eye glittered, but he offered only three hundred pounds, and this was so wide of the ascending scale on which a stone of that importance is priced that Staines reserved it for sale at Cape Town.

Nevertheless he afterward doubted whether he had not better have taken it; for the multitude of diggers turned out such a prodigious number of diamonds at Bulteel's pan that a sort of panic fell on the market.

These dry diggings were a revelation to the world. Men began to think the diamond, perhaps, was a commoner stone than any one had dreamed it to be.

As to the discovery of stones, Staines and Falcon lost nothing by being confined to a thirty-foot claim. Compelled to dig deeper, they got into richer strata, where they found garnets by the pint, and some small diamonds, and at last, one lucky day, their largest diamond. It weighed thirty-seven carats, and was a rich yellow. Now when a diamond is clouded or off color, it is terribly depreciated; but a diamond with a positive color is called a fancy stone, and ranks with the purest stones.

"I wish I had this in Cape Town," said Staines.

"Why, I'll take it to Cape Town, if you like," said the changeable Falcon.

"You will?" said Christopher, surprised.

"Why not? I'm not much of a digger. I can serve our interest better by selling. I could get a thousand pounds for this at Cape Town."

"We will talk of that quietly," said Christopher.

Now the fact is, Falcon, as a digger, was not worth a pin. He could not sort. His eyes would not bear the blinding glare of a tropical sun upon lime and dazzling bits of mica, quartz, crystal, white topaz, etc., in the midst of which the true glint of the royal stone had to be caught in a moment. He could not sort, and he had not the heart to dig. The only way to make him earn his half was to turn him into the traveling and selling partner.

Christopher was too generous to tell him this; but he acted on it, and said he thought his was an excellent proposal: indeed, he had better take all the diamonds they had got to Dale's Kloof first, and show them to his wife for her consolation. "And perhaps," said he, "in a matter of this importance, she will go to Cape Town with you, and try the market there."

"All right," said Falcon.

He sat and brooded over the matter a long time, and said, "Why make two bites of a cherry? They will only give us half the value at Cape Town: why not go by the steamer to England, before the London market is glutted, and all the world finds out that diamonds are as common as dirt?"

"Go to England! What, without your wife? I'll never be a party to that. Me part man and wife! If you knew my own story—"

"Why, who wants you?" said Reginald. "You don't understand. Phœbe is dying to visit England again; but she has got no excuse. If you like to give her one, she will be much obliged to you, I can tell you."

"Oh, that is a very different matter. If Mrs. Falcon can leave her farm—"

"Oh, that brute of a brother of hers is a very honest fellow, for that matter. She can trust the farm to him. Besides, it is only a month's voyage by the mail steamer."

This suggestion of Falcon's set Christopher's heart bounding and his eyes glistening. But he restrained himself, and said, "This takes me by surprise; let me smoke a pipe over it."

He not only did that, but he lay awake all night.

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The fact is, that for some time past Christopher had felt sharp twinges of conscience, and deep misgivings as to the course he had pursued in leaving his wife a single day in the dark. Complete convalescence had cleared his moral sentiments, and, perhaps, after all, the discovery of the diamonds had co-operated; since now the insurance money was no longer necessary to keep his wife from starving.

"Ah!" said he, "faith is a great quality; and how I have lacked it!"

To do him justice, he knew his wife's excitable nature, and was not without fears of some disaster should the news be communicated to her unskillfully.

But this proposal of Falcon's made the way clearer. Mrs. Falcon, though not a lady, had all a lady's delicacy, and all a woman's tact and tenderness. He knew no one in the world more fit to be trusted with the delicate task of breaking to his Rosa that the grave, for once, was baffled, and her husband lived. He now became quite anxious for Falcon's departure, and ardently hoped that worthy had not deceived himself as to Mrs. Falcon's desire to visit England.

In short, it was settled that Falcon should start for Dale's Kloof, taking with him the diamonds, believed to be worth altogether three thousand pounds at Cape Town, and nearly as much again in England, and a long letter to Mrs. Falcon, in which Staines revealed his true story, told her where to find his wife, or hear of her, viz., at Kent Villa, Gravesend, and sketched an outline of instructions as to the way, and cunning degrees, by which the joyful news should be broken to her. With this he sent a long letter to be given to Rosa herself, but not till she should know all; and in this letter he inclosed the ruby ring she had given him. That ring had never left his finger, by sea or land, in sickness or health.

The letter to Rosa was sealed. The two letters made quite a packet; for in the letter to his beloved Rosa he told her every thing that had befallen him. It was a romance, and a picture of love—a letter to lift a loving woman to heaven, and almost reconcile her to all her bereaved heart had suffered.

This letter, written with many tears from the heart that had so suffered, and was now softened by good fortune and bounding with joy, Staines intrusted to Falcon, together with the other diamonds, and, with many warm shakings of the hand, started him on his way.

"But mind, Falcon," said Christopher, "I shall expect an answer from Mrs. Falcon in twenty days at farthest. I do not feel so sure as you do that she wants to go to England, and, if not, I must write to Uncle Philip. Give me your solemn promise, old fellow, an answer in twenty days—if you have to send a Kafir on horseback."

"I give you my honor," said Falcon, superbly.

"Send it to me at Bulteel's Farm."

"All right. 'Dr. Christie, Bulteel's Farm.'"

"Well—no. Why should I conceal my real name any longer from such friends as you and your wife? Christie is short for Christopher—that *is* my Christian name; but my surname is Staines. Write to 'Dr. Staines.'"

"Doctor Staines!"

"Yes. Did you ever hear of me?"

Falcon wore a strange look. "I almost think I have. Down at Gravesend, or somewhere."

"That is curious. Yes, I married my Rosa there—poor thing! God bless her; God comfort her. She thinks me dead."

His voice trembled, he grasped Falcon's cold hand till the latter winced again, and so they parted, and Falcon rode off muttering, "Doctor Staines! so then *you* are Doctor Staines."

CHAPTER XXI.

ROSA STAINES had youth on her side, and it is an old saying that youth will not be denied. Youth struggled with death for her, and won the battle.

But she came out of that terrible fight weak as a child. The sweet pale face—the widow's cap, the suit of deep black—it was long ere these came down from the sick-room. And, when they did, oh, the dead blank! The weary, listless life! The days spent in sighs and tears and desolation. Solitude! solitude! Her husband was gone, and a strange woman played the mother to her child before her eyes.

Uncle Philip was devotedly kind to her, and so was her father, but they could do nothing for her.

Months rolled on, and skinned the wound over. Months could not heal. Her boy became dearer and dearer, and it was from him came the first real drops of comfort, however feeble.

She used to read her lost one's diary every day, and worship in deep sorrow the mind she had scarcely respected until it was too late. She searched in this diary to find his will, and often she mourned that he had written on it so few things she could obey. Her desire to obey the dead, whom, living, she had often disobeyed, was really simple and touching. She would mourn to her father that there were so few commands to her in his diary. "But," said she, "memory brings me back his will in many things, and to obey is now the only sad comfort I have."

It was in this spirit she now forced herself to keep accounts. No fear of her wearing stays now; no powder; no trimmings; no waste.

After the usual delay her father told her

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she should instruct a solicitor to apply to the insurance company for the six thousand pounds. She refused with a burst of agony. "The price of his life," she screamed. "Never! I'd live on bread and water sooner than touch that vile money."

Her father remonstrated gently. But she was immovable. "No. It would be like consenting to his death."

Then Uncle Philip was sent for.

He set her child on her knee, and gave her a pen. "Come," said he, sternly, "be a woman, and do your duty to little Christie."

She kissed the boy, cried, and did her duty meekly. But when the money was brought her she flew to Uncle Philip and said, "There! there!" and threw it all before him, and cried as if her heart would break. He waited patiently, and asked her what he was to do with all that: invest it?

"Yes, yes, for my little Christie."

"And pay you the interest quarterly?"

"Oh, no, no. Dribble us out a little as we want it. That is the way to be truly kind to a simpleton. I hate that word."

"And suppose I run off with it? Such confiding geese as you corrupt a man."

"I shall never corrupt you. Crusty people are the soul of honor."

"Crusty people!" cried Philip, affecting amazement. "What are they?"

She bit her lip and colored a little, but answered, adroitly, "They are people that pretend not to have good hearts, but have the best in the world, far better ones than your smooth one: that's crusty people."

"Very well," said Philip; "and I'll tell you what simpletons are. They are little transparent-looking creatures that look shallow, but are as deep as old Nick, and make you love them in spite of your judgment. They are the most artful of their sex; for they always achieve its great object, to be loved—the very thing that clever women sometimes fail in."

"Well, and if we are not to be loved, why live at all—such useless things as I am?" said Rosa, simply.

So Philip took charge of her money, and agreed to help her save money for her little Christopher. Poverty should never destroy him, as it had his father.

As months rolled on, she crept out into public a little; but always on foot, and a very little way from home.

Youth and sober life gradually restored her strength, but not her color nor her buoyancy.

Yet she was, perhaps, more beautiful than ever; for a holy sorrow chastened and sublimed her features: it was now a sweet, angelic, pensive beauty, that interested every feeling person at a glance.

She would visit no one; but, a twelvemonth after her bereavement, she received a few chosen visitors.

One day a young gentleman called, and sent up his card, "Lord Tadcaster," with a note from Lady Cicely Treherne, full of kindly feeling. Uncle Philip had reconciled her to Lady Cicely, but they had never met.

Mrs. Staines was much agitated at the very name of Lord Tadcaster; but she would not have missed seeing him for the world.

She received him, with her beautiful eyes wide open, to drink in every lineament of one who had seen the last of her Christopher.

Tadcaster was wonderfully improved: he had grown six inches out at sea, and, though still short, was not diminutive; he was a small Apollo, a model of symmetry, and had an engaging, girlish beauty, redeemed from downright effeminacy by a golden mustache like silk, and a tanned cheek that became him wonderfully.

He seemed dazzled at first by Mrs. Staines, but murmured that Lady Cicely had told him to come, or he would not have ventured.

"Who can be so welcome to me as you?" said she; and the tears came thick in her eyes directly.

Soon, he hardly knew how, he found himself talking of Staines, and telling her what a favorite he was, and all the clever things he had done.

The tears streamed down her cheeks, but she begged him to go on telling her, and omit nothing.

He complied heartily, and was even so moved by the telling of his friend's virtues, and her tears and sobs, that he mingled his tears with hers. She rewarded him by giving him her hand as she turned away her tearful face to indulge the fresh burst of grief his sympathy evoked.

When he was leaving, she said, in her simple way, "Bless you."—"Come again," she said: "you have done a poor widow good."

Lord Tadcaster was so interested and charmed, he would gladly have come back next day to see her; but he restrained that extravagance, and waited a week.

Then he visited her again. He had observed the villa was not rich in flowers, and he took her down a magnificent bouquet, cut from his father's hot-houses. At sight of him, or at sight of it, or both, the color rose for once in her pale cheek, and her pensive face wore a sweet expression of satisfaction. She took his flowers, and thanked him for them, and for coming to see her.

Soon they got on the only topic she cared for, and in the course of this second conversation he took her into his confidence, and told her he owed every thing to Dr. Staines. "I was on the wrong road altogether, and he put me right. To tell you the truth, I used to disobey him now and then while he was alive, and I was always the worse for it; now he is gone I never disobey him. I

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have written down a lot of wise, kind things he said to me, and I never go against any one of them. I call it my book of oracles. Dear me, I might have brought it with me."

"Oh yes; why didn't you?" rather reproachfully.

"I will bring it next time."

"Pray do."

Then she looked at him with her lovely swimming eyes, and said, tenderly, "And so here is another that disobeyed him living, but obeys him dead. What will you think when I tell you that I, his wife, who now worship him when it is too late, often thwarted and vexed him when he was alive?"

"No, no. He told me you were an angel, and I believe it."

"An angel! a good-for-nothing, foolish woman—who sees every thing too late."

"Nobody else should say so before me," said the little gentleman, grandly. "I shall take *his* word before yours on this one subject. If ever there was an angel you are one, and oh! what would I give if I could but say or do any thing in the world to comfort you!"

"You can do nothing for *me*, dear, but come and see me often, and talk to me as you do—on the one sad theme my broken heart has room for."

This invitation delighted Lord Tadcaster, and the sweet word "dear" from her lovely lips entered his heart, and ran through all his veins like some rapturous but dangerous elixir. He did not say to himself, "She is a widow with a child, feels old with grief, and looks on me as a boy who has been kind to her." Such prudence and wariness were hardly to be expected from his age. He had admired her at first sight, very nearly loved her at their first interview, and now this sweet word opened a heavenly vista. The generous heart that beat in his small frame burned to console her with a life-long devotion and all the sweet offices of love.

He ordered his yacht to Gravesend—for he had become a sailor—and then he called on Mrs. Staines, and told her, with a sort of sheepish cunning, that now as his yacht *happened* to be at Gravesend, he could come and see her very often. He watched her timidly to see how she would take that proposition.

She said, with the utmost simplicity, "I'm very glad of it."

Then he produced his oracles; and she devoured them. Such precepts to Tadcaster as she could apply to her own case she instantly noted in her memory, and they became her law from that moment.

Then in her simplicity she said, "And I will show you some things in his own handwriting that may be good for you: but I can't show you the whole book; some of it is sacred from every eye but his wife's. His wife's? Ah me! his widow's."

Then she pointed out passages in the diary that she thought might be for his good; and he nestled to her side, and followed her white finger with loving eyes, and was in an Elysium—which she would certainly have put a stop to at that time had she divined it. But all wisdom does not come at once to an unguarded woman. Rosa Staines was wiser about her husband than she had been, but she had plenty to learn.

Lord Tadcaster anchored off Gravesend, and visited Mrs. Staines nearly every day. She received him with a pleasure that was not at all lively, but quite undisguised. He could not doubt his welcome; for once, when he came, she said to the servant, "Not at home," a plain proof she did not wish his visit to be cut short by any one else.

And so these visits and devoted attentions of every kind went on unobserved by Lord Tadcaster's friends, because Rosa would never go out, even with him; but, at last, Mr. Lusignan saw plainly how this would end, unless he interfered.

Well, he did not interfere; on the contrary, he was careful to avoid putting his daughter on her guard. He said to himself, "Lord Tadcaster does her good. I'm afraid she would not marry him, if he was to ask her now; but in time she might. She likes him a great deal better than any one else."

As for Philip, he was abroad for his own health, somewhat impaired by his long and faithful attendance on Rosa.

So now Lord Tadcaster was in constant attendance on Rosa. She was languid, but gentle and kind; and, as mourners, like invalids, are apt to be egotistical, she saw nothing but that he was a comfort to her in her affliction.

While matters were so, the Earl of Miltshire, who had long been sinking, died, and Tadcaster succeeded to his honors and estates.

Rosa heard of it, and, thinking it was a great bereavement, wrote him one of those exquisite letters of condolence a lady alone can write. He took it to Lady Cicely, and showed it to her. She highly approved it.

He said, "The only thing—it makes me ashamed I do not feel my poor father's death more; but, you know, it has been so long expected." Then he was silent a long time; and then he asked her if such a woman as that would not make him happy, if he could win her.

It was on her ladyship's tongue to say, "She did not make her first happy;" but she forbore, and said, coldly, that was maw than she could say.

Tadcaster seemed disappointed by that, and by-and-by Cicely took herself to task. She asked herself what were Tadcaster's chances in the lottery of wives. The heavy

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army of scheming mothers, and the light cavalry of artful daughters, rose before her cousinly and disinterested eyes, and she asked herself what chance poor little Tadcaster would have of catching a true love, with a hundred female artists manœuvring, wheeling, ambuscading, and charging upon his wealth and titles. She returned to the subject of her own accord, and told him she saw but one objection to such a match: the lady had a son by a man of rare merit and misfortune. Could he, at his age, undertake to be a father to that son? "Othahwise," said Lady Cicely, "maak my words, you will quall over that poor child; and you will have two to quall with, because I shall be on her side."

Tadcaster declared to her that the child should be quite the opposite of a bone of contention. "I have thought of that," said he, "and I mean to be so kind to that boy, I shall *make* her love me for that."

On these terms Lady Cicely gave her consent.

Then he asked her should he write, or ask her in person.

Lady Cicely reflected. "If you write, I think she will say no."

"But if I go?"

"Then it will depend on how you do it. Rosa Staines is a true mourner. Whatever you may think, I don't believe the idea of a second union has ever entered her head. But then she is very unselfish: and she likes you better than any one else, I dare say. I don't think your title or your money will weigh with her now. But, if you show her your happiness depends on it, she may perhaps cry and sob at the very idea of it, and then, after all, say, 'Well, why not—if I can make the poor soul happy?'"

So, on this advice, Tadcaster went down to Gravesend, and Lady Cicely felt a certain self-satisfaction; for her well-meant interference having lost Rosa one husband, she was pleased to think she had done something to give her another.

Lord Tadcaster came to Rosa Staines; he found her seated with her head upon her white hand, thinking sadly of the past.

At sight of him in deep mourning she started, and said, "Oh!"

Then she said, tenderly, "We are of one color now," and gave him her hand.

He sat down beside her, not knowing how to begin.

"I am not Tadcaster now. I am Earl of Miltshire."

"Ah, yes; I forgot," said she, indifferently.

"This is my first visit to any one in that character."

"Thank you."

"It is an awfully important visit to me. I could not feel myself independent, and able to secure your comfort and little Christie's, without coming to the lady, the only lady I ever saw, that—oh, Mrs. Staines—Rosa—who could see you as I have done—mingle his tears with yours as I have done, and not love you, and long to offer you his love?"

"Love! to me, a broken-hearted woman, with nothing to live for but his memory and his child!"

She looked at him with a sort of scared amazement.

"His child shall be mine. His memory is almost as dear to me as to you."

"Nonsense, child, nonsense!" said she, almost sternly.

"Was he not my best friend? Should I have the health I enjoy, or even be alive, but for him? Oh, Mrs. Staines—Rosa, you will not live all your life unmarried; and who will love you as I do? You are my first and only love; my happiness depends on you."

"Your happiness depend on me! Heaven forbid—a woman of my age, that feels so old, old, old."

"You are not old: you are young, and sad, and beautiful, and my happiness depends on you." She began to tremble a little. Then he kneeled at her knees, and implored her, and his hot tears fell upon the hand she put out to stop him, while she turned her head away, and the tears began to run.

Oh! never can the cold dissecting pen tell what rushes over the heart that has loved and lost, when another true love first kneels and implores for love, or pity, or any thing the bereaved can give.

RUSSIAN POLICY IN ASIA.

BY THOMAS W. KNOX.

IT is less than three hundred years since the Russian power crossed the Ural Mountains and penetrated Asia. Up to the middle of the sixteenth century the Volga River formed the eastern boundary of the empire, and between that stream and the Urals there lay Kasan, Viatka, and Perm, under Tartar domination, and forming part of the so-called Golden Horde, or Kiptchak Khanate. For two hundred years the khanate had menaced the safety of the Czar and his dominions, and on more than one occasion its cavalry had pushed its expeditions to the very walls of Moscow, and laid waste large areas of fertile land. Kasan was the stronghold whence the armies of the khanate issued, and the Russians regarded with a covetous eye this fair city of the East. Czar Ivan the Terrible determined to capture it, and marshaled his forces accordingly. Crushing opposition, he pressed forward, and at length laid siege to Kasan. The Tartars resisted, but the superior arms and dogged determination of the Russians prevailed. A practicable breach was made in the walls, an assault was ordered, and the citadel was stormed. The Russian loss was severe, and at one moment the assailants wavered and

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fell back. A second time they came forward, and, fighting bravely, carried the works, and added Kasan to the empire. With the fall of the city the khanate submitted to the Czar, and the crown of the kingdom of Kasan was carried in triumph to Moscow, and added to the trophies in the treasury of the Muscovite government. To-day the traveler who visits the treasury in the Kremlin of Moscow may see this captured crown side by side with the crowns of Astrakhan and Poland. In the *Kazansky Sobor*, or Church of Kasan, in St. Petersburg, he may see the miraculous picture which was borne in front of the troops at the storming of the citadel, and which—as the orthodox Russian will tell you—converted defeat into victory, and gave an infidel city to the hands of those whose religion came from Bethlehem through the meek and lowly Nazarene.

Ivan IV. was justly surnamed the Terrible. He possessed the ferocity of a wild beast, and on the slightest caprice would condemn his subjects to death. In a single year sixty thousand men were killed by his orders, many of them by the most cruel tortures. One of his favorite amusements was to bend down two small and supple trees by the united strength of half a hundred men, so that the tops of the trees would be brought together at the ground. The victim would then be led forward, and his feet would be fastened, the right to one of the trees, and the left to the other. At a signal the restraining pressure would be removed, and the elasticity of the wood swung the man into the air, where he was generally torn in two. Burning at the stake, tearing the flesh with hot pincers, roasting in ovens, and the like, were among the jovial fancies of this Muscovite ruler; and to show that he had no fastidious fondness for his blood-relations, he murdered with his own hand his son Ivan, who had been a sharer in his pastimes and cruelties. A modern jury might acquit him of any intentional crime, as he professed repentance and sorrow for what he had done, and in his old age determined to enter a convent—a pious and praiseworthy resolution, which death prevented him from fulfilling. Despite his cruelties, he did more for the greatness and glory of Russia than any of his predecessors, and it was in consequence of his cruelties that his country began that career of conquest in Asia which is still progressing, and has led to one of the most important political questions of the day.

An unjust tax and conscription were made upon the Cossacks of the Don, and a portion of them determined to flee rather than submit. Under the guidance of Yermak Timofayeff, their *hetman* (chief), they crossed the Volga River and passed beyond the Ural Mountains. They wished to settle in Kasan, but the Czar pursued them relentlessly, and they had no alternative other than a refuge in Asia. It was in 1581 that Yermak led his followers—less than a thousand in number—beyond the Urals and into that wide area where flow the Obi and the Irtish. They subjugated the Tartar inhabitants wherever they met them, and on the banks of the Irtish erected a fort on the site of a Tartar village which bore the name of "Sibeer." The fort was called Siberia, and from that fort the whole of Northern Asia received the name it now bears. The Cossacks gave the captured country to their Czar, and in return they received a pardon for their old misdeeds. Ivan sent a patent of nobility and a suit of armor to Yermak. The Cossack freebooter was delighted with this mark of esteem, and the day after its reception he went on a spree. Dressed in his iron garments, and in a state of intoxication, he attempted to swim the Irtish, and his effort resulted in a funeral a few days later, at which the conqueror of Siberia was the object of deep grief and warm eulogy.

From the time of Yermak Russia has not halted in her career of Asiatic conquest. So rapidly did she push forward that her flag dominated nearly five million square miles of territory in less than seventy years from the founding of the fort on the Irtish. The banner of the Black Eagle was borne northward to the shores of the frozen ocean, along the valleys of the Obi, the Yenisei, and the Lena; it floated where the waters of the Okhotsk Sea kiss the base of the Stanovoi Mountains, and open their broad gateway to the Pacific; it waved on the banks of the Amoor, along whose parent streams the Mongol shepherds wander, and was held aloft on the plain where Gengis-Khan, the conqueror of Persia and Cathay, first saw the light, and fancied he heard heavenly voices calling him to conquest and a career of glory. Southward to the Altai Mountains it was carried, and from the summits of those lofty peaks it hung menacingly toward Central Asia, as the northern winds impelled it. The indomitable Russian will sustained it, and wherever it was planted its supporters were determined to remain. Northward there were only scattered tribes, who could offer but a feeble resistance; eastward there were the Chinese, and the rulers of the Celestial Empire early saw the impending danger. To expel the Russians from the Amoor they sent a large army, and after an obstinate struggle, in which the Chinese were twice forced to retire, they gained their point by a treaty, and compelled the Russians to depart from the places where they had established forts and planted fields of wheat and corn. For a hundred and fifty years the Russian advance in that direction was stopped, but it was renewed in 1854, when a Russian expedition seized the Amoor and

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held it by main force until diplomacy, skillfully following the Chinese reverses in the war with France and England, secured by treaty what had been taken without warrant of law. The Russian eye is fixed on Mongolia; portions of it have fallen into Russian hands, and other portions will be taken with each succeeding decade, until the whole, or all that is worth taking, has been seized. Manifest destiny is apparent in the Russian maps of Eastern Siberia. On all these maps, published in the last ten years, Mongolia is delineated with more than ordinary care, and it is evident that the compiler intended to save the expense and trouble of new editions at frequent intervals. His work was performed for the future, not for the present, and judging by the rapid progress of events, the future for which he labored is not a distant one.

Russian progress in Central Asia has been even more rapid than in the eastern part of the continent. Central Asia is considered more important than Manchooria and the plains of Gobi, and the Muscovite eye is more firmly set upon it. The conquest of the Amoor was undertaken without imperial orders, or rather the preparations were made and every thing was ready before the government at St. Petersburg was aware of the state of affairs. I may be permitted to digress a little to tell the story of these preliminaries, as an illustration of the way things are done in Russia.

In 1848 General Nicholas Mouravieff was sent to Eastern Siberia with the commission of governor-general. He was a man of great energy and daring; whatever he desired he generally obtained, and was not likely to be deterred from his undertaking by any ordinary obstacles. It was then nearly a century and a half since the expulsion of the Russians from the Amoor, and as General Mouravieff looked around for something to do he concluded that the conquest of the great river would be the neat thing. He made a requisition for arms and ammunition, he mobilized the Cossacks under his command, gathered supplies at the head of navigation on the Ingoda—one of the two rivers that form the Amoor—constructed two steamers and a large number of flat-boats, and, in fact, prepared for a campaign. When nearly every thing was ready he wrote to the emperor that he could occupy the Amoor without difficulty, and probably without opposition, and that an important addition could be made to Asiatic Russia. Mouravieff understood his man: Nicholas then occupied the throne, and his spirit was charmed with the proposal of his Siberian viceroy. He called a cabinet-council; the measure met with prompt approval of the cabinet, and Mouravieff was told to go ahead. He did so, and the result was the complete occupation of the valley of the Amoor without bloodshed. When I ascended the Amoor a Russian companion, who was in Mouravieff's expedition, told me that there was something very ludicrous in the contact of the Russian with the Chinese troops. "There was a Chinese guard," said he, "at the mouth of the Ingoda. When our first boat approached the point the commander of the guard waved his hand and ordered the boat to return. No attention was paid to his command; we kept on as if nothing had happened, and he continued to shout to us till we were out of hearing. He did the same thing when the second and every other boat appeared. All he did was to shout and command us, under penalty of death, to go back; and the same thing occurred at every Chinese guard station and garrison post from that place to the sea. Not a shot was fired on either side, and we had strict orders not to provoke a collision. They continued that sort of farce for two years, and then, probably in consequence of orders from Pekin, gave it up."

It is in consequence of this halting, hesitating policy of the Chinese that the Russians have been able to encroach so much upon their territory. Let a Chinese scouting party cross the Mongolian frontier and invade the Muscovite territory, it would speedily come to grief. The nearest Cossack commander would summon them to surrender, and would precede—not follow—the summons with a volley of rifle-balls. Then he would send a report to his superior, and await orders for his future action. Let a Russian force make a similar invasion of Mongolian soil, the Chinese commander would simply order the invaders back, and if they paid no attention to his command he would report their outrageous conduct to the proper officials. Chinese red tape is broad and long, and before any action could be taken it would be necessary to hear from the *tsun-le-yamun* of the province, and no orders could be sent thence without an approval from Pekin. Meantime the Russians would do as they pleased: if they were on a scouting expedition, they would end it and be at home again before the order came for their extermination; and if they were bent on colonizing the country, they would build a fort, put in a crop of grain, lay out a town, sell corner lots, erect a church, and start a cemetery before the Chinese made up their minds what to do. The Russians understand the value of time, and the Chinese do not; hence the easy triumph of the former over the latter.

When it comes to diplomacy the Russian is at home in dealing with the Oriental. To begin with, he is about half Asiatic by nature, and long experience has made him perfect enough for all practical purposes, not to speak of many unpractical ones. Patience and perseverance are eminently nec-

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essary in dealing with an Asiatic, and where a delicate matter is to be negotiated you can not be too cautious in selecting a negotiator. Set an American or an Englishman to work on a thing of this sort with a Chinese, and he would be in danger of spoiling the whole business by his bluntness. But confide it to a Russian, and you can feel pretty certain that he will come out of it with flying colors. The Russians are so accustomed to the roundabout way of doing business that they carry it into nearly every thing, and if an American wishes to deal with them successfully he must bottle up his impatience, and never under any circumstances seem to be in a hurry. When two Russian merchants are about to conduct a purchase or sale, they begin by swallowing half a dozen cups of tea, smoking a score or so of cigarettes, talking about the weather, the crops, their families, their neighbors, and in this way they edge up to the subject which is uppermost in their minds. If you want to buy a dog, you must begin by pretending that you want to sell a cat with a litter of kittens; the other party does not want any feline property, nor does he know any body who would accept it. At this stage of the conversation you may venture to hint your desires in the dog line, and after more tea, or something stronger, and more cigarettes, you can conclude the negotiations.

At Irkutsk I wanted to buy a sleigh for a journey westward, and hearing of a man who had one for sale, I went to see it. A Russian acquaintance went with me, and after an introduction to the merchant we sat down in his parlor to drink a glass of *nalifka*, a sort of home-made cordial analogous to currant wine, though somewhat stronger. We drank nalifka at least half an hour before we touched upon the topic of business, and it was introduced very gingerly by my companion, who ventured to remark the deep sorrow that had fallen upon him in consequence of my prospective departure from Irkutsk. Then we took another drink, and it was hinted that I could not leave without a vehicle of some sort. This axiomatic proposition required moistening like its predecessor, and so, step by step, we went on for a quarter of an hour, drinks alternating with hints, and hints with drinks, until we took another drink, and went into the yard to look at the sleigh. We had a fresh glass of nalifka when we returned from the yard, and another and another as the talk went on, until by the time the business was ended, and I had paid over the money, my unaccustomed head was whirling like a rifle-ball, and I would have found it difficult to see any difference between a sleigh and a side-wheel steamboat. My companion assured me that if we had gone at it in the blunt American way we would have spoiled the whole affair, and I should have been compelled to look elsewhere for a vehicle.

Whatever the Russian takes he holds, unless Fortune frowns upon him in her darkest way. Step by step he has advanced in Central Asia without retreating, and steppe after steppe he has taken and never relinquished. When the Tartars marched westward, under Gengis-Khan, seven hundred years ago, they formed settlements along the route, and planted fields of grain at each and every settlement. Their conquest gained in this way a permanent character, and they made their armies in a measure self-sustaining. The Russians conduct their warfare in much the same way; and when they have taken a position, they construct a fort, and start a farming settlement under its protection. All the Siberian Cossacks are mobilized, not the men alone, but the women, children, cattle, dogs, cats, and household furniture. When the Amoor Valley was occupied it was necessary to people it. Whole villages were ordered to move from the province of the trans-Baikal to the Amoor; every thing that could be transported was piled upon rafts and floated down the great river. When the destination, previously selected, was reached, a new village, with the same number of houses, the same inhabitants, and occupying the same relative positions, would spring up in place of the old one a thousand miles away. The government would pay the expense of transportation and that of new houses, and would indemnify the settlers for their loss by the abandonment of immobile property. A Cossack population can be moved at the will of the ruler, but a peasant one can not. When General Mouravieff made his plans for the conquest of the Amoor, he found that the population of the trans-Baikal province was mainly a peasant one; and in order to facilitate business, he asked, and obtained, an imperial ukase converting all the trans-Baikalians into Cossacks. This sort of thing can be done in Russia easier than in America. Suppose our government should attempt to move the population of Iowa into Dakota in order to make the latter wilderness blossom like a sunflower, wouldn't there be a precious row about it?

This is just what has been done in the Russian advance into Central Asia. During the reign of Catherine II., of blessed though somewhat scandalous memory, one of the governors of Siberia persuaded that estimable lady to give him all the conscripts of a single year instead of sending them into the army. He settled them with their families in villages through the Barabinskaia Steppe, and converted the whole lot of them into Cossacks. They made a line of forts on the southern edge of the steppe, and in the course of a dozen years or more a second line a hundred or more miles further south.

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Whenever a new strip of territory was obtained from the Tartars, as they are erroneously called, a new line of forts was built, new villages were founded, new fields were planted, and the new frontier was fringed with settlements of an apparently permanent character. The Cossacks were quite as much in the service of the government when engaged in agriculture as when fighting in the field; in fact, they were more so, for the reason that the most of the Russian advances were made without bloodshed, and the villages of the soldier-farmers were of more consequence in the work of conquest than the forts, where they could rally in case of trouble.

In union there is strength, especially when the union is fortified by a fixed policy. Russia, great, populous, despotic, and diplomatic, was matched against the independent tribes and khanates of Central Asia, and it is easy to see what an immense advantage was held by the Black Eagle. Independent tribes are constantly liable to become unfriendly to each other, especially where there are loose notions in regard to property. The Tartars are more or less migratory in their habits; they are a pastoral people, and their wealth is mainly in cattle, sheep, and horses. Their migratory habits arise from the necessity of finding suitable pasturage for their flocks and herds, which are frequently of immense extent. The Kirghese, who formerly occupied and controlled nearly all of that part of Western Siberia south of and including the Barabinskaïa Steppe, are accustomed to pass their winters in some of the sheltered valleys of the Altai Mountains, where the snows are light, and the violence of the *bourans*, or wind-storms, is broken. In summer they descend to the valleys in the plain or undulating country, and frequently during the warm season they are obliged to change their locality. When the grass is eaten they move to an untouched spot, and when the fresh lot of grass is devoured they move again. Their troubles arise generally from two causes—disputes about the right to certain rich pastures, and raids made for thieving purposes. The Russians are constantly on the watch for any of these quarrels, and are not averse to helping them on. When two tribes are in dispute, the nearest Russian commander magnanimously offers his aid to the weaker. If it is accepted, he sends a company of Cossacks to the Kirghese leader whom he has taken under his wing, and then, partly by persuasion and partly by threat, he obtains a compromise of the difficulties, and puts the two tribes on their good behavior. The Tartar chief is delighted with his ally, and congratulates himself on the service he has obtained at no apparent cost. Now, to his surprise, he finds that the Russian does not manifest a disposition to go away, but, on the contrary, is willing to stay there permanently, and proceeds to build a fort. He—the Kirghese—discovers that if the Russian departs, his Kirghese rival will be ready to show fight, and take revenge for his humiliation. There is no alternative; the Russian must remain to save his ally from annihilation; for has he not come magnanimously and shrewdly to the aid of the weak against the strong? and if he goes away the strong will make things decidedly uncomfortable for the weak. He is not exacting and extravagant in his demands; he only wants a place for a fort, and some land around where he can raise a few cereals and keep his droves of horses and cattle. He makes no interference with the religion, laws, manners, and customs of the natives; he allows them to do as they please, and go and come when they like. His yoke is easy, but it is well secured, and in due course of events the tribe becomes Russian, and the territory it occupies floats the Muscovite banner.

In this way Russia has appropriated area after area of Asiatic soil, and remains on good terms with the original inhabitants. Her rule in newly conquered countries is never oppressive, as she knows very well how oppression leads to discontent and revolt. England and most of the nations of Western Europe would insist upon the introduction of their religion, but Russia, however earnest she may be in the cause of the Church, is too practical to be fanatical when dealing with Asiatics. In every part of Siberia one may see the natives worshiping God after the dictates of their own consciences, and their places of worship are never disturbed by the invader. I have seen in Siberia the mosque, the temple, and the church side by side, and the words of the muezzin calling the followers of Mohammed to prayer and praise mingle with the notes of the bells which assemble Christians for similar duty. The Polish exiles in Siberia, mostly Catholics, have their own priests and churches, the latter built and the former paid by the government, and among the Siberian peasants a Catholic church is invariably called Polish, while a Lutheran one is known as German. On a single avenue of the Russian capital you can pass in succession the churches of the Greek, the Armenian, the Lutheran, the Catholic, and the Episcopal faith. In Moscow, Kasan, and other cities formerly under Tartar rule you can find the mosque rising in all its glory and independence, and will see that the architecture of many of the Greek churches is wonderfully like that of the Orient. The holy men among the Mohammedan, Buddhist, and pagan subjects of the emperor receive the concessions granted to the priests of the Established Church, and in some localities they are partly paid by the government. The Asiatic is fanatical about his

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religion, and would fight for it quicker than for any thing else—in many instances he has little if any thing else to fight for, and naturally may be expected to make the most of it. Russia has never deviated from her policy of making no interference with the religion of the people she conquers, and it is to this policy that she owes the possession today of many thousands of miles of land and thousands of loyal subjects.

The process of making a subject of a native heretofore independent is worthy of consideration. I had several opportunities to observe it, and was struck with its simplicity and effectiveness. No oath of allegiance is administered, and most of the novitiates would not understand it if it were attempted. The man is required to pay a yearly *yessak*, or tax (this is the requirement of every citizen of Russia from Behring Strait to the Baltic Sea), and when the tax is paid he is a citizen with all rights and privileges. In the settled portions of Russia the tax is generally in money, but the rule is very flexible. On the shores of the Arctic Ocean, and all through the aboriginal country in the extreme north, the *yessak* consists of one fox-skin. In Kamtchatka it was formerly one sable-skin, but since the advance in the price of the fur, and the decrease in the number of sables, one skin is taken for every four persons, who arrange the division among themselves. On the Kolyma River and on the Amoor the tax may be paid in fish, and the same is the case in other localities. The Kirghese pay in sheep and horses, these animals being legal tender in their region just as furs and fish are legal tender in the other localities I have mentioned. Don't smile, for it is really the case that such things circulate in place of money. At Kolymsk, on the Kolyma River, the government has established a savings-bank, not for money, but for dried fish. The *staroста*, or head-man of the town, is president, cashier, and secretary of the concern, and it is managed on the general plan of American savings-banks, with this difference, that every man is compelled to put a certain amount on deposit every summer, so as to provide against want during the winter.

I am reminded of a joke by a companion of mine, while we were traveling in the south of Russia. We were horribly annoyed by the fleas; they punctured our skins till we looked like animated nutmeg graters, and used to feed upon us with the greatest constancy. I was telling my friend about this mode of paying taxes. He was silent a minute or so, while scratching various parts of his body, and then said, with considerable emphasis, "These people ought to pay their taxes in fleas, as they have plenty of them, and nothing could be found that would circulate more rapidly."

Had this been the case, I don't think the government could have employed better tax-collectors than ourselves, as we found it impossible to be rid of the pests until we got out of the flea-haunted country.

The payment of the *yessak* is necessary before a native can trade at any of the posts or fairs throughout Siberia—that is, if he is a resident of the country claimed by Russia. When a fair is opened there is always a government official on hand to collect the tax, and with an eye to the interests of his ruler, he selects the very best article of the kind in which the *yessak* is paid. There is a pleasant fiction that the fox or sable skin is sent directly to the emperor, and is worn by him in person. Many a native of Siberia thus solemnly believes, and sometimes, moved by loyalty and rum, he sends a present, in addition to the tax, to his sovereign. The present generally consists of a valuable skin, and as the collector receives it he kindly remarks that he "hopes the emperor may get it."

Nearly all the tribes that have thus been added to Russia, and have become her subjects, have been benefited by the change. They have the advantages of commerce; they are protected against their more powerful neighbors, and are enabled to live at peace with every body. Few of them would wish to return to their ancient condition, and their relations with their rulers are rarely otherwise than harmonious. As Russia advances she establishes commerce, creates new wants among the people, and affords the means of supplying them, and shows in various ways that friendship with her is advantageous. The merchant accompanies her armies, and is protected and encouraged, though he is sometimes rather oppressively black-mailed by the commander or his subordinates. As the Russian flag has been carried southward, where the people are less nomadic, more powerful, and more fanatical than the Kirghese hordes, the policy has varied slightly according to the exigencies of each case, but only slightly. And this brings me to the more recent events in Bokhara and Khiva.

In the manner already described, that portion of Asia south of the Barabinskaia Steppe down to about latitude 45° was slowly absorbed by Russia. Intrigue was steadily kept up with the countries east of the Caspian Sea, and as a means of facilitating this intrigue concessions were sought which should permit Russian merchants to penetrate to all parts of the coveted territory. The commerce with these regions is conducted by means of caravans, which come annually, and sometimes semi-annually, from Central Asia to four distinct points in the Russian dominions. These points are Orenburg, in latitude 51° 46′ north, longitude 55° 4′ 45″ east; Troitsk, latitude 54° north,

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longitude 61° 20′ east; Petropaulovski, latitude 54° 30′ north, longitude 69° east; and Semipalatinsk, latitude 50° 30′ north, longitude 80° east. Orenburg is the most westerly of these places, and is nearest to the great annual fair of Nijni-Novgorod. The caravans arrive at Orenburg, or attempt to arrive, in season for the transportation of goods to the fair. From Khiva to Orenburg the ordinary caravan time is about thirty days. Bokhara is sixty days' journey from Orenburg, and the route for a part of the way is the same to both places. The merchandise brought by the caravans consists of wool and woolen goods, silks, raw cotton, manufactures of leather, and a variety of dried fruits and preserves. Great numbers of horses and vast flocks of sheep are driven to Orenburg, where the horses are sold, and the sheep are skinned for their wool and hides, and melted for their tallow, the rest of the carcass being thrown away. Much of the Russian tallow that comes to this country has walked the plains of Central Asia, and the same is the case with Russian wool. The cotton-plant came originally from Central Asia, whence it has been distributed throughout the globe, and some writers say that it first became known to Western merchants at Khotan, an Asiatic city, once possessing great commercial importance, but now in a state of decline. One of the old chroniclers (Sir John Mandeville) draws the long-bow about the cotton-plant, which he described as the *boranez*, or sheep-tree. "It grows," said he, "upon the hill-sides, and sometimes becomes tall like a small tree. It produces wool, and has eyes, ears, and horns. When it is disturbed it utters a sound that is often mistaken for the bleating of a lamb." What a lovely liar was this same Sir John Mandeville!

More goods are brought to Orenburg than to the other three points I have mentioned. The arrival of a caravan there makes a busy scene. The broad but badly paved streets are full of people, camels, horses, sheep, bales, bundles, dogs, dirt, and stenches; the Orient jostles the Occident; the Moslem utters his prayers to Allah side by side with the Russian, who seeks the favor of the same Divine power; there is a babel of tongues that might confuse the greatest linguist of the century; and there is the sound and bustle of the traffic of a whole year concentrated into a few days. If the weather is dry, there are clouds of dust that fill and thicken the air, and hang like a pall over the city; and if rains have fallen, there is a sea of mud, in which men and animals wade, and occasionally sink. The range of the thermometer is great, and the changes are sudden: a blast to-day, hot as the sirocco, may come from the Turcoman steppes in the south, while to-morrow may bring a gale from the north laden with the glacial chill of the frozen ocean. The kneeling camels alternate with restless and half-wild horses, and quite frequently there is a commotion among the animals, resulting in damage to property, and a general volley of profanity in the combined languages of the East and West. Costumes may be studied along with manners and habits. The Bokhariot, with his flowing and loose-sleeved robe, stands in converse with the Armenian, with his conical cap and wide trowsers, and the Russian, with his lower garments of European pattern, and his caftan, which reminds you very forcibly of an Ulster overcoat. Cossack policemen wander through the crowd, and keep a sharp eye on those who may be thieves or disturbers of the peace. In the open square which forms the market-place there are huge piles of merchandise waiting to be received in the warehouses, or transported to the fair at Nijni. On rare occasions a traveler from Western Europe may be seen, attracting attention by the strangeness of his dress, and sometimes by the open-mouthed curiosity which he manifests.

The fairs of Russia are arranged at different periods, so as to accommodate the merchants who wish to travel from place to place. That of Nijni-Novgorod, the greatest in the world, and having an annual trade of three hundred millions of dollars, opens on the 1st of July (O. S.; 13th, N. S.), and lasts sixty days. Three months earlier there is a smaller fair at Orenburg, so that goods may be bought there and sent to Nijni. In January there is a great fair at Irbit, in the Ural Mountains. I have reason to remember this fair, as I was delayed and vexed and several times overturned by the hundreds of sleds and sleighs on the Barabinskaïa Steppe, carrying goods to Irbit. A fortnight after the fair at Irbit there is one at Minalinsk—which likewise inconvenienced me in traveling—and so they go on throughout the year at various places, all having reference to the great fair at Nijni. The arrivals of the caravans at Troitsk, Petropaulovski, and Semipalatinsk are timed with reference to the fairs, and the scenes are much like that I have described at Orenburg, though on a smaller scale.

In the course of time Russian merchants were allowed to penetrate Central Asia. The most intelligent of them were required to report all that they saw and learned, and on frequent occasions Russian officers in the guise of merchants were detailed to visit all the principal cities. In this way the government obtained ample information, and was able to know with sufficient accuracy the military strength of each khanate, the character of its ruler, the topography of the country, its resources, natural and artificial defenses, and, in fact, every thing necessary either for a war or an intrigue. The latter was always preferred, and it seemed

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the fate of the Asiatics to be in perpetual quarrels that greatly favored the Russian schemes. Now the Emir of Bokhara was at war with Khokan, next there would be trouble between Khiva and Bokhara, and again Khokan and Khiva would be at each other's ears. Unruly sons made unpleasant family jars, and subordinate heads of tribes were constantly in revolt. Not a year passed without expeditions of some sort, and frequently there might be a dozen of them in as many months. The ruler might go out to chastise a refractory neighbor, leaving his son or brother as regent during his absence. Every thing would be serene at his departure, but on his return, especially if he came back defeated, he would very likely find the gates of his city closed against him, and the regent converted into an actual ruler. Sometimes a commander would go over to the enemy, and sometimes the enemy would go over to him. Assassination was not uncommon, and occasionally an ambitious son, tired of waiting for his father to die, would administer poison to the old gentleman, or insert a knife into his jugular vein. Every occupant of or heir to a throne was anxious to achieve the fame of Gengis-Khan or Timour, and become a "World Conqueror," and was rarely fastidious about the means of achieving it. And so it went on year after year, and the wily Muscovite watched his opportunities, and never neglected to embrace them too.

In 1826 there died at Bokhara (city) Emir Said, and immediately after his death his son Husein ascended the throne, and became khan. His younger brother Nasrullah was ambitious of honor, and so he caused Husein to be poisoned, after a reign of less than three months. Another brother, Omar, came into the field as a claimant, naturally thinking that he had as good a right to steal a throne as any body else. Nasrullah captured Samarcand, and then marched upon Bokhara, which he besieged and took. Omar fled to Khokan, where he died of cholera soon after. Nasrullah was determined to have peace, and so he executed in cold blood three of his younger brothers and a great number of the adherents of his former rivals. This was sufficient to secure the quiet which he so much desired, and he announced that he was determined to follow in the footsteps of his father—whom, by-the-way, he was suspected of having poisoned—and make the happiness of his subjects and the strict supervision of religious observances the great object of his life. He was a pious old scoundrel, and while indulging in the greatest atrocities he always prated about his love of Islamism and his reverence for the Prophet of God. He made his ministers faithful to him by helping them to amass fortunes, but as soon as they had gained a sufficient amount of this world's goods he ordered them to be beheaded, and appropriated the property to himself. He was a model family man, as he had a facetious practice of murdering his wives whenever he tired of them, and consequently was not regarded as a "good catch" in the matrimonial line. He kept a secret police so numerous and so watchful that nobody dared say any thing against him to his most intimate friend, and it is said that at one time a man dared not even think any thing except good of the emir. He had all the vices that were ever possessed by any ruler since the days of Adam in any country on the face of the globe, and the story of his indulgences would hardly be suited to the pages of any modern publication. Those who offended him were burned in ovens, flayed alive, flung from towers, or otherwise disposed of. One of his favorite entertainments was to bind a victim hand and foot, and then throw him into a cell or box which contained many thousands of sheep-ticks. The sufferings of the poor wretch would be horrible beyond description.

It was while Nasrullah occupied the throne that Russia, having absorbed the wide region between Bokhara and the valleys of the Obi and Yenisei, made her appearance on the borders of his territory. While occupied in the most disgraceful profligacy and tyranny, Nasrullah had been constantly at war—now with Khiva, now with Khokan, and now with various tribes and divisions of his own subjects. Though no man in his reach dared breathe a word against him, his power had been greatly weakened, and his subjects were discontented with his rule. He had sent several expeditions against Khokan, and though some of them were successful, the majority were defeated or given up through treachery.

While one of the expeditions was returning defeated from Khokan, and another from Khiva, Nasrullah heard that the Russian outposts were on the right bank of the Jaxartes, a river forming the northern boundary of Bokhara, and flowing into the Aral Sea. Russia had several times attempted to negotiate with him, and had sent embassadors with valuable presents, but in every case he treated the embassadors with disrespect, and sometimes threw them into prison. Two English embassadors, Colonel Stoddart and Captain Connolly, went to Bokhara, and were murdered by the emir, the former after four years' imprisonment, during which he was frequently tortured, and the latter, more fortunate, after an imprisonment of about a year. Stoddart was at one time promised his freedom if he would accept Islamism, and to save his life he consented. But the treacherous emir continued to torture him, and on the 17th of June, 1842, according to the account given by M. Arminius Vámbéry, the two victims were

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ordered out for execution in the open square of Bokhara.

First the head of Stoddart was struck off. Then the executioner paused before Connolly, and the emir told him his life would be spared if he would embrace the faith of Islam. "No," said Connolly; "I prefer to die. Stoddart became a Mohammedan, and still you have executed him. Complete your work."

As Nasrullah advanced in years he seems to have become more blood-thirsty than in his youth, if such a thing were possible. He fancied that conspiracies were going on around him, and consequently he doomed hundreds to death. While in his last illness news reached him that his brother-in-law, who had long been in open revolt, had captured one of his fortresses. Hardly able to speak, he commanded that his wife should be brought to his bedside. She begged for mercy, but the dying tyrant could not be moved. With his last words he ordered that she should be beheaded, and he drew his final breath while gazing on the blood which flowed from her headless trunk. He died in 1860, after a reign of thirty-four years.

The Russian advance into Khokan and Bokhara began with the unfurling of the flag of the Black Eagle on the banks of the Jaxartes in 1839. General Peroffsky commanded the operations in that quarter, and was evidently instructed to make haste slowly and surely. No great advance was made for two or three years, but a fort was built on the banks of the Aral Sea, and several strong positions were secured. Most of this region was nominally or really ruled by Khokan, so that while the attitude of the Russians toward Khokan was hostile, it had an air of friendliness, rather thinly disguised, toward Bokhara. Things went on in comparative quiet for nearly a decade, the Russians gradually making encroachments, and the Khokandians doing nothing serious to oppose them. Fort Aralsk was built at the mouth of the Jaxartes in 1847, and occasional scouting parties penetrated into Khokan and Bokhara.

In 1852 a small force under Colonel Blaramberg made a most daring reconnaissance nearly eight hundred miles from the Russian frontier, and up to the very walls of the fortress of Ak-Mesdchid, and returned in safety, though considerably annoyed by the scouts of the enemy. In the same year steamers were placed on the Aral Sea, and in 1853 the first great advance to the southward was made. An expedition was prepared consisting, according to the records, of 2168 men, including officers, 2442 horses, 2038 camels, and 2280 oxen. When all was ready the column started for Ak-Mesdchid, on the right bank of the Jaxartes, and was followed in the river by the steamer *Peroffsky*. The heat was intense, sand-storms were frequent, the sands were hot, the air was full of swarms of locusts, and it was difficult to find forage for the animals. But the determined Russians pushed onward and invested the fortress.

General Peroffsky drew up a summons to surrender, and couched the document in language thoroughly Oriental. The following is its text:

"*From the Governor-General of Orenburg to the Commander of the Fortress of Ak-Mesdchid:*

"By order of my master, the Emperor of all the Russias, I have come here to take possession of the Fortress of Ak-Mesdchid, which the Khokandians have erected on Russian territory for the oppression of the Kirgheses, subjects of his Imperial Majesty.

"Ak-Mesdchid is already taken, although you are inside it, and you can not fail to perceive that, without losing any of my men, I am in a position to destroy every one of you.

"The Russians have come hither not for a day, nor yet for a year, but forever. They will not retire.

"If you wish to live, ask for mercy; should you prefer to die in Ak-Mesdchid, you can do so. I am not pressed for time, and do not intend to hurry you. I here repeat that I do not come to offer you combat, but to thrash you until you open your gates.

"All this I would have told you on the first day of my arrival, when I approached the walls of your fortress unarmed, had you not treacherously opened fire on me, which is not customary among honorable soldiers.

(*Signed*) "PEROFFSKY."

The Khokandians refused to surrender until the last grain of powder in their flasks was burned, and the hilts of their swords and the heads of their spears were all shattered. The Russians pressed their work vigorously, and the fighting was obstinate on both sides. The Russians had a good supply of artillery ammunition, and kept up a steady bombardment, from which the garrison suffered severely. On the 8th of August a storming column entered the fortress. The Khokandians fought so valorously that very few of them escaped. The place was not surrendered until the commander and nearly all the superior officers were killed. The Russian reports of the campaign accorded the highest praise to the defenders, and the affair is notable for being the first and last where the Central Asiatics displayed real heroic courage in their efforts to expel the Russians.

For three or four years the Khokandians made occasional attempts to retake Ak-Mesdchid; the most serious of these was from December 14 to 17, 1853, when they sent an army of 12,000 men, which was not only held in check but put to flight by 600 Russians. The Russian encroachments continued; fort after fort on the Jaxartes was taken; the invaders advanced steadily into the populous parts of Khokan, and in June, 1864, the town of Turkestan passed from the Crescent to the Cross. Up to this time Bokhara had not been seriously disturbed, but in 1865 Mozaffur-eddin Khan, the successor of Nasrullah—we will call him Mose for sake of brevity—sent an insolent letter to Gen-

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eral Chernayeff, the successor of General Peroffsky, commanding him to evacuate the conquered territory. To give weight to his letter he confiscated all the property of Russian merchants in Bokhara. The Russians retorted by confiscating the property of Bokhariot merchants at Orenburg. Mose sent an envoy to St. Petersburg, to explain matters, but he was arrested on the road and imprisoned. The Russians sent at the same time an envoy (Colonel Struve) to Bokhara; very naturally Mose ordered him to be imprisoned as his own envoy had been, and he was shut up in a house in the middle of the city. General Chernayeff was angry at this indignity to his embassador, and with more bravery than discretion marched across the desert to Djizzak, the first place in the actual territory of Bokhara. Here he met a force twenty times as great as his own, and retired without giving battle. The only wonder is that he managed to save any part of his forces in a hot, arid country, and surrounded by hordes of warlike Tartars.

Mose was encouraged. He gathered an army of 45,000 men, with twenty-one guns, and marched against the Russians, who were only 4000 strong. On the 20th of May, 1866, a battle was fought at Jirdjar, on the left bank of the Jaxartes, a few miles from Khojend, and resulted in complete victory for the Black Eagle. The emir's entire camp and baggage, his personal outfit and park of artillery, fell into Russian hands, and Mose himself narrowly escaped capture. The Bokhariots lost about a thousand men out of 45,000, while the Russian loss in killed and wounded was less than fifty!

The Russians vigorously followed up their victory. Djizzak, the frontier fortress between Bokhara and Khokan, was taken a few months later, and other important points shared its fate. In 1867 General Kauffman, who had been assigned to the command of the Russians on the Jaxartes, sent out several scouting parties, but made no formidable advance into the coveted territory. It was not fear, but caution, and possibly orders from St. Petersburg, that restrained him, as he was known to be a bold and energetic officer, who had passed a large part of his military life in Asia. It was not my good fortune to encounter General Kauffman in Siberia, but I met many of his personal friends and acquaintances, and by one and all he was commended in the warmest terms.

The order to march on Samarcand was given early in 1868. General Kauffman's command embraced about 8000 men, with sixteen guns, and on the 13th of May it stood in sight of the city. A Bokhariot army 40,000 strong, and a river, fortunately not deep, separated them from the coveted prize. Wading breast-high in the water, the left wing, and then the whole army, crossed in face of the enemy, who ran away, leaving all their artillery, as soon as the first battalion of Russians stood on solid ground before them. The authorities of Samarcand closed the gates against the fugitives, and sent a deputation of the principal citizens to invite the Russians to enter, which they did next day.

Thus fell Holy Samarcand, once the favorite city of Tamerlane, and the stronghold of Islamism. The Mohammedan faith received a most terrible blow in the capture of Samarcand, and the humiliation of all Bokhara, which followed speedily. The occupation of Mecca by the infidel could scarcely be more serious, and it is no wonder that Mohammedan countries have, since the fall of Samarcand, been buried in deep sorrow. A few years ago a Christian could enter these cities of the East only at the risk of his life. To-day Russian subjects may travel in all parts of Bokhara and Khokan, Russian merchants may dwell in the cities or appoint agents to represent them, and they may pass and repass freely to visit other countries. The shadow of the Black Eagle is over the land of Mohammed, and all the prayers of the faithful can not dispel it.

Bokhara and Khokan submissive, Russia next turned her attention to Khiva. Churches, clubs, warehouses, and newspapers were established at Tashkend and Samarcand, and for the first time in twelve hundred years the chant of the muezzin was broken by the sound of the Russian bells. Why should not the same blessings be showered upon Khiva?

Khiva is the most powerful of the three khanates, and it was not well to attack her until the other two were out of the way. But as soon as they were under the Russian flag the same series of intrigues that resulted in their downfall was begun against their more powerful neighbor. The Russian forces on the frontier were strengthened, the Khivan troops were harassed, and a wide section of the desert was "annexed" by proclamation, just as we have seen that Ak-Mesdchid was proclaimed to belong to Russia. When the Muscovite wishes to pick a quarrel he does not mince matters. He reminds you of the fight-hunting Irishman at Donnybrook when he proclaimed, "I've chalked a band all round my hat, and challenge any body to say it's not gold-lace," or of that other Celt who supplemented his outer garment till it trailed a couple of yards behind him, and then tendered the invitation, since perpetuated in song, "Jist trid on the tail o' me coat." Æsop must have been considering Russian policy in Central Asia when he constructed the fable about the wolf accusing the lamb of disturbing a stream by drinking below him. While I am writing these lines a dispatch comes from St. Petersburg announcing that bands of Khivans have been making raids into Russian terri-

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tory, and that it will be necessary to chastise them for their insolence!

The conquest of Khiva is a certainty, and from my knowledge of the policy and prowess of Russia, and the extent of her preparations, I shall be disappointed if the Russian flag does not wave over Khiva by the time this article comes from the hands of the printer. The emperor will extend his dominions as rapidly as possible, and after Khiva has fallen there is fair ground for expecting the conquest of Afghanistan. Plenty of time will be taken, though something may occur to induce haste. In such case Russia will not be found wanting. The conquest of Central Asia up to the frontiers of British India is likely to be made within the next ten or twenty years, and possibly it will be accomplished in the present year.

That the Russians will attempt to push into India I do not believe; they have no wish to provoke a war with Great Britain by any aggressive movement. What the latter power holds she may keep; Afghanistan may become a bone of contention, and possibly Russian and English troops may meet in her territory, but they are not likely to fight it out there. The dispute that arises is more likely to be settled by diplomacy than by war, unless England takes the aggressive. Besides the conquest of Central Asia, Russia seeks to establish a port on the Indian Ocean; she already has a project for a railway to India, and the subject of navigating the Oxus and Jaxartes has long been under consideration. The chief difficulty in the way of running boats on the Oxus is the absence of water for several months of the year in some parts of the river, and the daily shifting of the sandy channel in other parts. Water is generally regarded as a *sine qua non* in steam navigation, and for most practical purposes the Oxus is useless. The Jaxartes is somewhat, though not much, better, but it has not yet been determined to what extent it is available. The railway is the only certain means of rapid communication, but the distances are so great and the local resources so few that it can not be looked for at present.

The khanate of Khiva is defined by the geographers as lying between latitude 36° and 45° north, and longitude 52° and 64° east, bounded north by the Kirghiz Steppe and the Aral Sea, east by Bokhara and the Kizikum Desert, south by Khorassan, and west by the Caspian Sea. It has an area of 150,000 square miles, and a population estimated at 2,000,000. Most of the land is an arid desert, and the fertile portion of Khiva is mainly along the Oxus, where there is considerable agriculture. Cotton is extensively cultivated, and great numbers of sheep, goats, horses, and dromedaries are raised. Silk, cotton, and woolen fabrics are made, and large quantities of the raw materials are exported to Russia by caravans. Most of the work is performed by slaves, and the capital of Khiva is a great slave mart.

The Russian conquest will doubtless break up this traffic, and it is for this reason that Persia favors instead of opposing the Muscovite ambition. More than twenty thousand Persians are held in bondage in Khiva; occasionally these slaves escape to Russia, and are protected, and it is this protection of fugitives which has caused much of the ill feeling between Russia and Khiva. In Barnaul, Western Siberia, I saw several persons who had thus escaped, and from the lips of one of them, an officer of the Persian army, I heard the terrible story of his sufferings during a seven years' captivity, and of the cruel treatment visited upon him and his fellow-prisoners.

Khiva, the capital, is situated on a plain near the Oxus, has a population of a little over 12,000, and is surrounded by mud walls, easily broken by the modern appliances of war. The Turcoman slave-hunters bring their captives to the city, where they are sold in the public square in the same way that slaves are sold at the barracoons on the African coast. Sometimes when tribes in various parts of the khanate are in revolt, the troops of the emir are sent to chastise them. The heads of the slain are brought in by the victors, and paid for at stipulated prices. The prisoners, such as are under forty years of age, are sold into slavery; the old men are beheaded or tortured, according to the will of the khan. Vámbéry thus describes the treatment of a party of rebel prisoners brought into Khiva at the time of his visit: "The young men were chained together by their iron collars in numbers of ten to fifteen, and led away; the old men awaited submissively the punishment awarded to them. While several were led to the gallows or the block, I saw how, at a sign from the executioner, eight aged men placed themselves down on their backs upon the earth. They were then bound hand and foot, and the executioner gouged out their eyes in turn, kneeling to do so on the breast of each poor wretch; and after every operation he wiped his knife, dripping with blood, upon the white beard of the hoary unfortunate."

The Khivans have all the appliances of torture known to ancient or modern times. The bare enumeration of them, with the briefest description, would cause the most stoical of readers to shiver with horror.

Humanity will be greatly benefited by Russia's absorption of Khiva. The Crescent must give way to the Cross, and the mercy and love taught by the Nazarene must be substituted for the cruelty enjoined by him who preached death to unbelievers, and spread his religion with fire and sword.

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GENERAL SHERMAN IN EUROPE AND THE EAST.

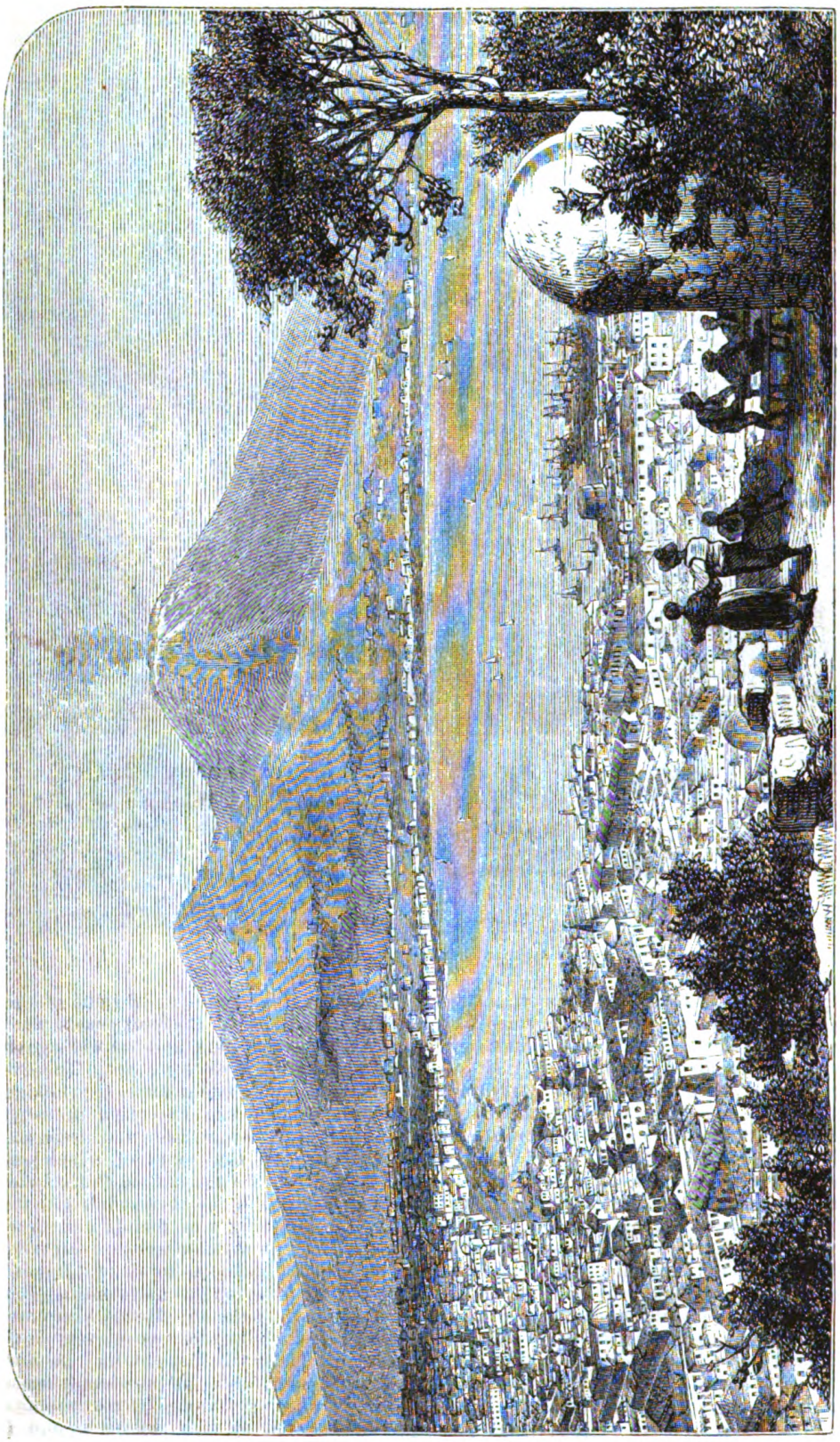
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GENERAL SHERMAN AT POMPEII.

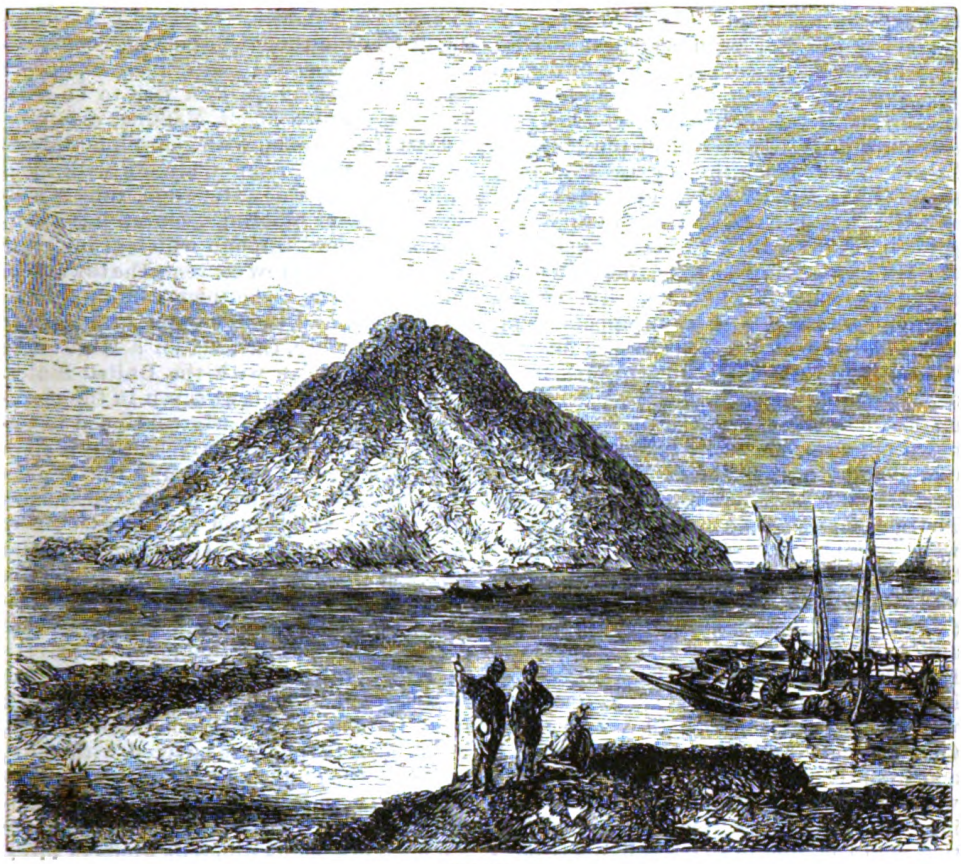
ON the 21st of February of last year General Sherman and his party, consisting of Colonel Audenried and Lieutenant Grant, arrived in Naples from Rome, at which latter place they had passed two very pleasant weeks. Upon the same train which brought them from Rome were Mrs. Washburne, the wife of the United States minister to France, and several Americans, all of whom were seeking the mild climate of Naples, Sorrento, and other equally agreeable places. Naples was full of travelers, and it was with difficulty that hotel accommodation could be provided for the arrivals of each day. The general and party remained but one week in that city, but during this time many of the places of interest were seen. An excursion was made to the ruins of Pompeii, during which a special excavation was made. Quite a large number of Americans participated in this picnic; and in one of the ancient buildings of Pompeii toasts were drank, songs were sung, and the walls gave back *Sherman's March to the Sea*. The excavations did not bring forth any hidden treasures. With the exception of some broken tiles, wâter-jugs, a few buckles, some copper coin, and the bones of a chicken which may have been sacrificed to the hungry manes of one of the ancient inhabitants of the city, nothing was found; and even these indifferent articles were so carefully watched by the police as to make it impossible to take away one as a souvenir. The party made the ascent of Mount Vesuvius, and wandered about the cone in very dangerous proximity to its mouth. A few days afterward Vesuvius was emitting a stream of burning lava. The general was quite exhausted by this excursion, and I

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NAPLES.

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STROMBOLI.

doubt if the marches of the war so completely fatigued him. The evening of that same day he and his companions dined *en famille* with the Grand Duchess Olga of Russia, wife of the Grand Duke Michael, who was visiting Naples for her health. The dinner was very pleasant, and the Grand Duchess proved herself to be a most agreeable and cordial hostess. She had at table, besides the American party, her two or three ladies of honor, and four of her children, three boys and a girl. The conversation was lively, being carried on in English, which language the Grand Duchess speaks quite fluently. A more kindly lady or a better behaved family of children it would be very difficult to find. Victor Emanuel had been absent from Rome during General Sherman's visit there, and when he reached Naples the king soon afterward came also, and upon the application of the United States consul at that place signified his desire to receive General Sherman and party. The reception was very informal, the party being in walking dress, as prescribed in the invitation. Arrived at the palace, they were shown up a handsomely carpeted and wide staircase, being preceded by two servants in very gorgeous red livery, to the second floor. Passing along a wide corridor, they entered an anteroom, and were then conducted into a smaller room, in which was the king, Victor Emanuel, who came forward a few steps and shook hands with the general. With the exception of an aid-de-camp, he was alone. His majesty asked the general many questions regarding his journey, the American army, etc., and was very cordial. The interview lasted about ten minutes, the parties standing, and the conversation was in French. His majesty was dressed in plain black clothes, with a large shirt collar turned down over his vest, and cut quite low at the throat. He is a man of about fifty-five years of age; weighs at least two hundred and fifty pounds; brushes his hair straight back from his forehead; wears a large mustache, which is curled and waxed at the ends, and a long imperial; has a florid complexion, large and full eyes, which he rolls very much, a large hand, and is by no means a handsome man. He was very affable, and at the departure of the party shook hands with each one, and wished them a "bon voyage." On former occasions the general had been presented to his sons, the King of Spain (and wife) and the Prince Royal of Italy.

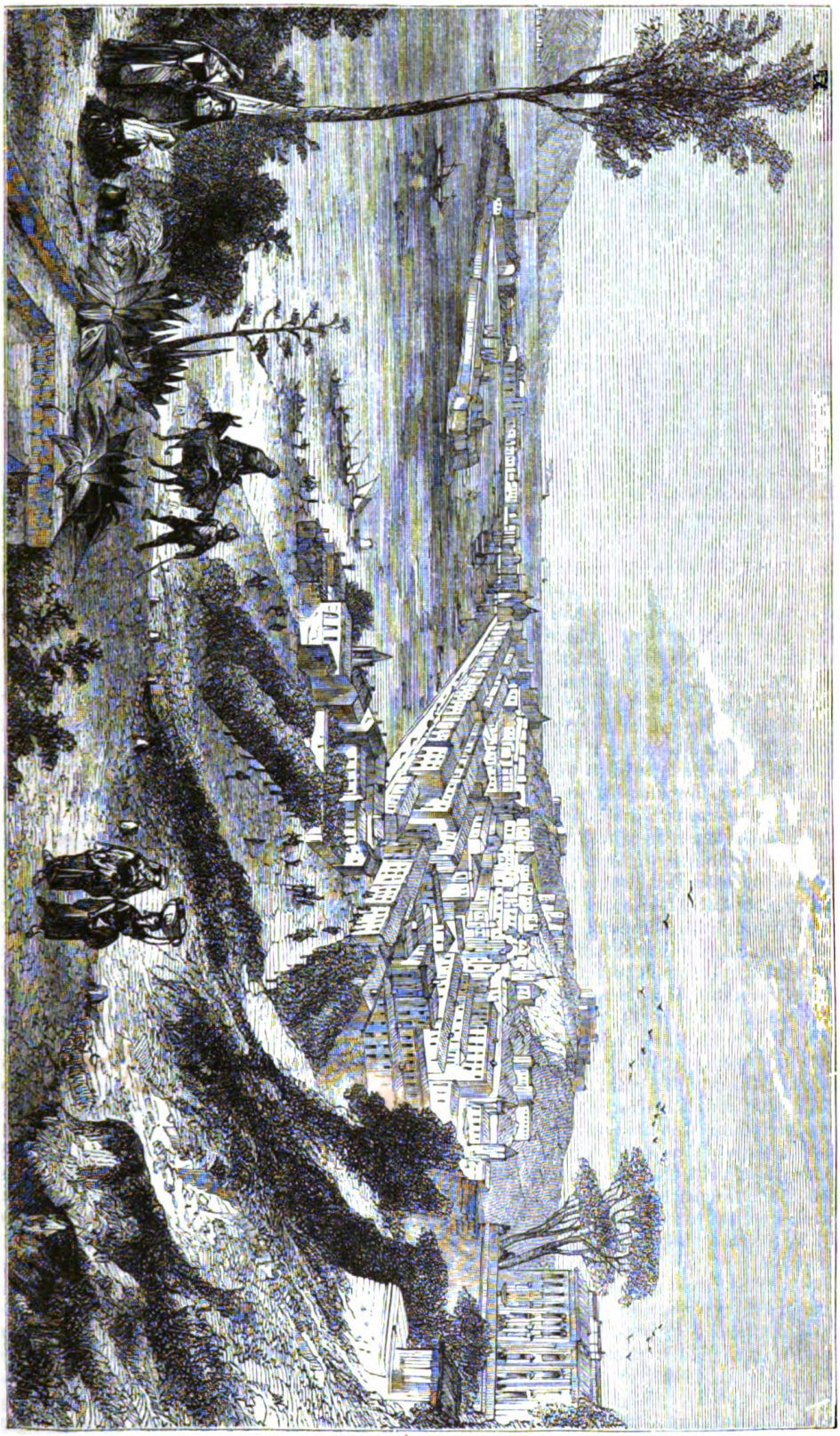
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When General Sherman left Washington he had been promised that one of the men-of-war of the European squadron should meet him at Naples and carry him to Egypt. This was still further confirmed by the admiral when the general left Nice. For several days after the arrival of the party at Naples each morning the bay was examined to see if the *Wabash* or any of the fleet had arrived; but each day they were disappointed, until finally a dispatch came from the admiral saying that he had been directed to remain about Nice. To General Sherman this was a great disappointment, as he had intended to visit Greece and the "Isles," and to cruise about the Mediterranean, stopping at such places as his fancy might dictate. There was no help for it, however; so passage was taken in the regular evening boat for Messina, and on Friday, March 1, they left Naples at 9.30 P.M. The steam-ship company (Floria and Co.) were very obliging, and placed at General Sherman's disposal the cabin on deck, which was intended for six persons. The steamer *(Ætna)* was English built, and very clean and comfortable. The captain spoke some English, and had made a voyage to New Orleans, having been there just as the civil war commenced. About 10 A.M. the day after leaving Naples Stromboli was passed, and from the crater, which is on the northwest side of the mountain, smoke was issuing. The island rises from the sea some four thousand feet, and in shape is like a truncated cone. On the east side about its base are a few houses. About 12 M. the Straits of Messina were approached, while on the right was the undefined site of Charybdis, and on the left the rock of Scylla. The current runs through the strait south, and meeting with the wind, which, blowing from that direction, forces the water through the strait contrary to the current, causes in a storm quite a heavy sea at this point, and hence the danger to the badly constructed vessels of ancient times. The strait is just one mile wide at the northern entrance, between the Calabrian coast and Sicily. By 1 P.M. the *Ætna* reached the snug artificial harbor of Messina; and as the American consul had been telegraphed from Naples that the general was coming, his flag, as well as the flags of several American vessels in the harbor, were flying, making the party feel as though they were among friends. The consul, with the captains of these vessels, met the general as he landed on the quay. Accommodations were taken at the Hôtel Vittoria—quite a good hotel. The *Ætna* continued on to Palermo. The steamer for Malta was to come from Palermo, and after touching at Messina and Syracuse, continue on to its destination.

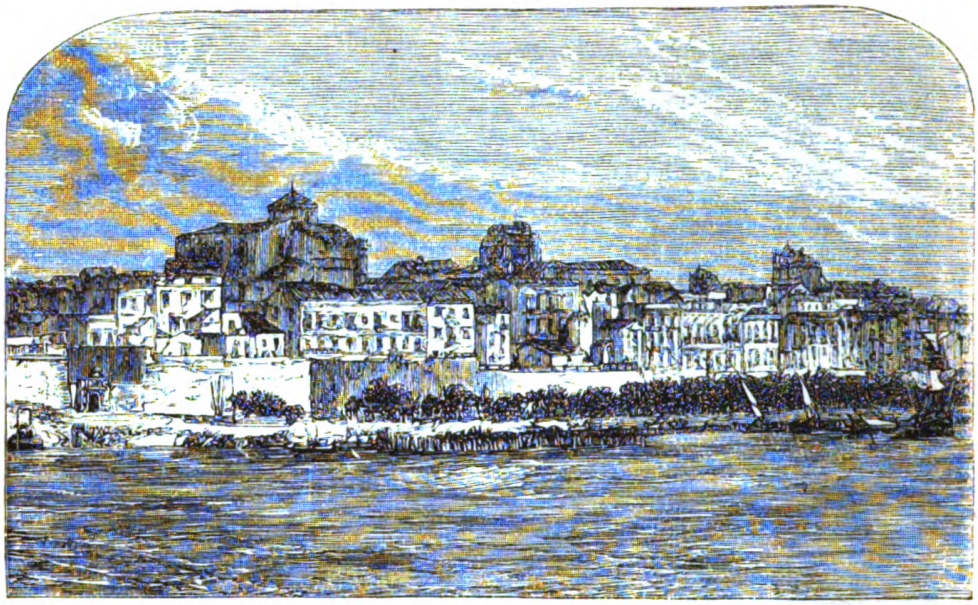
General Sherman determined to go by railroad, as there was one, to Catania and Syracuse, and at this last-mentioned place to take the steamer. Soon after his landing at Messina the major-general commanding the forces called and offered him every facility for seeing all that was to be seen. The party drove about Messina, a city of 100,000 inhabitants, with many fine houses and clean, wide, regular streets with sidewalks. Along the water-front runs a continuous row of buildings, containing dwellings, stores, etc., through which at intervals run streets. This row conceals the town from the water view. The town contains a fine opera-house, and, though quiet, is altogether a pleasant place, carrying on a large trade in fruit and wine with the United States. By a train which left at seven in the morning the general and party continued to Catania, and when they arrived at the station found the general commanding the brigade of troops there awaiting General Sherman's arrival, he having been telegraphed to by his chief at Messina. General Cavalchini took the general in charge, and drove him to every place of interest. The conversation was carried on in English through the general's aid-de-camp, Lieutenant Scambeti-Gott. Catania* is about two-thirds the size of Messina, and built upon old lava. Back from it about ten miles is Mount Ætna, which at this time was covered with snow, and from the crater of which smoke was issuing. There is in the town a small garden called the Villa Berlini, in which there are monkeys, many different kinds of birds, a camel, etc. The garden itself is a very pretty spot. The principal street is called Ætna, and is about one and a half miles long, at the end of which, on the bay, is another small park, in which a band was playing. The day being Sunday, the streets and gardens were full of pedestrians. The upper classes were European in their dress, but the middle and lower classes wear a kind of cloak of black silk, which, covering the head, reaches half-way down and over the dress. There is a small square in Catania which has been named, in honor of Mr. Lincoln, Lincoln Square. In the evening the party continued on to Syracuse, which place was reached in three hours. When they arrived at the station the colonel commanding was awaiting them with carriages, and conducted them to the hotel, where rooms had been engaged by him and supper ordered. The railway station is some distance from the town, and it seemed in the darkness and rain as though one would never finish passing over draw-bridges and through fortifications. The next morning, in company with a lieutenant-colonel of engineers, the party visited the ruins of Ne-

* This and several other places mentioned in this article are illustrated in the paper on "Sicily and the Sicilians," p. 188 to 202 of this number.

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SYRACUSE.

opoli, which once formed part of ancient Syracuse. The form of the Greek theatre is still complete, as also the amphitheatre. Near by are the tombs, these consisting of a street cut through the soft rock, on each side of which were places carved out for burial. Near to these again is a cave, with a hole in the top, reached by steps from the outside. This is called the "Ear of Dionysius," where he is said to have learned the plans of hostile conspirators. Passing from this, one comes to what is called "Paradise." This is the remains of what was once an immense stone-quarry, now well cultivated. In ten minutes from Paradise the catacombs are reached. These consist of long galleries dug through the soft rock under the ground, and extend, in all their windings, some thirty miles. On each side of these galleries have been dug out places for the dead, now, however, no longer used, and generally empty. Where the bones of the original tenants are no one now knows, and heathen and Christian, who in turn have filled them, have for ages been forgotten. The temple dedicated to Bacchus stands not far away, and under it has been discovered another, the oldest Christian church in Sicily. Once used by the heathens, it was converted into a church having the form of a Greek cross. Here St. Paul preached on his way to Rome, and in it is the column at which St. Martin suffered martyrdom, and also his tomb. The party visited the scene of Marcellus's attack upon Syracuse, and, in another direction, the Benedictine Monastery, near by which is an immense quarry, the sides of which are some hundred feet high. Entrance into this is by the road near the monastery; and where the blood of 7000 prisoners once deluged the earth are now growing lemon and orange trees in abundance, covered with fruit. Hollowed out in the side of the soft rock is a tomb, and on the tablet this inscription, "Richard R. Nicholson, midshipman U. S. Navy, died Sept. 18, 1804." There, in a lonely corner, far away from his native land, rest the remains of one who lost his life in a duel.

Syracuse numbers about 20,000 inhabitants. It is built on a point of land, and inclosed by extensive fortifications. The streets are narrow and very dirty. There is a beautiful harbor—indeed, one of the finest seen in our trip—but there is no business; consequently the steamer going to and from Malta is about the only vessel that is seen. The Captain of the Port placed his boat at General Sherman's disposal, and in it he visited the stream along which grew in quantities the papyrus of the ancient time. This is a long reed, which, being cut open, the pulp extracted, cut into thin slices, dried, and then sewed together, furnished the ancients with their writing-paper. The scenery about Syracuse is very beautiful, particularly the valley bordering on the stream upon which the papyrus grows.

The steamer from Palermo arrived in the afternoon, and in the evening the party left in her for Malta. This vessel, the *Scylla*, like the *Ætna*, was very clean, and the captain was very polite. Indeed, from the time General Sherman entered Italy up to the time he left Sicily the officials of the Italian government, from the king to the Captain of the Port at Syracuse, had been most courteous and friendly in their manner toward

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PAPYRUS PLANT.

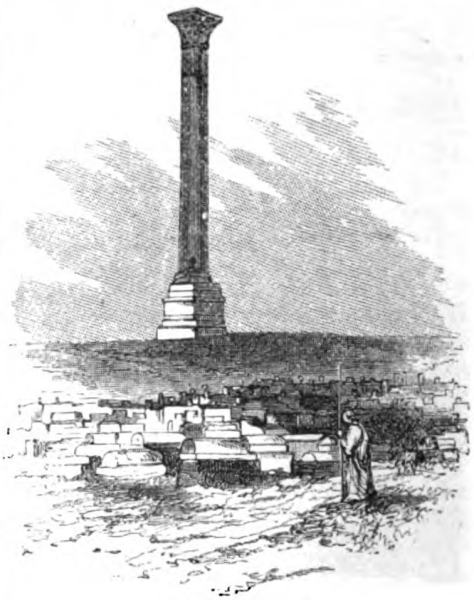
him. The morning after leaving Syracuse the party came in sight of Malta, which presents a very different aspect to Sicily. Instead of the green verdure and trees of the latter, the soil is parched, and the only trees, aside from the orange and lemon, are scrub oak. Valetta, the chief city, which receives its name from the knight defender of Malta, is built upon a tongue of land that runs out, leaving a very snug harbor on each side. It is very strongly fortified, and these fortifications are being improved and strengthened every day. With the exception of the French frontier, this was the only place in all the general's travels where the party were compelled to show their passports. Sir Patrick Grant, a fine, tall, soldierly old gentleman of sixty, was in command as governor, and received the general and party very politely. He is very satisfactorily located in the old mansion of the Grand Master of the Knights of Malta, and in this he entertained the party at dinner one evening, there being some forty guests present, among them the Prince and Princess of Bourbon—he the nephew of the ex-Queen Isabella, and since mixed up in the Carlist insurrection in Spain; she the niece of the King of Portugal. The princess is quite pretty, but the prince, who is about thirty-five years old, is very sickly-looking, and by no means evinces any ability. The Eighty-seventh Infantry, Lieutenant-Colonel Stevenson, entertained the party at dinner. This regiment was on the eve of sailing for Halifax.

The governor has a very pretty summer palace, called San Antonio, about four miles out from Valetta. The city is built of a light-colored stone, the glare from which in summer must be very disagreeable, contains about 75,000 inhabitants, and has clean, well-paved streets, with sidewalks. The opera-house is small but very pretty, and one evening the governor placed his box at the general's disposal. Drives were taken along the sea-shore to the summer barrack of the troops, but as St. Paul's Bay was some miles west of Valetta, it was not visited. After a week the general and party left for Egypt (Alexandria), in a steamer of the Peninsular and Oriental line, on Monday, March 11. This steamer, the *Ceylon*, was large and comfortable, and had come from Southampton

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with about seventy passengers, mostly English officers on their way to India. Among these were Sir Arthur and Lady Kennedy, the former going out as governor to Hong-Kong. Sir Arthur having been Governor of Vancouver's Island in 1865, had passed through the United States, and was quite familiar with them. The passage was a pleasant one, and in three days and six hours after leaving Malta the *Ceylon* anchored in the bay of Alexandria. This was at 6 P.M., and in about half an hour afterward General C. P. Stone, who had been an officer of the regular army in the United States, and who was at that time adjutant-general in the army of the Viceroy of Egypt, came on board, having been sent from Cairo to wait for and receive the general on behalf of the viceroy, and to offer in his name every facility for the perfect enjoyment of his visit. The party, under his guidance, went on shore to the hotel, thus escaping the nuisance of the custom-house. After driving about the town the next morning, to Pompey's Pillar, and being confused by the crowds of veiled women, of donkeys, camels, and many more things seen for the first time, at 3 P.M., by a special train, the party left for Ismailia, on the Suez Canal. Previous to this they made a visit to the docks which are being constructed near Alexandria, and which will cost some $25,000,000. These are being made out of artificial blocks of stone, each of which weighs about twenty tons. Some of them are built up from smaller stones as a solid piece of masonry, while others are made by mixing cement, sand, and small stones. This mixture is emptied into a frame made of boards, easily taken apart. So soon as the cement has hardened the boards are removed, and the block is ready for use.

On General Sherman's return to the hotel after this inspection he found awaiting him several Americans who were in the service of the Khedive, all of whom were glad to see him, and spoke of America in the warmest terms. Among these were Generals Loring and Reynolds, whose names figured among those engaged in the rebellion. At 3 P.M., as before mentioned, the party, accompanied by General Loring, started for the canal. Their route lay through a level but highly cultivated country, in which were many villages, the houses of which were built of mud, one story high, very close together, with alleys for streets, each house having but one room, in which men, women, children, chickens, etc., all live together. Each village has its sheik, or headman, who furnishes all the details called for, such as money, soldiers, working parties, etc. The railroad crossed the two branches of the Nile—the Rosetta and the Damietta—which form the Delta. The route lay through Zagazig and the "Land of Goshen" of the Bible, which looked as though it still flowed with "milk and honey." It seemed strange to hear the puff of the engine and the rattle of a railway train through a coun-

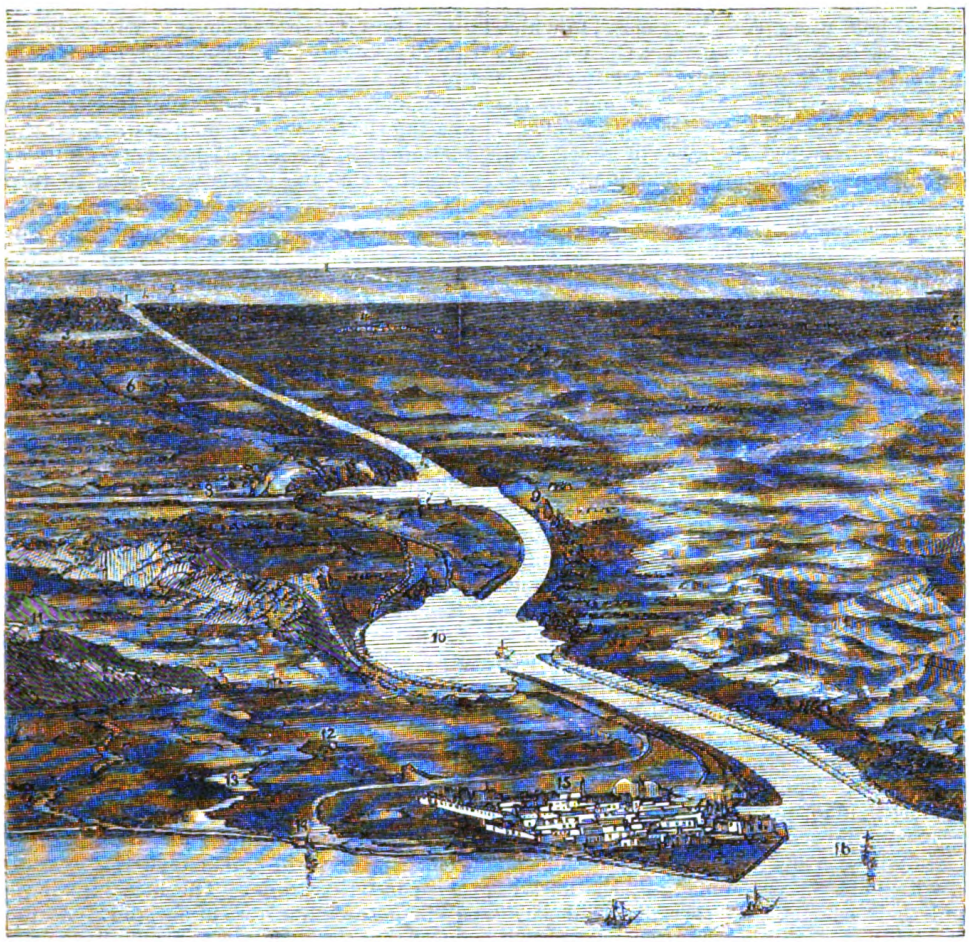


POMPEY'S PILLAR.



ALEXANDRIA.

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1. Port Said and the Mediterranean.—2. Lake Menzaleh.—3. Kantara-el-Krasné.—4. Ruins of Peluzium.—5. Katieh.—6. Neco's Canal.—7. Timsah.—8. Sweet Water Canal.—9. Mouth of the old Canal.—10. Bitter Lake.—11. Route from Suez to Cairo.—12. Wells.—13. Rain Basin.—14. Nile Water Basin.—15. Suez.—16. Red Sea.

SUEZ CANAL.

try which seems among the things that have long since passed away. About 8 P.M. the desert was reached, and by 9.30 P.M. the party arrived at Ismailia, where there is a fair but very expensive hotel. During the building of the canal Ismailia was a very considerable place, but since its completion it has fallen off in population. Since this visit, however, the Khedive has ordered that the military school should be established there, and no doubt the Ismailiaites thank the fates for this important addition to their town. Early the next morning the party started in a special tug-boat prepared for them. Leaving Ismailia, which is on Lake Timsah—part of the canal—they proceeded to Port Said. The canal is simply an immense ditch, dug from the Mediterranean at Port Said to the Red Sea at Suez, containing about twenty-six feet depth of water, and is about one hundred and fifty feet wide. It runs in its entire length through a desert. Near Ismailia is a fresh-water channel from the Nile, and iron pipes run along the bank of the canal to Port Said, supplying that place with fresh-water. Between Ismailia and Port Said are two or three stations or landings for boats. The distance to Port Said is forty miles, and the town contains about 2000 inhabitants, and looks exactly like any new place in the United States. There is a good breakwater, and a very fine light-house about two hundred feet high, from the top of which an immense extent of sand can be seen. The United States have a consul at Port Said, and a quiet time he must have.

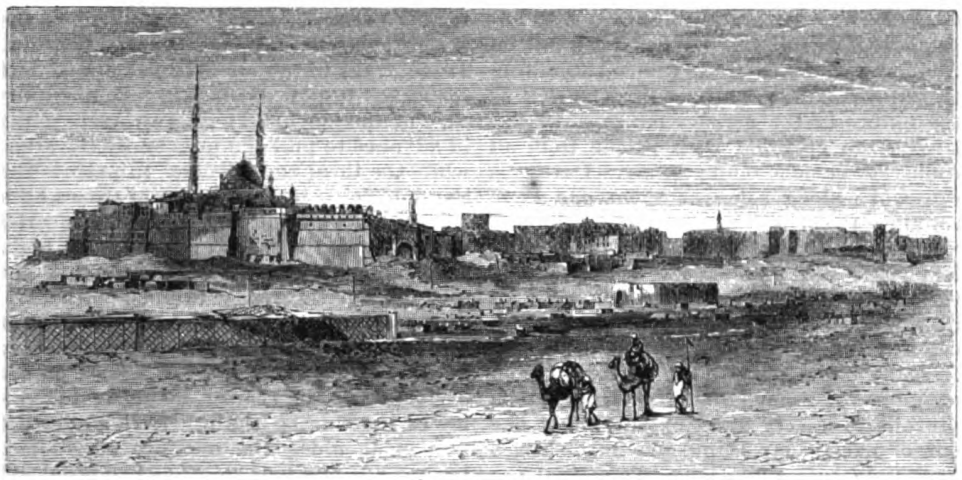
Ismailia was reached on the return at 7 P.M., and during the trip down and back six large vessels were met, the toll for which is ten francs (two dollars) per ton, and ten francs for each passenger. The special train was waiting at Ismailia, and, on the arrival of the party there, continued on to Suez, which place was reached at midnight, the distance being forty-five miles, the railroad running through the desert. There is a respectable hotel at Suez, in which accommo-

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dations were obtained. The next morning a special boat was given the general, in which the party proceeded to inspect the improvements there being made. Two large basins were in process of construction, one for the use of men-of-war, the other for merchantmen, the stone for which was obtained from a quarry not far distant. The plan of construction consists in building two walls with a space between, the interval filled with the dredgings from the basin; and when this is once dried by the sun a very good quay is made. Much new land is thus being reclaimed, and at this point the new town of Suez is to be—the old one, which is now a very indifferent place, being about one and a half miles away. Passengers from Europe to India, leaving the steamer at Alexandria, cross by rail to Suez, where they again take steamer. Across the Red Sea from Suez can be seen the clump of trees which mark the bitter wells at which Moses halted. Two days distant by camel is Mount Sinai, and a point of land some distance from Suez is indicated as the place where the Israelites crossed the Red Sea. The sea once extended north beyond Suez, where there is now a small stream containing shallow water. At noon General Sherman left by the same train for Cairo, distant one hundred and fifty miles, the return being made by Zagazig. The desert runs flush up with the fertile land, and the transition from desert to verdure is abrupt. Numerous irrigating ditches cross the country, by the side of which are the paths made by the natives and their camels. By these, as well as at every village, are places for prayer; and it was common to see the Arab stop his camel, resort to one of these places, and, with face turned toward Mecca, perform his devotions. In the evening the party came in sight of the Pyramids, and soon afterward Cairo was reached. The viceroy had directed that accommodations should be taken for the general at the principal hotel, where he was to be located as the viceroy's guest, and an official was at the station to announce this fact. General Sherman, however, declined this honor, and upon the urgent request of General Stone consented to go to his house; and from General Stone and his pleasant wife and daughter the party during their sojourn in Egypt received the kindest hospitality. The day after their arrival the wind blew a perfect gale, and the dust was almost unbearable. It came through every crevice, and showed what Cairo must be during the prevalence of the "kampsen." The same day the viceroy sent word that he would receive the general and party in morning dress at 12 M., at which hour they presented themselves at the palace, where they were received by one of the viceroy's household, and shown into a small waiting-room.

Shortly after this they were directed to proceed up a staircase covered with a handsome Turkey carpet. Some eight or ten steps from the head of the staircase a rather stout gentleman dressed in European costume, but wearing the fez, was encountered. An introduction took place, but not very audible; and after shaking hands with each in turn the ascent was continued, and the party shown into a very pretty room in blue, furnished with chairs and sofas; upon one of the latter General Sherman sat down, the stout gentleman sitting in a chair on his left. It was only then the fact became known that this gentleman was the viceroy. It was the etiquette for him to commence the conversation, which he soon did in French, and chatted away with spirit, relating anecdotes of his life in Paris, at which he laughed very heartily. He is about 43 years old, 5 feet 6 inches high, weighs about 180 pounds, has a pleasant face, and made the most favorable impression upon the party. His grandfather, Mehemet Ali, was but a common fisherman, yet by his military ability made the Sultan of Turkey tremble. The usual questions were asked and replied to about the respective countries of Egypt and the United States, and the viceroy offered the general special trains, steamboats, etc., to facilitate his seeing as much as possible during the fifteen days he expected to remain in the country. All these offers the general declined, but his highness begged he would accept them as a favor to him, which the general then consented to do. The interview lasted about three-quarters of an hour. At the end of this time the viceroy, whose place it was, made the move, and accompanied the party not only to the head of the stairs but to the foot, and nearly to the door, an honor not usually accorded visitors. The interview was like any between gentlemen; no pipes or coffee were offered. The viceroy, having spent five years in France, was thoroughly conversant with European customs. The remainder of the day was devoted to the museum, in which are mummies, statues, sarcophagi, jewelry, etc., one, two, three, and even six thousand years old. Some of the rings and bracelets of gold taken from the tomb of a queen were particularly fine. In another case were combs, both fine and coarse, eggs, seeds, fish-hooks, the same as those now in use, cribbage-boards, a specimen of hair-pins, and many more things curious in their resemblance to articles of the same kind of the present day, and whose state of preservation was remarkable. In the evening, in company with General Mott, an American in the viceroy's army, the party attended the circus. The viceroy placed his box at their disposal, which is large and comfortable, with a retiring-room back. On each side of this is one for his sons. The circus is quite a fine building, very well arranged, and

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THE CITADEL, CAIRO.

the performance was very good, the riding of the women being particularly so.

The next day, having left cards on the Minister of State, he not being at home, the party made a visit to Cassim Pasha, the Minister of War, who was located in the Citadel, which building was once the viceroy's palace, and in it lived Mehemet Ali. The office of the adjutant-general of the army is now there, as are the various offices pertaining to the War Department. They were ushered into a large room, the size of the East Room of the White House, in Washington, where a tall man, of about sixty-five years of age, with gray hair and beard, met them very cordially, shaking each by the hand, and motioning them to seats. Arranged around the sides of the room were chairs and sofas. This had been the audience-chamber of Mehemet Ali. Cassim Pasha sat at the head of the room, with General Sherman on his right hand. An Egyptian officer acted as interpreter, the Minister of War speaking only Arabic. He commenced the conversation by inquiring concerning the general's health; then the armies were spoken of, guns discussed; and as he had been an artillery officer in his young days, he was much pleased to learn that General Sherman had commenced his career in that same corps. After a short time coffee was handed around by servants, and cigars were offered. The coffee was served in small cups, which rested in what looked like silver egg-cups. Each bowed to the minister in drinking, he having set the example. The interview lasted about half an hour, after which the party were shown over this old palace. Below the winter suit of apartments is a summer suit, and even yet this is a fine old building, from the balcony of which there is a fine view of Cairo. From there the party made a visit to the mosque inside the Citadel walls, before entering which they were obliged to put on coverings of red flannel over their shoes, so as not to defile the temple. Entrance was first had into a large square surrounded by columns of alabaster. The floor was of marble, and in the centre stood a covered fountain, at which the hands, arms to the elbows, legs to the knees, and faces of the Mussulmans are washed before they enter the mosque. This is a very large building, the entire walls of which are of alabaster, and the ceiling is handsomely gilded and painted. A great number of lamps and chandeliers hang about, which are lighted on certain occasions. The floor was covered with Turkey carpets. Sparrows and doves were quite plentiful inside, and kept up a great clatter. The custodian of the mosque is the priest who from a high pulpit, which is reached by a long staircase, explains the Koran. In one corner of the mosque is an inclosed place, in which is the tomb of Mehemet Ali. This tomb is quite high, and is covered with a most exquisitely embroidered cloth. From an upright piece of wood which rises above the tomb are suspended India scarfs, the whole surmounted by the turban, this latter indicating the sex of the dead. Six massive candlesticks of silver, some three feet high, stood about the tomb.

Several of the Arabs were at their prayers, while in other parts some boys were reciting the Koran, which, when they can repeat without mistakes, entitles them to be considered Doctors of Law.

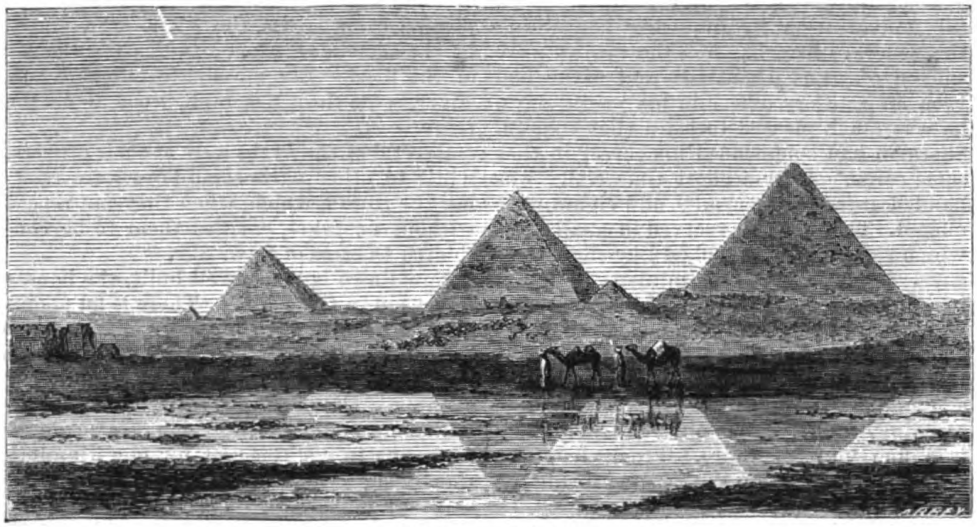
New Cairo is being well built, the houses European in their style. There is an opera-house, circus, theatre, hippodrome, two large hotels, etc.; also a very pretty park, which was once a pond. Here a band plays every evening. Gas jets are arranged for illuminations, the globes to which are made to represent tulips, the cost for one illumination being $4000. The Khedive is making as many improvements as the jealousy of the Sultan will permit. In the old part of

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Cairo the streets are very narrow and unpaved. The shops are small, open to the front, and are upon streets divided according to the nationality of the sellers as well as the nature of the articles for sale. These streets are crowded with people from all countries, camels, donkeys, etc. Carriages can move along some of them, and have running ahead a servant, called a "lais," who carries a long staff and clears the way. His loose sleeves puffed out like wings by the wind as he runs, his bare arms and legs, his red fez and embroidered sash, make him one of the most picturesque among the natives. The Arabs are fine, muscular-looking men, but the women are ugly. Ophthalmia prevails to a very great extent, about one out of every four being affected. Not a long time before the general's arrival the last opera of Verdi, named *Aida*, which had been written for the viceroy, and put upon the stage at a cost to his highness of $150,000, had been sung. Learning that General Sherman had expressed a desire to hear this, the viceroy directed one evening that it should be repeated, and placed his box at the general's disposal for that occasion. The costumes were very rich, and the scenery, as well as the plot, entirely Egyptian.

By 8 A.M., on March 20, the party were off on a visit to the Pyramids, about five miles distant. They crossed the Nile by a good bridge, in which there is a draw, and continued along a macadamized road, shaded in most part by acacias, to the bluff of limestone upon which the Pyramids are built, and which, when once reached, are not so imposing as the imagination had pictured. Near by were two villages, from which the natives came rushing to offer their services, but General Stone being along, the sheik kept them in order. To the ordinary traveler these people must be a great nuisance. It was decided to make the ascent of the highest, the Pyramid of Cheops, 460 feet. Three Arabs were detailed to each one, and the ascent began. This was done along the edge of the northeast side, two Arabs going in advance to pull the pilgrim by the arms, while the third came behind to push. The Pyramid being built in layers of stones, each layer diminishing in size, these form a series of steps, some of which are four feet high. The general halted three-quarters of the way up, but the rest continued to the top, where there is a space about fifteen feet square, and from which the view is very extended, over the desert of Sahara on the one side, and the beautifully cultivated valley of the Nile on the other. The descent was made along the opposite edge—not, however, before four shillings had been paid to an importunate native, who promised to descend, and ascend the Pyramid opposite to the one on which the party was, in ten minutes.

The next thing in order was to enter the Pyramid, which is done by a narrow passage. This passage first descends to a place where one must go upon his hands and knees. This passed, it ascends until one finally enters a room about sixteen feet by twelve feet, in which is a sarcophagus. The sides of this room were of very handsomely cut granite. Returning, the party had to submit to be carried by the guides, as the descent was over stones too slippery for shoes. Near the Pyramid is a house which was built by the viceroy upon the visit of Eugénie, when Empress of the French. This was opened for General Sherman by the viceroy's orders, and in it a luncheon was served which had been brought along. After luncheon a visit was made to the Sphinx, which is close to the larger Pyramid, and on the way a tomb some forty feet deep, and



PYRAMIDS OF GHIZEH.

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SPHINX AT GHIZEH, NEAR CAIRO.

whose sides were lined with granite, was passed. At the bottom, carved out of a piece of gray granite, was an Egyptian figure which covered the resting-place of the corpse. Near by are some other tombs, which are easily reached by steps of gradual descent. The masonry and polished granite there seen are very fine and interesting. The Sphinx is an Egyptian head, with body something in shape like that of a lion. The nose has been partially effaced during the passage of five thousand years. The head is hollow. The whole ground is a mass of tombs, but as soon as they are uncovered the ever-shifting sand again conceals them. The day was very warm, and the party got back to town well tired out by the day's jaunt. That evening General Mott entertained them at dinner. The next morning the Minister of War returned the visit of a few days before, and sat for an hour and a half. After he had gone an excursion was made to Heliopolis, some six miles from Cairo, where the only thing of interest is an obelisk about seventy feet high covered with Egyptian inscriptions. Some two miles nearer Cairo is a tree under which the Holy Family are said to have rested in their flight into Egypt. During the ex-empress's visit the viceroy presented this tree to her, and she caused a paling fence to be built about it. On the return to town the military school was visited, where some four hundred cadets were engaged in study. The artillery and staff comprise one school, and the cavalry and infantry another each. The cadets are instructed in the Turkish, French, English, and German languages; in geometry, plain and descriptive; signal duty, after the style adopted in the United States; drawing, fencing, etc., in which they were exercised for the benefit of the party, and acquitted themselves very creditably. Much of the system adopted at West Point is being introduced, and the army is conducted and the officers paid the same as in the United States two years ago. There are nineteen Americans in the service, no one of whom has a rank lower than major. The cadets are in uniform, but not well dressed nor well "set up," but through General Stone this is being gradually remedied. The staff's school showed to the best advantage.

On Saturday morning, a special train having been provided, and supplied by the viceroy's orders with cooks, servants, and plenty of edibles, the party started for Upper Egypt, under the guidance of General Stone and Betts Bey, an Englishman in charge of the railroads. During this and other excursions General Sherman and party received from Betts Bey much polite attention. The object of this journey was to see the character of the country, the tombs of Beni-Hassan, and last, but by no means the least, the sugar factories of the Khedive. After passing over about one hundred miles Feschu was reached, where there was quite a large sugar

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factory in the course of construction, under the charge of a young Englishman. Scattered about was machinery which had been brought from Philadelphia. This factory not being in operation, the party proceeded, notwithstanding the great heat of the day, to Rhoda, the terminus of the railroad, and one hundred and eighty-one miles from Cairo. Here the factory was in full operation, and the Arabs employed were quite numerous. The sugar-cane lay about in great profusion, and was being handled by the natives, whose ages varied from seven to fifty years. Without entering too much into detail, the process of making the sugar consisted in this: First the cane is passed under immense rollers, which extract all the juice, which passes by troughs into tanks, where it is mixed with a little lime in order to precipitate the foreign matter. After this it is passed through charcoal for purification, then run into a boiler, where it is exposed to sufficient heat to form a sirup. This sirup is again passed through charcoal, and from thence into large boilers, where it is exposed to great heat for six hours, after which, having become thickened in this operation, it is passed into vats, from which it is taken, mixed with some fresh juice, and then placed in tanks, which revolve with great rapidity, the centrifugal force throwing off the sugar, which clings to the sides of the vat, while the molasses is drawn off by a faucet. These factories, of which there are eight along the railroad, are owned by the viceroy, who derives from them a very large income. The sugar is taken to Alexandria and sold at auction, generally bringing seven and one-half cents the pound. They are more extensive than those at Union, in Cuba. The viceroy is having railroads built upon which to bring the cane from the fields. In the evening the party returned to Minieh (one hour from Rhoda), and slept in a part of the viceroy's summer palace at that place, which had been opened for their use. Minieh has its sugar factory also, and is a town of about 7000 inhabitants—the houses very irregular, and built of adobe. To reach the palace from the



TROOPS MOUNTED ON CAMELS.

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railroad, the party had to ride on donkeys, which are as obstinate in Egypt as any where else. A small but pretty steamboat belonging to the viceroy had been sent in accordance with his orders from Cairo, and having taken a cargo of donkeys on a barge, the general and party went on board and proceeded up the Nile for about an hour and a half, when a landing was made, as one would make it on the Mississippi, by tying up to the bank. The donkeys were landed from the boat, the party mounted, and in a mile from the shore came to a bluff, up the side of which an ascent was partly made, and the tombs of the ancient Egyptians, known as those of Beni-Hassan, were reached, which are more easily designated by the name of rooms cut out of the side-hills of lime rock. Some of them have been very beautiful, containing columns, and the walls are even now covered with paintings of athletic sports, birds, fishes, donkeys, oxen, geese, boats, deer, and gods, all very well executed—the colors still bright, although they are supposed to be four thousand years old. In the floors of these rooms are deep wells into which the remains were lowered, and the places hollowed out in the sides of these wells showed how the ancient sexton descended to his work. After wandering about for an hour or more in wonder at the civilization of so many thousand years before, the party returned to the dirty and dusty village of Minieh, and at 8 P.M. started for Sakkara, sixteen miles out from Cairo, and the railway station of old Memphis.

To approach the haunts of Pharaoh and Joseph in a railway car was indeed a novelty. Sakkara was reached at 2.30 A.M., and upon donkeys the party reached the Nile, about one and a half miles, where they found another steamboat, which had been sent by the viceroy's orders, to furnish shelter for the remainder of the night. In the morning, a camel having been loaded with the necessary things for a breakfast, about 7 A.M. they started on donkeys for the Pyramids of Memphis. It was a question at the outset between the general and his donkey as to which should carry the other. Once under way, the mincing and quick steps of the donkeys gave rise to many curious mathematical curves, and to several of the party it was a question as to how long they would remain mounted.

Shortly after starting grooms arrived from Cairo having in charge horses from the viceroy's own private stables, and upon a fine animal imported from France the general mounted. Among the number were two or three Arabians. The distance from Sakkara to the edge of the desert on which are the Pyramids is six miles, the horse-path running through cultivated fields. Where Memphis once stood is now a small, dirty village of mud houses, and one can easily believe that the original place was not much better. Probably history three thousand years from that day will ennoble the dirty sheik of the village as he was seen on that hot and dusty morning. Reaching the Pyramids, bones and skulls lying around, and the occasional glimpse of the corner of a tomb appearing through the sand, showed where the dead had been buried. Rising an acclivity of perhaps fifty feet, the desert is reached, and who knows but that the skull the horse's hoof has just caused to ring may not have once belonged to a Pharaoh? The Pyramids are not so imposing nor nearly so large as those of Ghizeh, near Cairo. The most interesting things to be seen, however, are the tombs of the "Sacred Bulls." Near these a rude shelter of boards has been raised, and leaving the servants to prepare the breakfast, into these tombs the party descended. One of the Egyptian gods was a bull, which was worshiped in the flesh of other bulls chosen on account of some peculiar marks, and these animals as they died were buried with pomp in these tombs. Going down some easy steps, one enters a gallery from which at right angles run other galleries. At intervals on the right and left of these are recesses, in which are immense hollow blocks of granite, with heavy lids, in which these dead bulls were placed standing. Some of these tombs are beautifully carved with birds and other hieroglyphics, and all of them have long since been robbed. How they were gotten into the gallery, and when once there how they could have been placed in the recesses, are unexplained mysteries. The largest gallery is nearly one-quarter of a mile long.

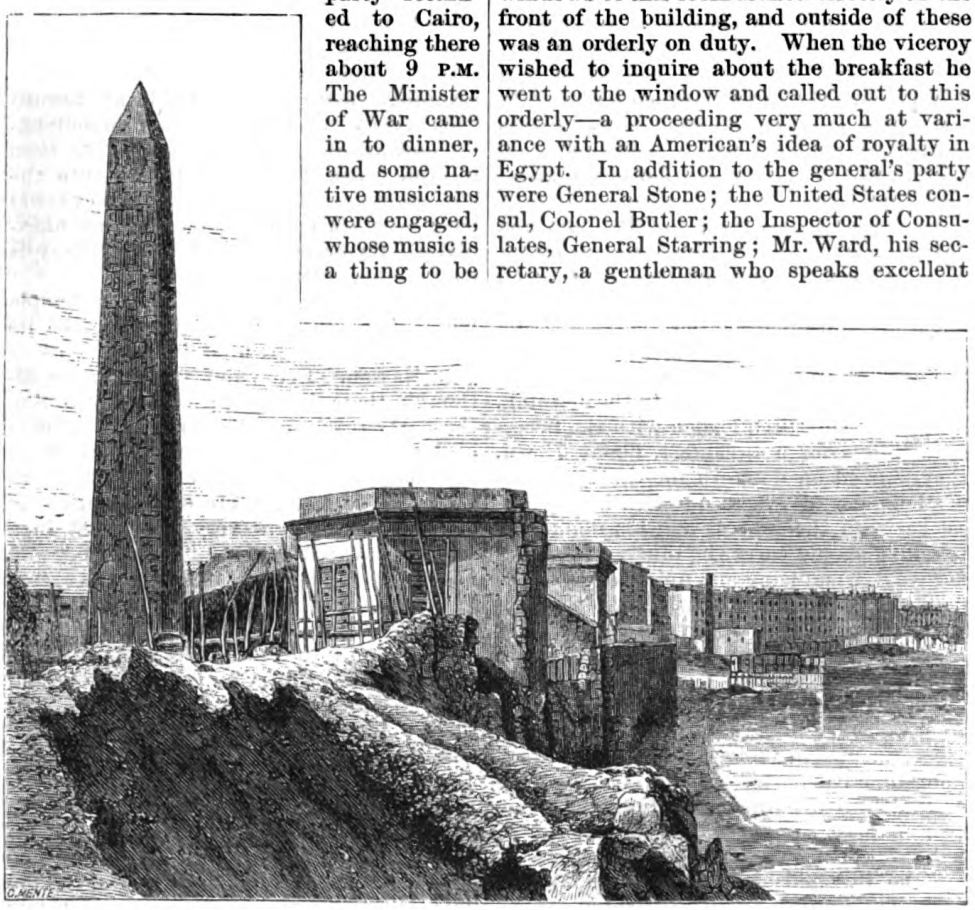
Not far from these tombs is a temple which, though small, has the sides of its wall beautifully painted in figures, as at Beni-Hassan. Red paint predominates, although there is some green. By 5 P.M. the party reached Cairo, tired out and covered with dust. The country up as far as they had gone differs little from that about Cairo. The villages are of mud brick, or adobe, the villagers very poor, clad in a single loose garment of "blue jean," and nearly all, both little and big, have sore eyes, many having lost one. Palm-trees are the only ones to be seen. The Nile is a fair companion for the Mississippi; its banks are high, and the country on both sides flat and uninteresting. Cairo is an exception, for there the Arabian Nights are reproduced, and the water-carrier and the lamp-seller are the same as in the days of Aladdin.

The day after the party returned from up the Nile, the viceroy having placed a steamboat at their disposal, they started for the "Barage," which is at the division of the Nile. Formerly the country suffered below this point by reason of the river being too

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low to force the water into the irrigating canals. For this purpose the "Barage" was built, and is really a bridge with many handsome towers, very Moorish in its appearance, and with many piers close together. At one end of the bridge is a lock, like in a canal, through which the vessels pass up or down. Between each two of the piers is an iron apron, which is worked from the bridge, and is raised or lowered on a circle, and by means of these the water is kept at a certain height. The length of the bridge, which is used by foot passengers, is 500 yards. It was completed by Mehemet Ali's orders in 1849. Before that the country below yielded one crop the year; now two are obtained. About two miles below Cairo the steamer got fast on a sand-bar, and remained there for six hours, notwithstanding the pushing and shouting of some twenty naked natives, who were engaged from the shore. General Stone telegraphed to Cairo. The viceroy was just crossing the Nile to his palace of Ghizeh, and hearing of General Sherman's trouble, sent his own particular steamboat to his assistance. At the "Barage" is an artillery camp, but it was too late to look at the guns; so, after partaking of coffee, the party returned to Cairo, reaching there about 9 P.M. The Minister of War came in to dinner, and some native musicians were engaged, whose music is a thing to be avoided. The instruments were in shape like guitars, tambourines, and a species of harp resting flat on the lap. One had simply a reed for a flute, and this he played without a mouth-piece. They accompanied their music with howling, which they called singing, and altogether the noise was dreadful.

One day during the visit of General Sherman in Cairo he and his party were invited by the viceroy to breakfast at his palace of Ahassieh, some four miles out of town, where he was then staying. The hour for breakfast was fixed at 12 M., at which time the party presented themselves at the appointed place, and were shown quietly from the hall into a room on the left-hand side, where they were received by the viceroy. He was dressed in plain citizen's clothes, as were also General Sherman and party, according to instructions received. The viceroy was even more affable than on the first interview. Upon the table in the centre of the room were some photographs of his sugar factories, and some specimens of sugar in bottles, to which he laughingly referred, remarking that his table looked more like that of a sugar merchant than a viceroy's. The windows of this room looked directly on the front of the building, and outside of these was an orderly on duty. When the viceroy wished to inquire about the breakfast he went to the window and called out to this orderly—a proceeding very much at variance with an American's idea of royalty in Egypt. In addition to the general's party were General Stone; the United States consul, Colonel Butler; the Inspector of Consulates, General Starring; Mr. Ward, his secretary, a gentleman who speaks excellent



CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.

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French; and two of the viceroy's household. After some twenty minutes' conversation the breakfast was announced, and the party passed to an adjoining room, where the table was ready. This room and the one first entered were about thirty feet by thirty-five, without much furniture, but still very pretty, as the walls, ceilings, and such furniture as was there were covered with chintz. The table was handsomely arranged in European style. The viceroy sat in the centre; opposite him General Sherman—the seat of honor; on the right and left of the viceroy, in order, were General Starring and Colonel Butler; on the right and left of General Sherman were Colonel Audenried and General Stone; Mr. Grant sat on Colonel Butler's left—the whole being arranged according to rank, the members of the viceroy's household sitting at the end of the table. The servants were four in number, and the cut of their coats was exactly that of an Episcopal clergyman, which is the undress uniform of all employés of the viceroy. They also wore white gloves and the customary red fez. During the breakfast, which lasted over an hour, the conversation was lively, the general's remarks being quickly and nicely turned into French by Mr. Ward. The bill of fare, which was served in courses, consisted of soup; macaroni, nicely cooked with cheese; fillet de bœuf, larded with truffles; partridges, with mushrooms (salmis); turkey, roasted, and stuffed with truffles; green pease; asparagus. The dessert consisted of a species of blanc-mange, vanilla ice-cream, strawberries, fruit, and coffee. These were served in the order mentioned, the general being served at the same time with the viceroy. The wines were Sauterne, Medoc, and Champagne. After breakfast some time was passed in the reception-room, and at 3 P.M. the party took their final leave of the viceroy, who expressed the sincere pleasure his meeting with General Sherman gave him. As the party left the palace, Mr. Lesseps, of Suez Canal notoriety, came in. He is a handsome man, with gray hair and rather dark mustache, and about fifty-five years of age. With his wife, who is about twenty-four years old, and quite pretty, he had been spending some time in Cairo.

The remaining few days were passed in going about Cairo. There is in the suburbs a very pretty drive called the Schoubrah, which is about three or four miles long, and has on each side some handsome houses, European in their style. A fine row of acacias grows on each side the drive, and in many cases the tops mingle together, forming quite pretty arbors. Along this road in the afternoon the people, both native and foreign, drive, and the carriages, with the curtains generally drawn down, and with the attendant eunuch on the box, are objects of much curiosity to the stranger. These carriages draw off on the side roads, and the occupants descend for a little exercise, closely guarded by the eunuchs. Wandering along the street one day, a procession was met consisting of several carriages full of veiled women, the leading one being covered with an India shawl. The whole was preceded by a brass band discoursing most wretched music. Upon inquiry, this was ascertained to be a wedding.

Friday being the Mussulman Sunday, the party went to see the dancing dervishes, to do which they had to drive to the old part of Cairo, and found there a frame building in shape something like a church. This was quite full of Arabs and some Europeans, through which a passage was made, and a kind of bench secured, upon which the party stood. Around the inside of the building ran a gallery, one portion of which was inclosed by lattice-work, behind which the native ladies sat. A railing inclosed the centre of the room, and inside this, seated upon the floor, were about half a dozen priests, who wore high conical hats, and long coats gathered at the waist by a sash. Around the other sides of the inclosure were some thirty Arabs. The exercise had already commenced, and these Arabs were throwing their heads over the right and left shoulders alternately, keeping time, and bringing their breath out at each movement with a puff. The time was marked by the thumping upon a tambourine, and also by the beating upon what looked like a cocoa-nut shell covered with skin. In the front of these were two men who, with arms held out straight from the body, kept up a continual turning around without moving from their places. After a short time this set of performers gave place to another, many of whom had very long hair. Before commencing they gave to one of the priests their gowns and turbans, which were placed by the priests, who were seated. A priest who was quite an old man took his place in front of the performers, and by keeping time with his hands set the party in motion, and a general bowing of the heads commenced. This was encouraged by a kind of chant, and the motion gradually extended from the head to the body, until finally they all bent nearly to the floor, and then throwing themselves backward, with the head turned upward, gave vent to a puff, the long hair of those who wore it covering and uncovering the face in each movement. One of the worshipers chanted something which seemed to have the effect of greatly exciting the dervishes, who continued to increase their movement until it became very rapid, and the foam began issuing from the mouths of several. A man, and a boy of about twelve, each of whom wore a conical-shaped hat of felt and a gown which was kept inflated by the motion, were

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spinning around during this time, their heads thrown to one side, one arm raised with the elbow bent, the other held straight out from the body. They seemed to turn with great ease and rapidity for twenty minutes, walking off at the end of that time without any apparent ill effect. The most excited of all these was a negro, black as night, who finally became so deranged as to throw himself on his hands and knees, and violently beat his head on the floor, while some others fell down and stiffened themselves, each one being taken care of by the priests, who restrained them from injuring themselves. It must have been hot work, for the perspiration ran from the faces of the spectators.

On Saturday, March 30, the party left Cairo for Alexandria. Quite a heavy rain had fallen during the night, so that the road was free from dust. The general and party remained in Alexandria until the following Tuesday, during which time the United States consul-general gave a dinner. The other days were passed in driving about and visiting such places as had been overlooked during the first days of their arrival, among them Cleopatra's Needle. On Tuesday the party took passage on the Austrian Lloyd's steamer *Minerva*. Going on board the steamer at 4 P.M., the captain immediately caused the American flag to be hoisted at the foremast as a token of respect to the general, and this he did at every port the steamer afterward entered on its voyage to Constantinople. As the *Minerva* steamed out of the harbor the familiar strains of *Yankee Doodle* were heard from the deck of a Russian man-of-war, recently arrived. These gradually died away in the distance, and by the time darkness settled down the *Minerva* was well away to sea.

WAS IT A FAILURE?

"Died, in this city, on the 17th inst., MARGARET, only daughter of the late ANTHONY B. MORRISSON, aged 42."

"POOR Margaret!" I said, as I laid down the newspaper I had been reading. "And *that* is the end of it all! What a wasted life! what a total failure her whole existence has been! Power without scope; talent without opportunity; affections without an object; life without an interest; death without regret! Poor, poor Margaret!

"And yet," I said, as I resumed my sewing, while the obituary I had just been reading filled my mind, "what right have I to term her life a failure, and her existence wasted? I am looking at it from a wholly earthly stand-point. I see, indeed, no garnered fruits; but may it not be that in the eyes of the higher intelligences she has come home bringing with her the ripened sheaves of a celestial harvest? She was pure and good, patient, self-denying, and uncomplaining: can it be that these virtues have borne no fruitage, and will the great 'Lord of the Harvest' count her day as wasted, her life a failure?"

Poor Margaret! There are some persons who seem to enjoy the happy gift of never growing old; and there are others, less enviable, who seem never to have been young. Of this latter and less-favored class was Margaret Morrisson. It would seem as if she must have been *born* mature, sensible, and reticent. One can imagine her, lying in her very cradle, wakeful, observant, silent, and reflective; but no force of imagination could picture her as ever being one of those sweet, laughing-eyed, dimpling, open-mouthed, bewitching babies, whose loving nurses can toss them up in the air, and shake out of them at any time a gurgling stream of baby-laughter, as soft as a chime of silver bells, as sweet and merry as the song of a bobolink in early summer.

Still, this view of Margaret's babyhood we must own to be altogether imaginative and theoretic. It is tracing the stream backward, and is like the way of the modern naturalists, who, given a chance-preserved old bone or tooth, will straightway declare to you what was the whole nature and construction of the living and possibly antediluvian animal.

We lay claim to no such scientific acumen, and must avow that our own personal knowledge of Margaret did not begin until she was about twelve or thirteen years old, at which time she was a shy, prim, sallow girl, tall, angular, awkward, and slightly stooping; rarely speaking unless it was unavoidable, and when she did speak, oppressed with shy, nervous hesitancy.

Margaret was an only daughter—indeed, an only child; but these magical words, which in most cases seem to imply in the very outset the idea of unlimited parental love, and an amount of indulgence which is oftentimes a real injury, meant only in her case that she stood alone in the world, without brother or sister to love and be beloved by; and this sad heritage of loneliness was all the distinction her heiress-ship had ever brought her.

To her parents Margaret had never been an object of tenderness. They were selfish people, who had not even that better and half-redeeming modification of selfishness which sees *itself* reflected in an only child, and gratifies *itself* in its indulgence of another.

The Morrissons did not love children, and Margaret's birth had given them no pleasure. She was only an incumbrance, her existence a necessary evil, which they were bound to endure and maintain. Possibly, had any sudden illness threatened the life of their child, it might have called up in them some-

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thing of parental affection; but Margaret, though never robust, was a healthy child, and gave her parents no such chance of testing their affection for her.

Mr. and Mrs. Morrisson had married early in life. Mrs. Morrisson had before marriage been a small belle and small heiress, and these pretensions she still held at something beyond their par value; partly, perhaps, because they (at least the latter qualification) had won for her the hand of her husband, then a young, handsome, and rather popular man. But alas for the vanity of vanities! her small fortune had been half dissipated by Mr. Morrisson's well-meant but injudicious speculations, and Time—that adroit thief of *personal* property—had robbed her of nearly all her early charms.

Vexed and dissatisfied, without mental resources, indolent and self-indulgent, she had gradually sunk into a state of confirmed invalidism. She was not exactly one of those much-afflicted women who, as the satirist tells us,

> "With sad tears the weary doctor tease
> To name the nameless, ever-new disease;"

but she had a better system: she had a set of complaisant diseases, all her own, that came at her call as obediently as a flock of pigeons; she had, in fact, "brought them all up, and made them what they were," as the saying is; and she could tell them off upon her fingers, and give you their dates and other statistics about them—indeed, she liked to do it. For instance, in the early springtime she *always* had a slow, nervous fever (a very slow one), and a cough which she constantly averred would one day terminate in consumption; but it never did. This usually held on until May, when she was subject to what she termed her "spring feelings"—that was, weakness, nervous prostration, and great depression of spirits. This was always succeeded by a bilious attack. At midsummer the rose-cold made a martyr of her, and later in the autumn it would settle into her old catarrhal and bronchial difficulties. Oh, she knew well enough what she had to expect, to the very day! Then in winter came the rheumatism, neuralgia, and sciatica, which carried her round to the slow, nervous fever period again; and these, with chilblains, agues, a good deal of tooth and ear ache, sick headaches, and an *always* weak back, did seem (had they not half of them been purely imaginary) rather a full cup of trembling to be drank year after year!

It seemed almost incredible, come to think of it, that a beneficent Providence *should* have sent such a host of tribulations upon one weak little woman! And no doubt she thought so; but she never said *just exactly that*, though her manner implied it, and doubtless gave herself no little credit for her forbearance with Providence in the matter. It was just so much to be set down on her side of the account.

Sickness is apt to be selfish, even in the best and most generous natures; and a woman so singled out as a mark for suffering could not be supposed or expected to be a very loving mother. And Margaret, having never known a mother's tenderness, certainly did not expect it, however her young heart yearned for it.

With her father it was still worse. His home was any thing but a pleasant place to him, for his wife was always too ill to receive company at home or to go out, and had little conversation beyond a querulous recapitulation of her various woes and sufferings, past, present, and to come. He was a business man now, and he spent his time, or professed to spend it, all except mealtimes, at his office. He had never made Margaret's acquaintance, so to speak; for the ailing wife always claimed and received the little attention he had to bestow, and the shy, timid girl never ventured to address him. And so, beyond offering her a piece more meat at table, or telling her to sit up straight, he rarely spoke to her. Oh, how Margaret wished he would! She was not so weary of *him* as she was of her mother, with her constant self-condolences; for they rarely met; and if he would only once speak to her as other fathers did to other girls, if he would once just call her "Maggie dear," or say "My daughter," it seemed as if she would have thrown her arms about his neck, and sobbed out that she was the very happiest girl in the world!

But this would not have made him the happiest father in the world by any means, and Margaret was intuitively aware of it; and not for the universe would she have ventured upon the slightest demonstration of the tenderness which filled her heart for him. Her nurse had been a Quakeress, a staid, good woman and a faithful nurse; but in her religious sect there is ever inculcated a sort of stoicism which represses enthusiasm, and holds all emotion under a strong restraint; and possibly the morbid repression and quietude which so strongly marked Margaret's maturer character might be referred to Lydia's early training.

Margaret, when old enough, had been sent to school. *All* children go to school, do they not? But no inquiry was ever made as to her progress there, no interest shown as to her proficiency.

Once or twice, when she had seen other girls gladly displaying their birthday or Christmas presents, it had fallen coldly upon Margaret's heart that her birthdays were never thus remembered, her Christmas-days never thus made happy; and then thinking, poor innocent child, that perhaps her tastes were unknown to her parents, she had ventured to speak of these gifts before them,

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and with an artless artfulness that made her heart beat and her very voice tremble, she had intimated how much *she* should delight in such a book or such a singing-bird. Poor child! she might have spared herself the pain of the innocent artifice, for no one but herself seemed to notice it.

Then it flashed across her mind that her parents had no reason to be proud of her. If she could win honors at school, and bear home testimonials of her success, might they not warm up to her and say one kind, approving word? She would try.

Margaret was not a student by nature or choice, but she had good talents and perseverance, and she was determined to win success: she gave her whole mind to it; she studied early and late; *and she won.* It was a large class, and the highest, and the competition was severe; but one day she came home triumphant, with her usually pale cheeks flushing almost painfully. With shy, downcast eyes and wildly beating heart she made the grand announcement — she stood at the top of the highest class!

"I supposed you were there long ago," said her father, coldly. He said no more, and Margaret's zeal for learning was quenched forever.

At length, when other girls of Margaret's age were leaving school, she too was removed. Possibly until then neither of her parents had remarked that the tall, shy, ungraceful child had grown into a well-developed young lady. And so she left school, and sat at home and did the family sewing, or waited in her mother's darkened room, drawing the window-shades up and down, beating up the cushions, and shifting the pillows and moving the footstool; or, sent down into the kitchen, compounding some dainty dish coveted by the exacting invalid, who, though she never owned to having an appetite, certainly did contrive to "worry down," as she called it, a very fair amount of nourishing food in the course of the twenty-four hours.

But Margaret was now of an age to be introduced into society, and of course she felt all a young girl's anxiety to see something of the gayeties of the world; but who was to introduce her? Her mother (unlike the unselfish matrons who still wearily frequent the ball-room, when their own enjoyment there has passed away, to keep their places in society for their growing daughters) had ceased to go out into company or entertain guests at home, when her own fading charms made the ball-room no longer an excitement to her; and now you might as well have asked "Peter the Hermit" as to have invited her.

Of course Mr. Morrisson did not go without her; at least not to ladies' parties. If he solaced himself by a whist-club or a supper-party upon those nights when he had "so much business at the office, my dear, I may be out late," that is no affair of ours; if he was *making* money or *spending* it upon those not infrequent seasons of great business pressure, who knows? Certainly not Margaret or her mother. And so there was really no hereditary place in society kept open for poor Margaret; she heard of balls and parties all around her, but she seemed to stand afar off—shut out, by no fault of her own, from the innocent pleasures of her age and station; and she felt it, as any young girl would.

At last a former friend of Mrs. Morrisson's, or rather one of the old set she once belonged to, in giving a grand general party, a brilliant ball, possibly from good nature, or more probably to swell the boasted list of invited guests, sent cards to Mr. and Mrs. Morrisson, and, remembering to have heard they had a grown-up daughter, included Miss Morrisson in the invitation.

Margaret was surprised and delighted; she knew—for it had been long talked of—that it was to be the great event of fashionable life, the crowning ball of the season. And as she turned the polished card, with its silvery lettering and graceful monogram, over and over in her trembling hands, she felt as if she held the talisman which could open to her the halls of enchantment.

"Why, Margaret," said her mother, querulously, "do you want to go?"

"Oh, mother! yes, indeed; but *can I?*" And the girl looked up in wonder and delight.

"I suppose you can if you want to. Can't she, father?"

"I suppose so," said Mr. Morrisson, carelessly, just glancing up from the paper he was reading; and neither parent said any thing more.

Margaret went up to her own chamber in a state of pleasurable mental bewilderment; for a few brief moments her thoughts soared away,

> "As light of heart, as gay of wing,
> As Eden's garden bird."

Then slowly, slowly and reluctantly, they came back to the actual, present life. She had been dwelling upon the *possible,* and now she had to turn and face the *impossible.*

And first, how was she to go? She had no one to introduce her, and she had never in her life been to a party. She felt sure her father would not even take her there, and come for her. They did not keep a man-servant, and to ask to have a carriage sent for her sole use, as other girls did, seemed to her humble, self-denying nature an extravagance too absurd to be contemplated for a moment.

But this was only the beginning of her troubles. Her dress—ah! *that* was the worst of all. Dress had been from her very childhood one of Margaret's bitterest trials. Her mother, owing to her state of chronic invalidism, or, rather, from the constitutional indo-

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lence of character in which most of her myriad ailments had their source and nourishment, had long ago relinquished dress as an amusement, and wore only invalid wraps, sacques, and shawls; and having thus no longer any personal interest in the subject, had become totally unobservant of fashion, and was wholly regardless of the gradual changes which time had brought about. The requirements of her own girlhood, the dresses in which she had made her own petty but well-remembered and much exaggerated triumphs, were still fresh in her mind as models for her daughter; and Margaret, who had a simple but really refined taste in dress, had ever found it one of her heaviest crosses to wear the badly made and old-fashioned dresses which her mother chose for her, while she knew that for half of the money she could have dressed with the good taste and propriety of a lady.

A love of dress, of pretty and becoming attire, is as natural to the heart of a young girl as is color to the flower or verdure to the leaf; and, when kept within due bounds, may doubtless be as innocent in the eye of Him who gives the butterfly its painted wings as is the bloom of the rose or the stainless whiteness of the lily; and Margaret had remonstrated quietly again and again, but it was unavailing. Mrs. Morrisson could not or would not see (how could she in her sick-room?) the change which had gone on around her. And at length Margaret, with her morbid and too sensitive ideas of duty, had resigned herself to the affliction, and felt, with bitterness of spirit but outward calmness, that, while shrinking with shy diffidence from all observation, she was made far more conspicuous from her total disregard to the ruling fashions than if she had been the very gayest butterfly of the mode.

These trials may seem little to older persons, but only a young girl so thwarted can estimate the bitterness of the mortification; and now, in view of this coming ball, what was she to do? She knew that she had not one single article of suitable ball costume; she knew herself but very little of the many requirements of fashion; but she *did* know too well her own utter want of outfit. To be sure, she could ask her father for the money, and he was not a mean man. His expenditure of money was always liberal, and she felt sure, if she could summon up courage to ask him for money, he would not hesitate to give whatever she might ask him for; but how should she get courage to ask him? She never had. And then it would all have to be expended under the direction of her mother, and Margaret well knew that she would regard crinoline, trains, double skirts, low neck and bare arms, French gloves and flowers, and (most important to her, and worst of all in her mother's eyes) hair dressed by a fashionable artist, as a direct revival of Babylonish wickedness. Margaret's sad prophetic spirit saw a fortnight of painful disputation, and dire defeat at the end of it. Was it really worth while for her own selfish pleasure to make the effort? Did not duty (ah, poor Margaret's morbid sense of duty!) require her to give it up? And yet she *did* so want to go!

Two days she balanced this question in her own mind with subtle arguments, pro et con, and with some secret tears, for it *was* a trial for a girl of eighteen; and on the third day she wrote a note, declining for herself and her parents.

Mrs. Olney's splendid ball took place; it was the great event of the fashionable season. Every body went, and Margaret sat at the window of her mother's darkened room and watched, with closely clasped hands and sternly shut lips, the rolling carriages which bore other and more favored girls to the unknown pleasures which her imagination pictured and exaggerated.

There was one pleasant family living in the same street with the Morrissons, one of whose young daughters had attended school with Margaret. They had been in the same class, shared the same desk, and walked to and from school together; and this girl, Adeline Norton, a fine, bright, sweet-tempered girl, was the one person in the whole world whom Margaret best knew, and with whom she felt most at ease.

She told Margaret of the splendors and delights of the Olney ball, which she had attended, and lamented that Margaret, who owned to having been invited, had not gone too; and Margaret, who was too shy and reticent to explain *why* she did not go, expressed her own regret.

"Well," said Addie, as they parted at her father's door, "we are going to have a little party at our house next week—oh, nothing, you know, in the least like the Olneys' ball; but just a little simple sociable—all young people. Just a little simple affair, in honor of my brother's vacation; and you must come over then. I shall not let you off; so now, remember, you are engaged, and I will give you timely notice." And Margaret smiled and thanked her, and did not say if she would come or not.

Early in the next week Addie came to ask her for Thursday. "I have not given out any other invitations yet," she said; "but I wanted to make sure of you." The fact was, that the kind-hearted, considerate girl wanted to give her friend time to prepare a dress.

Margaret made some demur about going, but Addie would take no denial. She fairly overruled all her objections—she could come over early, and Harry would see her home. And at last Margaret promised, if "nothing happened," and her mother was as well as usual, and did not object, she would come.

"Only a little sociable," she repeated to

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herself, and the words seemed to give her courage. If she was ever to go, she could not have a better time to begin. Only just across the street—and Addie was so kind, and she knew her so well, and it was only a little sociable!

To be sure, her dress was just the same; *that* difficulty remained; but then it was not to be a ball, like Mrs. Olney's, "and, of course," she thought, with a sigh of relief, "people won't wear full dress at a little sociable, and so it is not so much matter."

She propounded the matter to her mother, who did not object, only saying, with a fretful, exasperating sneer, "If you don't back out of it, as you did before."

From that time until Thursday came Margaret thought of little else; she rehearsed in her own mind all the little she knew about parties and party manners, and grew hot or cold as the anticipated pleasures and difficulties rose before her.

She dressed early, that she might put up her hair better by daylight. Never did she take so much pains with it, and never had it "acted so bad," as the girlish term is. Possibly the fingers that trembled so with excitement that she could scarcely hold her pins had something to do with that. Then she put on her best dress, and was ready. And still it wanted hours of the time to go.

Then she went into her mother's room to give her her tea, and settle her for the night; and when that was over Mrs. Morrisson could not understand why Margaret did not go. "It is not time yet, mother," said Margaret, gently; but the question and answer were repeated until Mrs. Morrisson grew angry. "I don't see why you *don't* go, Margaret."

"People don't go so early, mamma."

"Then I'd set them a better example." As if poor shy, meek Margaret was a person to lead society, and set herself against a fashion!

At last, when the peevish invalid had said two or three times, "Well, of all the absurdities I ever knew! I hope you'll get there in time to come home with the rest of them!" Margaret's patience could hold out no longer. Fairly driven out of the house, she wrapped herself up in her thick shawl, and ran unattended down the street, half frightened at her own temerity.

She saw with a glance that the drawing-rooms were not lighted; but it had been arranged between the friends that Margaret was to go up into Addie's room and go down with her, thus avoiding the dreaded entrance into a room full of company. So, slipping by the bowing and exquisite darky at the door, Margaret followed the female servant who came to receive her up the lighted staircase to Addie's room.

As the door was flung open for her, oh, what a bower of beauty it seemed, with its pretty white and gold furniture and snowy muslin draperies, warm, brilliantly lighted, and redolent of perfume! Addie turned from the glass as the servant relieved Margaret of her heavy shawl, and taking her hand kindly, stooped and kissed her cheek. Addie!—*was it really Addie*, or some celestial visitant? Margaret gazed at the pink and white vision before her in wondering admiration. She had never before seen any one dressed for a party, and the pretty, smiling young girl, in her full floating robes of snowy white lace or muslin, ruffled to the waist, and dotted here and there with exquisite little rose-buds; with streaming sash of marvelous colors; with her soft hair puffed and braided and curled, and adorned with ribbons and flowers; with bare neck and arms, their whiteness heightened by costly jewelry—seemed to Margaret's inexperienced eyes a very marvel of loveliness!

"Oh, Addie!" she exclaimed, warmly returning her friend's kiss, "you do look just like an angel fresh from paradise!"

"Do I, dear?" said Addie, laughing gayly. "Now if some of our beaux had only said that!"

The two young girls had met and greeted in the middle of the room, accidentally pausing just in front of the long swinging glass at which Addie had dressed; and now, as Margaret turned, her quick eye caught the reflection of them both, side by side. What a contrast! Addie in her festive robes like shining mist, with laughing eyes and glowing cheeks, and sweet lips breaking into rosy smiles; and herself, in a dark, sad-colored silk, rich and heavy, but every way unsuited to the occasion; made straight and plain, high neck and long sleeves; no train, no hoops, no flowers, no over-skirt or sash—nothing to relieve the figure; a little, prim, embroidered collar, and her only ornaments a very small, old-fashioned pearl pin and ear-rings, which her mother had worn in her girlhood; with pale sallow cheeks, sad heavy eyes, and plainly braided hair.

And yet, although she did not know it, Margaret had really greater capabilities of beauty than her companion. Dress her in a pretty, becoming costume, suitable to her age, to the occasion, and to the fashion; take from her, by a little judicious praise and allowable flattery, that shrinking self-consciousness which made her really beautiful figure stiff and awkward; break up those heavy braids of lustrous black hair into a more modern style of coiffure; let those expressive dark eyes, now hidden under their long, thick, silken lashes, light up and flash with mirth and intellect and merriment; bid that sallow but smooth cheek redden with exercise and excitement, and the full lips part over the faultless teeth in sunny smiles of youthful anticipation of enjoyment, such as was felt by the little fairy thing at her

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side—and Margaret would have far outshone her little butterfly friend.

But she did not see this. She saw only the wide present contrast; and with a smothered cry of anguish she hid her face in her hands, and tears of intense mortification trickled through her fingers.

"Margaret! dear Margaret! oh, what is it?" asked her half-comprehending friend. "Dear Margaret! don't do so; you frighten me."

But by this time Margaret's habitual self-control had come to the rescue.

"Look there," she said, pointing to the glass as she wiped away the unwonted tears, "and see if you wonder. I do not think it is envy, dear," she said, meekly—"oh, I hope it is not; but, dear Addie, let me go home. I see that my dress is not fit; I *thought*— But let me go home before any one else sees me; before I disgrace you."

"You shall do no such thing," said Addie, warmly. "Disgrace, indeed! Why, your dress is a far more costly one than mine, if we come to that. It is a very rich silk, only it *is* rather heavy for a party. Why did not you put on one of your thin evening dresses, dear?"

"I have not got any such," said Margaret. "But I see now how unfit mine is. Please let me go."

"What! go home? no, indeed!" said the sympathizing Addie. "Stop, Margaret; I'll tell you what we will do. We are very nearly of a size: you shall have one of my dresses. Oh, it will be such fun! I have got a white tarlatan with three skirts, trimmed with corn-color; just the thing for you; and you must have one of my hoops; and Mary shall dress your hair. There is plenty of time, and it will be splendid!"

"Stop a moment, dear Addie. I can not wear your dress."

"Why not? Oh yes, you can. It would just fit you; I am sure it would."

"Yes, dear, I dare say; but I think mamma would not like it."

"Why not?"

"Oh, I don't know; only—only mamma is very particular about my dress."

"So is my mother. She would not let me wear any thing that was not proper and nice; and what is proper and fit for *me* must be proper for *you*. Come, say you will, that's a good girl. I'm dying to see how nice you will look."

For one moment Margaret's resolution wavered; the temptation was a great one. Then her strong sense of duty told her, if her mother did not allow her such dresses, it would be disobedience to wear such a one surreptitiously, and she firmly but thankfully refused.

At this moment Mrs. Norton entered the chamber to inspect her daughter's toilet, and the warm-hearted and impulsive girl told her the case, and appealed to her to influence Margaret. But Mrs. Norton saw the whole situation at a glance. "I think your friend is quite right, my dear Addie," she said, "and I respect her for her loyalty to her mother's wishes. I do not advise her to wear your dress, but I think, without changing her own, we can make it more suitable for an evening party; and your mother would not object to that, my dear Miss Morrisson. Ring for Mary to dress Margaret's hair a little more, Addie, and then bring me your pretty white muslin basque."

In a few moments, under Mrs. Norton's careful supervision, Margaret's really beautiful hair was arranged in a more modern and becoming fashion, and a brilliant pomegranate flower pinned among its burnished tresses; the meek little collar was removed, and the close high dress loosened at the throat, and turned away a little; and then with Addie's embroidered sacque, with its rich lace trimmings and loose drapery sleeves, slipped on over the rich dead-leaf silk, and secured by tasteful knots of pomegranate-colored ribbon, our heroine did really look like another being.

"There! *now* look in the glass again, and see what mamma can do," said the delighted Adeline, leading her up to the mirror. "There! *now* how do you look?"

"I don't know how I *look*," said the blushing girl, scarcely daring to glance at her own altered reflection, "but I know how I *feel*. I am very, very grateful." This was the most of a speech Margaret had ever made in her life, and it cost her a mighty effort; but it had the merit of being sincere, which is more than can be said of most complimentary speeches.

"Oh, here come our bouquets, Margaret! just in time," said Addie. "I ordered one for you, dear, just like mine, for I knew you would not remember it. And—stop one moment—you had better take one of my handkerchiefs, they are smaller than yours;" and she produced a tiny thing, all lace and embroidery. "Stop, let me fasten it for you; and now—oh, your fan! there is a fan goes with that dress. See here, Margaret; just the color of your bows. Why, I declare you do look lovely! doesn't she, mamma?"

"See here, my dear Margaret," said Mrs. Norton, kindly, "here is a lighter-colored pair of gloves than yours; I want you to accept them from me in token of my approbation of your respect to your mother's wishes."

"And for setting such a good example to your own madcap girl," said Adeline, fondly kissing her mother's cheek. "And now, dear Margaret, if you please, we will go down stairs, for

"'The hour is nigh, O County Guy!'"

she sang as she ran merrily down stairs.

To Margaret's surprise she found the

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drawing-room carpets up, and musicians already there, and in a few moments the brilliantly lighted rooms were filled with youth and beauty. And oh, such dresses! Even Addie's, which had seemed so overwhelming to her, was plain and simple in comparison to those of some of her guests. "Only a little sociable!" repeated Margaret to herself, and her ideas of sociability were enlarged wonderfully.

Then the dancing began, and Margaret, overwhelmed and bewildered by the music, the din of voices, the shifting forms, and general brilliancy of the scene, withdrew into a sheltered corner, and feeling "among them, yet not of them," she became a looker-on, "and *saw*, not *shared*, the pleasures of the ball." Yet she was content, though she knew no one, amused by the novelty of the scene, and interested in watching her vivacious little friend, who hovered about like a humming-bird among the guests. And whenever Addie found time to run up and speak a few kind words to her, and point out the distinguished belles, she assured her she was very well entertained by merely looking on. But Addie, whose successes as a belle were very different, could not realize this, and after introducing two or three "nice girls," who did not seem to care to remain in Margaret's corner, she brought up a pleasant-looking young man, introduced him, and passed on.

Oh, how Margaret wished she would have left her alone! for the young gentleman stood by her side a few moments, and made a few commonplace remarks, to which the shy, timid girl was conscious of returning inane answers, and then asked her for the next dance! This was a thunder-clap to Margaret; such a danger had never crossed her mind; she had never learned to dance, and even if she had, she was too humble to expect any one to ask *her*. She was too ignorant of the conventionalities of society to know even in what form of words to decline. She could not tell him, a stranger, that she had never been to dancing-school, so she blushed, and hesitated, and stammered out she hoped he would excuse her; and the young man, who had only asked her to dance at the instigation of their pretty little hostess, and who, of course, could not dream of the real state of the case, thinking she meant a rudeness, drew himself up proudly, made her a haughty bow, and walked away, mortified and indignant, leaving Margaret ready to sink with shame at feeling she had been uncivil, and possibly had affronted one of Addie's guests.

Then the gorgeous fan and bouquet which Addie had put into her hands were wonderfully in her way. She had never been taught to play with a fan, to wield it as a weapon of attack or defense, like the pretty flirting trifles before her; and though she loved flowers dearly, it seemed out of keeping and unnatural for *her* to stand holding up a great bunch of them all the evening like a plaster of Paris flower-girl. Yet, in her love for Adeline, she would not put them down, although she felt they rather increased than lessened her awkwardness.

But a new trouble was at hand, to which all that had gone before was as nothing. She heard a loud, ringing voice request the gentlemen to take their partners down to supper. She saw them, arm in arm, gliding gracefully out of the room, and—oh! what was to become of *her*? She had no partner; she knew nobody; what should she do? Must she stay there and see them all go off, and leave her alone there with only the black fiddlers? Oh, the shame of it! oh, the bitter sense of loneliness, the exaggerated sense of shame! Not that she cared for the supper. Oh, if she could only have got quietly home, she would have agreed not to eat again for a week, for a month, for a year! But just as the tears of mortification were ready to drop, just as she was wishing the floor would open and let her through (which would not have mended the matter at all, as the supper-room was just beneath), relief came. Her watchful little friend had foreseen this very difficulty, and had arranged to meet it.

She had first applied to Harry; but that obliging brother, with the graceful suavity and good-breeding which a collegiate life does sometimes succeed in bestowing, had replied, with charming frankness:

"No, I'll be hanged if I do! You are too hard upon a fellow, Addie. I *said* I'd trot her home, and I'll stand to *that;* but I'm going to take Bessie Tyler down to supper, and I am not the man to prance down stairs, steamboat fashion, with a woman hanging on each arm, and making a guy of myself, I tell you."

But a few hasty words whispered in the ear of her father had succeeded better. His love for his own children had taught him to sympathize with other young persons, and he agreed to see that Miss Morrisson was not neglected. And just as the mortified girl was doubting if she should *cry*, or *fly*, or *die*, the kind, genial "gentleman of the old school" came up and blandly offered his arm to take her down to supper; and never poor drowning wretch, dragged out of the whelming surf by a great noble Newfoundland dog, was more truly grateful to his preserver.

Mr. Norton took her down to supper, found her a quiet standing-place, relieved her of her fan and flowers, heaped her plate with the best upon the table, and then, helping himself, he stood by her and talked. At first poor shy Margaret trembled so she could scarcely lift her spoon to her lips; but gradually, reassured by her companion's fatherly manner (oh! so much more fatherly than her own father's had ever been!), she

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became able to give coherent and rational answers. Then he insisted upon her taking part of a glass of wine; and warmed and emboldened by the unusual stimulus, Margaret became able to raise her bright, beautiful eyes timidly to his, and answer his merry sallies in a strain of almost corresponding playfulness, at the remembrance of which she often wondered afterward.

"I will tell you what, Miss Margaret," said the amused listener, pleased with his success, "I think you and I get on so well, we ought to try a dance together; what do you say to *that?*"

Then Margaret told him of her ignorance of dancing, and of the rudeness she feared she had been guilty of, and he laughed heartily.

"Never mind, my dear," he said, *sotto voce*. "Between you and me, a little *snubbing* won't hurt any of those young gentlemen, I fancy. And so you won't dance with me? Well, maybe it is just as well, for I fancy our accomplishments in that line are about upon an equality. You have never learned to dance, and I have forgotten how; so we will postpone our dance for another opportunity. In the mean time, let us both practice our steps diligently, and I shall claim you for my partner at the next ball we meet at: now remember." And Margaret gave the promise, though she felt he would never find her at another party.

Then he took her up stairs again, and, finding her a seat at a table covered with books and engravings, stood by her and turned them over, and led her to talk about them; and though he incidentally discovered that his companion had never been out of her native place, never before at a party, never at a lecture, play, or concert, he found she was conversant with books and history, and capable, when at ease, of very ready and intelligent conversation. He remained with her some time, and Margaret always looked upon that conversation with a man old enough to be her father as the one pleasure of the evening.

After he left her, time went slowly, and when she saw the first guests making their adieux, bent upon escaping the attendance of the dreaded collegian, she slipped quietly out of the room, ran up to Addie's chamber, stripped off her borrowed feathers, retaining only the gloves and flowers, wrapped herself up in her thick shawl, glided down stairs and out of the door, and threading her way among a crowd of drivers and lookers-on, darted, swift as another Cinderella, down the street to her home.

The hall lamp was out, so she knew her parents were not waiting her return, and she was glad of that. Taking a light from the woman who let her in, she ran up stairs, gained her own room, locked the door, and, flinging herself face downward upon the bed, gave way to the passionate tears of a young heart's bitter disappointment.

After a while she grew calmer; but when she reviewed the evening, she felt in her deepest consciousness that she was not made for society; that she could neither find nor give pleasure in going into company. She felt deeply grateful for all that the Nortons had done for her; no one else would ever be so kind and thoughtful for her again; and if, with all that, the evening had been a failure, why, then— And again the quick tears broke forth.

At length, controlling herself by a strong effort, Margaret rose, took off her dress, put her bouquet into water, bathed her face and hands, and having whispered her devotions in a humble, self-accusing spirit, went to bed, but not to sleep. Still the dance music throbbed upon her ears; still the flashing lights and iris-colored dresses moved before her closed eyes; and it was morning before she sank into her troubled sleep. Of course she was late the next day, and she was not sorry to find her father had gone out, and her mother had one of her nervous headaches: it saved all questioning then, and the subject was too unimportant to them to be remembered afterward.

Margaret never attempted another party; she felt, as her old Quaker nurse used to say, that she "had no leadings to try it again;" but she retained the friendship of the Norton family, and used to step in there sometimes when they were quite alone of an evening; and now and then, not often, she went with them to some lecture or concert.

But the rolling years were bringing a change; Mrs. Morrisson was taken very alarmingly ill. Hitherto her ailments had been of a very mild type, and wholly under her own control and management; but now

> "The ill which came not at her call
> Would not depart at her command."

And it was singular to see how, at the touch of real sickness, valetudinarianism disappeared. When the true king comes to the throne, the pretenders shrink away; and, writhing under attacks of severe pain, Mrs. Morrisson forgot her nerves and her bile. And stranger still to see how, subdued and chastened by real suffering, she, who had been querulous and exacting in fancied ailments, became patient and forbearing. For the first time in her life she felt and expressed sympathy for Margaret's weary feet and her tireless watchings; thanked her gratefully for the little tender ministrations she had never seemed to notice before; pressed the hand of the wondering girl lovingly, lingeringly, and even drew her down to her pillow to kiss her; so that when she died (for, of course, this was death's doings), Margaret wept with a newly developed tenderness, and felt she had lost, what she had

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never before known she had, a mother's love. And how was it about Mr. Morrisson? It would seem *natural* that at the touch of a common sorrow the two sole survivors of the family should be drawn together, and mingle their tears. It did seem *natural* that the bereaved husband, seeing his only child weeping for her mother, should open his arms to her (oh, how Margaret wished he would!), and be at once consoler and consoled; but that was not his way.

He was an exemplary mourner, a model widower! He "walked in all the ordinances of the law blameless;" his arrangements for the mourning and the funeral were faultless; his bearing and behavior at the cemetery in perfect good taste. On the Sunday following he sat to be preached to and prayed at with his face decently concealed, according to rule, in a white handkerchief and a black glove, and walked home with solemn pace by Margaret's side; and the next morning the curtain fell, he went back to his office, and all was over.

But Margaret had now a new mission, and she entered upon it fully. She felt as if her father's comfort was henceforth to be her charge—a duty devolved upon her by her mother's death. She had a natural turn for housekeeping, and, thrown upon her own resources, it developed rapidly. Neatness, method, and regularity had been part of her early Quaker training, and they availed her now. She made herself acquainted with every detail of the family arrangements, to spare her father. He was fond of good eating, and she studied his tastes, and fed him like an alderman. His meals were punctual to the moment, and Margaret always ready and attentive. She kept close watch over his wardrobe. He never found a missing button, a neglected stocking, or a faulty collar. The house was the perfection of neatness; the rooms warm, bright, and cozy in winter, and cool, shady, and fragrant with flowers in summer.

Mr. Morrisson did not express gratification or approval: *that* Margaret did not expect. But he found no fault (he could not), and her humble heart was content with that. Judge, then, her feelings when, in less than two years after her mother's death, he coolly, and without any preparation, announced to her his intention of a speedy second marriage!

Margaret was struck dumb. Such an event had never crossed her mind. Parents seem older to their children than to others; and Mr. Morrisson was nearly sixty, and to Margaret that seemed a very advanced age, and his marriage ridiculous. Then her mother had been dead so short a time. Oh, the absurdity it was in her father! the insult it was to her dead mother! But, controlling herself with difficulty, she inquired *who* the lady was. And the rush of blood went tingling down to her finger-ends when her father named a gay young widow, whose flippant conduct, both before and since the recent death of her husband, had drawn upon her comments which, true or false, a woman's reputation is too fragile to bear. And before she had time to rally from this second blow he informed her that Mrs. Tracy was coming the next day to see the house, and decide what alterations and repairs it would need; and this without even the poor common courtesy of waiting for Margaret to call upon her, thus virtually setting her aside, and ignoring her very existence as the present mistress of her father's house.

The poor girl could not speak, she only bowed in silence; and then her father left her, and she fled to the secrecy of her own room, and hiding her face in her trembling hands, tried to think calmly of what she had heard.

"Not *yet two years*, and *to such a woman!*" she sobbed out, for she was thinking first of her mother. Those two last weeks of her illness had produced a revulsion in Margaret's feelings: death softens all asperities. And looking back through the mist of tears, and in the light which streams from the grave, Margaret had taught herself to feel, in humble self-accusation, that *she* had been the one to blame for their long estrangement. If she had been more caressing, her mother might have been more demonstrative. And then she was *always such a sufferer!* For the *sham* ailments, which Margaret had known to be *shams* at the time, she now looked back upon with pitying tenderness, and had gradually built up for her mother a character for virtues which she had never recognized in her in life, and which (it is to be hoped that Mrs. M. does not hear us) she was not in the least entitled to.

And all this time Margaret had never once thought of the result of this marriage upon herself. She was too unselfish. *That* was to be forced upon her later.

The next day Mr. Morrisson and the dashing little widow drove up. He introduced her, and Margaret tried to be polite; but the visitor saw through the transparent disguise, and made up her mind they were to be enemies.

Then they went over the house. They did not ask Margaret to go with them, but she heard their voices in earnest debate in the different rooms. Then they came back, and her father asked her for cake and wine, and she had to listen with a heavy heart to her father's antiquated gallantries, and to the widow's giggling, flippant replies and coquetries. Then they drove off without a word to Margaret.

The next day Mr. Morrisson informed his daughter that Mrs. Tracy would want the room next to his for a nursery for her little boy.

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Margaret looked up inquiringly. "You do not mean *my* chamber, father?"

"I mean the nursery chamber, of course."

"Father," said Margaret, rising and standing before him, pale, cold, and rigid, "do I understand you?—do you mean that I am to give up *my* chamber to that child?"

"Of course I do: my wife will want her child near her. There are other chambers quite as good, and I do not know that one room in my house belongs to you more than any other. And I wish the room vacated at once, as it will need painting and papering."

There was nothing more to be said. And the next day Margaret removed to one of the upper rooms, but it did not seem a home to her. She had never before slept a night out of the room she had had to give up, and she felt in exile away from it.

But this was little to what was to come. The patient sweetness and gentle dignity with which Margaret had yielded up her mother's keys, and resigned her honors as mistress of the house, would have appealed to the generosity of a better nature than her successor possessed. But it did not touch her. And if she had had a divining-rod by which to test the most vulnerable points in Margaret's nature, she could not have aimed her blows more skillfully. Her victim was orderly, and had those strong local attachments which some people seem born without; she was habited, and her quiet, lonely life had tended to confirm all these peculiarities. It annoyed her to see the furniture out of its accustomed places; it was a real trial to her to see the windows and blinds of "the best chamber" flung open, and sun and dust streaming in upon the verdant freshness of the carpet in that sacred room! Again and again she said to herself, "It did not signify." *But it did,* to her.

It tried her orderly spirit to see the best dinner-set taken into general use, and "gold-banded white" and "blue Canton" china indiscriminately mixed together upon the table, and to have the nice white dinner napkins she had kept white as snow used at dessert, and stained with fruit and coffee; she could not help starting when little Eddie climbed up and danced on the drawing-room couches, cracked nuts on the front stairs, or ate candy and gingerbread lying upon the parlor carpet.

Eddie was a pretty little merry fellow, although willful and spoiled by indulgence, and Margaret had never been used to children; but her nature was truly womanly, and no true woman can live in the house with a bright, healthy, happy-hearted child and remain unmoved by its witchery; and her heart warmed to the pretty boy, who looked at her half-shyly, half-coaxingly, through his long dancing curls. She longed to be friends with him; but once as he tripped in running by her, she said, as she picked him up, "Stop, won't you, Eddie, and give me a kiss?"

"Edward," said the mother, in cold, sneering tones of irony, "you had better go to Miss Morrisson and let her kiss you, if she will be so condescending!" And Margaret asked no more kisses.

The new Mrs. Morrisson was no housekeeper, and every thing fell into disorder; yet if the servants came to Margaret for orders, her interference was resented. Gradually the lines were drawn closer about her, till she felt herself looked upon as a spy and a suspected person. She had no liberty left her; if she asked to have any thing done for her, it made trouble, and the very flowers she had herself cultivated in the garden were no longer hers to break. At last, worn out by this constant checking and fault-finding, Margaret found courage to appeal to her father: she gave him a very slight sketch of her annoyances, and then asked him,

"Father, what can I do?"

"Don't make a fuss about trifles," was the laconic and unsatisfactory reply.

"But they are not trifles, father," pleaded the daughter; "they make me wretched. What *can* I do?"

"Margaret," said Mr. Morrisson, "I can not have my time taken up with these perpetual complaints" (it was the first time Margaret had spoken): "if you can not live happily with my wife, I know of but three courses you can take."

"Three? name them, father, if you please," said Margaret, firmly, for she felt something must be settled, or she should be trampled to the earth. "What is the first?"

"Give up to your step-mother; she is my wife, and the mistress of the family: give up to her."

"I have tried *that* thoroughly; it has done no good. *The next?*"

"Fight it out with her, I suppose; only don't draw me in."

"That," said Margaret, with dignity, "I can never try."

"Then, if you will neither *surrender* nor *fight*, I suppose you *must run.*"

"I do not think I understand you, Sir," said Margaret, growing very pale.

"Don't you? I should think you might. If you can't be happy here, you had better leave. There! is *that* plain enough for you?"

"Do you mean, father," said Margaret, with a temerity she herself wondered at, and, rising, she faced him with eyes beneath which his sank—"do you mean you wish me to leave your house?"

"I have no wish about it," said her father, resuming his paper; "you must suit yourself. If you can not live pleasantly here with my wife, I suppose you would rather leave. You are of age, and you have your

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mother's property; it is not large, but ample for your support, I conclude."

Her mother's fortune! This was the first intimation she had ever had of being independent, and the assurance was, indeed, welcome intelligence. She waited for no farther dismissal, but by the help of the Nortons she secured good rooms at the best boarding-house in town, and quietly informing her father where she was going, she collected together all she could strictly call her own (and that was wonderfully little), and removed to her new home.

There, if alone, she was not more so than she had always been, and at least she was at peace, and mistress of her own actions. For a while she heard from the servants, who came to see her, sad stories of the reckless waste and disorder of her father's house; then, as one by one the servants left, she heard no more. She never went there; she saw her father at his office whenever it was necessary to see him. She asked no questions, but, month by month, she saw that he looked more worn and old.

Dr. Norton, a younger brother of Addie's father, boarded at the same house as Margaret. He was an unmarried man, many years older than she was, and had been her mother's physician, and he remembered the patient sweetness and untiring activity she had shown in the sick-room of the nervous invalid; and with him and Addie she now often frequented places of public amusement, from which she had hitherto been debarred, and gradually her life seemed growing less shy and lonely.

The attentions of Dr. Norton were friendly, and his companionship agreeable; and, all unsuspected to herself, a new feeling of tenderness for him was growing up in her heart, when she heard of the sudden death of her step-mother; and a day or two after the funeral Dr. Norton, who was still the medical attendant of the family, brought her a letter from her father. It was brief and cold (but that was the man's nature), and it asked her to return and keep house for him. And then Dr. Norton, who, knowing Margaret's shy nature, had been slowly feeling his way into her favor, startled and alarmed, spoke out and offered himself to her.

Ah! too late, too late! Poor foolish man, did he not know "delays were dangerous?" The opportunity was lost. Had he spoken only one month sooner, she would undoubtedly have given him her promise; and once given, nothing would have induced her to recall it; and she loved him (even more than she herself knew), for he was her first and only lover! But now her father, old, feeble, and lonely, was a too successful rival; her old, morbid sense of duty and self-sacrifice came to the surface again. She realized that she was no longer young; that in turning away from the strong arm that offered itself as a prop for her declining years, and from the loving heart that proffered her a life-long shelter from the world's cold and loneliness, she was turning away from her only chance of domestic happiness. But she did it, and, stifling the new-born hopes within her heart, she went back to the father who had cast her off; for he was old and sad and lonely, and she his only child.

Mr. Morrisson welcomed her back with more of warmth than she expected; but when she saw the desolation and discomfort in his home, the daughter did not wonder, for he loved his material comforts, and these were wofully lacking.

So Margaret took her own old room again, got back some of the old servants, and gradually began the work of reformation and restoration; not in a hurried, ostentatious manner—nothing to worry the feeble master of the house—but, day by day, the old furniture, repaired or newly burnished, slipped back into its accustomed place again. Again the spare chamber was cleaned and set in prim array, and its sacred precincts darkened to a "dim, religious light." Again her mother's picture, reclaimed from the attic, was restored to its old place on the wall. Again the table took on its wonted neatness and good order, and well-planned, relishing dishes took the place of coarse profusion and reckless extravagance; gradually the neglected garden regained its flowery beauty and the door-yard its marvelous neatness; and gradually Mr. Morrisson's brow grew less perplexed, and his step less sad and feeble. And this was possibly the happiest period of Margaret's whole life, for she was like the Jews when they repaired the breaches in the wall of Jerusalem, and restored the old waste places.

Eddie, the little curly-headed boy of other days, was still one of the household, giving to it the needed element of youth and life and merriment. He was now a fine, light-hearted young fellow, and not having his mother's absurd jealousy to hold him back, made warm friends with Margaret; he called her "sister" now, and Margaret, who never had a brother, liked to hear him call her so, and encouraged it; and as he was wholly dependent upon his step-father, Margaret, whose income, now that she lived at home, was beyond her personal needs, had it in her power to show him many substantial kindnesses. She it was that enabled him to take riding lessons, to join the boat-club, to study French, to join the dancing parties held in the public hall; and the limited pocket-money her father allowed him was usually doubled by her; and he in return worked with her in the garden, escorted her to places of amusement, and drove her out to ride, when she paid the stable bills.

At the end of two years Dr. Norton came to tell her of his engagement, and Margaret,

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stifling an involuntary feeling of regret, shook hands with him kindly, and cordially congratulated him. Six months after, while the doctor's recent marriage was still the topic of conversation, Margaret's invalid father died suddenly of paralysis; and now Margaret was free, and again *it was too late.* And as the doctor, who was still the family physician, showed her every brotherly kindness, taking upon himself all the dreary arrangements which a son should have done, what wonder if in poor lonely Margaret's heart there rose the desolate refrain,

"Of all the sad words of tongue and pen,
The saddest are these—*it might have been!*"

And now there was nobody left to her but Eddie. Mr. Morrisson's will had left to his step-son only a small pittance; all the rest came to Margaret, who, with characteristic generosity, immediately doubled Edward's portion, and then, quietly making her own will, named him as her sole heir.

And still they lived on together as brother and sister in the old homestead, and the lonely hearted woman made a pet of the stranger beneath her roof, consulting his tastes, indulging his wishes, and fondly trusting in his brotherly attachment. Then she accidentally heard of his marked attentions to a young girl who was very pretty—and *nothing more.*

Margaret did not believe it. Was she not in his confidence? would he not have at least told her—she who had been his best friend through years—of this most important event in his whole life? She waited for his confidence, but it did not come, and she at last playfully questioned him upon the subject.

To her surprise he faltered and hesitated, and then suddenly surprised her with the intelligence that he was already engaged to the girl.

"Why Edward!" she said, reproachfully, for she was deeply wounded by his want of confidence in her, "this is a most imprudent step. What do you intend to do?"

"To do, sister?" said Edward, drawing himself up. "Why, marry her, of course."

"Oh yes, I did not mean to doubt that," said Margaret, sadly smiling at the boy's weak assumption of dignity: "I meant how can you support a wife? What have you to live upon?"

"Well, really," replied Eddie, with calm composure, "I had not quite got to that. I supposed we could all—" He hesitated; Margaret had made him feel himself so much at home with her that he had virtually forgotten that his rights were not equal to her own—that he had *no* right there except in her kindness and courtesy.

"I supposed, dear Margaret— Could we not all live here together?"

"No," said Margaret, decidedly, "that can not be. I tried it once with your mother: I will never try it again."

"Yes, Margaret," remonstrated Edward; "but this would be different."

"Yes," said Margaret, bitterly—for the young man's cool assurance vexed her—"yes, Edward, I mean it *shall* be *very* different."

"But, sister, you are unjust, you are prejudiced; you do not know Fanny."

"Whose fault has *that* been, Edward? No, I do not know her, but I have heard of her."

"*What* have you heard?" said Edward, flushing up hotly.

"*Nothing*, in the way you mean," said Margaret, calmly. "I have heard that she is a pretty face, and *nothing more;* as unfitted to be your wife, Edward, as you are unfit to be her husband."

"By George! Margaret, this is too much," said Edward, rising in sudden anger, "and I will not bear it! You have no right to speak to me so: you are not my sister."

"I know it," said Margaret; "I am not."

"No," continued the young man, passionately, "we are not kin; there's no relationship; we call each other brother and sister, but there is no real tie between us."

"Not the slightest," said Margaret, bitterly.

"I mean," said Edward, cooling down a little, "that we are in reality nothing to each other."

"Nothing at all to each other!" repeated Margaret; and it was as if the lips of a corpse had unclosed and spoken, so hollow and metallic, so dreary and dirge-like, was the voice in which she spake. "And you have only to choose between us."

"Yes, and I choose the woman I love—the woman who loves me!" said Edward, with all a boy's reckless impetuosity.

"Very well," said Margaret; and as she lifted her eyes to his, it seemed to him like looking into the eyes of the dead, so dull and leaden, so unseeing and absent, was their gaze; and the boy's heart smote him.

"Margaret! sister!" he said, visibly softening.

"No, no!" said Margaret, writhing away from him, and holding up her cold, trembling hands as if to repel him; "not sister; *never again;* there is no relationship—we are not of kin—there is no tie between us—we *are nothing to each other!*"

And so they parted. Margaret made no moan, no complaint; but this last blow from the hand of the boy she loved struck home. To him who so coolly cast her off she had devoted herself for years with all the watchful tenderness of a loving mother, all the indulgent beneficence of an older sister, and she "was *nothing to him.*" Quietly, without ostentation, she made a new will, and in the place of "Edward Tracy," she substituted the words, "My true friend and valued physician, James Norton," for she knew now that

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he was the only being on earth that had ever truly loved her.

She had no actual disease, and day by day she went on in the dull, lonely round of her daily duties, but day by day the slow step grew slower, and the feeble pulse more feeble still, for she had nothing more to live for. And when the slow step faltered—and *stopped*—when "the whole head grew sick, and the whole heart faint," *then* calmly she "laid her down to sleep, and prayed the Lord her soul to keep." Poor Margaret! she was lonely in her life, and lonely in death; and even from the world unknown no sweet, familiar spirit stretched out loving arms to welcome her. But will it be *ever* so? Will not He whose attribute it is that "He setteth the solitary in families" comfort her, "even as one whom his mother comforteth?" Was that pure, patient, uncomplaining life of generous self-sacrifice and devotion to others a waste of existence? *Was it a failure?*

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD STAGER.

Notices of conspicuous Public Men, with characteristic Anecdotes illustrating their Peculiarities.—Accounts of Congressional and other Duels, and personal Collisions in Congress, including a Glance at Washington Public Life during several Administrations.

EXTEMPORANEOUS EFFORTS.

A DESIRE to be thought superior to the necessity of laborious preparation when about to make an elaborate effort, to be considered able to trust safely to the inspiration of the occasion, has always been a besetting weakness in many of our public men. The affectation of pretending to be equal to any emergency, and of needing no study or research in discussing important questions, so common among our distinguished orators and statesmen, argues a curious misconception of the popular judgment on the subject. The people are naturally incredulous in respect to the creative power of their representatives, and then they are indifferent to great bursts of genius. It is something which they do not comprehend, being rather inclined, as a general thing, to adopt Dr. Johnson's saying, that genius was nothing but persistent effort well directed. An elaborate and well-written essay impresses the popular mind more than a brilliant extemporaneous display. The number of those who have the privilege of hearing the eloquence of our public men is so small in proportion to the readers thereof that the fame of spoken efforts is as nothing when compared with the reputation created by published speeches. Perhaps the highest intellectual enjoyment is derived from listening to an extemporaneous debate, springing up unexpectedly in the course of current legislation. These exhibitions take place more rarely every year. A third of a century ago they were of frequent occurrence in both wings of the Capitol. Lately deliberate and prepared efforts have mainly superseded the old-fashioned debates. It was very different in the old time. Scarcely an important bill came before either House upon which there was not an off-hand, rattling debate, which commanded the undivided attention of the body, as well as of the large auditory generally present. A majority of the Senators were so well instructed upon all topics that came under discussion, and generally so well equipped, that they needed no special preparation on any subject. And the most profound and complicated question was thoroughly expounded and illustrated in the course of a free-and-easy discussion, colloquial and familiar in tone, yet most instructive and satisfactory. On these occasions Senators almost always spoke to the question, and rarely for display; and the amount of information on the points under consideration and of general knowledge contributed on these occasions challenged the admiration of every hearer. Of course much was expected from the chief ornaments of the Senate—Messrs. Clay, Calhoun, and Webster being so designated by general consent, and they were usually listened to with more marked attention than any of their contemporaries; but such men as Wright, Benton, Crittenden, Rives, Evans, Clayton, Choate, Phelps, and many others of less note, rarely failed to speak with much force and effect. Mr. Crittenden was one of the most effective and popular debaters in the Senate. He rarely made a set speech, and never opened the debate, unless it was upon a bill reported from a committee of which he was chairman. But he was always happy in retort or reply; and he often triumphed in a controversial discussion, even when engaged with an antagonist of a more potent intellectual structure and superior culture. He was ready, dextrous, fertile in resources, and always thoroughly self-possessed. He delighted in arguments that were mixed up with mild and courteous personalities, and never objected to retorts in kind. In contests of this description he was never overmatched, and rarely met his equal. He never was known to forego an opportunity for a tilt with an antagonist of ability and character. He often had encounters with Mr. Buchanan, a man of considerable strength in an argument, and whose long experience in public affairs had qualified him to contend, frequently with credit to himself, with the most distinguished men in the Senate. He was not a dextrous or versatile man, and Crittenden always got the better of him in their skirmishes in public debate as well as in private conversation. On one occasion Mr. Buchanan had undertaken to uphold a scheme of Mr. Van Buren's administration to control the Florida Indians by means of a

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local military force, which was called "sedentary militia." Mr. Crittenden, who always saw the ludicrous side of every question, threw such a flood of ridicule upon the project, and upon Mr. Buchanan as its advocate, that the latter shrank from the encounter, and the plan of the administration went by the board.

At a party where a large portion of Congress and a sprinkling of citizens were present, given by the "Mess at Kennedy's," a Senatorial cotillion was formed, late in the evening, when fun and frolic were rife. It was made up of Senators, at the instance of Colonel Sevier, of Arkansas, and consisted, on the part of the gentlemen, of Messrs. Buchanan, Crittenden, Sevier, and Barrow of Louisiana. Crittenden and Buchanan stood opposite to each other, and the contrast between the lithe, alert activity of the supple Kentuckian and the ponderous, elephantine clumsiness of the gigantic Pennsylvanian was very striking. In the movement termed "forward and back" Mr. Buchanan cautiously projected one foot a short distance, and leaned his body forward in a singularly ungraceful manner, evidently having no aptitude for the amusement. "Hurry up, Buck!" said Mr. Crittenden. "What the mischief is the matter with you? I'm sorry for your partner. Clearly your left leg has never been to dancing-school."

But I am digressing. The topic which I wished to consider was the proclivity of prominent men to claim that their most brilliant productions were the result not of study, research, and laborious preparation, but of spontaneous, extemporaneous effort—the inspiration of genius—indicating a degree of creative power such as hardly ever pertains to human intellect. Marshall of Kentucky, one of the most brilliant orators of his time, and a man of large scholarly attainments, who had as much of that mystical quality called genius as any of his contemporaries in Congress, was full of affectation in this regard. He spoke readily without preparation, his ideas following each other consecutively and with uncommon force; but he never trusted to the inspiration of the moment when there was opportunity for studying up the subject and arranging his thoughts in advance. He had a habit of absenting himself from the Capitol for days at a time, every hour of which he devoted to reading and study, his acquaintances generally supposing him to be engaged in a debauch. After getting thoroughly crammed and armed at every point, he would come into the House looking exhausted and haggard, giving color to the notion that he had been on a frolic, and watching his opportunity, would pour forth the fruits of his study in a strain of off-hand, striking eloquence that hardly ever failed to astonish his hearers. And the remark was often heard, "What a brilliant man! What could he not accomplish if he was industrious and regular in his habits!"

Mr. Preston, for some time Mr. Calhoun's colleague in the Senate, was an accomplished gentleman and a very popular orator. He never spoke without commanding the attention of his hearers, and few men in Congress had a higher reputation for brilliant extemporaneous eloquence. But he never spoke without the most ample and careful preparation. Soon after he retired from Congress he was chosen president of a college in South Carolina. In an address to the students he said he knew of no such thing as genius or natural inspiration. Whatever of reputation he had acquired was by dint of constant, untiring labor. He had trusted to study and hard work solely. He never spoke in Congress or to a popular assemblage without arranging what he had to say, and even premeditating his sentences and the precise collocation of his words. And he assured his hearers that the only road to public distinction lay through the field of study and research.

Mr. Webster was so thoroughly instructed upon all subjects which came under discussion in Congress that he was equal to almost any occasion, and rarely needed any special preparation. And yet he was not above the weakness of concealing his studies, and the sources whence he drew his inspiration. No man better understood the weight and value of language than Mr. Webster, and what he said was always marked by precision and perspicuity; but when coping with a formidable antagonist he omitted no means that promised to aid him in the contest. He was accustomed to speak of the master production of his life, his celebrated reply to Hayne, as a sort of casual effort, made on the spur of the moment, without much previous consideration.

Probably the two men in public life who could most safely trust to their own resources and acquirements, under all circumstances, were Mr. Adams and Mr. Calhoun. The endowments of Mr. Calhoun were of a higher order, and his creative power was superior to that of Mr. Adams; but the "old man eloquent," as he was called, had a memory so tenacious, and his knowledge was so extensive and exact, that he never seemed to need any special preparation. He was the most laborious and methodical man in Congress, and probably in the country. He kept a voluminous diary, in which every event, incident, or circumstance of the day was carefully noted down; and this, with his habits of industry, made him a very doctor in all matters of controversy and argument. It was a knowledge of his complete equipment and his power as an antagonist that prompted the reply of Mr. Clay, when asked when he purposed

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to renew the discussion with Mr. Adams on the vexed question of the fisheries of the Mississippi, as connected with the treaty of Ghent. Finding himself getting the worst of the argument, Mr. Clay closed the consideration of the matter, so far as he was concerned, with the remark that he should drop the subject, hoping to renew it at some future period more favorable for calm discussion, when he expected to show that Mr. Adams was altogether in the wrong. Some time afterward a friend asked him when he proposed to reopen the controversy. "Never!" was his emphatic reply. "A man must be a born fool who voluntarily engages in a controversy with Mr. Adams on a question of fact. I doubt whether he was ever mistaken in his life. And then, if he happens to be in doubt about any thing, he has his inevitable diary, in which he has recorded every thing that has occurred since the adoption of the Federal Constitution."

In every thing pertaining to the treaty of Ghent Mr. Adams was unquestionably more accurately informed than any or all of his associates in the negotiation. And the mode in which he obtained this general and minute information is thus described: When the American commissioners, consisting of Messrs. Adams, Gallatin, Bayard, and Clay, with Jonathan Russell, secretary, met for consultation, they locked themselves in an apartment at the hotel for the purpose of preparing a protocol for a treaty. It was resolved that every proposition should be in writing, and the name of the mover should be thereto attached. The secret conclave was continued for three days, during which time the room was inaccessible to outsiders. After the deliberations of the commissioners had resulted in a *projet* for a treaty, the meeting was dissolved. Mr. Adams remarked that there was a little stationery left, which might as well be saved. "Let the Yankee indulge his economical propensities," said Mr. Clay, as he and his colleagues, with the exception of Mr. Adams, passed out of the room. But the paper, etc., was not the object of Mr. Adams. He gathered up the memoranda scattered over the floor, and was thus in possession of an armory of facts against which no man could successfully contend.

The transition is rather abrupt than otherwise, but I do not know how I can more appropriately introduce a scrap sent me by Mr. M'Keon than in this connection. In describing, in a former number, an attack of Mr. Evans, of Maine, upon Mr. Adams, in the House, I incidentally mentioned the name of Mr. John M'Keon, then a member of Congress from this city. That gentleman kindly sends to the publishers the subjoined paragraphs:

After Mr. Evans's philippic against Mr. Adams, the general expectation of the members of the House of Representatives was that Mr. Adams would answer Mr. Evans's attack. Mr. Evans himself expected it, as will be seen by an interview between him and Mr. M'Keon. Months passed on, but nothing was said by Mr. Adams on the subject, and it was evident that Mr. Adams would not attack again. As the session was drawing to a close, M'Keon and Evans were walking up and down the hall of the House of Representatives in the rear of the Speaker's chair, when M'Keon incidentally referred to the scene between Evans and Adams, and the bitter assault of Evans, and said, "I have been waiting, Mr. Evans, for Adams's answer to you, but I fear we are doomed to disappointment." "Well," said Evans, smiling, "I have been waiting for the old man to attack me, but he will not do it, I believe. Had he attacked me, you would have heard one of the most brilliant *extemporaneous* efforts ever delivered in this House, which *I have been preparing for four months.* But I am glad Adams *has not come at me again.*"

This is not the only instance where so-called extemporaneous efforts have been prepared for a long time. Ogden Hoffman told an old member of Congress that he watched his opportunity for a whole year to attack Mr. Cambreleng, one of his colleagues from New York. At last the opportunity arrived, and Hoffman assailed Cambreleng in a masterly speech which electrified the House, but which Hoffman had prepared with the greatest care, and which to the members appeared to be wholly an extemporaneous effort.

GREELEY AND THE "EVENING JOURNAL."

It is now thirty-two years since I sat side by side with Horace Greeley at a reporter's desk in the Senate of the State of New York. The Whigs at the preceding election had obtained complete control of the Legislature for the first time since the party which opposed the administrations of General Jackson and Mr. Van Buren adopted that term to designate the organization. Mr. Seward was elected Governor over Governor Marcy in 1838, and a majority of the House of Assembly was chosen from that party the same year, as it had been in 1837. But the Senators being elected by classes, under the constitution of 1821, only one going out yearly from each of the eight Senatorial districts, the Democrats retained the ascendency in that body until 1840. The Whig leaders, notably Messrs. Seward and Weed, wishing to reap all the advantages of the new situation, and to consolidate and strengthen the party with reference to future operations, imported Mr. Greeley from New York to act as reporter for the *Evening Journal*, and to contribute to its editorial columns as occasion might require. The *Journal* was at that time one of the very ablest papers in the country. Governor Seward and John

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C. Spencer, then Secretary of State, were among its frequent contributors. Mr. Loveridge, invited to Albany from Troy by the Governor with the promise of being surrogate of the county, wrote regularly for the *Journal*. He was a man of fine genius, a ready and very forcible writer, and his editorial contributions were much admired. Mr. Weed, a very forcible and admirable paragraphist, more distinguished as a party manager than as a newspaper writer, but quite equal to the popular requirements of that day, wrote short, stirring articles that were much admired all over the country. His style was terse, compact; he was aggressive and dictatorial; he made his assertions positively and dogmatically, rarely attempted to argue a question, and never wasted his time in defending an untenable position. What passed for capital newspaper writing at that time would make no impression on the public mind to-day.

Journalism thirty or forty years ago was a feeble instrumentality compared with the great, comprehensive, and ably written newspapers of the present day. Here and there the rival parties had an organ of great power and corresponding influence. In fact, it may be doubted whether the authority of individual journals such as the Washington *Globe*, Albany *Argus*, Richmond *Enquirer*, Charleston *Mercury*, Isaac Hill's *New Hampshire Patriot*, and the *Courier and Enquirer* was not greater than that exercised by an equal number of newspapers scattered over the country at the present day. What I mean to say is, that the newspaper press of 1873, considered in the aggregate, controls public opinion, influences the action of Congress, and checks legislative and municipal rascality to an extent of which the last generation had no conception. The amount and variety of mental labor bestowed upon a daily issue of one of the great metropolitan papers would have served the average newspaper of forty years ago for a month. In our large Western towns newspaper establishments have grown up rivaling in the completeness of their appointments, the ability with which they are conducted, the extent and variety of resources, and the amount of receipts the average of the journals of the great Atlantic cities. Probably the country press generally has less weight and consideration now than then. The general tendency is to centralization. Railroads and telegraphs have increased the importance of the great centres, politically and otherwise, while the consequence of interior localities has been proportionally diminished.

Probably there was no more effective provincial political instrumentality in the country than the *Evening Journal;* but the paper was a means rather than an end with Mr. Weed. He was an ambitious, aspiring man, and he prided himself more upon his position as a leader in the party than as the head of a great newspaper. But he was often baffled by the stronger will of his political associates. Lewis Benedict was one of the controlling spirits of the Whig party. He insisted that his son should have the office of surrogate; and such was the force of his will and determination that he defeated Weed, overawed the Governor, and constrained him to forfeit his voluntary pledge to Loveridge. This controversy led to a quarrel between Weed and Benedict, the retirement of Loveridge, and the necessity for the services of Greeley on the *Journal*. He was not a good reporter, for he preferred to state what ought to have been said by Senators rather than to give their own language, and this course gave great offense. General Root, Mark Sibley, and other prominent men in the body were annoyed at Greeley's methods, and remonstrated with much earnestness both with Weed and Greeley himself. Greeley was no more amenable to criticism or advice a third of a century ago than during his maturer years; so he threw up his engagement in a paroxysm made up of indignation and disgust, and returned to New York.

Greeley wrote at that time with the same ease and fluency which marked his productions at a more mature age. Perhaps there was less compactness and simplicity then, and the severe conciseness of style which he attained in his later years was not noticeable in his earlier days. His diction resembled closely that of Cobbett, although it was not so deformed by the coarseness which offended readers of refined and cultivated taste in the writings of the sturdy old Englishman. Greeley was always perspicuous and forcible, rarely used a superfluous or inaccurate word, and his services with the pen were highly estimated by the Whig leaders. But his feelings were deeply wounded by the criticisms to which his conduct as reporter in the Senate was subjected by Senators and others, and as no concessions were made to assuage his griefs, a renewal of his relations with the Whig leaders at Albany was not practicable.

IN ABSENCE.

Though spices lure me, and the rose-tree throws
Its heart of fragrance to beguile the sense—
Though warm airs woo me, and the beauty grows
Intense—
Though sunsets ravish with their blue and gold,
And amber moons enchant the tropic zone,
Love grows a-weary, and my heart a-cold,
Alone!
Then come, my darling, come again to me,
Nor linger longer on the far-off shore;
Between us there shall roll the cruel sea
No more.
I long to clasp you in a fond embrace,
And tell you, tell you with my every breath,
I ne'er again will miss your loving face
Till death.

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SIGNERS OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

By BENSON J. LOSSING.

[First Paper.]

WE are all familiar with the *signatures* of the men who subscribed their names to the Declaration of Independence, but few of us know how they wrote in the text of letters or other writings, or their methods of expression in epistles. To reveal their styles of penmanship, and modes of some of them in the expression of their thoughts in letters, is the chief object of these papers.

The materials for such revelations have been drawn from the full treasury of autographic and pictorial wealth of Thomas Addis Emmet, M.D., of the city of New York. He kindly gave the freedom of its range to the writer, who has already, in a preceding number of this Magazine, spoken of Dr. Emmet's rare collections and his generous use of them. He owns autograph letters of every signer of the Declaration of Independence excepting Button Gwinnett, of Georgia, from whose hand, it is believed, none exists in this country—only his signature to letters—and John Hart. Dr. Emmet also owns a large number of autograph letters of persons of eminence who corresponded with the Signers, or with others, upon topics connected with the earlier history of our republic, together with valuable manuscript documents, contemporary newspapers, political broadside publications, and thousands of pictures, such as portraits of men and women, buildings and scenery, in America, and illustrations of remarkable events in our history. These he has used in illustrating, in the peculiar manner known as "laying down," on fine drawing paper, a *Biography of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence*, written by John Sanderson, Robert Wain, Jun., and others, and published originally in Philadelphia, in seven volumes.

By the mode of illustrating above alluded to an edition of *nine* octavo volumes has, under the hand of Dr. Emmet, expanded into *nineteen* folio ones, with a title-page for each, and a printed index for the whole. There are in the whole work, so enlarged, almost 3000 illustrations, of which there are 1396 portraits (80 of them in water-color), 935 views of places, things, and events, 324 autograph letters and documents, and 136 head and tail pieces on India paper, and exquisitely engraved. Among the water-color sketches are portraits of fifty-one of the fifty-six Signers. In the introduction are portraits and autographs of Charles the Second and the first three Georges, of Louis XIV., William Penn, the Duke of Marlborough, Oglethorpe, John Hampden, and others, with those of Napoleon the First. Dr. Emmet has illustrated the lives of the generals of the Revolution in the same way.

From these superb, nay, wonderful volumes, illustrative of the lives of the Signers, have been drawn the chief materials for the construction of these papers. The illustrations consist of an engraved fac-simile of a sentence in a letter, by which the style of the handwriting of each Signer is shown, with that of his signature to such letter. Full copies, or extracts, or a synopsis of the contents of these letters are given, with notes explanatory of facts and allusions contained in them, with brief sketches of the writers. The names of the Signers so treated are here presented in alphabetical order. The following preliminary observations are made in elucidation of the subject:

Early in June, 1776, Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, offered a resolution in the Continental Congress, then sitting in the State-house at Philadelphia, "That these united colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states; and that all political connection between us and the state of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved." Further action on this resolution was postponed till the 1st of July following. Meanwhile a committee of five, of which Thomas Jefferson was chairman, were appointed to prepare a Declaration of Independence, that no time might be lost in the event of the passage of Lee's resolution. To the ready pen of Jefferson was assigned the task of writing it; and after several amendments made by others of the committee had been agreed to, a copy, in the chairman's small round hand, was reported with the resolution. On the 2d of July that resolution was passed, but debates on the form of the Declaration continued until the 4th, when it, too, was adopted, at about the hour of two o'clock in the afternoon. It was signed on that day by John Hancock, the President of Congress, only. It was ordered to be engrossed on parchment, and the copy so prepared to be signed by all the delegates who had voted in the affirmative. That important act was performed on the second day of August following, when the names of the fifty-four delegates then present were affixed to the document. It was afterward signed by two others—Thomas M'Kean, of Delaware, and Matthew Thornton, of New Hampshire. The former was absent in August with a regiment of *City Associators* of Philadelphia, and the latter was not a member of Congress until the succeeding autumn, when he obtained permission to sign it.

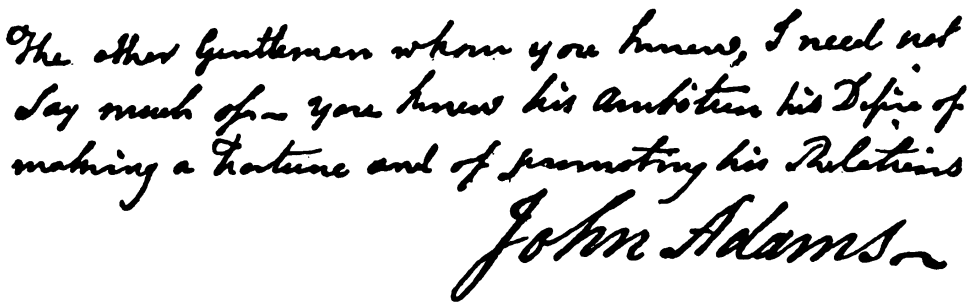
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In compliance with an order of Congress given on the 13th of January, 1777, an authenticated printed copy of the Declaration, with the printed names of the members who had subscribed to the same, was sent to "each of the United States," with a request that they should "have the same put on record." To each of these copies the autograph signature of John Hancock, as President of Congress, and that of Charles Thomson, as secretary of that body, were attached. These broadsides were printed in Baltimore by Mary Katharine Goddard, a sister of William Goddard, printer. Her brother was embarrassed in his business, and she ably conducted his affairs in her own name for about eight years, from 1773. One of these broadsides is in Dr. Emmet's collection.

First in the order we have chosen appears the name of

JOHN ADAMS.

He was an honest, impetuous, outspoken man; vain, egotistical, opinionated; a close observer of men and things, too frank for a successful partisan politician or diplomate, and an unselfish patriot. The following letter, never before published, written from Passy, near Paris, on the 7th of December, 1778, is so characteristic of the man, and so full of interesting gossip concerning his colleagues, that I give it in full. Mr. Adams was then forty-three years of age, and was joint commissioner of the United States at the French court with Dr. Franklin and Arthur Lee. He had succeeded Silas Deane in April of that year. Finding a want of harmony between Franklin and Lee, he had advised Congress to intrust the mission to one man, expecting, perhaps, that John Adams would be that person. The election of Dr. Franklin to be "Minister Plenipotentiary," in September, showed a disposition on the part of Congress to make the Sage the sole commissioner, which they did. Adams had doubtless heard of this measure, and that intelligence evidently inspired and gave tone to his letter. The custom then prevalent of using capital initials for the names of nouns, and sometimes of other parts of speech, is well illustrated in this letter. In all the other letters the modern style will be followed in the printing. Here is the epistle:



"I wish I could unbosom myself to you without Reserve concerning the state of affairs here, but you know the danger. The two Passions of Ambition and Avarice, which have been the Bane of Society and the Curse of human Kind in all ages and countries, are not without their Influence upon our Affairs here, but I fancy the last of the two has done the most mischief. Where the Carcass is, there the Crows will assemble, and you and I have had too much Experience of the Greediness with which the Loaves and Fishes were aimed at under the old Government, and with which the Continental Treasury has been sought for under the new, to expect that the Coffers of the American Banker here would not make some men's Mouths water. This appetite for the Banker's Treasure I take to have been the source of most of the Altercations and Disputations.

"Your Old Friend [meaning John Adams] is a man of Honor and Integrity, altho', to be very frank and very impartial, he can not easily at all Times, any more than your humble Servant, govern his Temper, and he has some Notions of Elegance, Rank, and Dignity that may be carried rather too far. He has been of opinion that the public Monies have been too freely issued here, and has often opposed. The other you know personally [meaning Dr. Franklin], and though he loves his ease, hates to offend, and seldom gives any opinion until obliged to do it, I know also, and it is necessary you should be informed, that he is overwhelmed with a correspondence from all Quarters, most of them upon trifling subjects, and in a more trifling Style, with unmeaning Visits from Multitudes of People, chiefly from the Vanity of having it to say that they have seen him.

"There is another thing which I am obliged to mention: there are so many private Families, Ladies and Gentlemen, that he visits so often, and they are so fond of him that he can not well avoid it, and so much Intercourse with Academicians, that all these Things together keep his Mind in such a constant state of Dissipation, that if he is left alone here the public Business will suffer in a degree beyond Description, provided our Affairs are continued upon the present footing. If, indeed, you take out of his Hands the Public Treasury, and the Direction of the Frigates and Continental Vessels that are sent here, and all Commercial Affairs, and intrust them to Persons to be appointed by Congress, at Nantes and Bordeaux, I should think it would be best to have him here alone, with such a Secretary as you can confide in; but if he is left here alone, even with such a Secretary, and all Maritime and Commercial and pecuniary, as well as political, affairs are left in his Hands, I am persuaded that France and America both will have Reason to repent it. He is not only so indolent that Business will be neglected, but you know that altho' he has as determined a soul as any Man, yet it is his constant Policy never to say yes or no decidedly but when he can not avoid it; and it is certain that in order to preserve the Friendship between the two Countries your Minister here must upon some occasions speak freely and without Reserve, preserving Decency and Politeness at the same Time.

"Both he and the other Colleague were, I am sorry to say it, in a constant opposition to your Old Friend, and this Misunderstanding was no secret at Court, in

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the City, or in the Sea-port Towns, either to French, English, or Americans, and this was carried so far that Insinuations, I have been told, have been made at Court against your Old Friend [the writer], not by either of his Colleagues, that I have ever heard, but probably by somebody or other emboldened by and taking advantage of the Misunderstanding among the three, that he was too friendly with his Lordship, and was much attached to Lord Shelburne, and even that he corresponded with his Lordship, and communicated Intelligence to him. This, whoever suggested it, I am perfectly confident was a cruel Calumny, and would not have made an Impression if the Colleagues had contradicted it in the manner that you and I should have done. You and I had opportunity to know his attachment to our Cause long before Hostilities commenced, and I have not a color of ground for Suspicion that from that Time to this he has deviated an Iota from the Cause of his Country in Thought, Word, or Deed. When he left England, or soon after, he wrote a letter of mere Compliment to his Lordship, a mere Card to bid him farewell, and received such another in return, which, he assures me, are all the Letters that ever passed between them, and I have not a doubt of the Truth of it.

"The other Gentleman, whom you know, I need not say much of [meaning Arthur Lee]. You know his Ambition, his Desire of making a Fortune, and of promoting his Relations. You also know his Art, and his Enterprise. Such Characters are often useful, altho' always to be carefully watched and controuled, especially in such a Government as ours.

"There has been so much said in America and among Americans here about his making a Fortune by Speculating in English Funds, and by private Trade, that it is saying nothing new to mention it. Our Countrymen will naturally desire to know if it is true, and it will be expected of me that I should say something of it. I assure you I know nothing about it. An intimate Friend of his, who recommended the Major to you, certainly speculated largely in the Funds, from whence suspicions arose that the other was concerned with him, but I know of no Proof that he was. Combinations, Associations, Copartnerships in Trade, have been formed here, in which he and his Brothers are supposed to be connected, but I know nothing more than you do about them. But supposing it was proved y^{t} he speculated and traded, the Question is whether it was justifiable. Neither you nor I should have done it, most certainly. Nor would it have been forgiven in either of Us. Whoever makes Profits in public Life, neither of Us must be the Man. But it does not prove it unlawful in him. If he did not employ the Public Money, nor so much of his Time as to neglect the Public Business, where is the Harm? that is the Question; and it ought to be remembered that he was here a long Time, not as Ambassador, Envoy, Commissioner, Minister, or in any other Trust or Character, from Congress, but merely as an agent for the Committee of Commerce and Correspondence.

"Some of the Gentlemen of Character who are now in America from this Country have had Prejudices imprinted into them against your old Correspondent [the writer]. I am extremely sorry for this, because I think it is against a worthy Character, and because it will be likely to have unhappy Effects both with you and abroad.

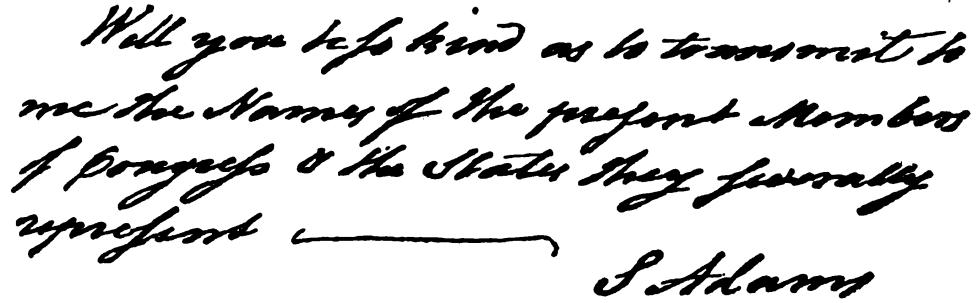
"The other Gentleman [meaning Silas Deane], whose consolation when left out by his first constituents was that he stood well with the Body to which he was sent, consoled himself, also, when recalled by that body, with the thought that he was esteemed by ye Court where he had resided. This, no doubt, will be displayed in all its variegated colors. The letter from the Minister expressing his Esteem, the Present from an higher Personage [the King of France], and, above all, the Fleet [of Beaumarchais], and the Magnificence y^{t} accompanied it, will be all repeated and rung in changes in order to magnify Merit; yet I am sorry to see in the Newspapers such expressions as these, 'Mr. ——, who was the principal Negotiator.' Such expressions, if true, might not to be used, because they have only a Tendency to occasion Division and Animosity, and can not do any Good. But there is Cause to doubt the Justice of them. In short, I think, upon an Examination of the Treaties, and a comparison of them with the Treaties and Instructions sent from Congress —I think it was probable that there was not much Discussion in the Case. I wish with all my heart there had been more.

"This Letter is not so free as I wish to write you, but still it is too free to be used without Discretion. You will use it, accordingly, only for the Public Good. Knowing the Animosity that has been in two against me here, which I believe to have been [carried to an] unwarrantable length, knowing the Inveteracy of many subalterns and collateral Characters, which I think is injurious to the individual as well as the Public, and knowing that you will have these Things in Contemplation and much at Heart, I have said thus much of my Lieutenants upon this subject, which, I hope, will do no Harm."

SAMUEL ADAMS.

One of the sternest and most uncompromising of the Puritan patriots who worked unselfishly to secure our independence was Samuel Adams, who was fifty-two years of age when he entered the First Continental Congress, in 1774. At every stage of the great Revolution of which that Congress was a forerunner, he was among the boldest of his compatriots in the enunciation of the rights of the people and denunciation of the wrong-doings of their oppressors. He shrank from no duty, and feared no man. When General Gage advised him to make his peace with his king, the austere Puritan replied, "I trust I have long since made my peace with the *King of kings*. No personal considerations shall induce me to abandon the righteous cause of my country."

In a letter in the collection before me, written at Boston on the 17th of December, 1785, to Richard Henry Lee, Mr. Adams



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Last monday we had an account that Col Bidel with 300 or 400 men were cut off at the Cedars above Montreal

Josiah Bartlett

congratulates the Virginian on his re-election to Congress, by which he was again "honored with the confidence of his countrymen," his fellow-citizens of Virginia. He expresses the wish "that the seats in that sacred hall might ever be filled with men of true wisdom. This wish," he continues, "I know can not be gratified when the United States shall become debased in principles and manners." He calls Mr. Lee's attention to his friend Captain Landais, whom both had "patronized" when he first came to this country. Landais was a French naval officer, of a noble but impoverished family. He had been dismissed from the French navy on account of his irascible temper. He entered the naval service of the United States in the summer of 1778 as captain; was placed in command of the *Alliance*, one of the squadron under Paul Jones, and was with that commander off the mouth of the Humber when the *Bon Homme Richard* and *Serapis* had their terrible fight in the autumn of 1779. His insubordination on that occasion caused his dismissal from the service, and he passed the remainder of his days, prolonged to eighty-six years, in poverty in the city of New York. Adams regarded him as a persecuted man, and was his active friend. To Lee he wrote:

"He [Landais] had long suffered, as other virtuous men had, by a faction on the other side of the Atlantic, which found means to extend itself to this country, and, as you will remember, to the very doors of Congress. But enough of this. Your kind assistance was greatly beneficial to him in his late application to Congress, and he and I gratefully acknowledge it. But he remains still unsatisfied, and, as I conceive, not without reason. His pay as commander of the *Alliance* is offered to him. If you think as I do, that he has a right to authentic copies of letters written by Jones to Congress or any of the boards on our affairs, so interesting to him, on his proper application, your advice to him on this, as well as his other concerns, will add to the obligations I am already under to you.

"Will you be so kind as to transmit to me the names of the present members of Congress, and the States they severally represent?"

JOSIAH BARTLETT.

Dr. Bartlett, a delegate in the Continental Congress from New Hampshire, was forty-six years of age, and had been in his seat almost a month, when, on the 6th of June, 1776, he wrote a letter from Philadelphia to General Folsom on the topics of the day. He mentioned the inclosing of a newspaper to the general, which contained an address of the city of London to the king. He continued:

"The affair of declaring these colonies independent states, and absolved from all allegiance to the crown of Britain, must soon be decided, whatever may be the opinions of the delegates of New Hampshire on that subject. They think it their duty to act agreeable to the minds of their constituents, and in an affair of that magnitude desire the explicit directions of the Legislature of the colony, and that it may be forwarded to us as soon as possible."

The day after this letter was written Richard Henry Lee offered his resolution for independence in Congress.

Alluding to the unfortunate affair at the Cedars, on the St. Lawrence River, where troops under Colonel Bedel, of New Hampshire (though not then in his personal charge), were defeated, Dr. Bartlett wrote:

"Last Monday we had an account that Colonel Bedel with 300 or 400 men were cut off at the Cedars, above Montreal."

Conflicting stories about the affair reached Philadelphia, and the doctor was disposed to doubt the truth of any of them.

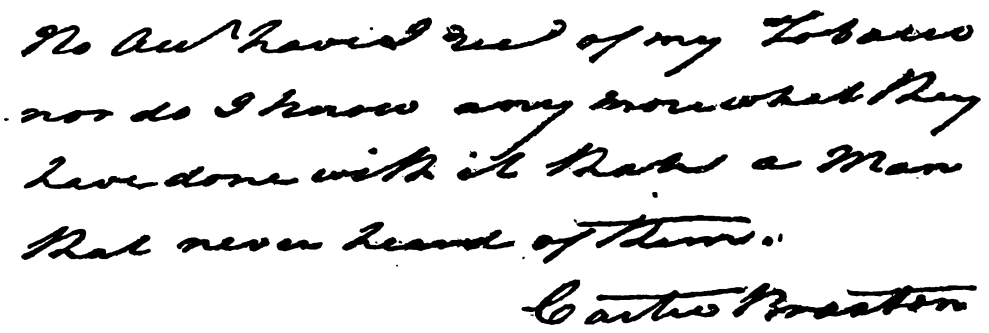
Dr. Bartlett concluded his letter with the important news that two privateers from Philadelphia had captured three large sugar ships, with a large quantity of sugar, and $20,000 in specie.

Dr. Bartlett was a very active partisan during the whole war for independence. Passing through grades of judicial service, he became Chief Justice of New Hampshire in 1788. He was Governor of the State in 1793.

CARTER BRAXTON.

This eminent Virginian was the son of a wealthy planter, whose wife was a daughter of Robert Carter, at one time President of the Council. At the time when he wrote the letter in the collection before me, on the 10th of October, 1772, Mr. Braxton was thirty-six years of age. He was then in active

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public life, and living elegantly and expensively, as was the custom among rich Virginia planters at that time. Two years later he was a member of the last House of Burgesses convened under royal authority, and in 1775 he was elected to succeed the dead Peyton Randolph in the Continental Congress. His epistle alluded to is only a business note, in which he says, "No account have I received of my tobacco, nor do I know any more what they have done with it than a man that never heard of them."

Disastrous commercial operations during the Revolution wasted Mr. Braxton's great fortune. It was totally wrecked, and he died a heart-broken paralytic at the age of sixty-one years.

CHARLES CARROLL.

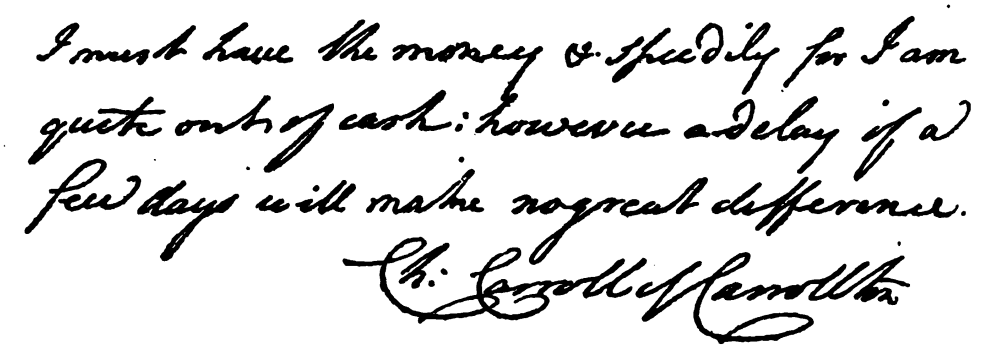
The last survivor of the fifty-six signers of the Declaration of Independence, and the bearer of the most honored crown of a long life, was Charles Carroll of Carrollton, who was born at Annapolis, and who died in Baltimore at the age of ninety-five years. He was the inheritor of an immense fortune, and was a Roman Catholic in religion by birth and education. He early espoused the cause of his countrymen, and all through the war for independence he was one of its stanchest supporters. He entered Congress on the 4th of July, 1776, and on that day voted for and signed the Declaration. The story that on writing "of Carrollton" after his signature to that document, he remarked, "Now the King of England will know where to find me," is a fiction. It was a surname given him in early life to distinguish him from another. His signature to the letter from which our illustrative *facsimile* has been made, dated more than two years before the declaration of independence, proves this. That letter is only a brief business one.

John Adams and Thomas Jefferson died on the fiftieth anniversary of the declaration of independence, in 1826, leaving Mr. Carroll the sole survivor of the Signers for about six years.

SAMUEL CHASE.

This distinguished Marylander was thirty-five years of age when he signed the Declaration. He was a member of the Continental Congress from its first session in 1774, and was one of the most sensible and active men in that remarkable body. In the spring of 1776 he, with Franklin and Carroll, was charged with the important duty of going to Canada, clothed with the executive powers of Congress, to regulate the army there, and to establish a republican government on the St. Lawrence, if possible.

When, later in that year, Washington was pursued to the Delaware by a large British force, and Philadelphia was menaced, Congress fled to Baltimore, leaving a representative committee behind them, of which Robert Morris was chairman. A fortnight after the battle at Princeton, at the beginning of January, 1777, Congress resolved to appoint a committee of seven to inquire into the conduct of British and Hessian officers and soldiers toward American officers, soldiers, marines, and citizens. Mr. Chase was made chairman of the committee then raised, and on the 23d of January he wrote to the committee of which Morris was the head, saying:



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It is reported here that several of our officers were shot or stabbed with the Bayonet, after they had surrendred, Genl. Mercer and Lieut. Yeates are mention'd among that Number.

Sam.l Chase

"The committee appointed by the inclosed resolution of Congress request your honorable body to appoint some gentlemen to inquire into and take depositions of credible witnesses in the general matters contained in the resolves, and to direct them to transmit the testimony, as taken, to the committee, that they may report to Congress as soon as possible.

"The committee have been informed that some of the prisoners of the Seventeenth or Fifty-fifth regiments, taken at Princeton, have said that their major had given them orders 'to stand until they were cut to pieces, and take no prisoners.'

"It is reported here that several of our officers were shot, or stabbed with the bayonet, after they had surrendered. General Mercer and Lieutenant Yeates are mentioned among that number. It is also said that several bodies have been found in the Jerseys hanging on trees."

The services of Mr. Chase during the Revolution can not be estimated. He was a great and incorruptible judge—fearless in duty, outspoken in favor of right, inflexible in the support of law, and extremely dignified and patient under the sharpest political persecutions, because he was conscious of dutiful behavior.

ABRAHAM CLARK.

This distinguished Jerseyman entered the Continental Congress as a delegate about a fortnight after Mr. Lee offered his resolution for a declaration of independence. He was then fifty years of age. Under the force of instructions from the Provincial Congress of New Jersey, and the impulses of his own heart and judgment, he strongly advocated that measure. He was a vigilant and intelligent observer of passing events, and kept himself and leading friends thoroughly informed upon public matters which came under his observation. From his home at Elizabethtown he wrote, on the 14th of July, 1776, a long letter to Colonel Elias Dayton, then in command of New Jersey troops at the German Flatts, in the Mohawk Valley, in which he gave an account of the arrival of British troops, under General Howe, at Staten Island, and their treatment of the inhabitants, of the generous zeal of Pennsylvania troops for the defense of menaced New Jersey, of the fortifications constructed by the Americans in that part of the State, and of the plot, then lately discovered in the city of New York, to destroy Washington with poison.

"As to the plot," he wrote, "I can inform you but little. The mayor is confined—one Forbes appears to

Our Declaration of Independance I dare say you have seen—a few weeks will probably determine our Fate—perfect Freedom, or Absolute Slavery—to some of us Freedom or a halter—

Abra: Clark

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We met on Friday evening, named a Chairman, a Committee to draft rules, and agreed to meet again—

G. Clymer

have been very active in it, and all centres in Governor Tryon. Many have absconded from New York; none in New Jersey are implicated—at least nothing proved against them. Governor Franklin is sent prisoner to Hartford, in Connecticut."

Tryon was undoubtedly the instigator of the plot to murder the American general officers in New York, and Mayor Mathews was his chief lieutenant. Gilbert Forbes was a gunsmith. One of Washington's Life-Guards, named Hickey, was concerned, and he was hanged. The mayor and about twenty others were sent into Connecticut.

Mr. Clark also wrote:

"Our Declaration of Independence I dare say you have seen; a few weeks will probably determine our fate: perfect freedom or absolute slavery; to some of us, freedom or a halter. Our fates are in the hands of an Almighty God, to whom I can with pleasure confide my own. He can save us or destroy us. His counsels are fixed, and can not be disappointed. All His designs will be accomplished."

Mr. Clark was an efficient worker in favor of a national Constitution, and in the national Congress he was distinguished as a rigid economist in the management of public affairs. He retired from public life in 1794, and in the early autumn of that year he died from the effects of what is called a "sunstroke."

GEORGE CLYMER.

Mr. Clymer, who was a native of Philadelphia, was a most ardent and active supporter of all measures opposed to the tyranny of the British ministry toward the American colonies. At the age of thirty-seven years he was elected one of the representatives of Pennsylvania to fill the places of those who had declined to vote for the declaration of independence. That was late in July, 1776, and he signed that instrument gladly on the 2d of August. All through the war, and for more than twenty years afterward, he was engaged in very responsible public duties, in which he displayed honor, decision, independence of action, and a thorough reliance upon his own clear judgment, which commended him to every honest man. The only letter of his now before me is without date, a portion of which relates to the formation of a society in Philadelphia, in which he wrote:

"We met on Friday evening, named a chairman, a committee to draft rules, and agreed to meet again. We persuaded Mr. Powell that his perfect leisure made him fit for the chair."

As there is no clew to the name of the society alluded to, we may conjecture that it was the "Philadelphia Agriculture Society," of which Mr. Clymer was made vice-president on its reorganization in 1805, eight years before his death.

WILLIAM ELLERY.

Early in the great struggle the name of William Ellery may be found among the foremost of the zealous patriots of Rhode Island. At the mature age of forty-nine

I am encouraged to expect this favour from you, Sir, because they are naturally and strongly disposed to assist others in vindicating their injured reputations.

William Ellery

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years he entered the Continental Congress (May, 1776) as the representative of that little colony, and the colleague of the venerable Stephen Hopkins. A good lawyer, a sound statesman, and a sagacious student of men, he brought to bear in that Continental legislature a maturity of judgment, a wisdom gained by experience and observation, and fixed principles which were of infinite value to the cause.

In the winter of 1777 and 1778 Mr. Ellery was supposed to have become somewhat entangled in the meshes of a scheme to put General Gates in the place of General Washington—a scheme known in history as Conway's Cabal, because General Conway, an Irish-French officer in the Continental army, was the most active among the conspirators. The fact of such suspicion having fallen upon Mr. Ellery seems to have been used against him, as the following letter, written by him at Newport on the 1st of September, 1782, to General Miller, of Warren, Rhode Island, attests:

"Since my return from Philadelphia I have been informed that the Hon. Daniel Mowrey has told you that I was an enemy to General Washington, and in proof of his assertion said that, upon a question in Congress whether General Gates should be commander-in-chief of the armies of the United States, I had voted for General Gates, or words to that purport, and that he had seen the vote in the journals of Congress, or had a copy of it at his house.

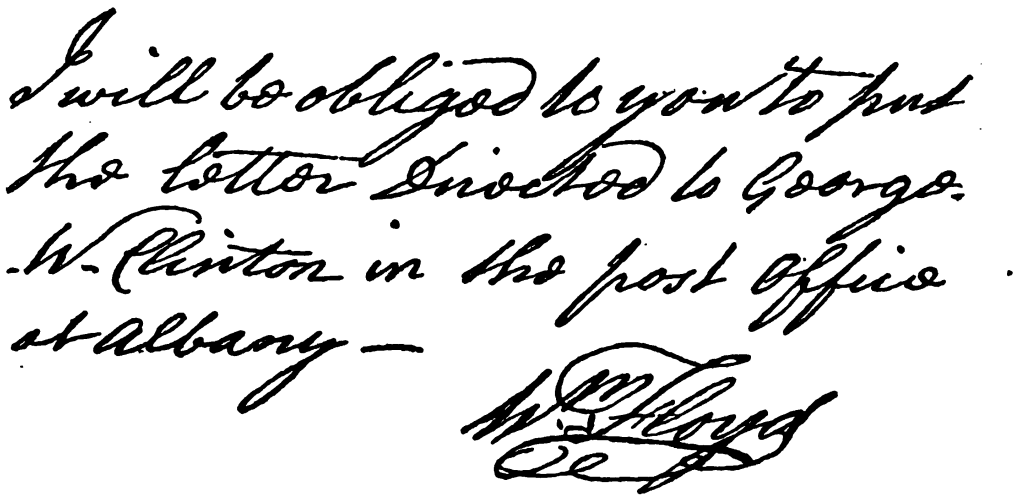
"As by a report of this sort my character hath been possibly affected in this State, I am determined to call on Mr. Mowrey for an explanation of his conduct in this instance; and in order to do it with propriety, I wish to know from you the expressions he made use of as exactly as you can recollect them.

"I am encouraged to expect this favor from you, Sir, because they are naturally and strongly disposed to assist others in vindicating their injured reputations who have a proper sense of true honor themselves."

Mr. Ellery suffered much from the ravages of war on Rhode Island, but losses only increased his zeal, and he represented that State during the war, and until the year 1785, when he retired from public life. He had always been a cheerful companion, and he died like a Christian philosopher, at the age of ninety-two years, while sitting upright in his bed, reading Cicero in the original.

WILLIAM FLOYD.

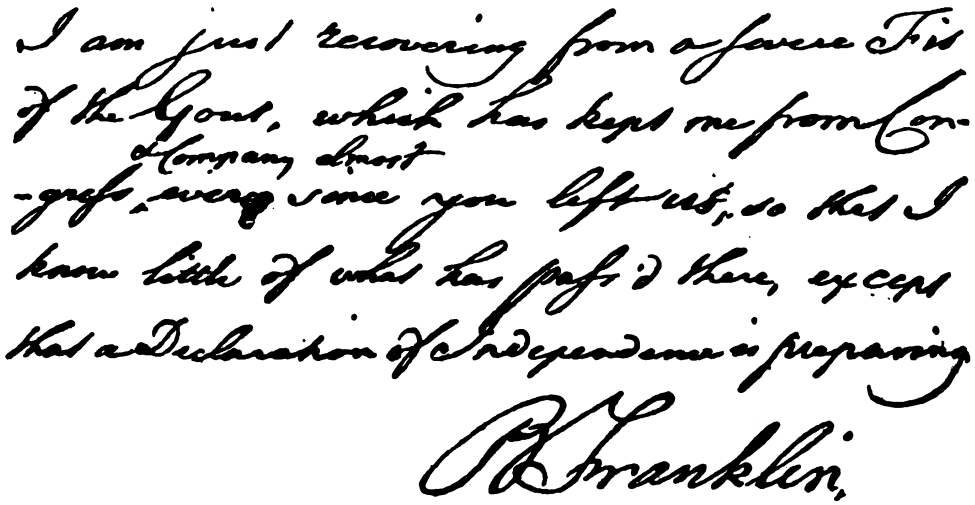
At the head of the names of the New York delegation affixed to the Declaration of Independence is that of William Floyd, of Long Island, a member of the First Continental Congress; he was kept continually in that body as a delegate until the autumn of 1777, when he took his seat in the Senate of the newly organized State of New York, to which he had been chosen. He had been a most industrious member of Congress, and was specially active in urging the necessity for a declaration of independence. He went back to Congress in 1779, but was recalled to the Senate of New York. Again he was sent to Congress, and remained in that body until the close of the war. He was chosen one of the first Representatives of New York in Congress after the adoption of the national Constitution, and from that time until his death, at the age of eighty-seven years, he was much in public life. He was forty-two years of age when he signed the Declaration. The letter, a part of which is here engraved, was wholly on business, and written at Boston in 1809, when he was seventy-five years of age.



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

The signature of the eminent American Sage was affixed to the Declaration when he was past seventy years of age. He had not then recovered from the great fatigue and exposure to inclement weather which he had lately endured while on a mission to Canada with Chase and Carroll. He had suffered greatly during a tempestuous voyage up the Hudson in a sloop, and a hard wagon ride to Saratoga; and there, at the home of Gen-

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I am just recovering from a severe Fit of the Gout, which has kept me from Congress almost ever since you left us, so that I know little of what has passed there, except that a Declaration of Independence is preparing.

B. Franklin.

eral Schuyler, he wrote to Josiah Quincy, in Boston, "I begin to apprehend that I have undertaken a fatigue that, at my time of life, may prove too much for me, so I sit down to write to a few friends by way of a farewell." He lived fourteen years longer.

The following letter, written by Franklin at Philadelphia to General Washington, on the 21st of June, 1776, refers, in the second paragraph, to a cheering letter which the commander-in-chief had received from General Sullivan, who was on the Sorel, in command of the American army in Canada. Sullivan supposed the Canadians would soon show their old friendship for the Americans, when the success which he felt confident awaited him should inspire them, but a few days afterward he was flying out of Canada before a successful British force. Franklin wrote:

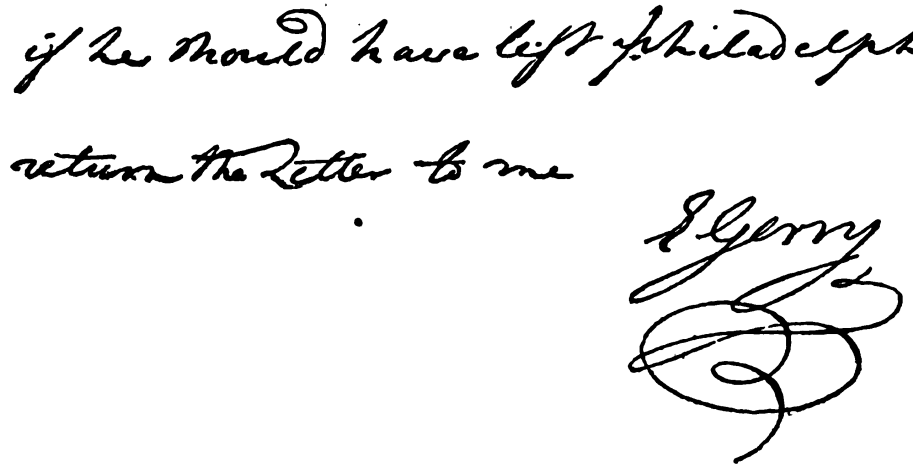
"I am much obliged by your kind care of my unfortunate letter, which at last came safe to hand. I see in it a detail of the mighty force we are threatened with, which, however, I think it is not certain will ever arrive. I see more certainly the ruin of Britain if she persist in such expeditions, which will probably prove more disastrous to her than anciently her wars in the Holy Land.

"I return General Sullivan's letter inclosed. Am glad to find him in such spirits, and that the Canadians are returning to their regard for us. I am just recovering from a severe fit of the gout, which has kept me from Congress and company almost ever since you left us, so that I know little of what has passed there, except that a Declaration of Independence is preparing."

Dr. Franklin's allusion to a "mighty force" is to German troops hired by the British monarch, and large reinforcements for the British army in America, which were then actually on the ocean coming hitherward. His letters all show much correction and interlineation.

ELBRIDGE GERRY.

The fifth signer of the Declaration was Elbridge Gerry, of Massachusetts. He was one of the younger members of the Continental Congress, being a little less than thirty-one years of age when he entered that body, in May, 1775. He had been for two years a very active and efficient member of the General Assembly of Massachusetts. He was very highly esteemed for his ability, honesty, and firmness by Samuel Adams, and was made a member of the first Com-



if he should have left Philadelphia, return the Letter to me

E. Gerry

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mittee of Correspondence, formed on the motion of Mr. Adams. His hand and voice were ever busy in patriotic work, and he was a leader in the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts when that body was organized; and in the stirring events at the time of the skirmishes at Lexington and Concord he was an active colleague with the Adamses, Hancock, Warren, and others.

The note from which the fac-simile of the writing of Mr. Gerry was made is only the cover to one for Colonel Monroe, directed to Colonel Timothy Pickering. It was written at New York on the 24th of August, 1775.

All through the war, and long afterward, Mr. Gerry was active in public life. He assisted in making the national Constitution, was sent by President Adams as envoy to France in 1797, was chosen to be the Democratic Governor of Massachusetts in 1811, and, after forty years of active public life, he was elected Vice-President of the United States in 1812. Mr. Gerry died suddenly in Washington city late in 1814, at the age of seventy years.

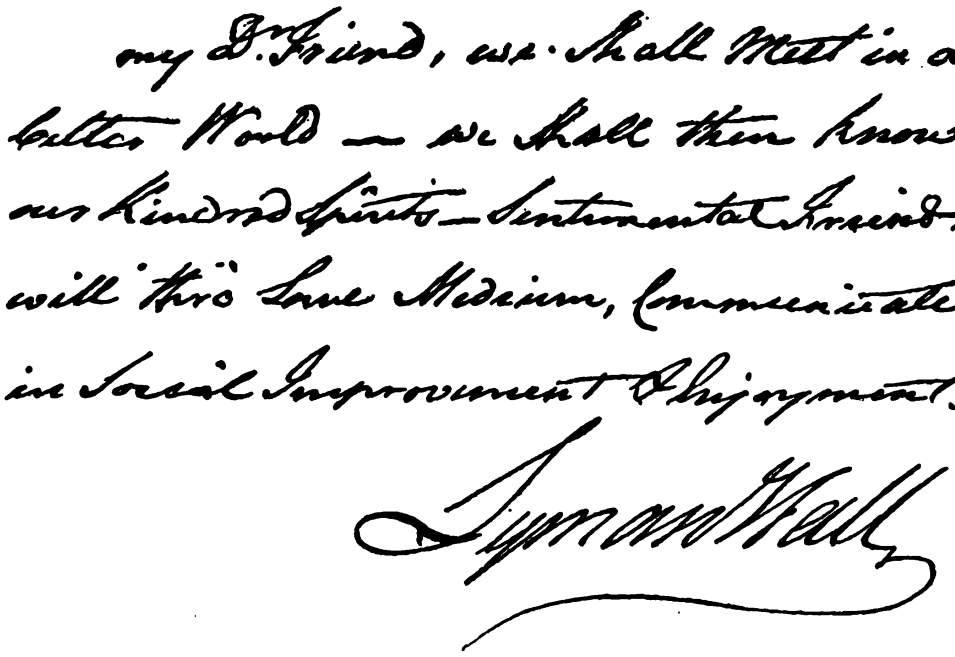
BUTTON GWINNETT.

Only the signature of Button Gwinnett may here be given, for the writer knows of no other specimen of his penmanship existing. It is copied from a long legal document, dated the 16th of March, "in the tenth year of the reign of George the Third," by which he conveys to parties in Savannah, for the term of five hundred years, a lease of 6200 acres of land on the island of St. Catharine, off the coast of Georgia, the consideration being £500. A mortgage on this property, executed by Gwinnett in 1765, mentioned in this document, proves that he was in this country five years earlier than any of his biographers have assigned as the date of his emigration from Wales.

Through the influence of Dr. Lyman Hall, Mr. Gwinnett was induced to take an interest in public affairs in 1775. His apparent apathy soon changed to blazing enthusiasm, and early in 1776 he was elected a delegate to the Continental Congress. He was not long in Congress, but took an active part in the politics of Georgia. Between himself and General M'Intosh, of that State, there arose a mortal animosity, which resulted in a duel and the death of Gwinnett, the challenger, on the 27th of May, 1777, when he was forty-five years of age.

LYMAN HALL.

Dr. Hall, a native of Connecticut, represented a patriotic parish of Georgia in the Continental Congress, when a large portion of the people of that State were disposed to adhere to the crown. He took his seat in that body, but did not become conspicuous, excepting as a Signer of the great Declaration. At the close of the war he was in Savannah, and from that city he addressed a letter to the Rev. Dr. Ezra Stiles, of New Haven, on the subject of the religious famine in Georgia, dated August 25, 1783. He speaks of an indifferent Episcopal clergyman in Savannah, the only one in regular orders in Geor-



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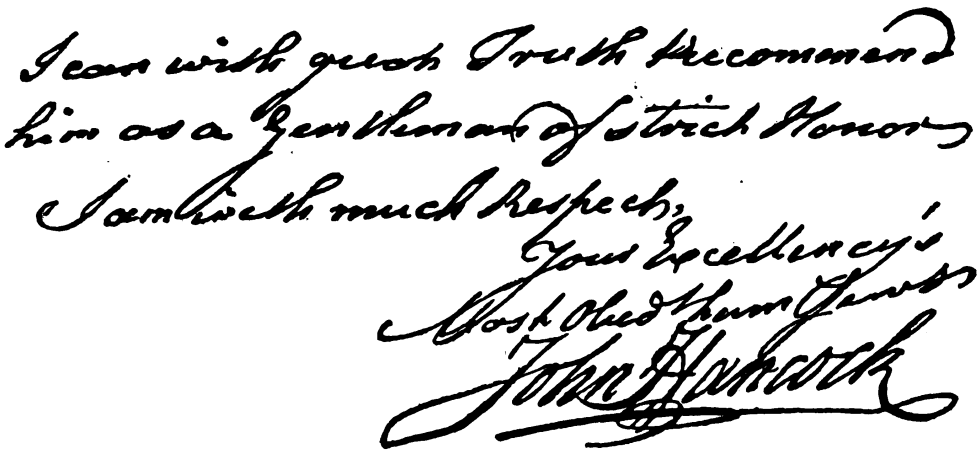
gia, "either Presbyterian or Independent." He continues:

"There are a few illiterate Baptists in the back country, who preach to the people of their profession; one Dutch parson who can preach in English; so that it would be very difficult for a historian at this period to define our religion. We really want some serious, popular, and learned gentlemen of the clerical order, and I believe that such, in this fine country, will never want the means of living easily and genteelly. They should come in orders, as I know not, if necessary, where they could conveniently obtain them."

Dr. Hall mentions the fact that provision had been made by the State Legislature for building and endowing a seminary of learning, and expresses the belief that it will flourish, "for," he observes, "we are determined to invite the Muses to reside among us; those coy ladies have cautiously avoided any familiar intercourse with the Southern States, owing, I believe, to the careless and indifferent manner in which they have been addressed." The seminary alluded to is the Franklin University, at Athens, in Georgia, which was liberally endowed, but did not go into operation until the year 1801.

"As for me," Dr. Hall continues, "I wish to retire from public action to the shades of private life—to obtain a fixed composure, resignation, and readiness for my exit, which can not be far distant. My dear friend, we shall meet in a better world; we shall then know our kindred spirits; sentimental friends will, through some medium, communicate in social improvement and enjoyment."

Dr. Hall was then only fifty-two years of age; six feet in height and well-proportioned, but bearing the seeds of a disease which terminated his life in his sixtieth year.



JOHN HANCOCK.

This political and social leader in Massachusetts at the period of the Revolution was a colleague of Samuel and John Adams in patriotic movements at home, and also in the Continental Congress. He was two years the junior of John Adams; more elegant in manners than he, calm and dignified in deportment, and cautious and considerate in his expressions concerning the character and conduct of others. He was so active and influential a patriot that in 1775 he, with Samuel Adams, was excepted from the offer of a general pardon issued by Gage. At the head of the Massachusetts delegation in the Continental Congress in 1775, he was elected the president of that body at the opening of its session in May, and as such he placed his signature first to the Declaration of Independence the following year. It was a signature much bolder than the one here given, which is to a letter written by him at Boston on the 3d of April, 1783, to Sir Guy Carleton, then in command of the British forces in the city of New York. He wrote in behalf of Dr. Scollay, a Boston physician, who bore the letter, asking permission for the doctor to enter the city for the purpose of endeavoring to procure payment for medicines taken from his shops by British troops in Boston by order of their commander, and used in their service. Hancock wrote:

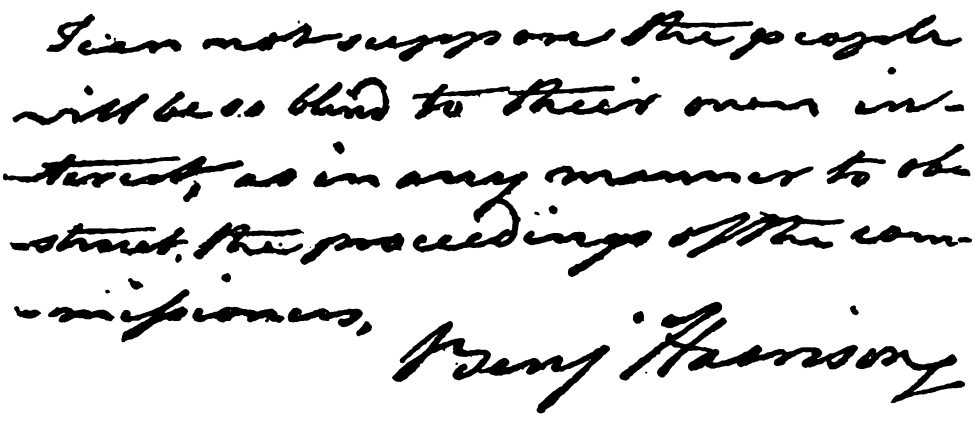
"I most earnestly request that your excellency will be pleased to permit the doctor to lay his accounts and representations before the proper officers, and as far as circumstances will admit, that the doctor may meet with recompense. He is a gentleman of an amiable character, and your excellency may depend that full reliance may be placed upon his representations; and I can with great truth recommend him as a gentleman of strict honor."

The honorable career of Mr. Hancock during the Revolution and afterward is too familiar to American readers to need further notice.

BENJAMIN HARRISON.

One of the most accomplished and useful of the men who figured in the Continental Congress was Benjamin Harrison, the owner of the fine estate of Berkeley, on the James River. Opulent, well-educated, refined, and talented, he became conspicuous in public life in Virginia at an early age. Before he

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had quite reached his twenty-first year he was a member of the House of Burgesses, wherein he sat for several years by virtue of re-election; and he was such an active and efficient patriot that he was elected a delegate to the First Continental Congress in 1774. He was in the Congress of 1775, signed the Declaration of Independence, and in 1777 was chosen Speaker of the Virginia Assembly. He held that position until 1782, when he succeeded Thomas Nelson as Governor of the State.

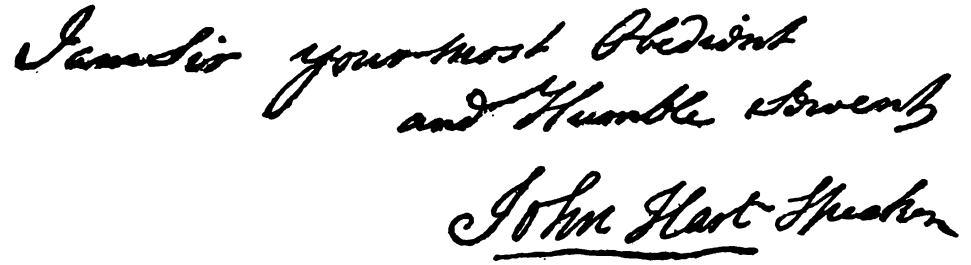
The domain now known as Kentucky was then a part of Virginia, and emigrants to its rich lands were pouring over the mountains like a flood. Virginia commissioners were there to dispose of lands to actual settlers, determine boundaries, and otherwise to act for the public good. These were sometimes interfered with in the performance of their official duties, by the emigrants, especially by the class known as "squatters," who were disposed to assert the doctrine of "squatter sovereignty."

Among the commissioners was William Fleming, brother of Colonel John Fleming, who settled in that region in 1787, and in whose honor a county in the northwestern part of Kentucky was named. To William Fleming, then in Kentucky, Governor Harrison wrote from the council-chamber, on the 16th of September, 1782, saying:

"I can not suppose the people will be so blind to their own interest as in any manner to obstruct the proceedings of the commissioners, as their accounts can never be paid till they are settled by them; but if you should find them inclined to it, you and those appointed with you must take such methods for doing your business as you think will be most advantageous, and if a covering party or a sheriff is necessary, you must order them, though I beg you to avoid both if possible, as the country is by no means in a situation to encounter great expense. If a horse is necessary for the secretary, one must be provided, but the sum sent you is all that can be obtained for the use of all the commissioners, and you'll please to apportion it in such manner as you can agree upon."

JOHN HART.

Among the New Jersey men who signed the Declaration was John Hart, of Hopewell, who had led a most quiet and unobtrusive life up to the time when duty to his fellow-men required him to sacrifice his personal interest for the public good. He was the cultivator of a farm of four hundred acres, and was very little disturbed by the political events which were agitating the sea-port towns. He was a man of sound sense and moderate learning, and was called by his neighbors and friends "Honest John Hart." With that diadem he went into the First Continental Congress, in 1774, as a delegate, and continued to represent New Jersey until 1777, signing that document which prophesied of a struggle in which his fortune and his life might perish. He pledged both to the cause, and suffered much. He became an object of vengeance to the adherents of the crown, and was hunted in the forests like a wild beast; and for a while he and his family took shelter in a log-hut not far from his own comfortable dwelling. He was then an aged man, and in May, 1779, he died. A plain shaft of Quincy granite marks the place of his sepulture at Hopewell. It was erected by the State of New Jersey, as a token of public gratitude, and



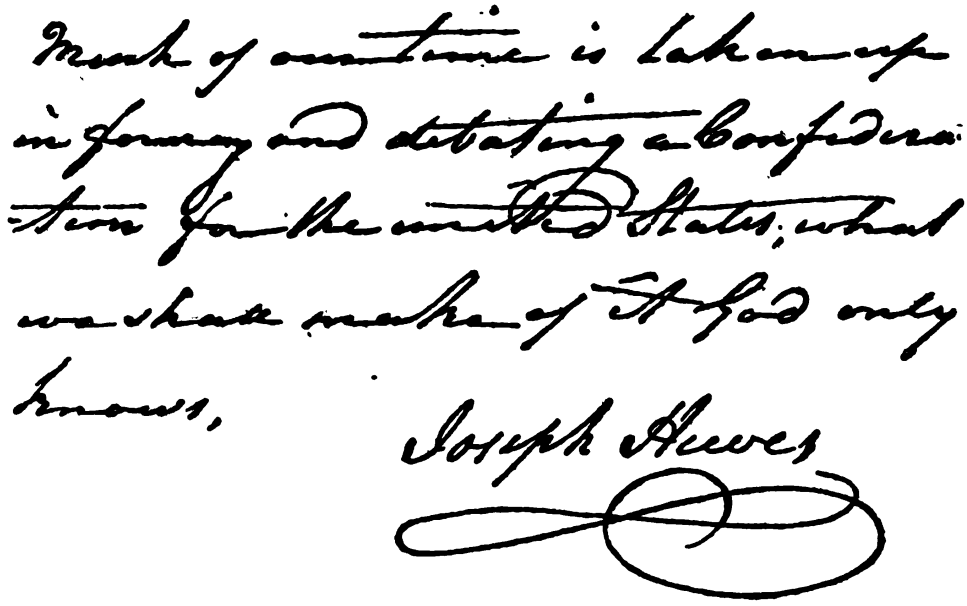
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was dedicated on the 4th of July, 1865, when Governor Parker delivered an oration.

The only writing of Hart's in the collection before me is a document the portion of which he wrote and signed being seen in the engraved fac-simile.

JOSEPH HEWES.

At the age of forty-six years Joseph Hewes signed the Declaration. Son of a New Jersey Quaker, educated at Princeton College, and bred a merchant, his life had been spent mostly outside of the stormy arena of politics. He had become a merchant at Edenton, North Carolina, at about the year 1760, and had held a seat in the Colonial Legislature, where he evinced qualities that induced the people to select him as their first delegate to the Continental Congress. He was a member of some of the most important committees in



the Congress which succeeded this, and, at the head of the Naval Committee, he was, in reality, our first Secretary of the Navy. In the same month that he signed the Declaration he wrote (July 28, 1776) from Philadelphia to Samuel Johnston, of Edenton, saying:

"Much of our time is taken up in forming and debating a confederation for the United States. What we shall make of it, God only knows. I am inclined to think we shall never model it so as to agree to by all the colonies. A plan for foreign alliance is also formed, and I expect will be the subject of much debate before it is agreed to. These two capital points ought to have been settled before our Declaration of Independence went forth to the world. This was my opinion long ago, and every day's experience serves to confirm me in that opinion. I think it probable we may split on these great points; if so, our mighty colossus falls to pieces, when (as our old friend Mr. Gordon used to say) we shall be in a whimsical situation.

"I have inclosed to R. Smith a newspaper which contains a state of what passed at the interview between General Washington and the adjutant-general of Howe's army."

Dr. Franklin had proposed a plan for a confederation of the colonies in 1775. In June, 1776, a committee was appointed to devise a plan. It was perfected in 1778, and in 1781 was ratified by the associated colonies. In September, 1776, commissioners were sent to France, and afterward to other foreign governments, to seek aid, recognition, and alliances.

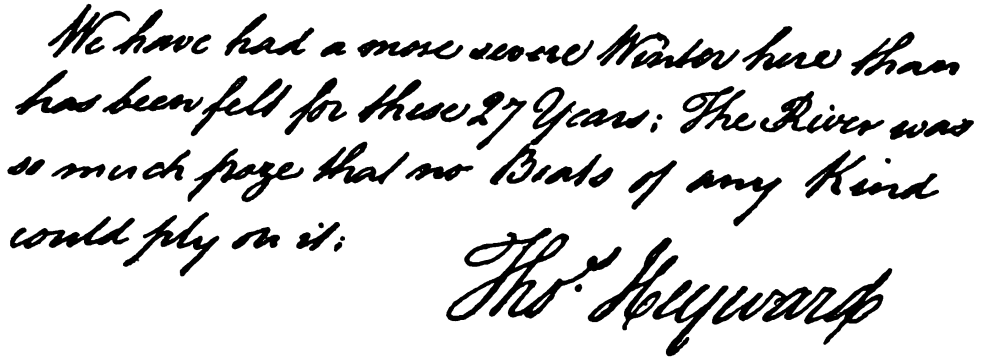
The last paragraph of Mr. Hewes's letter alludes to a silly attempt of General Howe to ignore the official position of General Washington. He came in the double character of a warrior and a peace commissioner, and he sent a letter by his adjutant-general, Paterson, directed to "George Washington, Esquire." The American commander penetrated the design, and refused to receive any communication unless directed to "*General* Washington." Paterson urged Washington not to be punctilious, pleading the necessity of waiving all ceremony, for Howe had come to cause the sheathing of swords, if possible. Washington was inflexible, and Congress sustained him. Howe made no further attempts to communicate with "George Washington, *Esquire*."

Hewes was in delicate health. He resigned his seat in Congress in October, 1779, and died in Philadelphia a few weeks afterward.

THOMAS HEYWARD, JUN.

One of the younger signers of the Declaration was Thomas Heyward, Jun., a son of one of the wealthiest planters in South Carolina, who was only thirty years of age when he made that patriotic pledge of his "life

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and fortune and sacred honor." After due preparations at home for a thorough training for the profession of the law, he was sent to London, where, in the Temple, he was a most industrious and intelligent student. In a long letter in the collection before me (written upon several quarto pages, in a very neat hand, to his father, from London), when he was only twenty-one years of age, he evinces the maturity of thought of a man of forty. It is a most remarkable letter, overflowing with expressions of the soundest principles of conduct, descriptions of proceedings in Parliament, and the thoughts and suggestions of a budding statesman when commenting upon schemes then (1767) before the national legislature for unjustly taxing the colonies. After speaking of his studies, his course of life, and his short-comings in duty, the amusements of the metropolis, etc., he wrote (February 11, 1767):

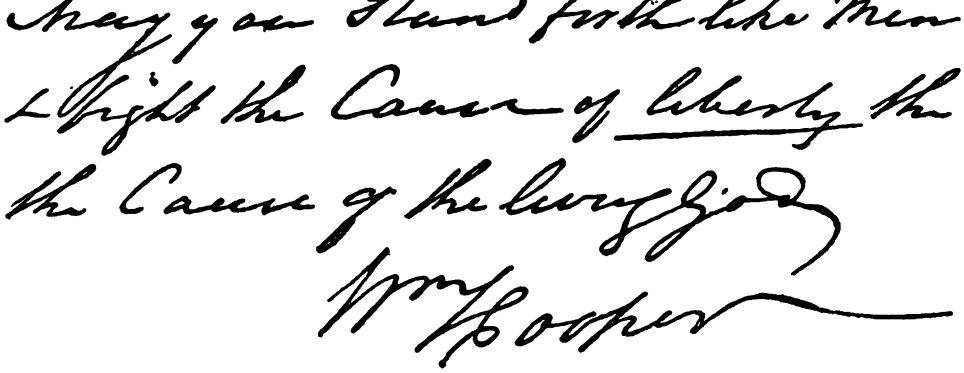
"We have had a more severe winter here than has been felt for these 27 years. The river [Thames] was so much froze that no boats of any kind could ply on it. Ships could not take in their loading, and tradesmen of all kinds, such as blacksmiths, shoemakers, etc., could do no work, which occasioned a great number of beggars on the streets, and gave to many an opportunity of covering a multitude of sins by charity."

After he had completed his studies, young Heyward spent several years in visiting various countries in Europe; but, with the spirit of a true patriot, he was never dazzled with the displays incident to monarchical institutions. He returned home a thorough republican, and when sent to the Continental Congress in 1775, he was among the foremost opposers of British oppression. During a greater portion of the war he was active in public duties, civil and military, and was a prisoner at St. Augustine for a year. After the war he served in a judicial capacity, withdrew from public life in 1791, and died in the spring of 1809.

WILLIAM HOOPER.

Another of the younger members of Congress who signed the Declaration was William Hooper, who was thirty-four years of age at that time. He was a native of Boston, and a lawyer by profession. His father was a minister of the Gospel, and wished him to follow in his footsteps, but he preferred the law. He studied under James Otis, and at the age of twenty-two years he went to North Carolina, settled in Wilmington, became a member of the House of Commons of that State in 1773, and with eloquent tongue and pen he opposed the taxation measures of Great Britain. A delegate in the First Congress, he drew up the able address to the people of Jamaica put forth by that body. Soon after he signed the Declaration, pecuniary embarrassment compelled him to return home.

It was while he was in Congress that, on the 6th of February, 1776, Mr. Hooper wrote to a friend at home, saying:

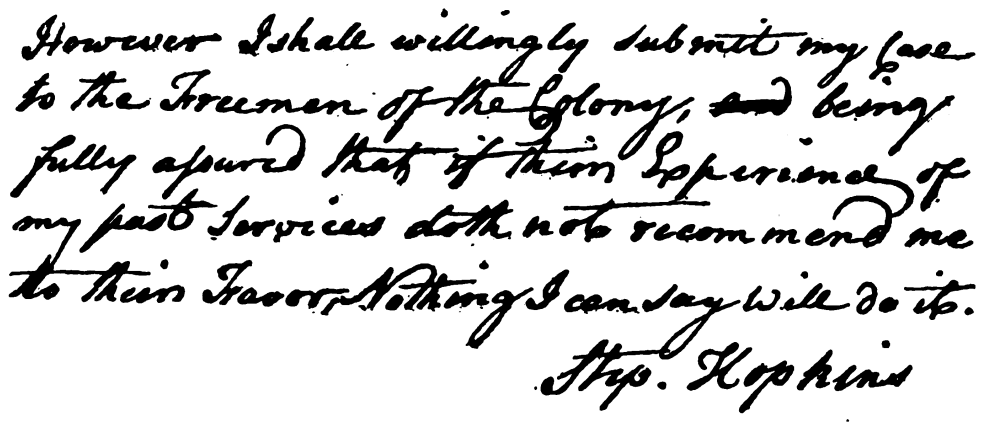


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"General Clinton is at New York, in the *Mercury*, of twenty-six guns, bound to Hampton, in Virginia, with three transports of 200 light troops, there to join seven regiments from England, and from thence proceed to North Carolina, and in all probability to Cape Fear, as they go upon Governor Martin's requisition."

Mr. Hooper recommended measures to prevent the pilots convoying the British ships, securing the passes, etc., having a good military organization and large bodies placed along the sea-coast. "My first wish," he said, "is to be free, my second to be reconciled to Great Britain. God grant that both may soon take place.....May you stand forth like men to fight the cause of liberty, the cause of the living God!"

The plans of Martin, the royal Governor, and of Sir Henry Clinton for subduing North Carolina were frustrated by the success of the patriots in a battle on Moore's Creek, in that State, three weeks after the above letter was written. The Tories were subdued, Governor Martin fled to a British ship, and a marauding party under Cornwallis that landed on the shore of the Cape Fear River were glad to escape whole to their ships from the wrath of the aroused Carolinians. Sir Henry went on down the coast to Charleston Harbor, where he attempted to assist Admiral Sir Peter Parker in an attack upon Fort Moultrie.



However I shall willingly submit my Case to the Freemen of the Colony, and being fully assured that if their Experience of my past Services doth not recommend me to their Favor Nothing I can say will do it.

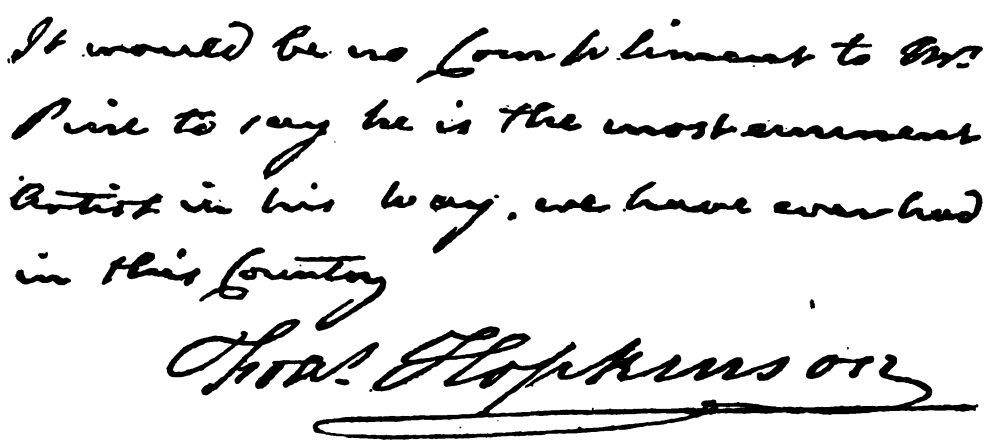
Step. Hopkins

STEPHEN HOPKINS.

With a trembling hand Stephen Hopkins, of Rhode Island, signed his name to the Declaration. It appeared in unfavorable contrast with the bold signature of President Hancock and the steadiness of those of his compeers. But it was not tremulousness caused by fear. No man ever had a stouter heart than Stephen Hopkins. It was the result of infirmity. He was then nearly seventy years of age, and for a long time had suffered from a nervous affection then called "shaking palsy," which compelled him to employ an amanuensis, and when he signed his name he steadied his right hand with his left. His usual style of writing and his signature are seen in the fac-simile here given, taken from a public letter written eighteen years before he signed the Declaration.

Rhode Island never produced, before nor since, a more useful man than Stephen Hopkins. Self-taught, and bred a farmer, he rose through every grade of office from town-clerk, when he was twenty-five years of age, to Governor of his State, when in his prime. He was for a large portion of his life a chief surveyor in the province, and a leading merchant; a Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas and the Supreme Court of Rhode Island, and a trusted leader in politics. For a long time he was engaged in a party contest with Samuel Ward, of great fierceness at times, which was, so far as can be discovered, grounded upon no real principle. They were rival candidates for the chief magistracy (to which Hopkins was first elected in 1756), and were alternately successful. It was during the canvass in 1758, when Hopkins was re-elected, that his public letter above alluded to was written. It was in the form of observations on a pamphlet issued by Mr. Ward, in which Hopkins states that his words had been tortured and misrepresented, so that his enemies had taken advantage of misrepresentation to injure him, after (he says) he had served the colony in almost every office in their gift for almost thirty years. He speaks of a "strange forwardness of so young a man as Mr. Ward [then thirty-three years of age], without knowledge or experience in the affairs of government, to endeavor to place himself at the head of things, and still more strange to attempt to render himself qualified for so high a post only by blasting another man's reputation, without displaying any ability for governing or any other amiable quality in himself." To heal these dissensions, after serving as Governor for several years, Mr. Hopkins retired to private life; and when circumstances united patriotic men he and Samuel Ward entered the Continental Congress as colleagues. Mr. Hopkins died in 1785, in the seventy-ninth year of his age.

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FRANCIS HOPKINSON.

Witty and wise—a poet, musician, artist, scientist, and statesman—was Francis Hopkinson, of Philadelphia, grandson of the Bishop of Worcester, who, in the thirty-ninth year of his age, signed the Declaration. He was the first pupil who entered the College of Philadelphia (now University of Pennsylvania) at its opening, and it was always proud of him. On returning from England in 1768, and marrying the accomplished Ann Borden, he launched upon the sea of politics as a firm and zealous patriot. He was in Congress long enough to make his name immortal, when he entered upon a judicial career, which only ended with his life, in 1791.

Mr. Hopkinson was a patron and friend of musicians and painters. In the spring of 1785 (April 19) he wrote a letter to Washington (now before me) strongly recommending Robert Edge Pine, an English portrait painter, who was then in Philadelphia. He speaks of him as one whose "zeal for the American cause brought him over from England to secure, while it is yet possible, faithful representations of some of the interesting events of the late war—not ideal pictures, but real portraits of the persons and places concerned.

"You will easily discover," Mr. Hopkinson proceeded to write, "the tendency of this letter and of Mr. Pine's visit. Scenes wherein you have borne a conspicuous part can not be *faithfully* represented if you are omitted. I know you have already suffered much persecution under the painter's pencil, and verily believe that you would rather fight a battle on a great occasion than sit for a picture, because there is life and vigor in *Fortitude*, and *Patience* is but a dull virtue. I would not insinuate that you have not much patience, but am very sure that you have a great deal of good nature.

"It would be no compliment to Mr. Pine to say he is the most eminent artist, in his way, we have ever had in this country. But his own pencil will display his abilities in much better terms than my pen, and I have no doubt but you will find him worthy of your notice in every respect."

Mr. Pine proceeded to Mount Vernon, and there painted the portrait of Washington which I saw at the home of Mr. John Hare Powell, in West Philadelphia, twenty years ago. Hopkinson's letter drew from Washington, in response, that pleasant epistle which was published in fac-simile fifty years ago, and which, under date of May 16, 1785, begins:

"'In for a penny, in for a pound,' is an old adage." He continued: "I am so hackneyed to the touches of the painter's pencil that I am *now* altogether at their beck, and sit like Patience on a monument while they are delineating the lines of my face.

"It is a proof among many others of what habit and custom can effect. At first I was as impatient at the request, and as restive under the operation, as the colt is of the saddle. The next time I submitted very reluctantly, but with less flouncing. Next, no dray moves more readily to the thill than I do to the painter's chair. It may easily be conceived, therefore, that I yielded a ready obedience to your request and to the views of Mr. Pine."

SAMUEL HUNTINGTON.

The eldest son of his parents, Samuel Huntington, a native of Windham, Connecticut, was destined for the quiet avocation of a farmer, to which his father was devoted. But with his years grew aspirations for more active life. His early education was very limited, but by the force of genius and self-culture he acquired a good knowledge of Latin and general learning, which fitted him for the study of law. After abandoning farming and learning the cooper's trade, he studied law, and entered upon its practice in Norwich. He began his public life at the age of twenty-nine (1764), as a member of the General Assembly. He took his seat in Congress early in 1776. Wise, sagacious, faithful, he was chosen president of that body in 1779, and left that high position on account of ill health in 1781, when he resumed his seat upon the bench of the Superior Court, to which he had been elevated in 1774. He was again in Congress in 1783, and was afterward Chief Justice, Lieutenant-Governor, and Governor of the State of Connecticut.

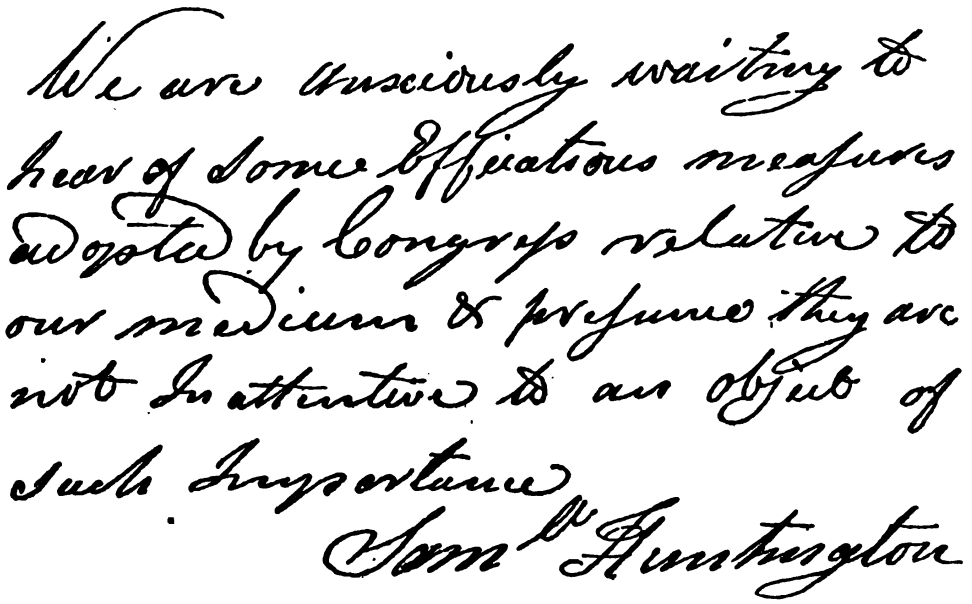
The only letter in the collection before me written by Mr. Huntington is dated at Nor-

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wich on the 23d of December, 1783, written to President Laurens, and introducing Captain William Hubbard. To the introduction he added:

"We are anxiously waiting to hear of some efficacious measures adopted by Congress relative to our [circulating] medium, and presume they are not inattentive to an object of such importance."

The finances were then in a wretched state. The Continental bills had become worthless. There was a heavy public debt, and no co-operative action among the several States could be obtained for sustaining the public credit. Wise men saw clearly, at that early period, that the Confederation, as a national government, was a failure.


We are anxiously waiting to
hear of some efficatious measures
adopted by Congress relative to
our medium & presume they are
not inattentive to an object of
such Importance
Sam[l] Huntington

HELIOTROPE.

HELIOTROPE, Flower of the Sun, Flower of the Wedded,
So purple and sweet by my side,
Now are the days, midsummer days, longed for yet dreaded,
When Love is no longer a bride;
No longer a bride, Heliotrope, but a deep-seeing wife;
No longer a queen, Heliotrope, but a heart-slave for life,
No longer a bud, Heliotrope, but a full-blooming flower—
Nothing to wish for better than Now, the rich Present's rich hour.

Flower of the Sun, down in thy heart, gentle and tender,
Oh, art thou not proud of thy lot?
Rose in her red, lily in white, tulip in splendor,
Thou seest, and enviest not.
All purple thy robe, mystical hue that denoteth crowned love;
No tremor is thine; well dost thou know bright Apollo above;
Firm fixed is thy life; changes are past; and forever till death
Thou dreamest in love, livest in love, in the Present's warm breath.

Heliotrope, look in mine eyes. I am thy sister;
I worship, flower-sister, my Sun.
Care I for wealth, rubies' red fire, diamonds' glister,
The films by the lace-makers spun!
They flutter in vain, ghost-lily maids, as they cross my sweet path;
They hold up their gems, summer-rose girls, and shed sparkles in wrath
Athwart my still life, trying to see what the charm is, and how
All of their future, all of their past, can not equal my Now.

Flower of the Sun, well do we know, know it together,
Our secret, our secret so sweet:
Sing we our song in the July's midsummer weather
As we lie at Apollo's feet.
Great is thy Sun-God up in the sky, and he calls thee his own;
Great is my Life-God here on the earth, and he loves me alone;
Great is our heart-bliss—all my dull words in its ardor consume:
Breathe, then, our story, Heliotrope, in thy silent perfume.

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THE REV. GABRIEL M'MURRAY'S CONVERSION.

JUST as the last artistic touch was being given to the ministerial toilet, Mr. M'Murray senior entered his son's room. A glow of placid fondness, of fatherly pride, of partial wonderment at the luxuries about him, lent a deeper color to the old gentleman's round and rubicund face; and sinking into one of the inviting easy-chairs, he sighed unctuously, gazing the while beamingly upon the tall, dignified form before the pier-glass, wondering if that indeed could be his little Gaby—his apple-cheeked, lustrous-eyed, mischievous little Gaby! Could it be possible this was the sturdy little urchin that climbed into the hay-loft, scared the setting hens from their nests, and came home triumphantly with the half-hatched eggs in his hat; that fell into the mill-pond, and was miraculously saved by dear old Rover; that tumbled time and again from horses, from wagons, from swinging gates and high trees; that came happily through measles and whooping-cough and fevers of many forms, and reached man's estate, outliving his sisters and brothers and all these perils, becoming the only son of his father, and he a widower!

No wonder the boy was spoiled. One look at his father's face, every line of it betokening, as it did, an unbounded affection lavished upon this only son. And it so happened that the lad was possessed of unusual ability, that he carried off the honors at college, and so excelled in every branch of knowledge that it was difficult to make a choice of a profession for him.

His father had long cherished a pet scheme for his aggrandizement. For many years he had brooded over it, adding to its excellences here and there, until it seemed to Mr. M'Murray that this was the only sphere which was suited to the exalted abilities of his well-beloved Gabriel.

But, as the lad grew older, it became evident that he must judge for himself—that it was not possible for this innocent or ignorant father to lay plans for his gifted son. Better for him to remain silent as to his own wishes, and accept those of the boy who had in these few years so far outstripped him in wisdom. So when Gabriel came home, with all his blushing honors thick upon him, his father devoured him with loving, tearful eyes, but said no word of that dearest wish of his heart about the future.

In calm and happy tranquillity his holidays glided on, the young Gabriel transfigured beyond recognition. No more the merry, laughing, romping boy, but the pale, thoughtful student, walking with bowed head and clasped hands by the side of the streams through which he had kicked and splashed barefooted long ago, under the trees from whose high branches he had tumbled safely.

Walking thus one summer evening, he was joined by his father, the two saying little, but keeping a most eloquent silence. At last Gabriel, drawing his father's hand through his arm (for he was now by far the tallest of the two), and keeping it firmly in his grasp, said, quietly,

"It is time, father, to think about the future. Can you tell me what you have determined upon?"

"Determined upon, Gaby!" repeated Mr. M'Murray; "I—I don't quite understand you."

"What profession have you chosen for me, father?"

Mr. M'Murray took out his red silk handkerchief and wiped the perspiration from his forehead. A sudden tremor beset him. Should he whisper that which he so ardently desired?

"I have thought," continued Gabriel, "that the pursuit of law would have many excellent attributes very desirable in their way. I might then aspire to be a statesman, father."

There he stopped, for the hand of his father began to tremble in his own, and looking down, he saw something in his face that puzzled and perturbed him.

They had wandered on, and were nearing the little church on the hill, the pale light of evening shining with a yellow radiance through the scraggy fir-trees that only half hid the white tombstones in the little churchyard.

Suddenly seeing that light that seemed to come from heaven, and remembering all the hopes and joys that were buried behind that row of fir-trees—thinking of the day, now perhaps close at hand, when he should lie there too—it seemed to the old man that he must speak, that whatever there was of gain for this well-beloved son of his could only be found in this one calling.

"Oh, my son," he said, and stood quite still, his hands shaking, his voice trembling, "life is so short and so uncertain! I can't bear that it should all end here! Be something that will give you a chance hereafter. Gaby, if it should be that all is as it is written, your time would be quite thrown away on any thing but the service of God. Gaby, my son, you are so wise and strong, He is the only one fit for you to serve!"

"Theology!" murmured his son.

"Call it by what name you will, Gaby, but get it right!" said his father. "I couldn't bear that you should be any thing but a Methodist—if they put religion into any other shape, they make it Greek to me; and although you may know that language well, I'm too old to begin to learn it now."

Then they turned their steps homeward—Gabriel leaving his father at the door and

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walking away with swift strides in the direction of the village.

When he reached the little cluster of white houses that began the village street he paused a moment, and looked up at a sign that jutted out over a long, rambling building: the sign bore the name of "John Martin, Carpenter," written in heavy, sturdy characters, without much regard to flourish or symmetry. Gabriel, dextrously avoiding a loose pile of boards that loomed up before him, and another that blocked the way at his side, entered a narrow pathway between, that led to a little porch so covered by a luxuriant hop-vine that the slight form of a young girl paring potatoes on the doorstep was quite concealed.

She started when she saw Gabriel, and would have had time to retreat with her potatoes, but something seemed to make her forget altogether the exigencies of the moment. Usually she was well prepared when Gabriel was coming. Her muslin was well starched and marvelously ironed; not a lock of her brown hair but was safely secured by a plain ribbon, and the whitest of handkerchiefs concealed the prettiest shoulders in Sharpsville. But the day had been so hot, and the children had tumbled her hair and her kerchief, so that the one was off, and the other hung half tangled over her shoulders. She had plenty of time to get away, but it would have been a thousand pities; for as she stood blushing there, surprised and startled, one foot prepared to flee and the other determined to linger, she was the prettiest picture that ever was framed by a hop-vine.

Many and many a time, as the Rev. Gabriel roamed over the earth, and walked the weary length of many a picture-gallery, finding emblazoned with all the art of a scientific age the divine pictures of the old masters—many a time has an odd thought come into his head that he had once seen a picture, years ago indeed, but still fresh in his memory, of a young girl with some kind of a luxuriant vine like a frame about her. Where was that picture, and what was it about? Then it would all flash upon him that it was no picture, but a living and beautiful presence, with which it was better not just then to burden his fancy; and up would go the glasses again—for the Reverend Gabriel's eyes were by this time weakened by study—and on would pace the weary feet; but in spite of all, the reverend gentleman, for that day at least, found his art researches very flat and stale and unprofitable indeed.

But to return to this summer evening, long ago, when Ruth lingered, despite her gingham gown and tumbled hair; when this sudden meeting sent a flood of light to her eyes and color to her cheeks—and indeed a faint flush had crept into Gabriel's pale face, and whatever of feeling it was possible to gather about his heart had come at the call of this little maiden. He bade her put by her potatoes, and run in for her sun-bonnet, that she might take a walk with him in the gloaming.

"A pretty piece of business!" said her thrifty mother; "to leave the potatoes half pared, and supper not ready, and your father comin' in from the shop, tired and cross as a bear with a sore head, and go off trapesin' about, gettin' fever and ager, at this time of the year, with the dew a-fallin', with Gabriel M'Murray, that's that changed that his own mother wouldn't know him if she got out of her grave on purpose. He's that proud and set up with book-larnin' that it's fit to make a fool of him; and his father 'll see the day yet he'll be sorry for it. But, law sakes! don't stand there till your father comes: go, if you're goin'!"

All which incoherency meant that Mrs. Martin would have been glad to have had Gabriel to her liking in some ways; but she had also her own ambitions about her daughter, who was generally conceded to be the prettiest girl in her native village.

"I thought it expedient, dear Ruth," began Gabriel, in his slow, measured tones, while Ruth's heart and pulse went beating with blissful velocity, quite losing hearing of the words he was saying, so absorbed was she with his nearness and dearness. This beautiful bit of joy, so unexpectedly gained, quite changed and hallowed this summer night. She thought it would have been squandered in preparing supper and washing dishes, in making the bread and sprinkling the clothes, and putting the little ones to bed and then going sordidly to sleep herself; and now, oh joy! to be thus with Gabriel, hand in hand, walking through the sweet dewy fields, all the balmy fragrant air of night given to them alone. "And when father expressed his desire," continued Gabriel, "that I should devote myself to the study of theology, I could but acquiesce; for, dear Ruth, I am under great obligations to my father. Without his aspirations for the development of whatever talent I possess, I could have achieved nothing."

"And his voice," said the heart of dear little Ruth, "so rich and sonorous; his eyes, that glow like the stars in heaven; his slender hand, that encircles my chubby brown fingers; and oh! the beautiful, beautiful words that roll out of his mouth like the pearls and diamonds in the fairy tale!"

"Therefore I have chosen to be a minister of the Gospel," concluded Gabriel; and Ruth awoke with a start from her dream of rapture.

"A minister!" said Ruth—"a real minister!"

"A veritable doctor of divinity," replied Gabriel, looking down upon her upturned face, all aglow with that wild, sweet rapture;

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and suddenly he found the night was unusually soft and delightsome, and the passing moments fair. As if by magic the great infinite sky bent over him lovingly; the dewy sweetness of the wild flowers was exhaled for him; the hum of the insects, the sighing of the summer wind, were a part of that beautiful world to which he belonged—he and this maiden by his side, fairest, most sweet of all!

Warmly he pressed the little brown fingers.

"Dear little Ruth," he said, for the first time speaking the language that she could fully understand, "remember me, and when I am gone, still give me your love and sympathy!"

"Always, always," whispered the poor little girl. And then they went back silently to Ruth's home in the village. Why was it that, finding that language they both understood, he should have lost it so soon?

Mrs. Martin would have liked it much better than the long-syllabled words with which he chose to bid her adieu.

"I'll have to get that old dictionary down from the garret when Gabriel M'Murray comes," she said, afterward, to her husband, "for every word of his is as long as the moral law, and it's bin a good spell since I went to school."

"He's a pretty smart young man," said the village carpenter, "and I shouldn't wonder if he'd make his mark. His father's spent a good bit of money on his iddication, and a man likes to hev the worth of his money."

Looking at the matter in this practical light, Mr. M'Murray did really have the benefit of his outlay, for Gabriel, once having determined upon his course in life, did not hesitate to throw his whole soul into making that course honorable and distinguished. He was barely thirty when his father entered his room that February morning, and yet he had traveled far and wide, had present charge of the most fashionable church of his persuasion in the city, and by his unwonted power and eloquence had made his name famous.

The father looked upon his son, and wondered why he was thus particular in tying that simple bow of white ribbon about his neck. If, indeed, it were one of the long swathes of linen that composed the neckcloth of the clergyman at Sharpsville, then he might with reason take considerable time to make the folds lie properly; but this little foolish strip of white—why should his son care how it was tied? His coat was almost like a priest's gown, so distinct was it from an ordinary street garment. The cuffs that fell over his long slim hands were cleverly devised to show their shapeliness, and many a thoughtful moment was disposed upon the studied carelessness of the luxuriant mass of hair that adorned his noble head, and fell down about his neck.

"I am thus particular in the service of my Master, dear father," he said, by way of reply to the interrogation he found in his father's face, "to show my reverence and devotion. As, when I enter your presence, I endeavor to wear that which is befitting, and do that which is suited to your age and relationship to me, thus do I strive, all unworthily perhaps, to do honor to Him who is above all, highest and best."

"H'm!" said his father. "Certainly—quite right!" and, sighing a little, he got out of his easy-chair, and followed his son to the carriage that stood in waiting at the door, for the church was at some distance from the Reverend Gabriel's boarding-house, and he required all the rest that was possible through the arduous duties of the day. Finding his son indisposed for conversation, and feeling that a severe solemnity sat upon his noble features, the old gentleman bethought himself that it was perhaps better to get in a proper frame of mind, and put away all thoughts but those suited to the Sabbath.

He had come up to the city on a farewell visit to his son, who was about finishing his pastoral duties at St. Mark's, and would spend the following year in a tour in Holy Land. As the season of the year was inclement, and the journey long and dangerous, the old gentleman's thoughts had wandered a little, and his heart been filled by the hopes and fears natural to the occasion; but now it really did behoove him to get in a proper frame of mind, for his son sat with closed eyes opposite him, and all the church-bells were ringing out their peals of exhortation and invitation. Mr. M'Murray resolved that for this one day he would give himself up to the pleasures of the church. He would enjoy the sermon, he would join in the hymns, he would take every bit of it to his heart and revel in it. He was getting old, and heaven ought to be near and dear to him.

When they got to the church the old gentleman was prepared for the most active devotion, and his bald head glistened with the violent rubbings he had administered with his red silk handkerchief—a sure sign that Mr. M'Murray was very much in earnest. Suddenly losing sight of his son, who went into the edifice by a side door, Mr. M'Murray was given into the hands of an elderly portly gentleman, who led him well up the aisle, and surrendered to him, out of respect to the pastor, his own capacious pew.

Mr. M'Murray looked about him, and found it difficult to believe this was a Methodist church—he was almost tempted to believe he had strayed into the fearful precincts delivered over to the Romanists. This pretentious architecture, this aristocratic lo-

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cality, this sumptuous interior, these cushioned seats, so gorgeously upholstered, so comfortably reclining, so tempting for a snooze! Then how did they manage that dim and religious light that fell tenderly upon the time-worn complexion of the spinster yonder?

Looking up at the windows, he saw that the garish light of the sun was pleasantly filtered through elaborately stained devices upon the glass. He could not decipher the allegories thus represented in the brightest of colors, but over each figure in the devices he found there was a large round radiance, painted a bright yellow, and diffusing this singular tawny light throughout the church. He looked in vain for the time-honored pulpit, his eyes wandering aimlessly for the spot from whence the minister was to hold forth. There was a broad platform, adorned here and there with a carved writing-desk upon very high legs, an embroidered coat of arms on a velvet cushion, and a chaste group of hot-house flowers, in a curious glass vase. A large cross was suspended from the back of the platform, a smaller one at each side, and around and about, on the hymn-books, the Bibles, the book-marks, were still smaller crosses. Immediately in front of him upon the platform was a long low lounge covered with crimson velvet. Could that have any thing to do with the pulpit?

Suddenly the organ began the first low, trembling notes of the voluntary. The old gentleman started, and grasped his hymn-book. But who was to give out the hymn? His son hadn't emerged yet from the side door. Ah, here he was! What a dignified, slow step had Gaby! What a fine figure he was upon the platform! Now would be seen the substitute for the pulpit—not the crimson velvet lounge, surely. Yet his son walked slowly to it, reclined upon it, almost, in fact, lay upon it, covered his face with his white, slim hand, and remained in statuesque quietude.

The old gentleman waited a long while, and watched his son intently, but there was movement neither of a finger nor a hair. Wonderful how Gaby could be so still! When he was a little shaver he used to kick the rounds off the chairs, punch the bottoms out, and never a whole knee in his little breeches! How still he was! how very still!

The old gentleman took out his red silk handkerchief and wiped his forehead, wondering when the organ would cease shaking and trembling, and thinking fondly of the bass-viol in the village choir.

At last the organ ceased, and now there was heard the single voice of a woman. Surely, thought Mr. M'Murray, this is the beginning of the hymn. But no—the voice went on; couldn't make out the words, but the song was certainly monstrous fine in its way—notes very high, wonderfully high; there wasn't a voice in Sharpsville could get up to that last note. But why *don't* the choir join in, and where *does* the tune begin? While he was wondering the lady ceased, and suddenly all heads were bowed in prayer.

Mr. M'Murray, thankful that he at last had secured some tangible clew to the services, put down his head comfortably, and thanked God that he had lived to see this hour; to find his son, his Gaby, the head and front of this display; to feel that at last he had touched the highest pinnacle of his ambition. Then he listened to the impressive words that fell measured and slow upon his ear. Smoothly modulated, faultlessly rhetorical, carefully fervid. Mr. M'Murray sighed a little when it was finished, he couldn't tell why.

But now at last he had fallen upon something satisfactory. The hymn is given out, the dear old hymn; how beautiful it sounds!

"Jerusalem, my happy home!
Name ever dear to me!"

The old gentleman grasps his hymn-book firmly, wipes his forehead, his head, his neck, with his red handkerchief, plants himself firmly on his feet, runs the scale under his voice—do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do. How well it is, after all, that he learned to sing in his youth, and how kind in Gaby to pick out his favorite hymn, one that he knew so well, and was so fond of—the dear boy! Well, God be thanked, his voice is still lusty and strong!

But here! there is some mistake. That isn't the air—not at all. And yet there is a little note like it—and there! Why, it must be—no, it isn't. Alas! poor Mr. M'Murray was led a will-o'-the-wisp chase after that hymn that he will never forget. Not that it was possible to catch a word of it—he could never be brought to believe that the choir used any sensible words in singing—but the air itself was the catchpenny that tormented him in its pursuit. Now would come a familiar strain to his ear, and just as he was preparing to take advantage of it, away it would float again into an indistinguishable mass of variations, and become lost to him.

At the end of the first verse the organ undertook the task of keeping hope from quite expiring until the hymn was finished, and thundered out a whole line in unmistakably familiar notes. Mr. M'Murray took heart again, began to even blame himself for being old and stupid, resolving that the second verse should not be a failure.

But, alas! the second verse betrayed no consanguinity whatever with its predecessor, for whereas that commenced very low, this one began very high—so high that every body's voice but the soprano's exhausted itself in an ignominious squeak. The quar-

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tet choir was left in possession of the field. Mr. M'Murray sank into his seat, exhausted, flushed, and out of temper. He found presently that all the congregation were upon their feet again, repeating something in reply to a psalm that his son was reading, but as it seemed to him that they spoke in a foreign language, and he had never ventured out of his native tongue, he remained silent and sad. It appeared, after all, that he was not to partake of these religious joys—they were far above his grasp. He wished himself heartily at home in Sharpsville.

And the sermon of his son, which was delivered without the aid of a pulpit at all, though a delight to his pride, was a mortification to his understanding. Like the hymn, here and there a passage familiar and sweet, then suddenly lifted out of the reach of his comprehension; abounding in brilliant metaphors, felicitous similes, and overflowing with poetical quotations.

"I'm sorry you're so much given to rhyme, Gaby," said the old gentleman, on their way home.

"Don't you think I'm old enough to be called Gabriel, father?" said the young divine, with something like petulance in his voice. This pet name of his father's had grated on him for years, and now, when all others had crowded around to congratulate, when he could scarcely escape the tide of adulation that overwhelmed him, here was this old man, his father, withholding from him the meed of praise that had become necessary to him, and persisting in calling him by an absurd and childish name.

"Eh? Yes!" replied the old man, a grim sarcasm lighting up his eyes. "I beg your pardon, Gabriel; I've been used to it since you were a boy, you see, and it takes time to pick up these new ways."

"I beg of you, father," said his son, quickly, "to forgive my foolish preference. Call me by what title you will. I confess to the weakness of being disappointed that you had no word of praise for my church. It is the most tasteful edifice in the city. Every one admires St. Mark's."

"Why St. Mark's?" said the old man. "Why not St. John, or St. Jude?"

Gabriel hesitated a moment. There was a shrewd speculation in his father's eye that forbade any thing but a straightforward reply.

"The title, father, is merely a type of signification," he said, "and thus it became natural to associate with it a familiar and honored name. Mr. Mark Britton has devoted the largest part of his fortune to the cause of religion. He is a most accomplished, worthy, excellent gentleman, and almost built St. Mark's—"

"And you canonized him," broke in the old gentleman. "Was that he that supported that poor demented creature upon his arm?"

"Demented creature! There is some mistake, father. Miss Genevieve was with her father this morning."

"If it was the man you introduced to me as Mr. Britton, he certainly had a person with him that would have been better away. Her bonnet was all mashed in at the brim, and her hair fell over her eyes like the mane of a wild beast. I'm not particular, Gabriel, but the person having her in charge ought to have smoothed her hair, and made her decent for the house of God!"

"The fashion is a little absurd just now," said his son, with a smile; "but a young lady in Miss Genevieve's position must comply with its decrees."

"God save me and mine from its temptations!" said the old man, fervently. "I thought she was a little touched in her mind, or I'd have had no patience with her. When she wasn't yawning, or half asleep, she was staring at people through her glass. I thought of Ruth Martin, the carpenter's daughter, at Sharpsville. I suppose you've forgotten her; but I wish you could see her as she sits with the singers at home. Folks say she's almost an old maid now, but there's few young maids like her. Our parson's words are simple and plain, but she listens prettily, and the color comes into her cheek and fades out of it again; the tears and smiles chase each other out of her eyes; she sings like an angel in paradise; her hair is nicely smoothed under her bonnet; and she walks like a young gazelle. God bless her, and keep her from the snares of fashion!"

"Amen!" said Gabriel, a shade passing over his face. "I do remember her well, father. You say she has not married?"

"Not because she hasn't had the chance," said the old man. "There isn't a young man in the place but would have given his eyes for her. Her father's got a goodish bit of money laid by. She'd be a pretty match even in that way; but she belongs to the village, Gabriel—to every one that's in deep waters. It's a treat to hear her read the holy words. Your aunt Barbara's deaf as a post, but she can hear Ruth when she speaks quite low. God knows it's a joy to see the child come in. The house is very lonely, Gabriel. Your aunt is powerful deaf."

"We must get her a new ear-trumpet, father," said Gabriel, starting out of his reverie.

"There's no trumpet but the archangel Gabriel's will do her any good now," said his father. "I'd rather plow a field than ask her what's o'clock. We are getting old, Gabriel, Barbara and I."

Then Gabriel fell into his reverie again, and very little more was said between him and his father until their parting words next day.

"When you get through with your travels, Gabriel," said his father, as they parted,

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"when you feel like settling down a bit, I want you to come home and stay by me for a time, and help me make my peace with God."

"Surely, father, that is already accomplished."

"Is it so easy, then, think you?" said the old man. "I don't find it so, my son. I never have found it easy. I thought when I gave you for a preacher it would be all right, but it hasn't served to bring me closer—not a whit, Gabriel."

Gabriel pressed his father's hand. An unwonted emotion shone in his face. A resolve shaped itself in his heart, but ere it found utterance the old gentleman was gone, and the tidal wave of ambition swept all away but those new and glowing delights that glittered before him.

But on the waves of the ocean, or under the calm clear brightness of the Syrian sky, among the marble tombs and the mulberries, in the burning desert, and amidst the olives and vines and pomegranates that grow on the heights above Galilee, he was haunted by those last words of his father. Every Jew that he found sitting in proud resignation, inspired with the desolation of a vain hope for that Messiah that tarried so long, he likened to his father, so old and so lonely, waiting for his son. Something in the graceful veiled faces of the Easterns brought back to him that vision of Ruth as his father had painted her. He could not keep that song of Solomon's from escaping his lips:

"A garden inclosed is my sister, my spouse;
A spring shut up, a fountain sealed.
Thy plants are an orchard of pomegranates,
With pleasant fruits; camphire, with spikenard,....
With all trees of frankincense."

In the mean time old Mr. M'Murray read to Ruth the letters of his son, and lamented his long sojourn in foreign lands.

"He's given up to the foolishness of fashion, Ruth, quite as much as the poor young woman I told you about. Heaven knows but he'll marry her before they come back, for you see by his letter the canonized gentleman and his family are also abroad. What with the hump on her back and the hair hanging over her eyes, the very camels 'll think she's mocking them. I wouldn't blame them for lying down upon her—flowers, feathers, and all!"

A half-suppressed sigh escaped from the lips of Ruth, but she laughed also at the funny conceit of the old gentleman.

"She'll charm the camels as she does every thing and every body," said Ruth, who had heard a great deal of Miss Genevieve Britton.

"She'll never charm me," said Mr. M'Murray. "I'll have none of her!"

At the close of the summer Aunt Barbara died, and the shock was a great one to her brother.

"I'm quite alone, you see," he said, appealing to those about him.

He fell into a low melancholy, and sat for hours looking into the fire that Ruth had caused to be built thus early to cheer him. She knew that he longed for his son, although he scarcely ever uttered his name now, and the letters from abroad fell listlessly from his hand.

One night he called out bitterly from his sleep, "Gaby, Gaby!" And Ruth arose, and putting a shawl about her, seated herself at the table, and wrote thus to Gabriel M'Murray:

"DEAR MR. M'MURRAY,—Your father is very feeble; he longs for you sorely. If it be possible to shorten your journey somewhat and come home, it will be better for both him and yourself.

"Your old friend, RUTH MARTIN."

Her hand trembled as she put down the old-fashioned quill. It was better to have him come home, even if a place had to be made fine enough for Miss Genevieve's flowers and feathers. Surely she would be kind to the poor old man; her woman's heart would teach him to love her; it would not be for long; he was failing fast; before spring he would be at rest—a rest so sweet that one was tempted to envy it.

Her tears fell heavy and fast on the old mahogany table. She brushed them away hastily, but ever they would come and fall.

"I am a wicked creature," she said at last. "I have so many and so much to live for, it is cowardly to wish to be at rest, however happily."

And when she went back to bed she found, upon taking an inventory of the happiness that remained to her, in spite of Miss Genevieve and her charms, that it was not inconsiderable.

"One must not be a baby," she said, "and cry for the moon."

When this great luminary, the moon, got Ruth's letter it cut him to the core. He was at Beyrout, and it is a long way from Beyrout to Sharpsville.

"My father will be dead and buried!" he cried, bitterly, and almost cursed the delightsome land about him. He fell upon his knees to plead that the dear life might be spared to him; but suddenly he found no utterance to the thoughts that swelled his heart to bursting. Where now were those smoothly modulated, eloquent appeals, those three-syllabled words, that had always come so glibly to his tongue? Not one of them would serve his purpose now. He paced the weary strip of sand in silent agony till the time came that he could mount and ride for home.

"Home!" he repeated to himself, and thought of all that word meant, of what it could contain, and of what, alas! it had left for him: a dead father, unconsoled in his last hours by religion or love of kindred; a

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neglected, ungratefully abandoned love, for surely Ruth *had* loved him once. He urged the panting beast onward. Oh, for time—time to atone for the past!

At Sharpsville the neighbors all, finding that Mr. M'Murray had at last taken to his bed, sent him the good old parson; but the sick man turned his face to the wall.

"I have a preacher in my own family," he said, with the old gleam in his eye. "He's a great man among the clergy, and could almost talk a bird off a bush. Surely I'm entitled to his services now."

"But he's so far away, and does not know of your illness," said the good minister.

"That's his look-out," said the sick man. "It was a bargain between us that he should be with me when I came to die. I'm sorry for him and me."

And that was all that could be gained from the poor old man. Even Ruth was not allowed to pray with him. He loved her well, and refused food or medicine from any hand but hers, but said, always with the old sarcastic strength and vigor,

"I am waiting for my son, the Rev. Gabriel M'Murray. He is at present traveling in Palestine, but will perhaps get home in time."

And as the days went by he became weaker and weaker, began to ramble a little at times, and the hand that Ruth held in hers was sadly bloodless and thin.

Ruth declared to herself that she would be glad to fall upon the neck of Genevieve Britton if she only brought with her this recreant son. One wild November night they thought he was dying. He lay quite still, his eyes closed, his pulse scarcely perceptible. Ruth's grief turned itself to Gabriel now. It was not, then, reserved for him to see his father—this father whom she knew he so dearly loved.

He opened his eyes and looked upon her, a sad smile shaping itself upon his lips.

"It is too late," he said, faintly, "is it not? We have both been in fault, Ruth. Tell him I forgive him." He closed his eyes and remained silent for a time, then opened them again. "Tell him I forgive him, and *bless* him," he said, and paused. "There is a hymn, Ruth, the last I tried to sing; but it was spoiled for me, dear. The woman's voice was very high. I doubt if you could get the pitch — 'Jerusalem, my happy home.' I never could remember it since. It's a pity to rob a poor sinner of a good Christian hymn."

Ruth began to sing, her voice full of tears, but beautiful, very beautiful. It soared out into the cold night, and was borne away upon the wind to the ears of a man who, drenched with rain, chilled with cold, half paralyzed with fear and dread, could scarcely keep his seat upon his horse, until that voice reached him and cheered him on.

"O God," he cried, "be merciful to me and mine!"

Then suddenly, in the midst of the hymn, a step, staggering and faint, fell upon the old man's ear, and, starting up in bed, his eyes strained with a terrible joy, his lips tried to utter a name, and his arms, outstretched, reached for the poor mortal to whom God had given the joy of gaining father and home at last.

"Father, I have sinned against Heaven and against thee," cried the poor prodigal, "and am no more worthy to be called thy son."

The old man fell back upon his bed—but not to die. He began to mend, and to this day, for aught I know to the contrary, sits out on the old porch with a troop of rosy grandchildren about his knee.

I don't think they belong to the Britton family, for although their maternal grandmother is given to boasting of her son-in-law, the bishop, it must be owned that her husband is only the carpenter at Sharpsville.

The Reverend Gabriel, although a bishop and a very great man, can put his clothes in a valise, and dates his conversion from the day he got that letter at Beyrout from Ruth Martin.

ON A PICTURE OF THE MATER DOLOROSA.

He said, Too sad, too sad,
Too hopeless-sweet the veiled and drooping head;
Too mournful is the mourning for her dead:
Too sad, too sad, he said.

He said, Too sad, too sad.
He had forgotten that no Easter dawn
Before the rising of that solemn morn
Had solaced Love, forlorn.

Too sad, he said, too sad.
O woman-heart! I think he did not know
How womanhood shrinks only from the blow
That lays her Worshiped low.

And so he said, Too sad,
Forgetting night is dread, and darkness deep,
And all our lives are hidden in their keep
When our Beloved sleep.

But still he said, Too sad;
Too deep a meaning in its patient gloom
To gild the edges of a happy room,
Like things of light and bloom.

I said at last, O friend!
No walls so happy that they may not hold
Some heart whose idyl is the story old
Those drooping eyelids fold.

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THE REPUBLICAN MOVEMENT IN EUROPE.

By EMILIO CASTELAR.

[Seventh Paper.]

III.—THE GERMANIC PEOPLES.

THE German race fills the most special ministry in modern society, as a race which has carried in its own spirit and brought into daily life the sentiment of individuality, effaced in the ancient states. Many writers think and say that this division into races is fundamentally false, and injurious in its consequences to the idea of human unity. Nevertheless, a conscientious study of history proves that either by conquest or by political influences, or other relations between peoples and the regions they occupy—relations as intimate as those between the body and the soul of every man—tribes and nations draw near each other, mingle, and form one race, just as families approach and mingle to form a people, to compose a true nationality. And thus, as it is no contradiction to the unity of nature that there should be planets and satellites, worlds and suns, it is no contradiction to the unity of the human race that there should be individuals, families, tribes, and races. The natural medium in which they move affects the color of their skin, the size of their eyes, the degree of their facial angle; and the society in which they grow up affects their conscience, their intellect, and moral life.

There is nothing so closely connected with the spirit as speech. Many philosophers have confounded the idea with the expression of it, and have proclaimed the impossibility of the most secret and intimate thoughts without the aid of language. Christian theology has called the Second Person of its Trinity the God-Man, the Word; and the revelation of ideas, which is for our souls what heat is for our life, has been the eternal revelation of Speech. Human speech is, therefore, the most intellectual and the most spiritual of all our natural functions, and speech is diversified not according to nationalities, but according to race. What strict kinship there is between the Portuguese, the Italian, the Spanish, and the French! It might be said that all of the Latins are born knowing these four languages. With a little reading, a little practice, we attain to their complete possession. And why? Because the four dialects are immediately derived from that mother-tongue which has given its name to our race—the Latin language. In the most remote antiquity are unerring proofs of this. While the speech of the pagan peoples—the progressive, artistic Indo-European peoples—has rounded periods, complicated syntax, a verb rich in tenses and moods, which enable it to subordinate secondary thoughts to the capital thought, subsidiary phrases to the predominant and the sovereign phrase, the religious Semitic peoples, born to diffuse monotheism, reared in the solitude of the desert, the authors of that music which appears like the sob of the soul, and of an architecture which reserves all its marvels for the interior—the speech of these peoples is triliteral in its roots, simple in its syntax, suiting the sense to the sound in its words, cut up into versicles united by the primitive medium of the conjunction—all differences of the highest importance from that rich variety of Greek and Latin, the two languages formed to contain and to express the variety of human thought.

The Indo-European languages have these characteristics because they are the languages of those peoples who have passed through all political ideas and social forms; who have produced gods in their image; who have placed the direction of their states in the hands of legislators, tribunes, heroes; who have written the analysis of Aristotle, the synthesis of Plato; who have consumed innumerable philosophical ideas in the perpetual movement, the periodical renovation of their spirit—while the Semitic tongues are the languages of religious peoples, who have founded the idea of the unity of God in Jerusalem and in Mecca; who have resolved almost all their forms of government into a pure theocracy; who have been directed by the voice of prophets; who have written the Koran and the Bible; who opposed to the Greek chorus the melancholy hymn; to the drama, subjective and lyric poetry; to free thought, the perpetual commentary of their revelations; to the gods of mythology and the God-Man of the Gospel, their one Creator, secluded as in a secret tabernacle in the immensity of the heavens.

If two fundamental races have filled ancient history and the ancient world, two fundamental races fill the modern world and modern history—that is to say, the Latin and the German races. The latter has always borne with it the idea of individuality, and has opposed this undying individuality, caught from the very bosom of nature, to the absorbing forces, to the institutions—means of civilization in certain historical periods, but always repressive—of the Helleno-Latin race, more artistic, more humane, if you please, than the German races, but less apt to preserve its entire liberty, and to hear in daily life the call of its own conscience.

It is an irrevocable law of history that the German races should destroy the great uni-

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ties reared by the Helleno-Latin races—those great unities beneath whose weight human personality disappears, and with it the law of liberty in life. The famous writers of antiquity announced, with the prophetic power of their genius, the destiny confided to the Germanic races at the close of those states of society. When Lucian described in imperishable verse the ruin of liberty at Pharsalia, he did not see that it became extinguished. He saw it pass the Rhine, take refuge with the primitive and ancient tribes known as Germans. Tacitus, the conscience, the remorse of the ancient society—Tacitus, who heated his steel red-hot in the fire of the love of liberty, to plunge it like a dagger into the heart of tyrants—opposes to the work of Cæsarism the work of nature; to the despotic empire the federation of tribes; to the magistracy imposed by Pretorian slaves the magistracy elected by freemen; to the corrupted court of the emperors the loving family, the respect for women, the purity of morals, acquired in the inspirations of conscience and the exercise of liberty.

Cæsar, on whose brow appeared to have been condensed all the genius of Rome, trembled before this immense mystery which was called the German world, and wished to inclose it in his empire. And in these distant forests and plains, in the sleep of primitive life, in their blind intercourse with nature, the Germans felt their wrath against the Eternal City rise like a hot wind. "I do not go of my own will to Rome," exclaimed Alaric in his raids; "I feel that something superior to me pushes me on, drags me forward, without giving me rest, and forces me imperiously to sack Rome." Genseric unfurled the sails of his ship to the wind, not knowing where he was going. The pilot asked him, "Lord, where are we going?" "To seek those peoples against whom the wrath of God is aroused;" and they went to Rome. What was it which these barbarians hated most in Rome? It was the principle hostile to their principle, the ideal contrary to theirs. They hated the omnipotent power, the absorbing authority, the Cæsarism, which denied the very root of life, our personality. And from that time, whenever the Latin world has arrived, by the impulse of its character, by the work of its federation, at one of those political or social states which reproduce the Roman empire, the Germanic race has always come to re-establish the principle of individuality. Thus, as the hordes of Alaric and Genseric, born in the forest, educated in the shock of battle, without any home but their war-car, without any patrimony but their arms, rushed to devastate Rome because it was the centre of imperial and Cæsarist unity, the descendants of these hordes fulfill in the Middle Ages, in the Renaissance, and in modern times the same ministry they accomplished at the end of ancient history. If the French people, apostatizing from Germanic principles, re-establish the empire under Charlemagne, other tribes, other European families of the same origin, scourged by the sword of the Normans, found modern individualism in the feudal chaos. When the popes seized the control of consciences, and organized by their theocracy a strong government and universal authority proceeding from Rome, the German empire and its most illustrious representative, the house of Suabia, contested this religious unity with political and civil opposition, and prevented in the West a disastrous copy of the Oriental tyranny of Byzantium, founded by a coalition of the patriarch and the emperor. In the sixteenth century the Emperor Charles V., on one side, with his immense domains, and the artistic popes on the other, with their immense *prestige*, saved the Church from schism, dissolved the councils which threatened the power of the Church, reduced Ghent to submission, decapitated municipal freedom in Villalar and the brotherhoods in Valentia, who threatened the power of the empire. When two powers of such force on earth as the power of Charles V., who found a new world in the seas, and the power of Leo X., who found an ancient world among the ruins, threatened to restore Cæsarism, there arose to hinder it, to deprive the pontificate of its *prestige* and the empire of its peace, the obscure monk Luther, who, collecting all the anger of his race, from the blasphemies of the drunken peasant to the prayer of angels in ecstasy, sacked the Rome of religion with the same wrath with which Alaric and Genseric had sacked, a thousand years before, the Rome of the Cæsars. The power of Philip II. suffocated Protestantism; but a German by race, a Hollander by birth, named Orange, threw down the colossus which covered Europe with its shadow. If the policy of Louis XIV., in the following century, engendered another gigantic Catholic reaction, as well in conscience as in courts, another Orange, also a German by race and a Hollander by birth, raised the Protestant individualized religion to the throne in England. If the kings in the middle of the eighteenth century established their absolute authority, despoiling even the Church of its attributes, the Germanic races, or their Saxon family, shook these absolute powers with the proclamation of the republic, and the advent of democracy in America. If, in the triumph of revolutionary principles in 1793, and their new triumph in 1848, the Cæsarist reaction, initiated first by the Cæsar of our time, and by his descendant the new Augustus, founded on imperial authority, the Germans Wellington and Blücher at Waterloo, and Von Moltke and Bismarck at Sedan, destroyed these empires; and elevated anew the idea of human individuality, which is

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like the bone and the marrow of all our liberties.

We must not demand of the German races that in the European republican movements they should adopt in advance of the Latin races the organization of the republic. This organism will always be the work of the artistic and inspired race—the race which, the moment it has conceived the idea, has always put it into practice, anxious to create and to produce a complete realization of its ideas. But the German race has kept this individualist idea, this intimate sentiment of personal independence, which really constitutes the dignity without which republics are impossible. These ideas, these sentiments, are, as it were, the matter of which the republic is the form. In the immense nebula composed by this diffusion of the human spirit democracy is formed, as Laplace says the sun and the planets are formed in the infinite nebula of which we are part. The glory of the German race, in view of modern revolution, has consisted in procuring us a rational knowledge of that idea of right which we had felt, and had almost implanted in reality, before they gave us that clear and distinct knowledge of it. For another most intimate characteristic—I will not say of the race, but of the German nation—is the predominance in it of the scientific sentiment, of self-acting free thought over the practical sense, over the thought of policy. The Germans have accomplished their revolutions more in conscience than in space. Their most formidable insurrections have been those of the spirit. Certainly they have not, like us, reared the guillotine for their kings; nor have they, like us, laid the demolishing axe at the base of their temples; nor have they, in the present century, hanged their feudal lords to the lamp-posts, as the French hanged their nobles and the Spaniards their friars. We are still awaiting the formidable revolution announced by Heine, by the side of which the French revolution is to appear an idyl. The Germans can not justly aspire to the title of revolutionists. But in the intellectual sphere, in the heaven of ideas, in philosophy and the arts, what profound revolutions, what audacious dethronements, have they accomplished! The gods and the kings, the sacerdotal and aristocratic castes, the fundamental dogmas of the religions of the Middle Ages and of the monarchical traditions, all have been decomposed and consumed in the burning crucible of their criticism. To investigate, therefore, the part which the Germans have taken in this modern political revolution, at the termination of which we are to meet the republic organized in the united states of Europe, we shall find that it is necessary to study science more than history, the course of ideas more than the course of events. Far away in the infinite and tranquil heaven of modern thought, where our low tempests never arrive, the bolt was forged which was destined to strike down the religious, philosophical, and political standard which was the true origin of hereditary and permanent powers. This revolution is less visible than political ones, because it is less bloody; but it is more efficacious, more fruitful in results, even than violent revolutions whose shock appalls us; for this invisible, impalpable electricity of ideas excites the material revolution, and raises that storm of conscience which gives life and vitality to events.

Is it true that peoples can not possess universality of aptitudes? Can it be true that those most expert in the abstractions of science fail when they descend to the reality of politics? We are tempted to believe this, studying the scientific and political movements in Germany. Their audacity is without limit when it is necessary to affect moral powers and abstract ideas; their philosophers approach the starry throne of the God of history and tradition with the froth of demagogic rage on their lips and the axe of the regicide headsman in their hands. At the blows of their implacable logic superstition falls with a noise more tumultuous than that of revolutions. Hernan Cortéz, with all his adventurous genius and all his epic valor and Spanish faith, never attacked the idols of conquered Mexico as the humble and timid philosopher of Germany has attacked with scientific formulas the God of his fellow-citizens. All our outbreaks in the public streets, our barrack insurrections, all our revolutionary movements, which gave out such thunder of electricity, never contained the essence nor the quantities of revolution contained in those apparently obscure and idealistic discourses, foreign to reality, pronounced by the German doctor, seated behind his lofty desk as on a vague and remote cloud. To them, to those German masters of philosophy, we owe that theory of right before which the ideas of Rousseau appear conservative and reactionary; to them we owe that theory of progress by whose impulse all institutions, even those most trusted for their celestial origin, and those most destined to eternity by the public powers, have fallen in the idealistic movement of human ideas, and have submitted to the law of universal transformation which condemns all resistance to liberty to sure defeat, and reaction to inevitable death. The universe and God, the soul and the body, nature and the spirit, have been called to the tribunal of their philosophy; kings and popes, the castes of priests and warriors, to the tribunal of their history. No tribune ever directed such imprecations against the pride of tyrants as they against the authority of the monarchy and the church. No revolution ever freed society of monsters with the

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power which they have employed to free the conscience from sophisms. But these demi-gods of the earth, the sovereigns of thought, the judges of institutions, when they descend to common life have seen their most sacred rights at the mercy of the first groom of one of these kings or kinglets, the relics of the Middle Ages, the *ignes fatui* in the grave-yard of history, who lately reigned, and who in some little states still reign, over the feudal soil of old Germany.

The Germans have been compared to the ancient Indian, absorbed in contemplations of the world and of himself, and giving to other peoples his ideas and his gods. They have been compared also with the Greeks of the time after Alexander, not that they possessed the written and oral eloquence which is the property of the Greeks of all time—as if the Hellenic spirit could never be touched by decadence; not that they possessed that relief of form and of expression which gives life and blood and flesh to the most abstruse thoughts; but they resembled the Greeks in their dotage, because, like these, they think, write, speak, teach, and transform the conscience, give themselves up to ideas, and do not perceive that by their side, over their shoulders, is rising a military and autocratic empire which, from one encroachment of tyranny to another, may end in bringing about the physical and moral degeneracy of ancient Byzantium. The Latin peoples, who are always so swift in the realization of their ideas, have scarcely ever enjoyed liberty of thought. The Germanic peoples, who have possessed liberty of thought, have scarcely experienced the living desire of realizing their thought. And the idea which never touches reality, which does not convert itself into a heart and soul distributed among the people, which breaks no chains, which destroys no gallows, secluded in the summits of pure reason, is like a god without providence, shut up in the solitude of his inaccessible essence, without communication either with the spirit or with nature. No one admires Germany as I do. Its metaphysics are the touch-stone of our thought; its poetry responds better than any other to the vague idealism of our spirits; the art of Germany may be called the philosophy of the heart; its music, impenetrable at the first hearing, appears when you have learned it the voice of nature, the harmony of uncreated ideas, the anticipation of the spiritualism of heaven. I pardon the German writers their confusion of style and the philosophical obscurity of their thoughts, because I understand that only in this way can the individualism characteristic of their nature be preserved. I admire their patient investigations, their religious worship of science, all the enlightenment which Germans have given to the modern spirit; but we who love progress have a right to make some complaint, some bitter reproaches, to the German people. If that people, described in such a masterly manner by Tacitus, with all their aptitudes for liberty; despising gold, because they were ignorant of the necessities which gold satisfies; united in assemblies where the leading men treated of details, and the whole people of general results; governed more by example than authority, more by persuasion than by force; enjoying the privilege of electing their chiefs, and disposed to follow them every where through a sense of duty; chaste worshipers of woman, on whose brow they discerned the signals of prophecy, and in whose beauty they saw the divine ministry of the priesthood; secluded in their homes with their families and their children, who were nourished at no other breast than the maternal; devoted to their personal independence to the point of enthusiasm, and savagely hostile to tyranny—if that people through so many ages have preserved any thing of the primitive virtues, as they have preceded all modern peoples in proclaiming free conscience, they ought also to precede them in establishing the federation and the republic.

But let us not be materialists. The idea, even when it appears most vague and most abstruse, nourishes the conscience, and so is filtered into reality. When we lose ourselves in scientific abstractions, we do not remember that those abstractions, like the Divine Word, must become incarnate in substance, and in the form of the human race. The traveler lost on the Alps, among the eternal snows, where he can scarcely breathe, where he perceives no atom of life on the desert of ice, does not easily remember that there below, in the deepest valley, all that cold and immobility and desolation becomes the Rhine and the Ticino and the Rhone, spreading the life and joy of fertility among the fields of Italy and of France and of Germany. The idea is the soul; the idea is the life: events do no more than copy ideas, and that imperfectly and rudely. The whole course of social events is filled with ideas, which are like hydrogen in water and oxygen in the air. Fifteen slow centuries were required to form a society animated by a progressive idea. Let us not care for delays. Time is a relative idea. The delay will be long if it is compared with our short lives; brief, if compared with the life of humanity. No one can calculate the millions of ages which have been necessary to form and compose the planet on which we are embarked. Who can divine the time that it will require for an idea to fall from the mind of a thinker upon his school, to pass from the investigation of the school to the militant forces of the apostolate, thence to the crucible of martyrdom, from there to the conscience of

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a party, and from the conscience of a party to the laws, and thence to the customs? But we have no right to doubt of the virtue and the efficacy of ideas, after having seen them issue from the lips, more subtile than the air on which they were carried, melting at one flash the bayonets of armies and the crowns of kings. Let us study this movement of ideas in Germany, sure of finding the revolutions to which a response has been made and will be made in events.

The true representative of the philosophical revolution in Germany is, by common consent, Kant, founder of the school of criticism. The eighteenth century would have been false to its progressive spirit and to its destiny if, while it destroyed historical institutions in society, it had not destroyed also traditional ideas in the conscience. Every society which renews itself must renew its spirit, and with its spirit the ideas on which the soul of a generation finds its nourishment, and the organization of powers is formed. The eighteenth century could not promulgate natural rights without understanding human nature, without investigating the human problem *par excellence*, the problem of knowledge. To solve this problem nothing was more necessary than to trace the limits of our intelligence, to say how far it could arrive by the power of reason; and in solving this problem the knot of the difficulty is found in the relations between the objective and the subjective. "Let us not attempt to know things in themselves," exclaimed Kant; "let us distinguish in all knowledge between that which is furnished by experience and that which proceeds from our own being." No external phenomenon happens for us without happening in time, which may be extended to eternity, or diminished to an inappreciable and imperceptible instant. Time has not entered into our mind, nor has space, by the senses. Time and space are laws of sensibility. Knowledge would be most imperfect if we acquired solely sensations, if we possessed merely the faculty of feeling. It is the most primitive, and, in the hierarchy of our faculties, the most rudimentary; that which assimilates us to the lowest animals in the zoological scale. If we had no sensations of life and of the universe, we would take our appetites as a rule of conduct, and the fleeting impressions of things as the laws of the universe. Our morality would reduce itself to the laws of pleasure. Our science would resolve itself at last into an immense heap of facts—of objects completely distorted. Phenomena, and not their laws, would be the sole foundation of our knowledge. Sensation is purified and transfigured in intelligence, which is the faculty of notions, the active faculty of knowledge, by virtue of which we determine and define the objects presented by pure sensibility. Sensations or intuitions remain without light and without life, dead bodies in the mind, if they are not elevated to the rank of notions; and notions would be shadowy and lifeless if they were not connected with objects. Thus, as the science which treats of sensibility is called Æsthetics, the science which treats of understanding is called Logic. Intuition is sensibility in exercise—the object impressed upon the subject. The notion is the conception of the subject in regard to the object. As sensibility can not be separated from time and from space, understanding can not go outside of those principal categories—quantity, quality, and relation or manner. These elements of judgment are forms of intelligence. But notions are not enough for knowledge. To perfect it, reason is necessary, which gives universality to judgments, which places them outside of all conditions, which elevates them to ideas—that is to say, to universal principles in the purest region of the infinite. But, precisely because reason exercises this sublime ministry in life, it is necessary to guard against transcendental illusions. By transcendental illusions Kant means useless efforts to pass the limits of our intelligence. By such efforts we waste our reason in senseless ambitions, and we people our own souls with shadows. The labor we should employ in learning the possible we waste in traversing the impossible. We should renounce as illusory the thought of understanding in its essence the immaterial nature of our souls. And as with the idea of the soul, so with the idea of God, which it is in a still higher degree impossible for human reason to demonstrate. Apart from certain arbitrary forms of nomenclature, arranged solely to sustain the rhythm of ideas and the architecture of the system, the *Critique of Pure Reason* is the most lucid and most minute analysis of the limits of the forces of our reason which has been attempted since the time of Aristotle. It was absolutely required by the human reason to enable it to avoid useless investigations, and to confine itself within the sphere of the possible. With it and through it remains concluded and finished that theological period which had brought the human race from the sophisms of the monastic schools to the violences of religious wars—to fight and to die for vain abstractions.

Man not only thinks, he lives; he not only has intelligence, but will. Principles, to which pure reason can not attain by mere logic, appear when we require to found and establish moral laws. At this point arises the necessity of liberty to create human life, and the necessity of the immortality of the soul for the complete realization of justice. In the light of these principles is developed the purest moral law—the law of complete disinterestedness, the law of the love of good

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and the hatred of evil for their own sake, without which neither the fear of punishment will save us from vice, nor the satisfaction of conscience or the hope of reward lead us to virtue, but only the inner motive, independent of every other mandate, except the categorical command of our own conscience. In virtue of this moral law man should proceed on principles which shall raise each of his isolated individual actions into universal rules of life and of conduct.

Although the principles overthrown by pure reason and restored in practical reason may appear contradictory, they are not so, if we take notice that the thesis of the philosopher reduces itself to setting natural limits to certain investigation, demonstrating that the existence of God, the liberty, spirituality, and immortality of the soul, are affirmed with greater force than is possible to pure metaphysics, when it is shown that without these principles morality could not be established in life nor right be founded on the face of the earth.

But the philosopher who thus scrutinizes the limits of intelligence, the laws of morality, ought to enter into the sphere of politics. Intrenched within his own thought and his own spirit; analyzing his own conscience and reason more than exterior objects; without passion, but also without discouragements; knowing nothing of life but its serene and regular course; never broadening his nature in the delights of the family; face to face with the human soul and conscience, like God in face of the universal creation—it is useless to seek from him observations upon facts or conceptions of reality. Seek, and this you will receive—ideas holding relations with philosophy and the moral sense, pure ideas of right. The origin of right was always the most important of questions. He who causes, engenders, originates law, is the true sovereign. For this reason the thesis of the theological schools claims that law, being the emanation of God, should be defined and applied by a true theocracy. Among the ancient peoples, the Greeks and Romans, law was the emanation of the state; under Cæsarism it was the will of the prince; in feudal times it came from the possession or conquest of territory; in modern times it came from traditions of God, whose image on earth was represented by the kings; for Rousseau, the revolutionary prophet, it came from the will of the people; for Kant, the law originated in human nature, which is its immutable foundation. The definition of the philosopher may be criticised. It may be said that the enumeration of conditions indispensable to assure personal liberty and harmonize it with the liberty of others has a certain vagueness, and is liable to the reproach of formalism and superficiality. But in that critical hour of history it was necessary to vindicate two principles—human nature as the origin of law, human liberty as the soul of law. Both principles were vindicated by the sublime thought of the philosopher, both principles which were to produce a moral revolution in the conscience and prepare another political revolution in human society.

The capital object of his doctrine was to direct the world by ideas, and found a science of politics through the sovereignty of reason. To direct the world by ideas, he did not, like Plato, ask power for philosophers, but he asked for liberty and freedom of thought. To arrive at the reign of reason, after combating regicide and the right of insurrections as Machiavelian doctrines, mindful only of success, he united and coordinated policy with morals, the principles of positive justice with the eternal principles of justice.

Thus, in a world still drowsy with the unquiet sleep of the Middle Ages; beneath the weight of absolutism; to the sound of the rack, which still disjointed the bones of prisoners; amidst the rumor of armies which still oppressed men, and wars which still devastated the earth; in the midst of German feudalism, alive in spite of the revolution which lightened and did not shine—Kant writes, with a heart devoted to love of humanity, and a thought devoted to the mysteries of the future, a profound treatise, which prepares the advent of liberty, and which substitutes for conquest and force the pacific relations of right.

To attain these great ends, Kant proposes that treaties of peace shall be adjusted with the intention and purpose to avoid new wars; that no independent people should be subjected by violence and conquest; that permanent armies should disappear; that states should respectively abstain from interference with the government of other autonomous states; that civil right as well as political right should recognize another superior right which touches humanity at large, and which can and should call itself the essentially cosmopolitan right.

The savage state, which is praised by the Utopians as the natural state, is in reality a state of war. The Indian carries through the forests in his nomadic life the envenomed arrow, not only against beings of other species, which he may kill for his profit or defense, but also against other tribes which dispute with him the air, the soil, or the chase. Political states are founded to assure peace, and to attain in the sanctity of law a firmer security against violence than force can afford. To return to war after having entered into civil life is to stumble anew into the savage state.

But the great philosopher recognized that the relations of people among themselves are not enough to avoid war and establish peace; that an interior organization com-

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pletely pacific is necessary. And this entire organization can be no other than one capable of assuring the rights of all, and distinguishing the orbit and the various faculties of the public powers. The civil and political constitution of every state should be a republican constitution. Writing under an absolute monarchy, Kant timidly defines republican government as that where the executive and the legislative powers are found divided; and as this may happen, and does happen, even in a monarchy, some attribute to Kant, comparing these texts of his with others of his *Public Law*, the intention of referring to constitutional monarchy. Such a belief is confirmed by his confounding in another place pure democracy with pure absolutism. But clear, concrete explanations leave no occasion for doubt. Kant desires a republic, because with the republic all the citizens have the right of peace and war, and it is most improbable, when this right resides in the entire body of the people, that it should throw itself into the abyss of war. Suicide, like madness, is an exception, not a general law, in human society. Next, if individual rights are derived from nature, the public powers should be derived from a pact, and the government which can be founded on a pact is no other than republicanism, and must be formed not of vassals and subjects, whose lives can be disposed of without their consent, but of true free citizens. They call such a government as that a government of angels, supposing that human weakness is not able to comprehend it in its purity, nor practice it in its full extent. But this alone is true human government, because it recognizes the principle of liberty, which is the need of every man, and because it establishes a common legislation in harmony with that idea of natural equality so profoundly engraven on our conscience.

It is thus that the immortal philosopher not only sustains republican government for the purpose of human culture and perpetual peace, but he sustains also the federation of republics, the federation which is the great mechanism of free societies, which distributes power among high political personalities, and then concentrates it in a supreme unity. Thus autonomous states, by means of changeable pacts, may go on establishing a system of government where authority is contained in law and restrained by law, as liberty is contained in right and measured by right. The privileges of men and the interests which originate in these privileges may oppose themselves with sometimes irresistible force to the relations of this idea, but the nature of the earth and the character of the communications between peoples, the nature of man and the necessity which all men have to join in bonds of common laws, give assurance that the internal indication of individuals and the superior human education, the work of scientific and social progress, must found each state on a republic internally, and all states for the purposes of external relations in federations, which shall constitute, as it were, a new humanity on the earth. The liberal revolution was arriving in this supreme moment to the fullness of life through the knowledge of itself. The solitary celibate philosopher, with no other divinity than his idea, which completely possessed him, was impelling the world with forces slower but surer than the material ones. Human nature studied in its profoundest depths, the idea of right defined and made concrete in its most necessary phases, the republican régime proclaimed as the most fitting for cultivated peoples, universal federation recognized as the organization of justice and of right, perpetual peace promised as a result and consequence of all these ideas, were giving to the modern revolution an ideal which in part has been already realized, and which will soon be realized in its fullness. And these formulas were not those of an ambitious politician, of an ardent tribune, of an impatient conventional, who hurled them into the midst of war or revolution to rouse his party or his people. No; they were conceived in retirement and in silence, thought out in complete independence of any personal interests, and diffused only in the worship of the truth, to hasten the reign of justice, without any other motive than the purest, almost mystical, love of the human race, and no other reward than the satisfaction of conscience. The republican ideal was thus formulated in the heart of thinking Germany.

Two men were renewing the policy of the eighteenth century—Kant and Rousseau—two men of incalculable moral power. Kant was the philosopher, and Rousseau the artist. Kant agitated the conscience of man, and Rousseau his sensibility. Kant engendered those progressive ideas which transform the spirit, and Rousseau those exalted passions which transform events. The life of the one was tranquil and orderly as his mathematical formulas; the life of the other tempestuous as the revolution. The soul of the philosopher exerted itself to strike, like the rising sun, the heights of science; the soul of the artist, like the tempestuous cloud, to reach the social depths, the heart of the masses. Kant defines the natural right which produces the free man, and Rousseau the political pact which produces the republican state. One is the true author of individual sovereignty, the other the true author of popular sovereignty. Both represent, in these two systems, the thought and action, the principle and the life, the spirit and the organism, the soul and the body, of these modern revolutions, which, conceived in the

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lofty regions of metaphysics, and diffused by the divine word of art, have at last to produce the United States of Europe, raised from the blood-stained abysses of the monarchy and of war to the pure life of the federation and the republic.

The critical philosophy necessarily had its natural consequences. The idea of human personality recognized in all its extent, exalted with all its attributes, intoxicated with its own substance, in the restlessness of its young life, in the ambition of its passions, came to deny every existence and every reality which was not its own. The heavens appeared to its eyes as a figment of the soul, like the web which the spider weaves, or the pod spun by the silk-worm.

The material universe disappeared in the intoxication of the human personality. Light was the reflex of our own ethical spirit; the stars condensations of our innumerable ideas; created beings were all organisms formed of the logical series of emancipated reason. In the immense cloud of dust raised by so many falling ruins, nothing was plainly visible but our own overmastering individuality, bearing its conscience on its brow as the sun of suns. And nothing else was to have been expected. Every new idea tends to absolutism, to the annihilation of limits, to the suppression of opposition, to the belief that it is enough to fill the universe and to resolve all problems. After criticism has pushed aside all that there is of internal and all that there is of external in knowledge, the dialectic necessity demanded that the spirit should come to believe the universal life its proper substance, the light its own reflection, and the universe its work. It is, therefore, necessary to gauge philosophical systems—first in themselves, in their fundamental principles, independent of every historic moment; but afterward in their strict relation to the time in which they arise, and with the totality of philosophy which they develop under one of its phases. The slave, the serf, the vassal, was becoming a man in the revolution which equally touched society and the conscience. To arrive at these results it was necessary to raise his personality into absolute independence of every accident; to place his right above all right. Kings had made themselves divine. In opposition to kings, the free man must make himself divine, anoint himself with the oil of his absolute personal autonomy. This was a necessary moment in the succession of time, and a logical principle in the series of ideas. The metaphysics of liberty went to extremes, erroneous, perhaps, in themselves, but necessary for the emancipation of the human spirit at large. To deny whatever was opposed to individuality was audacious, but without this audacity victory never comes to an idea. Progress proceeds through radical and absolute opposition. Religion denies all rational philosophy, and philosophy all revealed religion. The physiologist eliminates the spirit and the mystic matter. In the pantheism of the preceding century there was nothing but one being with two forms—extension and thought. Human individuality disappeared in this ocean of the universal substance. Liberty was reduced to the mechanical force of the universe. To break this great tyranny of pantheism Fichte constructed in his system man, his individuality, his personality, and declared him the only real being, gave him the earth for a footstool, the universe for a temple, where all things were successive modifications of our own substance.

Fichte personifies this moment of time, this phase of the spirit. For him there is a science which is, in respect to metaphysics, the same as metaphysics in respect to common-sense, the science of sciences. This science requires a first principle, inaccessible to negation, indubitable, self-evident. This first principle could be no other than the principle "I am." Here is the sovereign affirmation, the basis of all judgment, the incontestable foundation of all science, the first principle of every system, the thesis where doubt with its vapors can never arrive—"I am." From this sovereign affirmation, then, through thetic, antithetic, and synthetic processes, Fichte deduced the existence of something opposed to the "I;" of something which had reality solely from being distinct from "I;" but the "I" remained as the centre of all scientific spheres, as the enumerator of all real things, as the measure of all possible ideas.

A philosophy so audacious raised general contradiction in the common-sense which considered itself insulted. It is said that at the conclusion of a conference Fichte used this singular formula: "To-day we have created the world; to-morrow, gentlemen, we will create God." It is said that at a certain dinner an impudent servant of the house took away the plates from before him, saying, "Let the philosopher feed on his own substance." The ladies of Germany related that as Fichte did not believe in the existence of any personality that was not his own, he consequently could not believe in the existence of his wife, and wondered how Madame Fichte liked that. The governments were alarmed, and persecuted him in the universities. The great pagan, Goethe, censured him for the frankness with which he announced his ideas. Yet, nevertheless, Fichte was a great character as well as a great philosopher. Born in obscurity, educated in poverty which bordered upon misery, driven by the spur of necessity from free Zurich to oppressed Warsaw, without stumbling or falling by the difficulties of the way, without yielding his ideas under the lash of oppression, preferring to all ap-

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plause and every advantage the religion of philosophy, loving all humanity and its progress with a love almost mystic, he lived consecrated to the work of rousing the conscience of his country, in the midst of the terrors of revolution and the disasters of war, and died, amidst the horrors of pestilence, in the service of misery and pain, a master of morals, a hero of duty, a martyr of science.

In spite of these exaggerations which have been published, of the individualism of Fichte, the immortal philosopher really held that the idea of the individual was derived from the relations of man with his kind; that, living in these relations, law was necessary as a condition indispensable to individuality. The rational being could not comprehend himself nor give himself his proper place as an individual solely, but as one of so many rational beings as existed in relation with him. Scientific, intelligent, and active, nature and society, the external world in its various manifestations, invite him to action, to operating upon them as a cause. Obedience to this invitation is the end of man—the fulfillment of his destiny. The means which are necessary to fulfill this destiny are his rights. But man needs to recognize not only his existence as a person, and his personal right, but his coexistence with other persons and his rightful relations with them. This reciprocity is fundamental in right, because without it society would disappear. Right is divided into primitive, coercive, and political. The first, primitive, is that by virtue of which man asserts the control of his own life. No foreign force should control a man in the fulfillment of his destiny, while he does not ignore or injure the rights of others. Individual activity should be directed and regulated by intelligence. Coercive right is that which has for its purpose the maintenance of the personal rights of all, and supposes a pact among citizens, and, as the consequence of this pact, the necessity of the state. Political right regulates in turn the common will and sovereignty. This common will gives laws. The executive power charges itself with their execution. The power of vigilance which Fichte proposes as a tribunate, as an ephorate joined to the executive power, charges itself to see to the execution of the laws. When those charged to execute the laws fail in their duty, those whose duty it is to watch the execution of the laws should suspend them and appeal to the people. The respect of law determines the form of government. Where the people have no idea or sentiment of legality, the form of government will necessarily be the monocracy; but where the people respect the laws, the form of government should be the republican, the only rational and just one. All these political consequences are derived immediately from the philosophy consecrated to the exaltation of the inner man, of the conscience. We bear within ourselves the ideal of justice, the sublime code of duty; and nothing is needed but the exertion of our own will for the fulfillment of this code, and with its fulfillment our happiness is realized on earth. By perfecting the individual we perfect humanity, the superior individual, for whom ages are as years, slow but sure in his progressive growth. Make the subjective laws of reason objective in every direction and through all spheres: this is the supreme destiny of humanity in history. The series of events which have happened in a certain period of time have, like a mathematical progression, a common reason in the idea which animates them. Thus in every epoch one general thought has predominated, a consequence of the preceding epoch, and a premise of the succeeding. Our time, in the midst of the eclipses of reason, in the midst of the failures of the will, has solely one purpose—to realize the notion of right. But humanity counts many ages in the continual succession of time, and it will take more than a single day to realize the plenitude of the life which will be the incarnation, the objective manifestation, of the pure law of reason in society and in the world. The capital ages of man are five. First, man, shut up in nature, like a seed in the earth, like the embryo in the womb, has nothing of life but instinct; none of the faculties in exercise but sensibility, and the universe appears to him as a living poem, phenomena and facts as miracles, law a revelation, government a divine patriarchate—the so-called age of innocence. Second, powerful external authority, engendered among the horrors of war, raises itself to a despotism, and exacts of the conscience absolute faith in its principles, in the will blind obedience to its mandates—an age properly called that of the advent of evil upon the earth, and the fall of man into sin. Third, authority is wounded by reason, which begins to possess itself and to declare itself first cause in life; the ancient principles fail; the historical gods die; altars and temples fall to ruin; indifference of general principles reigns—the age of transition. Fourth, reason arrives at maturity, right at a concrete idea; science gives laws; justice becomes sovereign—the age of the beginning of perfection. Fifth, the ideal of reason becomes completely defined; right is realized in its fullness; morality is law; art is the divine word of all philosophical principles; evil is a fleeing shadow; liberty the only means of fulfilling life; good the universal end of all beings and things; the angel of God descends invisibly from the skies, uncreated light in his eyes, a sword of fire in his hands, with divine love in his breast, to drive sin from the earth, and to restore it

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completely to the pristine immaculate purity of Eden.

Fichte's Philosophy of History gives as the purpose of life the fulfillment of the precepts of reason, and his Moral Philosophy the accomplishment of good through disinterested and pure motives of conscience; his Political Philosophy the confirmation of right in our personality, and of the republic in the state; and his Æsthetic Philosophy the divine ministry of art, which is to overthrow evil with its magic wand, and to open the heaven of reason. His entire system breaks all the fetters of the soul, and promises to our hopes, thirsting for the infinite, a pure, intelligible world, over which, like a thick veil, is spread that boundless celestial space, with all its luminous dew of suns and worlds.

But the highest of Fichte's qualities is revealed in the powerful reaction which his mind exerted against the impurity of events, against the miseries of reality. The French revolution burst out, and with it a new spirit spread through the conscience of humanity, new blood through its veins. Men of narrow discernment saw of this most important event only its disasters—the headsman forever in action, the guillotine in exercise; war in the provinces and on the frontiers; revolutionists mingled with aristocrats in the cart and under the knife; dictatorial power in the hands of that sombre, irresponsible assembly called the Convention; the crimes of the kings aggravated by the crimes of the masses. But Fichte saw rising above events the vapor of ideas. Fichte saw in the boiling lava of the eruption of to-day the fertilizer of to-morrow. Fichte saw below the inundation of blood the harvest of new and salutary principles; for he was inspired by something immutable and almost divine, the voice of reason and of conscience. Raised above the rock of his own desk, beneath the burning lightning, amidst the howl of the hurricane, the roar of the angry waves, and the drowning cry of the shipwrecked, he meets all with the persuasion fixed in his mind that the world was not lost or destroyed, but was filled with newness of life. His serene judgment is that of history. His tranquil idea mounts to the skies, and bathes itself in the dawn of the future, while the mass of men are groveling in the shadows. He had profoundly investigated the human spirit, and had seen how it arrives, by virtue of new ideas, to the full knowledge of its right. And for this reason, while the course of events was running with turbulent current through space, the course of ideas, moving serenely through his soul, was full of tranquillity and light, superior to the weaknesses and errors of the time, as if—its marriage with the body being broken—it dwelt already in the limpid regions of eternity.

While all Germany was exclaiming against the revolution, Fichte studied and judged it. To appreciate it, he presented two problems, which refer, first, to the legitimacy of the revolution; second, to its prudence. The means employed by the revolution were more or less just, more or less conducive to the vindication of right. But no one could place its legitimacy in question, because no one could with justice deny to peoples their right to change their political constitution. If this change brings evils, to whom could they be imputed? It is difficult, almost impossible, to prevent people habituated to the darkness of the dungeon from dividing themselves into irreconcilable parties, and, being so divided, even after their emancipation, from throwing in each other's faces, in continual combat, the broken fragments of the ancient fetters.

Under these considerations, Fichte turned with anger upon those who wished the world to be directed solely by the force of tradition, and human knowledge by the criterion of experience, as if there did not exist in reason pure laws anterior to all times, and principles beneath whose influence all arbitrary or unjust authority vanishes. If man had no other book than that of history, if because he yesterday fell into slavery he must continue the slavery to-morrow, and if time has a power to justify that which conscience eternally declares unjust, let us renounce our nature; let us demand some moral suicide which can annihilate the soul; let us leave off all work and effort for good; let us declare ourselves eternal children, always learning and never creating, deprived of all original faculty and power, and destined to repeat past ages perpetually, and continually imitate past generations. The historic school says, to justify our oppression, that only in history can man be known: a grave error. The accidental of human life, the state, the beliefs of a day or of an age, the fleeting institution, are learned in history. But the essential, the eternal, human nature in its fundamental laws, the typical man who does not change, who is not modified, can only be known in the science of pure reason, in philosophy, which gives us also the law of our right, and the fundamental principles of all justice.

But rational principles are impracticable, according to the empirics. Impracticable! And the history which they invoke in a matter where history has no jurisdiction—eternal right, eternal justice—they forget and neglect in a matter in which history is competent, to prove how the most abstract ideas descend from the conscience to events, and how events adjust themselves to ideas, as the coin to the die. The truth is that the immutability of social constitutions which is desired by the historical school denies and contradicts the destiny of humanity,

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which is gradual and progressive perfection.

The human race, hitherto more under the control of sensibility than conscience, has been able to give greater credit to faith than to reason, and greater value to tradition than to right. Its tutors, understanding this, and making use of the backwardness to which they have contributed, ask that the tutelage be continued for the purpose of educating the race and of giving it a more convenient culture. But no education has virtue enough to elevate man—to give him personal dignity, authority over himself—except that which is inspired by its origin or its nature in free reason, and which is directed for its end and object to the security of right; which concludes by saying to the tutors of the human race what the philosopher said to the Greek conqueror when he stood in his sunshine, "Lord, move aside, for you are depriving me of the light of liberty." In spite of all justifications, the tendency of monarchies is inevitably within the state to grasp for unlimited power, and out of the state, for an empire without frontiers, universal conquest and domination.

The monarchy supposes the principle that man may be the property of another man—of the monarch. But man is his own property. As if a king had given him his rights, he has the audacity sometimes to deny them, at other times to restrain them. But it is not a king who has given his rights to man; it is nature. Neither the king nor the state itself, even the most democratic, even that which is ruled by all the citizens, can give or take away the right innate to our personality. Man is primarily a spirit, and as a spirit he has but one sovereign—reason; but one judge—conscience; but one code—the moral. But man does not live isolated in his personality; he lives also socially. Positive law is in this relation his rule of conduct. But positive law should give consecration to natural right; other men should be his judges, but in the most perfect equality. By a series of political contracts the citizen should harmonize his individual sovereignty with the sovereignty of the other individuals in the state, where the power is the expression of the general will. But in these contracts men can not alienate inalienable rights; for it is a contradiction to say that the intelligence shall not think, and that the will shall not desire. Man possesses a right to be in society the same as in nature, to be before the law the same as before the universe, a person, free and responsible.

When philosophy arrived at this point, it was its right and duty to rest, as the God of the Genesis after the creation of man. In the breast of the ancient pariah; under the skin of the slave scarred by the lash; in the ignominy of the vassals who bore the mark of their kings, the crest of their lords; in the profound humiliation of the oppressed; under all the chains and the wounds, as long as the conscience pulsated with life, there pulsated with it the free personality born of the divine forces of nature, though suppressed, effaced, by the errors of society. But when it rose boldly upon the beam of its rack, it reclaimed a law as real and harmonious as that which sustains the world with its attraction. It reclaimed as reasonable, as free, as responsible, the law of its right.

It is just to say that Fichte did not always preserve this serene conception of his own ideal, and this unshaken fidelity to his own principles. In other works, written later than the *Considerations upon the French Revolution*, he fell from extreme individualism into extreme socialism, and gave to society powers which the state could not hold without injury to liberty. This inconsistency, common to thinkers who have lived before the public in incessant relations with it, ought to cause no surprise to those who know how the vapors of events cloud the serenity of the conscience. But the life of man should not be judged by a momentary weakness, nor the work of a philosopher by an exceptional aberration. One result always remains from the whole, which is like a chemical substratum, the essential thing in the system. And the system of Fichte can be defined with clearness and exactitude, the most rigorous vindication of liberty and the fundamental rights of man. If any doubt could remain, it would be cleared away by his campaign against the historic school.

In the bosom of Germany the revolutionary battles which we Latins deliver by force of arms are fought with the weapons of ideas. The material agitation does not respond to the agitation of the conscience. Their scientific schools have the same position as militant parties with us. The notion of right is the motto which each combatant carries on his banner. The origin of right is a subject of enthusiasm and passion among these eternal students, as the passion of power among the eternally revolutionary Latins. The two hostile schools are the philosophical and the historical schools. For the philosophical school, right is a pure conception of reason, based on nature, independent of time and of place—the consecration of our spiritual and moral personality, which should subordinate political laws to the laws of its own essence. This idea naturally alarmed those who placed above every philosophical standard the criterion of experience, above all human faculties the course of time, history above all science, custom above progress, the instinct of peoples above all reason. The historical school principally accused the philosophical school of forgetting the nature

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of the state in favor of the nature of man, and the living country in favor of abstract humanity. The historians of right accused the philosophers of right of want of patriotism.

An absurd accusation! None of these readers of parchments ever raised patriotism to the height where Fichte carried it, the philosopher accused as a false priest of vain metaphysical conceptions. It was due to his idea—that the country should be the origin of humanity—to his pure sentiment of moral duty, to his worship of justice, to his care for the education of the soul, to his high feeling of human dignity, anointed for all liberties, to his illuminating and vivifying spirit, in fine, that in the supreme crisis when conquest was devouring all Germany, when the conqueror was hewing in pieces the ancient holy empire lying under the feet red with German blood, when the noise of the drums and the cannons of Jena drowned every voice, there arose from the heights of a pulpit raised to the moral pinnacle of the modern world a voice of irresistible eloquence, condensing behind the clouds of blood and tears exhaled from battle-fields the immortal, stoical, vigorous conscience of the German people, sustained by a vivid faith in their right to an unconquerable hope of recovering their independence.

The ancient world presents examples of harangues more artistic, but not of greater moral power, than those pronounced in Berlin by Fichte under the sabre of Napoleon. What invocations of moral valor, what exalted vehemence of pure patriotism! How deeply he felt the fault of our time, which has divided men into men of action and men of ideas; when the word rings and cuts like a sword; when thought and art also have their heroism, as was shown by Æschylus fighting in Marathon against the Persians, and Cervantes reddening with his blood the waters of Lepanto! From these discourses, in which the idea of the country was defined in its relation with the idea of humanity; from these conceptions of right and of duty, which framed a new moral conscience in the human consciousness; from these ideas, which thundered and blasted like powder burned in battles, and which produced a new spirit capable of the greatest heroism—rose the national epopee of 1813, in which Germany showed to the world once more how every conquest breaks to pieces against the indomitable will of the people resolved upon combat to death. The accusation of the historic school toward the philosophic school was unjust. On the other hand, has not the historical school consecrated and defended all secular iniquities merely because they had in their favor the privilege of time? No notion could be falser than that right is found only in its development, in its movement, in its history. For is there not one fundamental idea of right superior to all modifications? Is it conceivable that right should reduce itself to history if there was not at least a sentiment, a conception of right, even if there were no clear notion or elevated idea of it? To a people addicted to routine, given to admiring an expression of ideas like a pleasant spectacle, but without any tendencies to reduce them to reality—to such a people the historical school presented as an ideal its usages, customs; its ancient legislation, stained with feudalism, fit only for the Middle Ages, of which the only result was to petrify it under the sceptre of its kings and the lash of its aristocracy. To the idea that the state is the only and complete social organism; to the other idea, not less false, that the public instinct is above reason; to that theory which, after having exalted the national conscience so far as to make it sacred and inviolable, delegates the preservation of right to semi-sacerdotal, privileged castes of lawyers; to that favorite predominance of historical experience over pure science; to that continual exaltation of custom, of usages, of traditional law—is due, in great part, the fact that although Germany is one of the most cultivated peoples in the world, it is still discussing the expediency of abolishing feudalism in those little states, the lost stones of the ancient castles of nobility—stones which the strong roots of the salutary vegetation of our progressive ideas have not been able to penetrate.

No: the organization of human society should not be perpetuated when it contradicts the idea, the spirit of the time, of the century, because it may be merely the product of a historic fatality. Instinct, which confounds us with the brutes, can not prevail over reason, which is the divine faculty, the faculty of the infinite. By this road we would soon come to place the animal life over the life of the spirit; the stomach over the reason; custom over justice; history over the ideal; secular tyranny, the pontificate, which has endured fifteen centuries, and monarchical power, which has endured twenty, over our natural right, which has virtually existed in us for a whole eternity. And not only our right is thus destroyed, and with it our liberty, but at the same time every principle of justice, and with it all moral sense. If only the existing law is justice, you must admit that there is justice in the sacrifice of deformed children, the abandonment of useless old people. And not only the moral sense is destroyed, but science with it, because science can not consist in a perpetual commentary upon legislation already written in different codes sanctioned by custom—legislation which changes according to the changes of time, climate, historical education, institutions, habits, and usages of various peoples, more diverse in their political and religious prej-

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udices than in their degrees of latitude. Science must elevate itself to a universal law, which changes by no accident, which fails by no exception. And if the only thing worthy of being known is that which happens in the world, and not that which exists in the soul, there is no science of right possible. And if that be so, there is no hope of reform, because every amelioration proceeds from the contrast offered between the reason, which rises to pure justice, and the impurities and shadows of reality. Through these conflicts between pure reason and tradition we have passed from the age of man in which instinct dominates, to that in which intelligence rules. In these contests between pure reason and reality all the reactions and all their advocates cling to the historical school as to their safety-raft. The king, who is born with the privilege of commanding slavish hordes; the executioner, who inflicts irreparable punishments upon men; the priest, who aspires in the name of God to subject the free conscience to the yoke of dogma imposed by coercion and force; the military aristocracies, which live by war, as the hyena by slaughter and death; the feudal aristocracies, who watch as if it were a thunder-cloud the idea of right passing over the brow of their serfs—all oppressors, in fact, invoke the historical school and its sophisms to rivet anew the chains of the people and gild the diadems of despots.

Editor's Easy Chair.*

MANY years ago it was whispered about in a prominent New England city that strange things were going on at the house of a distinguished divine of the straitest pattern, that the unseemly tones of a violin had been heard to come from his study windows, and that a head and a pair of legs, which had been identified by peeping neighbors as belonging to the reverend doctor himself, were seen alternately to appear and disappear above the garden fence in such swift succession as to show that his body was in rapid revolution about a gymnastic pole. His friends of the stricter sort were greatly grieved, fearing that such worldly sports in a man of God would hurt the cause of vital religion, and they tried to stop the scandal. But the good man went on fiddling and whirling to rest and refresh himself, and as his prayers were no less fervent, and his preaching grew rather better than worse, they decided to make the best of it, while the more enlightened class of parishioners and the free-and-easy community at large thought a great deal better of him, and were glad to see such signs of humanity in a profession that had been so much in danger of drying up and mistaking ghostliness for spirituality.

We are not so strait-laced now in our way of thinking, and we are quite ready to speak well of mingling a fair allowance of play with our work. Yet we find it easier to talk play than to do it, and we are so serious in our business and our care that we are as much in danger of losing our joy in the established worship of the almighty dollar as the stern Puritans were in danger of being robbed of their smiles under the threats of their terrific theology. In fact, some keen observers and profound thinkers soberly maintain that as a race we have lost our youth and our joy; that with the gods of Greece the youth and glee of Greece have gone forever; and that we are a superannuated generation—an old set of fogies who may as well make up our minds to put our houses in order, arrange for our funerals, and die. What utter nonsense such speculation is, a little glance at nature at once will show. Our children come into the world with as full and majestic a birthright of joy as the children of the Greeks, and they are as fond of play as are the kids and lambs that frolic in the pastures, or as the birds that are stirred to song by the morning sun that has been pouring out his waves of gladness ever since God said, "Let there be light."

Take that boy of four years old as a specimen. He happens in just in the nick of time to tell us what nature is, and how badly we so often abuse and lose it. What a round of fun he goes through in an hour or so! What an odd and extensive settlement he starts at once with his box of blocks and his collection of tin men and wooden trees! What a new reading of history, both natural and social, he gives out of the contents of his Noah's ark! How he prattles and laughs as he watches the soap-bubbles that are blown from the mug by that pipe, and he sees each one swell in bulk and glisten in beauty, and then break into nothing! Delighted as he is with these playthings, he is delighted still more with having to do something that looks like work. He will help you pick strawberries, and if you do not unwisely tire him out, he will crow over a great berry as Shylock would gloat over a grand ruby; and if you ask him to shell pease with you, he will run about with his little basket full, crying out to every body for notice, "See! I have done this all myself." His body is all astir with waves of sensibility and action; his nerves and muscles are as rhythmic as the undulations of the light that fall upon his rosy cheeks; he is a music-box—nay, an organ of spontaneous melody and harmony, needing only his bread and milk to wind him up, and no hand to press his keys but the touch of the sunshine and the air. In fact, we get a more thorough knowledge of the capacities of our children from their play than from their study. When they really play, they let out the full compass and depth of their nature. Their senses are quick and earnest; their touch and sight and hearing are all alive; their perceptions are strong and clear; their calculation is sharp; their judgment is good; their intuition is bright; they look upon things and

* Contributed by Dr. Samuel Osgood.

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into them; their will is eager, and their fancy is on the alert. They have more true inspiration generally when they play than when they study, and they are handsomer, more graceful, and more under the power of the mysterious and mighty spirit that moves through nature and history, and connects the conscious powers of our race with the unknown life of the universe. The best schooling will never lose sight of this fact, and it aims to cheer and exalt the plodding drill of books by the stir of action, the form and color of reality, and the free movement and loving sympathy of good companionship. It is remarkable that the best book for children is one that makes play out of work, and that Daniel De Foe is the prophetic master of all modern educators; and his *Robinson Crusoe* has become an institution in some of the Kindergarten schools, which call a regular class by this name.

This point is too important to be overlooked in our study of actual life, and in our criticism of modern culture. Play is really a very serious matter in the education of the young and in the discipline of the old; and we often show our entire ignorance of it by our boast of superior knowledge. We sometimes think that we know how to play when we have really become bankrupt in personal sport, and have made over our fun into the keeping of other people. In the East the ladies and gentlemen do not dance themselves, but they pay adepts in the business to do the dancing for them. We have not come to this in Christendom as yet, although quite a number of us are willing to look on and let the girls and boys dance away in our sight, with an expenditure of strength and perspiration more than sufficient to lay out upon the spade or the broom, the saw or the spindle. But our modern society has been trying to make its play over into the hands of professional performers; and the saying of Shakspeare, "All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players," ought to read, "All the world is looking at the stage, and all the men and women go to see the players." We tend to dismiss the highest action of our own powers, and to fall short of the best inspiration of our own capacities, and to make other people sing and act, laugh and cry, for us. Thus it is very doubtful whether a play-going community is of necessity a playful and happy one.

The French probably go to the theatre more than any other people, and while the government patronizes and supports the great houses, the boulevards and gardens swarm with little concert-rooms that night after night offer pretty dramas and songs and dances to all passers-by who will pay a half franc for coffee or ice-cream. Yet the French are not a very happy people, and their amusement is the art of killing the time which they, more than most others, allow to be a bore, and they do not like to spend it alone. This year closes the second hundred years since the death of Molière, their great comedian, and perhaps the greatest of all comedians. He has been making fun for the Parisians ever since 1645, when, under his original name, Jean Baptiste Poquelin, he first went upon the stage, a young man of twenty-three, just out of college. During these two centuries and a quarter of amusement under his masterly lead has Paris been made really more cheerful, and have not the Parisians depended more upon being played to than upon playing? Is their home life loving and happy, and is their literature full of genial, hearty, gladsome thought and feeling? Can they differ from each other without rancor, and when they quarrel are they willing to stop with the tingling cut of the tongue instead of resorting to the murderous cut of the guillotine? These questions answer themselves, and we fear that somehow French fun has been spoiled in the making, and since Rabelais laughed away so much of the old religion under the priest's cassock, and is said to have put on a domino when he was dying, that he might die *in Domino*, or in the Lord, like a good Christian, there has not been heart enough in French play to bring out the true genius of humanity. Luther, who was born twelve years before Rabelais, had more real glee, and he lived and wrote, and prayed and sung, under God's own sunshine, with wife and children and loving friends, not among rollicking celibates and ribald recluses, who professed one thing and practiced another, with the cross of the Crucified about their necks and the madness of Bacchus in their blood. Yet we will not despair of Rabelais, nor deny him a kindly and earnest and humane purpose in much of his fun. The buffoon's laugh, as the maniac's scream, has been assumed to protect a purpose in advance of its time.

Molière undoubtedly was, in some respects, a severe moralist, and he brought out upon the stage something of that spirit of the Reformation that was so harshly crushed out of the church. He had a great deal of truth and humanity with his sparkling wit and his genial humor. Yet he was evidently indebted for much of his motive and his vital force to the more exuberant and natural Italian comedy, with whose plays and actors he was so closely and so long associated. From them he took the old heritage of glee which is one of the traditions of our race, and which garners up the laughter and the joy of ages, just as the fossil coal beds treasure up the rays of antediluvian sunshine, and allow us to throw their flash and their fire into our chilly homes when winter comes. In fact, the whole history of the drama reveals the transmission and transformation of this comic force; and Shakspeare, a far more original and exalted genius than Molière, drew his clowns and his humorists from old precedents, ancient stores of jollity, or banks of frolic.

The Abbé Galiani gives a striking illustration of the connection between the history of comedy and the life of the people, which shows how close was the relation between the two, and how much the old Italian farce, with its set characters and their extempore gibes, drew from the streets and the fields. He says that in Acerra, a town of Campania, a company of comedians ranged the country to pick up a living by their art. One day they came into a region where the peasants were making their vintage harvest, and they soon grew quite merry together over the flowing wine, with no small conflict of ready tongues and wit. The actors made fun of the peasants, and these returned the fire with interest, until the fun was as good as a play, and it came near ending in a fracas. But among the villagers an odd fellow turned up by the name Puccio d' Aniello, with a comic face, a long nose, a swarthy tint, funny

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enough otherwise, and with sharp wit. The comedians opened their battery upon him, and he returned it with grinning vengeance, until he at last drove them from the field. They finally swallowed their chagrin, and thought it best to make a good thing out of the adventure by engaging this strange character to join their troupe and to traverse the land with them. He consented, and hence the famous name Puccio d' Aniello, Polecenella, Punchinello, and finally Punch, with all his noted line of successors, ending with our distinguished contemporary, the redoubtable Mr. Punch of the London press. We incline to think, however, that his pedigree is of far older date, and that Punch and Judy have, in one form or another, been set before children either in puppets or stories or plays since men and women have laughed and cried, made love and scolded and quarreled, in this fitful drama and frequent farce that we call human life.

The time has come for looking into the philosophy of play, and for making it tell decidedly upon the science and the art of education. If we go to the root of the matter, we shall find its moving power at the very sources of life. Every thing that lives comes of a certain force which has its spontaneous play, and the play continues and is perfected according as the spontaneity is carried into all the functions of existence. Whatever we do without severe effort and without striving for a serious object is play. In play the pleasure is mainly in the act itself, and the object in view is important not for itself, but for the pleasure of seeking it. The moment that the game becomes wearisome, or the prize before the player is sought for its own value, sport ends, freedom vanishes, and business begins. Some kinds of work, indeed, border closely on play. In poetry and art, in certain stages of inspiration, the imagination and reason and will seem to play rather than to work, and the poem or symphony, the picture or the oration, appear to come of themselves, like the school-boy's whistling in school, when he told the angry master that he did not whistle, but it whistled itself. Such spontaneous movements of genius, however, generally imply previous training and earnest study, and they prove instead of refuting our principle by showing that work may and should be transformed into play, while in its own essential nature it is not play. Play of itself is free, joyous, enlivening, and as such it begins the education of childhood and completes the ripest culture of age. The child plays because he can not well help it, and his heart leaps up like a natural spring. The mature man plays because his culture is so complete as to be a second nature, as in a great park or city the waters flow and sparkle from aqueducts built by science and from fountains perfected by art.

We make, of course, a great mistake if we overlook the active element in play, and children and grown persons must not get their sport too easily, nor enfeeble themselves by sedentary amusements. Here the important distinction of the active and passive voice opens upon us. In base-ball, in cricket, in billiards, in bowling, and in quoits and foot-ball, there is wholesome stir of the limbs and the blood, and also good exercise for the perceptions and judgment. Spinning the top and flying the kite, playing marbles and battledoor, are milder sports, yet they have their use for the mind as well as the body, and they have place in physical education too important to allow any sensible man to despise them. We tend generally very much, however, away from all these out-door active plays, and we like to get our amusement as easily as possible, with the least loss of time or cost of effort. Hence the great prevalence of the sitting plays, the sedentary recreations. These are of various kinds, according as they quicken the perceptions and the understanding at the table, as in the case of draughts, backgammon, or the less objectionable forms of card-playing; or as in the case of riddles and charades and conundrums, they stir the wits; or in the play of girls with dolls and puppets, which start the fancy; or, lastly, in the games of chance, that move hope and fear without calling out any worthy action of mind or heart, and which are of doubtful service even in their mildest forms, so ready are they to encourage the accursed passion for gaming. Now we certainly need to bring out the more active class of plays, and men of business and the professions would be much better every way if they would keep up the usages and the spirit of their youth by going with their children and young people to the base-ball ground or the bowling-alley. It is the merest drivel to speak of any of these wholesome sports as bad because they are sometimes abused. A billiard-table and a bowling-alley are no more evil in themselves than a dining-room or a bath-house, for each of these may and has been perverted to monstrous corruptions.

It is becoming a very practical question how far the active sports should become so intense and personal as to excite emulation and influence partisanship, as is so often the case with our rowing matches and ball-playing. Here a second distinction, based upon emulation and its absence, presents itself. Too often these contests cease to be plays, and when the victory secures either a valuable prize or a substantial honor, the sport is too serious a business, and sometimes it brings health and even peace of mind into peril. It is fun to see Harvard and Yale or Oxford and Cambridge rowing for the mastery, but the brave fellows who are straining their muscles to win the day for their color are not especially jolly, and no work is harder than theirs. Young men must, indeed, be manly, and not mind roughing it sometimes, and the boat-race is of a piece with the scramble of life, and one must not be overdainty in play when we are to try our hand and take our chance in the rough-and-tumble of the world. It is best, however, to give to manly plays as much geniality and harmony as possible. We can not ask young men, indeed, to be content with dancing all the time with ladies in sympathetic round and party regulation. Nor can we hope to confine them to the routine of the gymnasium and its feats of turning and climbing. Military sports meet their active temper very well, and marching and countermarching with banners and music are better and more friendly exercise than the everlasting fight for supremacy, whether with the oar, or the foot-ball, or the cricket bat. It is well to calm the pulses of youth, and even of children, by adding plays of representation to active sports, and a finer quality of fellowship goes with hearing music, seeing tableaux and pictures,

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walking in the fields, or rowing or sailing quietly amidst pleasing scenery, or joining in a social party with its constant change of scenes and persons and recreations. We ought to make more of this style of amusement, and try to refine and dignify the love of fun in our young people by more taste and beauty.

Playthings have a great deal to do with enjoyment, and the oldest of us are but children of a larger growth, who must have something to play with. Here a third distinction in play appears. Mere implements of sport can not be called playthings, for they are tools, and chess-men, cards, dice, cricket and base-ball bats, and the like, are not playthings, as hoops and dolls, kites and tops, tin soldiers and wooden swords, whips and rocking-horses are. It is wonderful how much fancy and thought go with the rudest of these playthings, and how much life a bright girl will put into a rag baby, and how much fun and fire a stout boy will get out of a wooden sword or a hobby-horse. Our philosophical German neighbors, who have made a serious study of play as part of education, have gone so far as to give a metaphysical definition of the distinction between the mere implements or tools of play and genuine playthings, the former of which they call synthetic, as having settled uses, and the latter they call analytic, because these have undefined uses, and call out the powers of invention, fancy, and adaptation. There is great danger of our forgetting this distinction in our modern passion for expensive toys. The most costly toys are not playthings, but articles of show and luxury. A magnificent wax doll is not so good for a little child to play with as a rag baby; and a great gilded chariot, with stately horses and grand trappings, does not stir a boy's faculties, nor admit of such free and various play, as a wooden wagon that can be dragged about at pleasure in mud and grass, and loaded and unloaded at will. We, who are great boys and girls, ought to have an eye upon keeping some of our playthings in spite of the stateliness and pride of our social ways; and perhaps our liking for puppies and kittens, and our delight in a free ramble in the woods, with a stout stick and a gamboling dog for our companions, may be a rebellion of our lingering childhood against our strait-laced age.

The charm of true playthings is that they make us at home with ourselves, and they do not depend upon conventional society for their attraction. How much a man can enjoy a walk with a cane cut from a tree with his own hand, without fear of hurting its beauty by thrashing with it right and left as he wills, and leaning upon it or swinging it in the air at his pleasure! A boy will ride upon it, and make a horse, or a gun, or a pike of a stick, as the humor takes him. The little baby in the cradle finds music and motion and taste and freedom in his rattle, and the man who can not delight in some sort of a rattle, some form of pleasing illusion, as long as he lives, has not kept the wisdom or the joy of his childhood. Sociality, indeed, must have its due, and we must be content to yield our exacting individualism, and use the methods and implements that are essential in organized social amusements. Yet, after all that we may say of social enjoyments, the main pleasure is in the sociality itself, and the arts and appliances that we use to amuse us have their chief value from our social instincts and satisfactions. So it is that often nature tricks us for our good, and we think that it is the dress or the furniture, the pictures or the books, the song or the dance, that we care most for, when it is the people themselves, and especially the few chosen persons, or the one charming presence in whose light we live. To Romeo the palace and the garden of the Capulets are a mere toy with which he plays for Juliet's sake, and he would drop the toy but for her, since without her the plaything would not bring his love into play. We ought to be aware of this fact more in the arrangement of society, and favor the proper association of young people without too costly entertainments or extravagant dresses. It is fun enough for generous young men to be in the society of agreeable young women, and such association is an important part of their culture, as of their enjoyment. And play should respect that old sentiment of chivalry, and while the sports of children should not stir the love passion precociously, and juvenile plays and books should not appeal to this sentiment at all, it may properly be recognized and wisely guided and guarded in the amusements of mature society; and music and conversation, the promenade and the dance, may move romantic fancies and stir gentle sentiment within the limits of delicacy and rectitude. Probably play has had much to do with awakening love, and the history of popular amusements is closely connected with the course of courtship and marriage. A game of blind-man's-buff has undoubtedly made many a hand find its mate that might otherwise have come short of the mark, and many a merry song has ripened a sentiment and matured a declaration that else might not have come to the point. Touchstone at the village fair and Benedick at the governor's ball are both helped by the music and the dance that bring the old, old story to tell their secret, and hint their new word before they venture to speak it out.

Exactly whither we Americans are drifting in our sports it is not easy to say with entire certainty. We are in all appearance much merrier than thirty or forty years ago, and besides enlivening our old national holidays and adding new ones, we are coming into contact with the national festivities of Europe, and feeling the touch of Latin and Anglican Catholicism and of German music and muscle. We are trying pretty hard to adopt the English field-sports, and to ride and drive like John Bull and his children. But our Central Park, superior as it is to Hyde Park in range and beauty, sees no such company of equestrians, and a stray riding-habit or two is often the only specimen of the lady equestrian here; while there every fine day brings squadrons of horsewomen, who ride their high-stepping blood-horses as if horse and rider were one, and a flock of griffins were winging it over the road. Yet the English lack light and spiritualizing play, and their sports, like their meats and drinks, are too heavy for the best life and the finest movement of nerves and limbs and features.

There is one view of play that bears upon the course of civilization itself, and starts most fruitful questions. It concerns the bearings of modern society as such upon pleasure. We have been going on now about four hundred years in our new paths, and we have gone from the old

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Roman empire and priesthood into the realm of popular liberty, national life, and general fellowship and progress under the lead of the new science and art. The great leviathan—a huger and finer creature than Plato or Hobbes dreamed of—has been showing his limbs and trying to play, not always with entire success. The new age began, indeed, with a burst of merriment, and the Renaissance let nature out of its convent and cowl, while the Reformation opened the old Bible, and made the new and stirring hymn-book of the people. But with new freedom new care and anxiety came, and the leviathan has found himself cutting his teeth somewhat hard, and also like other children taking his turn at the measles and chicken-pox, and other eruptions more serious. Yet he has always contrived to play, and he is probably playing more and more, and reaching out his hand to master his new and mighty implements to play with them. The science of nature presents and interprets forces of light, heat, air, electricity, and life that are helping out the true play of body and mind, while the great masterpieces of mechanism, the locomotive, the press, the telegraph, the organ, the piano, and their fellows, are lifting heavy burdens from the leviathan's neck, helping him make play of much of his work, and sing and pipe while he delves and travels. We shall soon see more clearly this cheering influence of the new universal science and art, and find that back of and above all nature a loving spirit is waiting to help us in our work and play. The cosmos may interpret anew old Hildebert's hymn of a thousand years ago, in which he calls the supreme love "mitis, hilaris, melodia civium gaudentium"—"gentle, jovial, the melody of joyful citizens."

We have lately lost two of the great players of our time, Forrest and Macready, and they who once had a fierce feud with each other, which led to a bloody riot in this city, have gone to the grave almost together. They have done much to stir and educate a portion of the public—the one more the idol of the rough, the other more the favorite of the gentle. It is well that they both tended toward humane affections and uses as their lives drew near the close. The English scholar in his retirement was noted for his interest in the poor and suffering, and the American athlete provided generously for the widows and orphans of his own profession. They have had much to do with the play of our century, and they could have told us much that is new and important as to the drift of their art. They were undoubtedly both disappointed in the tendency of the stage and its patrons. They found themselves supplanted by a different style of artists, and the regular drama set aside for sensational spectacles and coarse burlesques. They also felt something of that encroachment of the new literature and art upon the stage which is felt by the pulpit. Newspapers, magazines, illustrated books and papers, concerts and lectures, now have the eye and ear of the people, and they also bring the great world before us in a never-ceasing round of novelty and excitement. To the inhabitants of a great city like ours the very streets are a theatre, and the news of the day is a drama often more stirring than any tragedy upon the stage. While we are writing, a venerable bishop's funeral near by is set before us in print and picture, and the Chief Justice's death is cried in our ears; and of late horrors by fire and water, by wreck at sea and by falls of people and trains on land, give us too much excitement to prompt us to seek the tragedian's help to lift us from stagnation into life. There is something, too, in the incessant competition of our time and the anxious thought for a living that makes us too weary and too much engrossed to crave the intense and protracted excitement of a great drama. Hence the taste for pleasantry and trifling, the rage for fine scenery and properties, with flashy dialogue and dashing costume, and the frequent favor given to nonsense set off with nudity. The stage is not, on the whole, rising, and better things should be expected of it, in spite of the great and inherent difficulties of a business that exacts so much money to pay its large retinue, and which must sell tickets to the masses, who are not all refinement, and meet their tastes. The theatre, however, and the drama are not the same thing, and if the stage loses its true caste, which we deprecate, the drama will keep its dignity, and literature, oratory, the platform, the parlor, the school, the college, and even the pulpit will vindicate its majesty as the creation of God and the mirror of nature and life.

Editor's Literary Record.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

The Depths of the Sea (Macmillan and Co.) contains the results of explorations made under the auspices of the British Admiralty during the years 1868, 1869, and 1870 by Mr. Wyville Thomson (the author of this volume), Dr. W. B. Carpenter, and Mr. George Jeffreys. If science renders art possible, it is also true that art prepares for a development of a true scientific knowledge, and Mr. Thomson shows how it was through the laying of the Atlantic cable that the scientific world was first compelled to abandon its old hypothesis, based on *a priori* reasoning, that life did not and could not exist below a certain depth of the sea, and to recognize the truth that the bottom of the ocean is rich in both fauna and flora as beautiful in structure and evincing as wonderful skill in design as any that are to be found upon the land. In Professor Thomson's expedition, investigations were carried on at the depth of three miles. The difficulties of conducting such an examination may be in part imagined. Professor Thomson's book is purely scientific and unnecessarily technical. It is unfortunate that he couches his information in such language that, but for the illustrations, the fauna and flora might as well be left at the bottom of the sea for all the good they do the unscientific reader. This characteristic of the book will confine its

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value to those who possess not only scientific enthusiasm but also a good degree of scientific knowledge. The illustrations, however, even without the descriptive matter which accompanies them, will give any reader a good pictorial representation of sea life, and so will answer the purpose somewhat of a cabinet of sea shells and weeds. They are beautifully drawn, engraved, and printed.

Professor TYNDALL'S *Lectures on Light* (D. Appleton and Co.) will be more valuable as a memento to those who heard the original lectures than as a substitute to those who did not. Professor Tyndall's avowed object was to illustrate the truth by a series of experiments, which his lectures were simply intended to interpret. It was the brilliance and beauty of the experiments which constituted the charm of the course, and diagrams are but a sorry substitute. The book is the play of *Hamlet* with Hamlet omitted.

M. FLAMMARION'S volume, *The Atmosphere* (Harper and Brothers), is one of that class of works which apparently no one but a Frenchman knows how to write. *Harper's Magazine* has already given its readers some taste of the quality of this volume, and we need not say more than that the feast realizes all the expectations which the taste awakens. With the genius of the Frenchman, the author seizes on those aspects of scientific truth which pen and pencil can portray readily and graphically to the reader, and the result is a work which is none the less scientifically valuable because it has none of that dryness of statement which is supposed to characterize scientific treatises. It embraces an account, not only of the atmosphere itself, but also of the phenomena produced by it, or connected with and dependent on it, such as sound, light, and temperature. The volume is profusely illustrated.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

MR. T. B. H. STENHOUSE has evidently spared neither time, labor, nor care to render his work on Mormons and Mormonism, *The Rocky Mountain Saints* (D. Appleton and Co.), full, accurate, and trustworthy. It gives a history of the whole extraordinary movement from its inception in the first vision of Joseph Smith almost down to its latest phase—the contemplated emigration from Salt Lake to some point still more remote from the intrusive and irresistible influence of railroads. It is in every way unfortunate that the American public have received their impressions of Mormonism from the reports of travelers who have seen only the outside, which is like sepulchres, clean and white, and have only guessed—sometimes not even that—the inside, which is full of corruption and dead men's bones. The consequence is a general impression that Mormonism, as a political, civil, and religious system, is a bad one, but nobody's business but that of those who choose to put themselves under it. That such a monstrous despotism should have been allowed to grow up, and grow strong, and intrench itself by every form of public fraud and open highway robbery, and repeated and undisguised assassinations, under the protection of the United States flag, and at times even with the official sanction of the United States government, which Brigham Young, as Governor of a United States Territory, holding his commission from Washington, represented, is one of the marvels which will be a puzzle to the historian of the future quite as much as the Spanish Inquisition, disavowed by the popes and yet doing its bloody work in their name, is to the historian of to-day. The story of Mormonism is not pleasant reading; it makes one's cheeks tingle with shame to read the story of brutality, lust, and outrage which have marked its whole course with blood and high-handed murder, and then to reflect that not only this tragedy has been enacted on American soil, but that the perpetrators have gone unwhipped of justice to the present day. But it is necessary reading; and if the American people could but once become possessed of the simple narrative as Mr. Stenhouse gives it, sustained as it is throughout by the testimony of eye-witnesses whose means of knowledge can not be doubted, and whose veracity there is no reason to question, it would be strange if the Mormon prophet even now were not punished for his crimes, and stranger still if he were not by the strong arm of law bereft of his official power for evil in the future. Mr. Stenhouse was, he tells us, for twenty years a Mormon elder and missionary, and was editor and proprietor of a Salt Lake daily paper. He does not, however, trust to personal observation for his means of information; indeed, he gives little or nothing of his personal experiences. A delicacy which, in treating of such crimes and such a criminal, is quite overstrained has kept him "silent on all that he saw or heard while Brigham's guest, or when with him in the capacity of a friend." More personality would certainly have added to the interest of his narrative. But the fact, evident in every chapter, that he has sought testimony from others, and that both from the friends and the foes of Mormonism, has added to the force of his book, which has all the weight of an indictment after a patient, unprejudiced, unfearing, and indefatigable investigation.

There are several points of interest about *Memoir of a Brother*, by THOMAS HUGHES (J. R. Osgood and Co.), that raise it above the level of an ordinary memoir even for the American reader. George Hughes, the subject of this volume, is unknown in this country, but Thomas Hughes, the author, is both widely known and highly honored, and his memoir, almost as a matter of necessity, includes the story of much of his own life, especially the earlier portion of it. Without the least semblance of egotism, it is in a measure autobiographical. But more than this, the brothers Hughes may be fairly regarded as types of the best specimen of English character, and, curiously enough, of opposite temperaments and poles of thought and feeling, one being by constitution and in his political and church relationships a pronounced radical, the other a conservative—one a man of sanguine and progressive temperament, the other of a taciturn and grave mood. This book gives an insight into the influences both at home and at school which go to make the English character what it is, and to impart to it its peculiar steadiness and quiet determination. The letters of the father to his son, the close, kindly, sympathetic following of him in his school career, the counsel, the hearty appreciation of that chivalry in school life which our good books, if not our good

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parents and teachers, appear to be constantly striving to repress, are worth the study of every American father. Not the least interesting feature of the book, however—perhaps that which is of the most general interest—is its psychological aspect, its presentation of these two singularly diverse natures, born of the same parents, growing up under the same home influence, attending the same school, and learning from father and from teacher the same grand lesson—to be true not to any external ideal, but to the nature which God had given them, and earnest in the maintenance of their own convictions, with supreme indifference for the shams and the conventionalities which are current in the great world about us in all philosophies and sects and parties. The very fact that this volume was written, as the author tells us in the preface it was, not for the general public, but for his own sons and nephews, gives a certain fullness and minuteness of detail and freedom of treatment which may possibly verge occasionally on intrusion on sacred privacies which do not belong to the public, but which add all the more, not merely to the interest, but to the value of the book. It is a rarity in literature—a *true* memoir.

The *Life of Samuel J. May* (Roberts Brothers) is an inspiring one, and is well told, mainly by himself; for the first nine chapters are an autobiography, and bring down his life to the commencement of his pastorate at South Scituate, 1836, and the remaining chapters are made up largely of extracts from his diary and correspondence. Mr. May's life was indissolubly connected with the life of the American nation, whose progress in reform he not only witnessed, but largely aided to produce. It is chiefly as a reformer of public abuses, not as a preacher of the Gospel in its personal application to individual souls, that Mr. May will be known. And in the work of public reform no minister of the past half century was more assiduous, more courageous, more faithful to his own convictions, or more Christian in dealing with what he deemed the erroneous convictions of others. He was active, though never bitter, in the theological controversy which resulted in the separation of the Unitarian from the orthodox churches of New England; was one of the earliest advocates of total abstinence, maintaining it as a principle both in the pulpit and on the platform; identified himself throughout his ministerial career with the cause of education; consecrated himself to the antislavery cause from a period antedating his ordination; received his first antislavery impulse from the sight of a chain-gang of slaves in Maryland; labored during the war with heartiness for the welfare of the soldiers of the Union; was yet by nature and throughout his controversial career a lover of peace and a peace-maker, an opponent of capital punishment and of corporal punishment; and, in brief, gave himself to the work of civil, political, and religious reform with a single-heartedness and fidelity to principle and a kindness and consideration toward opponents which can not fail to elicit the admiration of all.

ESSAYS.

In an introductory note to Abba Goold Woolson's *Woman in American Society* (Roberts Brothers), Mr. John G. Whittier says of these essays that they are "gracefully written, yet with a certain robust strength—wise, timely, and suggestive—their language clear, felicitous, and pliant to the author's requirements." In and through them, we may add, is a vein of strong practical common-sense. The authoress does not look forward to a future Arcadia in which women shall vote, hold office, preach, practice law and medicine, monopolize the platform, and carry on the general public functions of society and government, nor does she make any attempt to incite the ambition of her readers in this direction, or to prepare them for this work. She speaks of women in society as it now exists, and of duties which, as individuals, they can take up and perform without waiting for the social revolution which will make the "coming woman" the head of the political fabric, as well as "queen of the home." Her themes are such as "The Accomplishments," "Getting Married," "Evening Parties," "Charitable Fairs." Her chapters are, in short, plain, practical sermons on the every-day duties of the woman of to-day in the place which to-day she occupies, with no attempt at brilliance, and yet no real dullness, no surprising or *outré* ideas, unless her advocacy of woman's right to propose for a husband be an exception, but rendered decidedly entertaining by the writer's art of "putting things." Our clerical readers will find suggestions for practical discourses in these essays, and our young lady readers will find in them more excellent counsel than most of them will have the courage to follow.

Reason versus The Sword (G. P. Putnam's Sons) is an attempt to embody in a treatise, and in a comprehensive and logical form, the argument against the use of physical force in government—for to this the so-called "peace principles" inevitably conduce. The author is not afraid of the logical conclusions of his position, and unhesitatingly condemns the late civil war as one for which both parties were about equally to blame. He rests his argument against war in all its forms on three general grounds—first, the theological or Biblical; second, the political; third, the moral. He certainly covers the whole ground, and leaves little or nothing to be said upon the side and in favor of the principles which he advocates. But when he undertakes to say what he would do to enforce the law against flagrant law-breakers who refuse to submit to reason, he breaks down with the confession that "the question does involve difficulty," and passes it by in a foot-note, in entire oblivion of the fact that it is *the* question in the case. In conceding that "in its inherent nature war is not wrong, that when God commands it, and the command is obeyed through motives of pious obedience, the act of making war is not wrong," he directly, though unconsciously, abandons his case, since this is all that any Christian claims regarding war. The only question left is this: Do the higher interests of humanity require that government shall, when force becomes dangerous, threatening, and subversive, repel it with force? If so, these higher interests interpret the "command of God" as truly as a voice from heaven, and more truly than a dream. Those who deny the right to use force for their preservation are bound to show how, in case of such invasion, these higher interests can be otherwise preserved from utter subversion, which becomes not only

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a "difficult question," but to all "peace men" the all-absorbing question. If Mr. WASHBURN had attempted to define the limits within which a resort to force is admissible, he would have rendered national and international peace a good service. He has undertaken to prove too much, and, as a consequence, will fail to carry the minds of his readers with him at all.

Mr. EDWARD ROE'S second venture, *Play and Profit in my Garden* (Dodd and Mead), is characteristically unlike his previous volume. That was a dramatic novel which bordered on the sensational; this is a quiet pastoral, as placid as the river on whose banks the experiences were enjoyed out of which it has been wrought. *Barriers Burned Away* was a tale of love, of romance, of frightful conflagration. *Play and Profit in my Garden* has in it no love but an ardent love for nature, no romance but the romance of the Highlands of the Hudson, and no catastrophe worse than the occasional failure of a crop. The author takes us to his garden on the rocky hill-sides in the vicinity of West Point, and shows us how out of it, after four years' experience, he evoked a profit of $1000, and this while carrying on pastoral and literary labors. His suggestions are practical; the mistakes and disappointments as well as the successes are recorded; the style is always genial and often piquant; and even for city-bound readers who have no garden, and never expect to have one, his book will prove extremely interesting summer reading. Indeed, we are not sure that it will not be safer for them than for those who have the land to essay Mr. Roe's experiment and not the agricultural genius to make it a success. It is very rare that so much literary taste and skill are mated to so much agricultural experience and practical good sense.

H. H., in *Bits of Talk about Home Matters* (Roberts Brothers), shows greater skill in the criticism of the selfishness, the short-sightedness, the petty tyrannies, which so often convert the home into a despotism, than power in pointing out a better way or inspiring to it. She has a womanly heart, which has been sensitized by wifely love, mother love, and much sorrow; she has traveled much and seen much, and her heart has taken vivid impressions of the wrongs which have made many a wife and mother burn with an unuttered indignation. But she has power also to reproduce the impressions she has received, and her *Bits of Talk* will do good, because they voice the silent protest of so many womanly hearts—echo what so many wives and mothers have felt, but have never been able to express.

FICTION.

THOSE of our readers who have followed the course of *The New Magdalen* (Harper and Brothers) in the pages of this Magazine do not need to be told that it ranks among the best of WILKIE COLLINS'S romances — that is, among the best productions of the best of modern romance-writers. For Wilkie Collins curiously mates the old and the new schools of novelists, reproducing the romance which belonged to the age of which Walter Scott may be regarded as the finest representative, but in the modern dress, and with the modern incidents and personages whose portraiture constituted the charm and the power of Dickens and Thackeray. The story of *The New Magdalen* is short, the characters are few, the plot is simple; but the whole story is wrought with that consummate skill and that perfection of detail which render its author without a peer in his peculiar province.

Of *London's Heart* (Harper and Brothers) we have little need to say more than that it is one of B. L. FARJEON'S novels, and that it possesses the same characteristics which distinguish his previous stories. It is a much more elaborate novel than *Bread-and-Cheese and Kisses*, with a more conventional plot, in which gambling, betting, love, an attempted seduction and its frustration, are wrought up with considerable elaboration. Mr. Farjeon has no special aptitude for the construction of an intricate plot, and his simpler stories are his best; but there are abundant opportunities for the manifestation of his peculiar genius in *London's Heart*, which is a superior novel in spite of its plot.

The interest of *Oxley*, by LYNDON (Scribner, Armstrong, and Co.), lies in its picture of the development of character under the ordinary circumstances of daily life. Though there are, perhaps, no larger number of characters introduced than are usually to be found acting and reacting upon each other in the common experiences of actual life, yet there are almost too many to be shut up within the covers of a book, and to be watched through the glass of the story-teller. In other words, the field is rather too large and the objects rather too minute for sustained interest.—Quite the reverse in character is *Expiation*, by JULIA C. DORR (J. B. Lippincott and Co.), which involves the story of but a single family, and centres on a single extraordinary and improbable incident. If, however, the supposed death but real flight of the mother be granted as a possibility—and it is not an impossibility—all the rest of the story follows naturally enough. The plot, though somewhat forced, is certainly ingenious, and is skillfully carried out throughout the novel.—*Ups and Downs*, by EDWARD EVERETT HALE (Roberts Brothers), is mostly "ups." It is the story of a hero who, graduating with honor, finds his expectations rudely dissipated by the sudden failure and death of his uncle. Thrown upon his own resources, he begins life at the bottom, and steadily works his way up by faithful industry. There is a heroine who goes through a similar process of "ups;" and of course they marry at the end. Moral: True manhood and true womanhood can not be crushed by untoward circumstances. Culture neither gives success, nor, rightly held in subordination, hinders it.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A CONSIDERABLE portion of *Palmetto Leaves* (J. R. Osgood and Co.), if not the whole of it, has appeared in successive articles in the *Christian Union*. Mrs. STOWE is in love with Florida; but Mrs. Stowe is not such an enthusiastic lover that she is blind to the faults and defects of her idol; and her book contains both charming descriptions of Florida scenery and life, and wise counsel to invalids and others who have considered the question of moving there either for a temporary visit or a permanent home. Mrs. Stowe does not believe in it as a permanent residence for those who are accustomed to the

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more bracing and invigorating climate of the North. Her conception of the function of Florida is somewhat limited. "Florida is peculiarly adapted to the needs of people who can afford two houses, and want a refuge from the drain that winter makes on the health. As people now have summer houses at Nahant or Rye, so they might, at a small expense, have winter houses in Florida, and come here and be at home." Her praise of Florida is as quaint as it is significant. "Nature down here is an easy, demoralized, indulgent old grandmother, who has no particular time for any thing, and does every thing when she happens to feel like it." We may reasonably assume that our readers know Mrs. Stowe's character as a writer; and we need only say that this book possesses, as all her writings do, an infusion of her own peculiar and pleasant personality—a personality in which a poetic and almost dreamy nature is singularly commingled with that peculiar prosaic, practical, and common-sense view of life which is characteristic of the New England mind, and is the product of New England education.

The second volume of the "New Variorum Edition of Shakspeare" (J. B. Lippincott and Co.) comprises *Macbeth*. It consists of the text, with elaborate annotations from various Shakspearean critics, and an appendix which embraces Davenant's version of the play as enacted at the Duke's Theatre in 1674, a treatise on the source and date of the play, and some other cognate themes, and some specimens culled from the best English and Continental criticism both of the play as a whole and of single features. The editor, HORACE HOWARD FURNESS, has undertaken a work of great labor, and has performed it with singular painstaking and fidelity. For a real elucidation of the play, a much smaller selection of notes and greater discrimination in their admission would have been more useful, though, perhaps, it would have rendered the work less valuable to Shakspearean scholars. The very first note, for example, raises a question, which we do not imagine Mr. Furness himself at all entertains, whether the first witch scene be not an addition by a later hand; and the bare raising of it would perplex rather than assist the ordinary reader.

Those who are fond of fishing know that the charm of the sport is not in the mere catching of the fish, but in the various accompaniments—the companionship, good fishers being always genial companionable men; the romance of nature, fish always making their haunts in nature's most beautiful and romantic nooks; the stories which enliven the camp, when, after a hard day's sport and a hearty supper, you sit with your companions round the huge fire, aiding digestion with many a good story and hearty laugh. In *I go a-Fishing* (Harper and Brothers) Mr. W. C. PRIME introduces the reader to all these surroundings of a fisherman's life. He does not pretend to give any useful information. His book is simply a vacation book, a tramp in the woods, a repose by the lake-side. He proves himself a most delightful companion for a fishing tour, the poetry and romance of which he heartily appreciates and admirably interprets.

New Life in New Lands (J. B. Ford and Co.) is largely composed of letters written to the New York *Times* by "Grace Greenwood" concerning her saunterings in the West. She writes with the easy and graceful brilliance which is in pleasing contrast with the attempted wit and labored glitter which usually characterize gossipy newspaper correspondence. She writes like a vivacious woman who feels keenly, but not deeply, and can interject a merry laugh in the midst of her description of the awe-inspiring scenes of the earthquake without any sense of incongruity on her part, and without producing such a sense upon her reader's mind. Her pictures of both nature and humanity are painted with few touches, yet are wonderfully vivid and effective.

CELIA THAXTER'S *Among the Isles of Shoals* (J. R. Osgood and Co.) introduces us to a romantic spot in American coast scenery which is far less known than it ought to be. The authoress has picked up not a little of the romance and adventure of the sea, which she has woven in with her descriptions of nature in its various moods in a book which is far more entertaining than such books of description are apt to be.

Editor's Scientific Record.

SUMMARY OF SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS.

AS heretofore, we begin the present number of the Record by an account of the more prominent advances in the various departments of science.

In the *Mathematical* world a notice reaches us that the highly useful journal generally known as *Grunert's Archives*, and now in its sixtieth volume, will be continued by Professor Hoppe, on the same principles as have been adhered to by its lamented founder.

In *Optics* we note the very clear expression by Professor Draper of the views he has long held, and which are apparently now widely accepted, as to the presence of actinic power in every portion of the solar spectrum, and the deduction of the highly important general law that the rays given out by a burning body, or absorbed by it when quiescent, are those that are consumed in doing internal work, and especially in producing chemical changes. A paper looking to the same conclusion is published simultaneously in the Vienna *Journal of Photography*.

In the science of *Electricity* and its branches, as well as their applications, there continues to be a ceaseless activity, that indicates as well the importance as the profundity of the mysteries of this force. The theories of Edlund, of Stockholm, having been now at last published in the French journals, are seen to afford exceedingly suggestive explanations of many electrical phenomena, and have been more or less supported by the researches of Neumann, and especially of Sundel. The important phenomenon of the secular change in the earth's magnetism promises to receive some attention in connection with

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the proposed resurvey of the boundary between the States of New York and New Jersey; but the most important work in this field has been inaugurated in connection with the "Bache fund," *i. e.*, the determination of the magnetic force, declination, and dip for nearly forty points in the interior of this continent, a report on which was recently read by Professor Hilgard, of the Coast Survey. Some very striking and novel views have been adopted by Hankel, of Leipsic, as the logical result of his thermo-electrical studies among crystals—views that would seem to require a revision of the old theories of crystallography.

In *Astronomy* very considerable interest continues to be manifested in the preliminary experiments with apparatus designed for the approaching transit of Venus. In England the observers are already practicing on artificial transits, and thus acquiring that facility that long experience alone can give. Hansen and Schott have each contributed valuable papers—the one theoretical, the other practical—on the measurement of photographs of the sun; and the Kew photoheliograph has been used in photographing an artificial divided scale, the results showing to what extent the image is distorted. The Kew Observatory has ceased its systematic solar photography, and that work is very properly transferred to Greenwich, on account of the intimate connection between sun-spots and terrestrial magnetism. Papers have been communicated by Professor Watson on the very faint variable stars and the probable number of asteroids; by Professor Alexander on some remarkable relations among the planetary orbits; and by Winlock on the work done at the observatory of Harvard College, where, besides the meridian observations on a zone of faint stars, there is also maintained the most complete set of daily photographs of the sun that has as yet been obtained any where in the world.

The reports of the various parties that, under the auspices of the Coast Survey, observed the solar eclipse of August, 1869, have just been published as an appendix to the Coast Survey report for that year, and, though so late, are a welcome addition to our knowledge of that phenomenon. The study by Mr. Schott of the photographs taken on that occasion is stated by Professor Peirce to have been very profound and satisfactory. The volume of Observations in 1870, made at the Naval Observatory at Washington, has also just appeared. Its increased bulk is largely accounted for by the valuable appendices, among which we remark especially the interesting paper by the librarian, Professor Nourse, on the history of the institution, and the catalogue of standard places of fundamental stars by Newcomb. The annual report of the directors of the Edinburgh Observatory announces the almost entire completion of the two-foot reflector destined for that observatory.

The position of director of the National Observatory at Paris is now again filled by the renowned Leverrier. It is announced that a small observatory has been fitted up in the grounds of Columbia College, in New York.

The question of the *Aberration of Light* is reported by Professor Airy as settled in favor of the value that has been in use for many years by the English astronomers, by the accordant results of the second year's observations at Greenwich with the so-called water-telescope. In solar physics Vogel has published a short but excellent study into the absorption, by the sun's own atmosphere, of the rays that produce chemical changes on the ordinary photographic plates. In regard to the manufacture of large reflecting telescopes, Professor H. L. Smith, of Geneva, New York, makes a suggestion that is the result of his own actual experience—*i. e.*, that cast iron is an excellent substance for speculum metal, and that by plating the reflecting surface with nickel we obtain a mirror that will not tarnish. The great Melbourne telescope, four feet in diameter, has not yet been repolished; but Mr. Ellery, the director of the observatory, announces that he is having great success in his work on small mirrors, and expects soon to feel warranted in attacking the large one.

In *Meteorology*, so far as the United States is concerned, the army weather bureau continues, with its usual success, to keep all informed of the general state of the weather: its monthly reviews and weekly chronicles are issued with unfailing promptness. The month of April seems to have been unusually cloudy, cold, and rainy. A system of telegraphic reports of the state of the water in the river channels has been instituted, that promises to supply a want that has long been felt. It is gratifying to be able to announce that the well-known American astronomer, Dr. B. A. Gould, has been instrumental in establishing an excellent system of meteorological observations in the Argentine Confederacy, where he is now temporarily residing as director of the National Observatory. The publication by the London Meteorological Office of such extracts from the logs of vessels as illustrate the condition of the weather during January and February, 1871, over the northern portion of the Atlantic Ocean, gives probably the best connected view that has as yet been vouchsafed of the details of the meteorology of this part of the ocean. The great work of Coffin on the winds of the globe is announced as nearly ready for publication. Dove announces as the result of a careful study of observations in England, in regard to simultaneous changes of season at neighboring stations, that he finds that the views put forth by him some thirty years ago are completely sustained. The Central Physical Observatory, of St. Petersburg, now under the direction of M. Wild, after an interval of several years, has issued a volume of meteorological observations for the year 1870, which is distinguished by the care taken to secure an increased degree of accuracy in the results. Among the special memoirs we note that of Celoria on the storm of August 21, 1872—one that seems to have been of unprecedented fury in Milan as regards the wind, yet was not marked by any unusual barometric or thermometric changes. On the application of meteorology to the determination of altitudes there have recently appeared two researches—those of Neubert and of Schoder—both relating to the use of the aneroid barometer. Molner, of Austria, from his long experience in charge of hospitals, has drawn some results in regard to the connection between disease and barometric changes; on the other hand, in Northern Germany, Prestel has studied with care the statistics of forty years in regard

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to the connection between winds and disease. Both these authors show that there is a certain general dependence of disease upon the weather.

In the department of *Geodesy*, or mathematical geography, several results are announced worthy of a place here. Perhaps the most striking of these is the remarkable accordance between the newest and the two former determinations of the difference of longitude between Washington and Greenwich; the average of the three results now obtained may, it is believed, be relied upon to within the twentieth part of a second of time. Preparations are in progress for determining by the American telegraphic method the difference of longitude between Santiago de Chili and some point on the eastern coast of South America. A very suggestive report by Hartnup, of Liverpool, gives some idea of the comparative inaccuracy and unreliability of the chronometers generally used in the mercantile marine, and shows the great importance to life and property of more careful and frequent determinations of the rates of these time-keepers. The publication of the annual report for 1869 of the superintendent of the Coast Survey has already been referred to; it contains a valuable paper on the reclamation of tide lands and its relation to navigation. From a brief communication from this office it appears that the self-recording tide-gauges on both the Atlantic and Pacific coasts continue to record the effects of every important earthquake in producing extensive oceanic waves. A letter of the British consul at Havana announces the important fact that the return current, or anti-Gulf Stream, along the northern coast of Cuba has been unusually strong the past year, and that in general its strength is probably underrated; navigators in these waters should be on their guard against its influence. The great geodetic work of the extension of the French arc of the meridian has been prosecuted with unexpected success, it having been found possible to prolong the measurements directly across the Mediterranean from Spain to Algiers; the lines of vision that have been measured are in some cases two hundred and fifty miles long.

In our last summary we referred to the movements and operations of the British vessel, the *Challenger*, fitted out for deep-sea exploration, and chronicled her departure from the shores of England on her mission. Since then, after a short stay in the Bay of Biscay, she proceeded to St. Thomas, and thence to the Bermudas. On leaving there her intention was to take up a line of soundings almost to Sandy Hook, and then proceed on direct to Halifax, returning thence to the West Indies. Her object in this was to secure several lines of soundings across the Gulf Stream, so as to determine the physics and natural history of that great current. Already numerous facts have been ascertained, of great interest, and collections made embracing forms of animals entirely new to science. The deepest soundings by this vessel exceeded 3300 fathoms, no difficulty being experienced in reaching this depth and bringing up samples of the bottom. The trawl was used in water of a depth of 2000 fathoms, and secured rich treasures of animal life.

Mr. William H. Dall left San Francisco toward the end of April for the purpose of again taking up his exploration of the Aleutian Islands in behalf of the Coast Survey, in which he has been engaged for some time. Provided now with a new vessel excellently adapted to his purpose, he hopes to prosecute his labors with even greater success than during the past season. He is required to visit, among other places, the Western Aleutians, for the purpose of selecting a station for the landing of the American and Asiatic cable.

Mr. Alphonse Pinart, who has already spent much time in Alaska, is about returning to the coast of California in behalf of the French government, for the purpose of prosecuting archæological and ethnological explorations.

Nothing further has been heard from any of the European arctic expeditions since our last, although the note of preparation by new parties to start out during the summer is beginning to be heard.

Word has at last been received from the American arctic expedition on board the *Polaris*, which left the Brooklyn Navy-yard June 29, 1871, under the command of Captain C. F. Hall. The latest previous advices were under date of August 27, 1871, at Tossac, in Greenland, and the long interval that had elapsed without further news from the expedition had caused a considerable amount of anxiety.

The Newfoundland sealing steamer *Tigress*, while off the coast of Labrador, encountered a portion of the crew of the *Polaris* on the 30th of April last, which, while on the ice, had become separated from her on the 15th of October, 1872, in latitude 72° 35′, and driven as far south as latitude 53° 30′ during a period of 196 days, and without any casualties. The party reports the death of Captain Hall on the 8th of November, 1871, Captain Buddington succeeding to the command. It is hoped that the vessel will safely work her way through the ice, and return home during the course of the present year.

The report of explorations in the Gulf of St. Lawrence by Mr. Whiteaves, of which an abstract has been published, has lately appeared in full as a document of the Canadian government.

The expedition of Sir Bartle Frere to Zanzibar and elsewhere on the eastern coast of Africa, for the purpose of negotiating treaties for the suppression of the slave-trade, has, it is understood, been only partially successful. At latest advices he had left Zanzibar in further prosecution of his efforts.

No further news has been received from Dr. Livingstone. The party that accompanied Sir Bartle Frere to Zanzibar has, however, left Bogomoya, and the expedition by way of the Congo, under Lieutenant Grandy, appears to be fairly under way.

The report of the Geological Survey of Canada for the years 1871 and 1872 has lately been published, embracing an account of the geology of British Columbia and Vancouver Island. The survey is at present under the direction of Mr. Selwyn, who succeeded Sir William Logan in its command.

The report of the State Geologist of New Jersey for 1872 has also made its appearance.

A highly important announcement, if it prove to be correct, has lately been made by Mr. Calvert, namely, that man existed during the miocene period, this gentleman having found in the

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miocene formation in the Dardanelles a sculptured bone, probably of Dinotherium, containing the representation of some animal; and, in connection with this, certain flint implements showing human workmanship. This would carry man's existence on the surface of the earth back much further than it has heretofore been asserted, his occurrence in the pliocene of California appearing, however, to be reasonably well substantiated.

The recent researches of Professor Wyman in the shell heaps of Florida brought to light certain human remains of a particular character, believed to be older than the rest, which in all probability were the remains of cannibal feasts, having been burned and split precisely like those of other animals.

Professors Marsh and Cope continue their announcements of discovery of fossil animals from the deposits of the Rocky Mountains, and are constantly adding to the list of strange and remarkable species. Professor Cope describes what he considers to be a flat-clawed carnivore, under the name of *Mesonyx;* while Professor Marsh contributes to the list the genus *Orohippus*, which he claims to be the long-sought-for link in the development of the horse from his many-toed progenitors.

Mr. Sanson calls attention to the probability of an error in referring certain equine remains of the south of Europe to the horse, and thinks it more probable that they belong to the ass, which would have been likely to occur in those regions.

A curious fact has been ascertained in regard to the development of the frog in Guadeloupe. It is well known that the eggs of frogs and toads generally give birth to tadpoles, which, after undergoing various changes in the water, become transformed into frogs. For this, however, water is necessary, and as Guadeloupe is almost destitute of this medium, it is found that the entire change takes place within the egg, and that the animal at birth is a fully developed frog. A similar condition to this has already been observed in regard to various species of salamander, which, while usually inhabiting water in the larvæ state, sometimes become completely formed in the egg.

Mr. Gulliver has been investigating the blood corpuscles of the fishes, and finds these to be larger in the *Salmonidæ* than in any other of the bony fishes.

No new light appears to have been thrown upon the subject of the grape-vine louse insect. The vine culturists in Europe are, however, anticipating a very disastrous experience as soon as the warmth of the season warms to life the eggs and larvæ of the destructive pest.

A potato disease has made its appearance in Germany, which threatens to be quite destructive. In this the stems are not attacked, as in the more common form, but the tuber is covered with a felt-like fungus, which very soon renders it unfit for food.

The subject of *Pisciculture* continues to attract much attention; and among the States that have recently appointed Commissioners and enacted laws for the protection and increase of their fisheries may be mentioned Michigan and Pennsylvania, both of them making large appropriations for the purpose. Attention is to be paid by these States, as well as by others, to the cultivation of the shad, the rapid diminution of their numbers where protective measures have not been entered upon furnishing a serious warning. In former years the Southern States abounded in this useful fish to an excess such that the possibility of any serious diminution was not entertained. The United States Commissioner, however, in carrying out the law of Congress for supplying the Western waters with fish, employed the services of Mr. Seth Green, first in the Savannah River, and afterward in other waters of Georgia and the Carolinas, to obtain a supply for the purpose in question. The shad, however, proved to be in so small numbers that the experiment there was an entire failure, and he has been obliged to proceed to more northern streams to carry out his plan.

The salmon eggs collected at Bucksport by the United States Fish Commissioner, in connection with the Commissioners of some of the New England States, have hatched out with very slight mortality, and the young have been placed in various waters, where it is hoped they will thrive, and in their growth furnish a great addition to the resources of the various States.

The most notable addition to botanical literature has been the publication of the first part of the second volume of Bentham and Hooker's *Genera Plantarum*, completing half of the entire work. This portion contains the whole of the *Compositæ* and the preceding gamopetalous orders. The number of genera here recognized as belonging to the *Compositæ*, the largest and most difficult of all the natural orders, is 768, including about 10,000 species. The genera are very nearly equally divided between the Eastern and Western hemispheres, while the Old World has a considerable preponderance of species. It is remarkable, considering the inclination of the authors to unite genera, that one-third of the number have but a single species each, and 100 others have no more than two. On the other hand, more than one-half of the species belong to but thirty genera, the largest of which is *Senecio*, which itself includes 900. An extended article upon the order, from the pen of Mr. Bentham, is shortly to appear in the Transactions of the Linnæan Society. There has also been recently published an English translation, by Mrs. Joseph D. Hooker, of Maout and Decaisne's authoritative work upon *Descriptive and Analytical Botany*.

Among the minor articles which have appeared may be mentioned that of Dr. W. Velten, in the *Flora*, upon the movements and structure of vegetable protoplasm; that of Dr. A. W. Eichler, in the *Botanische Zeitung*, upon the structure of the flowers of *Canna;* and that of Trecul, upon the theory of the carpels in *Papaveraceæ*. In systematic botany, J. G. Baker has given in the journal of the Linnæan Society a revision of the *scilleæ* and *chlorogaleæ*, which include the "soap-plants" of California as the only American representatives, and Rev. W. J. Berkeley continues in *Grevillea* his notices of North American *fungi*.

The recent increase in the price of coal in England has induced a considerable effort in the way of economizing the old forms of fuel and devising new; and Mr. Siemens has lately shown that by means of a form of apparatus devised by him, known as the regenerative furnace, peat and

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other combustibles may be burned to excellent advantage, so as to replace, more or less, in many cases, coal itself. A new form of gas, invented by Mr. Ruck, of England, has also been announced as of great promise. In this, by a simple treatment, claimed to be inexpensive, a gas is obtained which produces an intense heat, and if previously passed through any form of petroleum, will take up enough of this substance to yield a brilliant light.

The practicability and economic features of the oxyhydrogen light of Tessié du Mothay still continue to afford matter for discussion, the result of which is, thus far, the expression of widely different opinions.

M. Blanc, in giving a *résumé* of his observations upon the process as experimented upon in Paris, expresses himself very unfavorably as to its practicability as a street illuminant. He questions the value of the manganate process for obtaining the oxygen, and asserts that, as a street illuminant, the complicated nature of the plan involves too many disturbing causes to permit of its successful use. Finally, he asserts that the experiments upon the boulevards have shown that the process is not economical.

On the other hand, a report of M. Schiele, a distinguished gas expert of Frankfort-on-the-Main, takes a very different view of the subject. The opinion is declared that recent trials of the plan, conducted in Vienna, have proven it to be quite as economical as other plans of illumination, and, in addition, that its practicability for lighting towns and even large cities has been abundantly verified. Upon one point, however, all observers seem to agree, viz., that for the interior illumination of large buildings the oxygen system is eminently well adapted.

The great interest which is at present manifested in the question of securing some more efficient means of controlling the movement of railway trains than is afforded by the ordinary hand brakes is a matter of congratulation. Of the several forms of automatic brakes which are just now the subject of inquiry and experiment by railroad managers, the Westinghouse air and the Smith vacuum brakes have, until within a short time, had the field entirely to themselves. Quite lately, however, an improvement upon the Westinghouse brake has been proposed. The essential difference between the old and the new devices lies in the fact that while the former employs pressure to apply the brake, the latter uses it to free the brake.

With the new apparatus the normal condition of the train is with all the brakes applied by the action of springs. To start and keep the train in motion the engineer lets on the pressure, which releases the wheels by detaching the springs. To apply the brake a portion of the condensed air is permitted to escape, when the action of the springs brings the brake to bear upon the wheels.

The advantage claimed for the new device lies in this fact: With other forms of automatic brakes a defect in the proper working of the apparatus may be observed only when the attempt is made to stop the train, and this knowledge may prove of no avail to avert disaster. With the new contrivance a defect in the proper working of the apparatus will be instantly manifest to the engineer, since it must, by applying the brake more or less strongly, either perceptibly retard the motion of the train, or bring it entirely to rest.

The introduction of automatic brakes upon American railroads is becoming quite general, and the example is being followed abroad, the recent very successful trials of the Westinghouse brake upon certain English roads having afforded considerable food for discussion in the English technical papers; while at the recent meeting of the American Railway Master Mechanics' Association, where the subject received a good share of attention, the opinion was unanimously concurred in that though none of the devices thus far designed were entirely free from objection, they were still, in view of the security and certainty with which they permitted the trains to be controlled, infinitely to be preferred to the old form of hand brake.

Apropos of the subject of securing additional safety in railway travel, we learn that the Franklin Institute at its last meeting confirmed the recommendation of its Committee on Science and the Arts awarding the John Scott medal to William Wharton, Jun., for his invention of the well-known safety switch which bears his name.

In the department of *Mining and Metallurgy* there are several noteworthy items.

The impetus given to iron-producing interests of the country, popularly ascribed to the growing scarcity of coal and the working-men's strikes in England, is very marked, even though the time within which these favorable circumstances have been in operation has been comparatively brief. The present status of this important industry will best appear from the figures presented in the annual report of the secretary of the American Pig-iron Manufacturers' Association.

From this it appears that the make of iron during the year 1872 amounted to 2,388,250 tons, divided as follows: Anthracite, 1,197,010 tons; raw bituminous and coke, 712,500; charcoal, 478,500. During the year 109 furnaces were erected and thirty-nine projected; forty-three rolling-mills were built and eleven projected; showing a total of 199 new establishments.

There were consumed in the country during the past year 4,054,618 tons of iron, including 400,000 tons of American scrap. Of this consumption one-tenth was American scrap, three-tenths imported iron, and six-tenths American pig. Its application was as follows: In castings, 1,103,000 tons; in railroad supplies, 2,479,500 tons; and in other wrought iron products, 730,000 tons.

The report places the number of Bessemer works in operation in the country at five, and announces that four more are in process of erection. Since the appearance of the report one of the latter (at Joliet, Illinois) has commenced operations.

Work upon the East River bridge is progressing rapidly. Masonry gangs are at work on the piers. Work has also been begun upon the new bridge between New York and Brooklyn. According to specifications, the new structure commences on the New York side at Seventy-seventh Street and Third Avenue, running parallel with the former street on its south side, over the west channel of the East River, across Blackwell's Island, and thence over the east channel of the river to First Avenue, at Franklin Avenue, on

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the Long Island side. The bridge is designed to be 9500 feet in length, and to have an elevation over the East River so as to give a clear space of 135 feet above high-water. Workmen have already broken ground at Long Island City for the foundation and retaining walls of the east tower.

There is every prospect that the Hoosac Tunnel will be completed before the close of the next year. But half a mile of the mountain remains to be penetrated.

The Union Railroad Tunnel beneath Baltimore, it is announced, will be completed and in condition for operation before the end of June.

The list of deaths in the ranks of science since our last is not very extensive, but embraces at least one name of great eminence, namely, that of Baron Justus Liebig, who died, at the age of seventy, in April last. The death of Mr. Julius Branchley, a well-known English scientific gentleman, is also announced by the London papers. In our own country we have to regret the loss of Dr. John C. Nott, a prominent writer on ethnology, and Mr. George Gibbs, who has for a long time been one of the leading philologists and ethnologists of America, and especially in reference to the American Indians. His valuable library of manuscripts and vocabularies has been bequeathed to the Smithsonian Institution.

NITRITE OF AMYL.

Among the recent additions to the *materia medica* which promise to be of value in the treatment of disease, one of the most interesting is the nitrite of amyl, one of the numerous products of coal-tar. If four or five drops of this substance be sprinkled on a handkerchief and inhaled, a sensation of great fullness of the head is experienced, accompanied by a pricking of the skin and redness of the face and ears, and if continued for any considerable time, consciousness is lost for a season. It is said, however, that this application will prevent a threatened attack of an epileptic fit, if the patient is sufficiently aware of its approach to apply the remedy in time. It is also asserted to be very serviceable in preventing attacks of asthma consequent upon heart-disease, and even of angina pectoris, stopping both at once, and possibly tending to reduce the violence and frequency of the attacks.

Its secondary effects are considered not at all injurious, and the dose of four drops is said to be perfectly safe.

BROMIDE OF CALCIUM IN MEDICINE.

The application of the bromides in medicine has within late years increased to an enormous extent, the bromide of potassium alone being manufactured by tons and furnished at a low price, whereas years ago it was only the more wealthy who could afford to use it. The combinations of bromine usually employed are those of potassium, sodium, and ammonium, and their virtues depend principally upon the extent to which the bromine is taken into the system. This substance can not be employed by itself on account of its very acrid properties.

Quite lately Dr. William A. Hammond, the eminent specialist in diseases of the nervous system, has introduced the use of the bromide of calcium, to which he was led by noticing the much greater readiness with which it was decomposed: in fact, for this reason a solution can not be kept any length of time without becoming unserviceable. It is therefore best kept in a dry state, the solution being made from time to time as needed for administration. The dose is fifteen to thirty grains, according to the age or condition of the patient. As a hypnotic it is much preferable to the other remedies, and it has even been available in checking a powerful attack of delirium tremens. It has also been used to advantage in epilepsy, in which it has a very decided effect.

HEATED IRON IN RESUSCITATING THE DROWNED.

A case of restoration from apparent drowning has lately taken place in the city of Brussels, where a man had fallen into the water, and was only recovered after a considerable time. Dr. Joux, an eminent physician in the city, immediately initiated the necessary measures toward his restoration, and for three hours applied all the remedies that could be thought of. No evidence of life manifesting itself in this interval, Dr. Joux proceeded to apply plates of iron, heated to a white heat, to the upper parts of the body, near the more vital organs. After a short time, to the astonishment of the assistants, faint signs of breathing were observed, and in the course of half an hour the man came to life, and was finally fully restored, the only inconvenience sustained being the result of the severe cauterization which his skin necessarily underwent.

FLORA OF THE PLIOCENE OF CENTRAL FRANCE.

M. De Saporta has presented to the Academy of Sciences of Paris a very interesting communication upon the remains of plants and their foliage found buried under the eruptive ashes of an ancient volcano at Cantal, in France, during the pliocene epoch. According to Mr. Rames, who has made a special study of the geology of Cantal, the country had but a slight undulation down to the miocene period, its surface then being covered with lakes. At this epoch occurred the first basaltic eruptions, which are covered by the upper miocene, with its remains of *Amphicyon*, *Machairodus*, *Mastodon angustidens*, *Dinotherium giganteum*, *Hipparion*, etc.

Subsequently to this the relief of the land became more decided, and a soil was developed along the flanks of the new volcano, in which, during a long period of repose, the vegetation referred to in the communication was established. Afterward, however, a violent eruption occurred, accompanied by a shower of ashes mixed with water, and followed by avalanches of mud, which buried or destroyed the forests, and covered up the leaves which littered the soil, the trunks of the trees themselves sometimes being left erect, and sometimes prostrated.

It is thought that careful study of this fossil flora will throw light not only upon the contemporaneous vegetation during the epoch in question in different parts of the world, but also upon the mode of the origin of the species belonging to the present period. A striking fact is the collocation in these deposits of forms now belonging to the Canary Islands and the Mediterranean, side by side with those of Central Europe, the Caucasus, and North America. Species

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yet existing in Central Europe are also found but little changed, and associated with others which have become exotics.

PRESERVATION OF UNSTABLE REMEDIES IN COMBINATION WITH EACH OTHER.

Certain substances used in the *materia medica* are extremely unstable in their combinations, and can not be kept for any length of time, either dry or in solution, without becoming entirely changed, and consequently more or less unfit for therapeutical purposes. Among these are the proto-carbonate and proto-iodide of iron, much used for certain affections. According to Tisy, a Parisian pharmaceutist, this difficulty may be remedied by mixing together powdered protoxide of iron, some carbonate or alkaline iodide, and an inert powder, the object of which is purely mechanical, and which serves to separate the molecules, and prevent their chemical reaction. These are to be inclosed in hermetically sealed capsules, such as are commonly used in medicine, and may thus be kept indefinitely. When swallowed, however, the capsule is immediately dissolved, and the liquids in the stomach, mixing with the powdered ingredients, cause their combination and consequent action.

The advantages of this mode of preparation are three: first, it replaces a very insoluble pill by a soluble capsule; second, the salt of iron does not exist in the capsule, and oxidation is therefore not possible; third, the salt of iron is presented to the stomach in a nascent state—that is to say, in the best condition for absorption and assimilation.

The same pharmaceutist prepares the iodo-bromide of iron in capsules, representing the natural association of bromine and iodine in marine productions and mineral waters. According to his statement, the bromide of iron can be taken with perfect convenience by persons who can not use the other salts of iron.

POSITION OF LIMULUS IN THE ANIMAL KINGDOM.

In an elaborate paper by Mr. Alph. Milne-Edwards upon the anatomy of the king-crab (*Limulus*), of which the American *Limulus polyphemus* is the well-known representative on our Atlantic coast, the conclusion is announced that these animals are neither arachnida modified by an aquatic life, nor crustaceans, as has been generally supposed by zoologists, but that they constitute a special type united to the arachnida by various analogies, though having certain features of the organization of crustaceans. The group was formerly abundant; at present the *Limulus* is the only living representative. The recent and fossil species have been united by Mr. Edwards into a class, under the name of *Merostomata*.

REARING OF OSTRICHES FOR THE FEATHERS.

The artificial rearing of ostriches is fast becoming a regular business, the number of establishments in South Africa, where this avocation is prosecuted, increasing continually, and causing a considerable rise in the price of young birds. In 1861 a pair of ostriches six months of age could readily be bought at the Cape of Good Hope for ten shillings English, while now a single bird a few days old is sold at £5, and one of three or four months brings £8 to £10. The trade in feathers has also shown a marked variation. Thus in 1860, 2287 pounds were exported, worth £19,201, while in 1870 29,000 pounds were worth £87,074; or, in other words, a pound of feathers in 1860 was worth £8 0*s.* 4*d.*, and in 1870 it brought only £3.

Mr. Heugh, of Aberdeen, South Africa, has a farm of 600 acres, on which seventy ostriches are inclosed, partly by stone walls four feet high, and partly by wire fencing, filled in with bushes to prevent the birds from inadvertently running against them. The first crop of feathers from fifty-four birds about fourteen months old weighed fourteen pounds, all taken from the wings.

Recent quotations of ostrich feathers in the London market (March 4) are, "for prime whites, £35 to £38 per pound; good light feminines, £10 to £15; black, £2 to £5; drabs, 15*s.* to £2 10*s.*"

ENDEMANN PROCESS OF PRESERVING MEAT.

According to Dr. Endemann, an excellent method of preserving meat consists in cutting it into thin slices, and drying in a current of warm air not exceeding 140° F. The operation should be completed in three or four hours, in which case the product is hard, and may be easily ground up in a mill, when it is in a condition fit for use. The fibrine and albumen are not coagulated, and consequently are still able to take up water, and thus expand to their natural condition. The meat powder prepared in this way has a light brownish-yellow color, a slight smell like that of roast beef, and a very pleasant taste. For making soup, two ounces are to be boiled, with the usual ingredients, in sixteen ounces of water. Such soup is much stronger than when prepared with half a pound of fresh uncut meat, as the latter does not give out its extractive material so completely after any amount of boiling.

Half a pound of this powder, if stirred into the proper quantity of water, with the addition of an egg, may be treated exactly as if it were the best fresh meat; and the fact that the fibrine and albumen in this meat powder are not coagulated renders it a valuable substance in cases of weakness, where stimulating food is required, as it is more easily digested than raw meat, while, on account of its minute subdivision, the action of the stomach is facilitated.

SOLIDIFICATION OF NITROUS OXIDE.

In a paper read by Mr. Wills before the Chemical Society of London an account is given of the process and apparatus necessary to obtain nitrous oxide in a solid state by the evaporation of the liquid. In this he states that, although the apparatus which he described was generally the most convenient, the liquid nitrous oxide will quickly become solidified if a rapid current of air be passed through it. Unlike carbonic acid, the liquefied gas can be readily preserved for some length of time in an open vessel, provided it be kept still. Liquid carbonic acid becomes solid as soon as it escapes from the vessel containing it, since the vapor tension of the carbonic snow at the time of its formation is much above the atmospheric pressure, while the vapor tension of the solid nitrous oxide is less than one atmosphere.

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Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 26th of May.—Bills have been passed by the New York State Legislature creating a new Board of Emigration (signed by the Governor April 26); annexing the towns of West Farms, Morrisania, and Kingsbridge, in Westchester County, to New York city (to be submitted to popular vote); the Police Justices bill, replacing the present police justices of New York city, who were elected to the office, by new judges to be nominated by the Mayor and confirmed by the Board of Aldermen (signed by the Governor May 18); the Local Option Prohibition bill, including cider and lager-beer in its provisions (vetoed by the Governor); the new Jury bill, providing that all challenges of jurors, both in civil and criminal cases, shall be tried and determined by the Court only; and an act for the summary conviction of professional thieves, burglars, pickpockets, and forgers. The Usury bill was defeated May 14. The bill for the enlargement of the Champlain Canal and improvement of Hudson River passed the Assembly May 14. The Senate, May 15, passed a bill authorizing and requiring the Governor to appoint twenty commissioners to "devise, consider, and prepare a plan of municipal government" suited to the requirements of the consolidated cities of New York and Brooklyn. The Assembly has passed a bill reducing the term during which destitute immigrants are supported by the State from five to two years, and increasing the head-tax on immigrants from $1 50 to $2 50.

The committee appointed by the New York Legislature March 11, 1873, to investigate the affairs of the Erie Railroad Company submitted its report May 15. The matter first considered in this report is the dividend declared last February, amounting to $1,663,791, the question raised being whether it was paid out of the net earnings for the year 1872, or out of borrowed money for the purpose of strengthening the credit of the company in Europe. The testimony proved so conflicting that the committee was unable to decide. It seemed certain, however, that not only this but other railroad companies were pursuing a course in this regard which, if followed up, will greatly increase their capital. It has already within a recent date led to the doubling of the nominal capital of the New York Central and of the Lake Shore roads. Some general restrictive law is necessary to prevent this practice. The liabilities of the Erie road were $120,000,000, and will be considerably increased if the double tracking and the reduction of gauge are proceeded with.

The story of the transfer of the management of the company, as narrated by the committee, forms a curious chapter. Early in 1871 James M'Henry and Bischoffsheim and Goldschmidt, of London, joined by the Heath and Raphael party—represented in the United States by Southmayd and others—determined to displace the Gould direction, then managing and controlling the Erie Railway Company. M'Henry, being largely interested in the Atlantic and Great Western road—a corporation representing $109,000,000 of stock and bonded debt, and whose affairs are currently believed to be in an insolvent condition—desired to get the control of the Erie road, upon which his own is mainly dependent for through traffic. General Sickles, it appears, was employed by the parties above named, and, having obtained leave of absence from his duties as minister to Spain, came to this country to carry out their designs. The first effort was made in the usual way, *i. e.*, by bringing suit against the Gould direction. General Sickles requested the co-operation of Attorney-General Barlow, and placed in his hands $12,000 to be disbursed in the procurement of counsel. This method proved too slow, and was abandoned in favor of one more speedy, though somewhat revolutionary. The idea was conceived of buying off the old directors. This was done, at a cost of $300,000. The old directors resigned, and a new board was elected, with General Dix as President, and S. L. M. Barlow counsel—the latter significantly being also the counsel of the Atlantic and Great Western. The expense of the transfer amounted altogether to $750,000. The bill of General Sickles for expenses, etc., amounting to about $70,000, was paid out of the Erie treasury. At a meeting of the stockholders in July, 1872, a resolution was passed instructing the Board of Directors to audit the entire account for expenditures, and then pay it. Shortly before the election of directors last July, a contract for the negotiation of $30,000,000 of consolidated bonds was entered into with Bischoffsheim and Goldschmidt. Between six and seven millions were to be sold, and $23,000,000 are reserved for conversion of old bonds. The contract extends to the year 1920, and a commission of 2¾ per cent. is to be paid on the whole amount sold or converted. This arrangement was evidently made in consideration of the services of the London brokers in effecting the revolution of the Erie board. They also speculated upon the rise in stocks which ensued. "If the principle," says the committee report, "be established that a few interested parties of stock-jobbers, having no permanent interest, can, by the corrupt use of money, or by violence, take and hold possession of a great railroad corporation, and reimburse themselves out of its treasury, it is time the matter was understood by the public."

In regard to the payment of money to influence legislation connected with the Erie Railway Company, the committee did not gain as specific testimony as was desired; "yet enough was obtained to show that the railroad companies have been in the habit of spending large sums from year to year either to secure or defeat the passage of bills."

One remarkable feature of the testimony elicited by the committee was the evidence that it has been the custom of the managers of the Erie Railway from year to year to expend large sums of money to control elections as well as to directly influence legislation. In 1868 over $1,000,000 was disbursed from the treasury for extra and legal services. Mr. Gould's testimony indicated that his operations extended into four different States.

The committee recommends "some enlightened system of general railroad legislation reg-

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ulating the rates of transportation, prohibiting the issue of fictitious stocks, and punishing with heavy penalties the misappropriation of the funds of companies by the managers thereof, whether to their personal uses or to corruptly influence legislation affecting their interests." The committee also reported a bill regulating leases of connecting roads, and prohibiting the leasing of competing parallel lines. This bill renders the consent of three-fourths of all the stockholders of the contracting companies necessary to the validity of a lease.

The Illinois Legislature was adjourned May 6. Out of 1034 bills introduced, 119 were passed. Among these was a new jury law, the most notable feature of which is the provision that the ability to read newspapers shall not disqualify a man to become a juror. Before adjournment the Legislature passed the bill to prevent extortionate charges, or unjust discrimination in charges, for transportation by railroads. It provides that the Railway and Warehouse Commissioners shall make and publish schedules fixing the reasonable maximum rates, and that these schedules shall be held to be *prima facie* evidence of the reasonableness of the rates therein fixed upon. The penalty for the first offense is fixed at not less than $1000, nor over $5000; for the second not less than $5000, nor over $10,000; for the third not less than $10,000, nor over $20,000; and for each subsequent offense, $25,000.

The Tennessee Legislature has passed a new school law. The entire permanent school fund is $2,512,500. The principal is to remain unimpaired, and the interest to be devoted exclusively to public-school purposes. The working force of the system is to consist of a State Superintendent, to be appointed by the Governor, and to hold office for two years; a County Superintendent for each county, to be elected by the County Court; and three directors for each school district. There are to be separate schools for white and colored children.

One of the most important of the laws enacted by the Legislature of Michigan, during the session recently closed, provides that "whenever any person shall be tried for murder, assault with intent to kill, or arson, and shall set up insanity as a defense, it shall be the duty of the jury to find specially whether such defendant was or was not insane;" and in case of acquittal on that ground, he shall be immediately committed to the Prison Insane Hospital, and be there detained at the pleasure of the Governor of the State. Legislation was also had concerning convicts, who are not to wear striped clothing, and who, when they desire it, are to receive education. They are to be furnished with suitable secular literature, and at their discharge are each to receive a suit of clothes and $10, besides such money as may have been accumulated by working overtime.

The Shipping act of June 7, 1872, has two features obnoxious to the keepers of sailors' boarding-houses. These are the provisions: first, that all seamen shall be shipped before the United States Shipping Commissioner; and second, that they shall receive their wages themselves. Accordingly the landlords in New York city have organized an association of 127 members to defeat these provisions. By their intimidations they have prevented the shipping of sailors under the law, thus materially interfering with commerce. At one time as many as twenty-five vessels were delayed for several days beyond their time of sailing. To meet this opposition, Commissioner Duncan, April 25, went before the Grand Jury and made a charge of conspiracy against the boarding-house keepers, and obtained bills of indictment against 128 of them.

An official account of the massacre at Colfax, in Grant Parish, Louisiana, reports that ninety-four negroes were killed and twelve wounded. A telegram from Governor Kellogg to the United States Attorney-General, dated April 21, stated that with the exception of four or five parishes quiet was restored, and that the State taxes were being rapidly collected. The Governor has issued an address to the people of the State, announcing his earnest desire to establish a just and economical government, to restore public credit, and to reduce the present taxation; and he appeals to all good citizens to support him in the execution of the laws. There was early in May a serious difficulty at Martinsville, St. Martin's Parish. The Metropolitan Police sent to install Governor Kellogg's officers came into conflict with a party of insurgents commanded by Captain De Blanc. There was some fighting, and United States troops had to be called into the field. De Blanc's force surrendered. The President issued a proclamation, May 22, commanding turbulent and disorderly persons in Louisiana to disperse and retire peaceably to their respective abodes within twenty days. The proclamation is a warning that the military force of the United States will interfere, if necessary, to preserve order in the State.

The Ohio State Republican Convention at Columbus, Ohio, May 21, renominated E. T. Noyes for Governor. Among the resolutions adopted was one against the improper and arbitrary use of the growing power of railroad and other corporations.

The decrease in the public debt from March 1 to May 1 was $3,891,544.

An act was passed at the late session of the General Assembly of Delaware giving married women the right to separate ownership of property, and to the control of their own earnings.

A telegram to the Secretary of War, May 23, announced that on the 18th General Mackenzie with six companies of the Fourth cavalry had crossed the Rio Grande and attacked a camp of Kickapoo and Lipon Indians. Nineteen Indians were killed.

The Mexican Congress is engaged in amending the national Constitution, introducing some very important reforms. Articles have been adopted proclaiming the separation of church and state, making marriage a civil contract, prohibiting religious bodies from owning property as corporations, and declaring the freedom of citizens from the religious oath.

By the recent action of the British Parliament the East India Company has been dissolved, after an existence of 273 years, during which it has exerted more influence upon the world's history than any other chartered company. In 1858 the government of India was formally transferred to the crown, and since that time the company has existed only for routine purposes.—The bill for the removal of the disabilities of women was

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rejected by the House of Commons, April 30, by a vote of 222 to 155. This is the fourth defeat of the bill. The vote in May, 1872, stood 222 against the bill, and 143 in its favor. In 1870 the vote stood 220 against, and 94 in favor of the bill.

The seventeenth annual report of the Civil Service Commission of Great Britain indicates an ever-increasing confidence in the efficiency of the system of competitive examinations. New offices and new departments are being continually brought under its operations. The examinations have reference not merely to the scholastic qualifications of the applicants, but also to their fitness for office as the result of practical experience.

M. Goulard, French Minister of the Interior, and M. Jules Simon, Minister of Public Instruction, resigned about the middle of May. M. Casimir-Perier was appointed to succeed M. Goulard, and M. Waddington to succeed M. Simon. M. Béranger was appointed Minister of Public Works, and M. Tourton Minister of Public Worship.

The reorganization of the ministry did not seem to the Right sufficiently conservative, and it soon became evident that there would be a sharp division of the Assembly, involving a test of confidence in the Thiers administration. President Thiers precipitated the crisis himself by urging the definitive establishment of the republic in his address on the 24th. He had no choice but to do this, a categorical interpellation of the government having been presented by the Right, rendering it necessary for the President to explain the policy of the new ministry. After the President's speech an order of the day was presented by the Right, declaring that the present form of government was not under discussion, and regretting that the reconstruction of the ministry did not afford conservative guarantees, and was adopted—360 to 344. The ministers during the recess offered their resignations to M. Thiers, who accepted them. The President also sent in his resignation, which was accepted by the Assembly. Marshal M'Mahon was then elected President, receiving 390 votes.

The Upper House of the Prussian Diet, May 1, passed the bill for the regulation and control of the clergy by a large majority. The bill defines and limits the rights of the clergy, or gives to the Minister of Education unconditional control. Only Germans are to hold ecclesiastical offices, and appointments to these must be confirmed by the government. Theological seminaries are to be under the supervision of the government, and the teachers must be Germans. A royal court is established for ecclesiastical cases.

In the Italian Parliament the members of the Chamber of Deputies commenced debate on the Religious Corporations bill early in May. The bill suppresses religious orders. The total amount of property affected by the bill is estimated to be $1,943,575. The net yearly income which will pass into the hands of the state for investment will be $1,438,526. Church lands may be leased out to tenants or sold by public auction, and the proceeds will be sunk in the Italian state rentes. The principle of the bill applies to movable property also, and church plate, pictures, and libraries may come under the auctioneer's hammer. The Vatican Library and Museum are left in the temporary custody of the Pope. Forty-seven religious houses, in which the heads of monastic orders are resident, are exempted from the provisions of the bill; but they can not increase the number of their inmates, or amalgamate with other associations, or alter the disposition of their funds. Signor Venosta, Minister of Foreign Affairs, made a speech in advocacy of the bill May 9. On the 10th there was a riotous popular demonstration in favor of the bill.

The Permanent Committee appointed by the last Spanish Cortes to remain in Madrid until the meeting of the Constituent Cortes, and to act in concert with the ministry, was dissolved April 24, owing to a disagreement with the members of the government. The elections for members of the Constituent Cortes, May 10 and 11, resulted in the choice of 310 ministerial federalists, 30 extreme radicals, 8 internationalists, 10 independent republicans, and 30 monarchists.

The International Exposition at Vienna was opened on the 1st of May. There was an assemblage present numbering from 30,000 to 40,000. The Exposition was opened by the Emperor Francis Joseph. The American department was empty, owing to the mismanagement of the United States Commissioners. The latter have been suspended by President Grant, who has appointed a new commission, with Mr. Jackson S. Schultz at its head.

The English settlements in Guinea, on the west coast of Africa, appear to have as much trouble with the Ashantees as our government has with rebellious Apaches and Modocs. Cape Coast Castle is the capital of the English settlements, situated on the Atlantic sea-board, about five degrees north of the equator. It is a fortified position, with a population of 10,000 blacks and about 200 whites, exclusive of the garrison. In its vicinity are the Fantee tribes, allies of the whites against the Ashantees. Recently the Dutch settlements on the coast have been transferred to British rule. The Dutch factories sold rum and ammunition to the Ashantees; now these supplies are cut off, the English refusing to sell these articles. Hence the outbreak, which commenced last March. The Ashantees brought 30,000 warriors into the field. They were met by about an equal number of Fantees. A battle was fought in which the Ashantees lost 2000 men and the Fantees 1000, the latter being compelled to retreat for want of ammunition. The English towns on the sea-board are protected by the British navy.

Sir Bartle Frere's mission to Zanzibar, having for its object the suppression of the slave-trade on the eastern coast of Africa, seems to have proved a failure. His special mission was to secure from the Sultan of Zanzibar a new treaty, whereby the transportation of slaves by sea from one part of his dominions to another should be abolished. Such transportation, within certain defined limits, was sanctioned by the treaty between England and Zanzibar, dated October 25, 1845. This treaty confined the slave-trade to the requirements of Zanzibar and the adjacent islands, and to and from certain portions of the main-land. But, owing to the apathy of the British government, it was carried on to an enormous extent beyond the legalized boundary. Annually 20,000 negroes from the interior of Africa were kidnaped and made the victims of

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this infamous traffic. Sir Bartle Frere's negotiations to secure the abrogation of the permissive clause in the old treaty seemed at first to promise success. But the Sultan finally, influenced, it is reported, by the French consul, refused to accede to the proposed modification of the treaty. The Arab residents, who represent the chief business interests of the island, are opposed to the objects of the English mission. If the Sultan persists in his opposition, the suppression of the slave-trade can only be effected by a large increase of the English squadron in the Eastern seas, and the process would prove a very costly one.

LABOR.

The dullness of the spring season has prevented the repetition of the strikes in certain trades, of which there was so much apprehension. The horseshoers in New York city have struck, and have to a large extent succeeded. The shoemakers, in the same city, have obtained a more signal success. In Rhode Island there has been a strike among the mill-operatives to secure a reduction of the hours of labor from eleven to ten. It was not sufficiently general to be successful.

The new scheme of industrial association known as co-operation has steadily grown into popular favor in England. It constitutes an entire and every way rational settlement of the wages question, and thus avoids the strikes and lock-outs that so frequently embarrass industry. Both parties in England have looked with favor upon co-operation. The town of Rochdale, where Mr. Bright resides, furnishes a brilliant example of the success of this principle. The society at Rochdale has erected a magnificent building, costing $66,800—the institution including a news-room, library, meeting hall, and shops. In addition to this central establishment there are thirteen branches. At eleven of these branches butcher's-meat is sold; at six drapery goods; and at three clogging and shoe-making are carried on. The premises at ten of the branches belong to the society, and have been erected at a cost of upward of $70,000, including fixtures. Close to the river, and in a central part of the town, are the society's manufacturing departments, newly arranged and rebuilt, comprising tobacco manufacturing; bread, biscuit, and cake baking; the industries of pork butchering, currant clearing, coffee roasting, coffee and pepper grinding; and in the same yard are the stables and slaughter-houses—the whole being so arranged that the produce of each department can be delivered at the shops when wanted with the precision of a machine. The business of the society was $6,675,000 and upward last year, and is still increasing. The members numbered at Christmas 6444. Taking into account the number of members and the business transacted, the society must constitute at least a third part of the town, which in the lately extended district numbers 65,000 inhabitants. Its share capital is $665,000, reserve fund, $8750, and loan capital, $53,750—making together, $727,500. This is appropriated as follows: To carrying on the business (including business premises, machinery, and investments, as shares in various societies, industrial, provident, and joint-stock companies), $145,000, and to loan investments in similar associations, $225,000; land and cottage buildings, $110,000; let out to members on building security, $17,500. The society owns more than 120 cottages, bringing in a gross rental of over $7500 per annum.

As early as 1796 there was an attempt made to establish co-operative stores. The Rochdale society has been in operation for over twenty years. In less than four years the federation of fifty-four societies into the "North of England Co-operative Wholesale Society," with a capital of less than £1000, has grown to 466 in number, with an aggregate capital of £29,000, doing business amounting to £1,500,000 per annum, yielding a net profit of 4½ per cent. after paying interest on shares and loans. The wholesale society absorbs the surplus cash of the subordinate societies, paying for its use 5 per cent. interest, thus constituting a co-operative banking institution. And to render the system more complete in this particular, in future bills for merchandise to the sub-societies will be charged against their deposit accounts, and interest computed on balances. Hereafter merchandise required from America, Holland, and Ireland will be imported by the society direct. The society has also resolved to engage in co-operative manufacturing. It is ascertained that the requirements of 146 retail associations supplied by the society aggregate in cloths $700,000; boots and shoes, $200,000; tailoring, $100,000; and blankets, $20,000. The Board of Control was authorized to open a separate wholesale cloth warehouse, to go into the manufacture of boots and shoes, to establish a blanket and flannel factory, and to purchase a bakery in Manchester.

In April, at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, was held the fifth annual congress of the co-operative societies. It was held on the same day that the great mining demonstration was made on Newcastle Moor, where over 200,000 persons gathered in support of manhood suffrage. The congress devoted much of its time to the discussion of the manner of dividing profits.

The principle of concert in selling provisions is now largely applied to manufactures and mining. There are no less than eight cotton-mills started in Oldham professing to be co-operative. There are corn-mills, iron-works, engine-works (as at Ouseburn), collieries, and other projects of co-operative production in operation. There is a bill before Parliament, introduced by Mr. Hughes, to enable co-operative societies to engage in banking.

In France trades-unionism is very largely adopting the principle of co-operation. In Paris, early in 1873, the Journeymen Tailors' Syndical Chamber formed two co-operative societies. The brass founders have established another; and there is a Syndical Union Banking Society. Three-quarters of the funds are to be issued as loans to working-men's associations. Co-operative baking is carried on in many of the provincial towns.

One of the most important features connected with the order of the Patrons of Husbandry in this country is the adoption of the co-operative principle.

TRANSPORTATION.

A convention of producers and consumers was held at the Astor House, New York city, May 6, to organize an association for the purpose of

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securing cheap transportation. The temporary organization was formed by the choice of Mr. R. H. Ferguson, of Troy, as chairman. Committees on credentials and on permanent organization were appointed. The draft of a constitution was submitted, providing that the name of the association should be the "National Cheap Transportation Association;" that its objects should be to promote and extend the usefulness of the various organizations that have been created to secure cheap transportation, and to enable those bodies to act harmoniously; that the association should consist of two delegates at large from each State and Territory, and one delegate from each Congressional District, to be elected by the various State organizations. The Hon. Josiah Quincy, of Boston, was chosen President, and R. H. Ferguson, Secretary. A platform of resolutions was adopted, the most significant of which declared that "the duty of the hour and the mission of this association is to obtain from Congress and the several State Legislatures such legislation as may be necessary to control and limit by law, within proper constitutional and legitimate limits, the rates and charges of existing lines of transportation; to increase, where practicable, the capacity of our present water-ways, and to add such new avenues, whether water or rail, as our immensely increased internal commerce demands, so that the producer may be fairly rewarded for his honest toil, the consumer have cheap products, and our almost limitless supplies find foreign markets at rates to compete with the world." After the adoption of the resolutions, and the appointment of a committee to draft an address to the public, the convention adjourned, to meet in Washington in January, 1874.

The convention of Congressmen, Governors, and others interested in Western interests met at St. Louis May 13. There were present ninety-one Senators and Representatives, of whom one-half were from the Northwest; but they took very little active part in the proceedings of the convention. Mayor Brown, of St. Louis, presided, and speeches were made by Henry T. Blow, Governor Woodson, and others. The principal object of the speakers seemed to be the exposition of the interests of Missouri. The resolutions adopted demand the improvement of the Mississippi River in all its tributaries and at its mouth; the opening of every practicable water route to the Gulf, the Atlantic Ocean, and to the Great Lakes, which can be opened and made safe and convenient at reasonable cost, when compared with the benefits to result from it; the prevention of such bridges as interfere with navigation; the removal of restrictions upon the purchase or registry of foreign-built ships; and the change of duties which are supposed to make iron more costly. After the convention was closed, its members took an excursion trip to New Orleans.

The convention of Governors to consider the policy of constructing a canal to connect the Mississippi with the Atlantic met at Atlanta May 20, and was organized by the election of Governor J. C. Brown, of Tennessee, for President. Only two Governors were present, and the convention, except in its local bearings, was not a success.

The select committee on transportation, which was authorized to sit during recess, and of which Senator Windom is chairman, has decided upon a plan of investigation, which is embraced in the following general divisions: first, the Lake and St. Lawrence route; second, the Lake Erie Canal and Hudson River route; third, the James River and Kanawha Canal route, embracing improvements of Kanawha and Ohio rivers; fourth, the proposed Georgia Canal route; fifth, the Mississippi and Gulf route; sixth, the various railroad routes from the interior to the coast.

The friends of State management of railroads gained an important point in the Lower House of the Massachusetts Legislature May 20. By a vote of 133 to 90 the minority report on the Hoosac Tunnel question, providing for the State management of the tunnel and the roads connected with it, was substituted for the majority report, providing for consolidation of the various roads under one private corporation.

In connection with the solution of the problem of cheap transportation there is nothing which promises more satisfactory results than an all-freight double-track railroad from the Mississippi Valley to the Atlantic sea-board. The passenger transportation, having the right of way, imposes continual and embarrassing limitations upon that of freight. The Chicago *Evening Journal* estimates the cost of an all-freight double-track road from Chicago to New York at about $45,000,000. It would afford transportation to an annual tonnage each way equal to 450,000,000 bushels of wheat, or twenty bushels a year to every dollar invested. If the saving in the cost of through freight were only five cents per bushel, the road would pay for itself in one year. With a careful system of signals, trains could be run at short intervals, at a slow rate of speed, and yet far more rapidly than even the introduction of steam will enable canal-boats to be carried. Mr. J. Edgar Thompson, the president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, in his last annual report, announces that the Alleghany Valley Railroad Company, with the assistance of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, has already commenced the construction of a line designed especially for freight at low rates of speed, to connect the West and East. But why should not the people construct a line of their own? William Bross, in an article in the May number of the *Lakeside Monthly*, takes the ground that even if such a line were built, the freight on a bushel of corn from Chicago to New York could not be less than 17½ cents, and therefore concludes that our farming interests can expect no permanent relief from railways. Certainly the project is worthy of serious consideration.

The results of Captain Selfridge's second exploration for an interoceanic ship-canal route by way of the Atrato River appear to have been very satisfactory. Beginning on the Pacific side, the exploration followed the Napipi River to its chief tributary, the Doguado, then passing up that stream to the dividing ridge, to a point where, in crossing, a tributary of the Atrato is struck, and thence down that affluent to the main river, which is navigable thence to the Atlantic for the largest ships at all seasons of the year. By this route the entire length of the canal required for ships of deepest draught will be but twenty-eight miles, twenty-two of which will be through an almost level plain, leaving six miles of rock cut-

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ting through the dividing ridge, including a tunnel under the mountain of three miles in length. To keep the cutting on each side of the dividing ridge near the surface some locks will be required, nine in all. The only serious obstacle in the way is this dividing ridge, and if it can not be got over with a ship-canal, Captain Selfridge calculates that it can be tunneled at a cost, from ocean to ocean, of seventy millions of dollars. This route has several important advantages, some of which are that there is a deep, safe, and commodious harbor on the Atlantic and on the Pacific side; that there is an abundant supply of water for the canal from the summit level at all seasons of the year; and that it is the shortest available interoceanic route, at the least cost of construction, and with the least possible amount of lockage.

INDIAN AFFAIRS.

The general orders issued by Major-General Crook, commanding the Military Department of Arizona, April 7 and 8, announced the surrender of large numbers of Indians lately hostile, and the assurance received through the tribal chiefs of their desire for a permanent peace; declared peace with these tribes on the condition that the latter should cease plundering and murdering, and remain upon their reservations; and contained instructions for the guidance of officers commanding troops stationed on the several reservations.

The Modocs have left the lava beds. On the 26th of April there was a reconnaissance made by General Gillem's command. Captain Thomas, Fourth artillery, and a party of Warm Spring Indians—seventy soldiers and fourteen Indians—marched four miles from their camps on the west side of the lava beds, when they were surprised by an ambuscade. Captain Thomas, Lieutenant A. P. Howe, Lieutenant Thomas F. Wright, and First Lieutenant Arthur Cranston were killed, and Lieutenant George M. Harris and Acting Assistant Surgeon B. Semig were seriously wounded. Thirteen enlisted men were killed and six wounded. General Jefferson C. Davis, who had been ordered to succeed General Canby, arrived at General Gillem's head-quarters May 2. During the week that followed the Modocs vacated their position. The persistency of General Davis's pursuit of Captain Jack's band has been effective in its results. On the 23d, at Fairchild's Rancho, fifteen warriors, accompanied by forty squaws and children, surrendered.

DISASTERS.

May 4.—At Dixon, Illinois, an iron bridge, crowded with an assemblage of about three hundred persons, who were witnessing the administration of the rite of baptism, broke down under its heavy burden. Seventy-five lives were known to have been lost, and thirty-two persons were more or less severely injured. The entire number of lives lost is conjectured to be between ninety and one hundred.

May 10.—Intelligence reached New York of the arrival at Bay Roberts, Newfoundland, of the steamer *Tigress*, having on board nineteen survivors of Captain Hall's arctic expedition. The party consisted of Captain Tyson, assistant navigator; Frederick Meyer, meteorologist; John Heron, steward; six seamen; William Jackson, cook; Esquimaux Joe, Hannah, and child; and Hans Christian, of Dr. Kane's expedition, with his wife and four children, the youngest only eight months old. This party, which had been landed from the *Polaris*, had been separated from the vessel by a gale which burst her moorings, October 15, 1872, in latitude 72° 35′. The *Polaris*, when last seen, was under steam and convas making for a harbor on the east side of Northumberland Island. She had no boats left. She was under the command of Captain Buddington, who had thirteen of the crew with him and a good stock of provisions. Captain C. F. Hall had died November 8, 1871, of paralysis. He had just returned from a sledge expedition. Captain Tyson's party, after drifting about on an ice-floe a distance of 1500 miles, and being nearly reduced to starvation, was picked up by the *Tigress*, April 30, 1873, in latitude 53° 35′, near Wolf Island. The *Polaris*, when left, had started for her voyage homeward. The expedition had reached the latitude of 82° 16′.

March 22.—An extensive conflagration in Hong-Kong, China. Forty-four acres of houses destroyed, and 5000 persons rendered homeless.

May 2.—Three cars of the Portland express on the Grand Trunk Railroad left the track near Soixante, Canada, and rolled down an embankment over thirty feet high. Thirty-two persons, mostly Americans, were injured.

May 5.—The palace of the Mikado of Japan, at Jeddo, was destroyed by fire. It was an immense and magnificent structure—a city within itself.

May 7.—Railway accident near Pesth, Hungary. Twenty-one persons killed and forty injured.

May 13.—In the Drummond Colliery, Westville, Nova Scotia, there was a series of fire-damp explosions, caused by the use of gunpowder in blasting. The mine was set on fire, and the single shaft through which an egress was provided was rendered useless. The number of lives known to be lost is fifty-nine. The miners had just returned to their work after a strike.

OBITUARY.

April 30.—In Washington, the Hon. James Brooks, Representative in Congress from the Sixth District of New York, in his sixty-third year.—In New York city, John R. Thompson, formerly editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, and more recently literary editor of the New York *Evening Post*, in his fiftieth year.

May 5.—At St. Petersburg, Russia, James L. Orr, our minister to Russia, formerly Governor of South Carolina, aged fifty-one.

May 6.—At Charlottesville, Virginia, Dr. William H. M'Guffey, Professor of Moral Philosophy at the University of Virginia.—In New York city, John Romeyn Brodhead, author of *The History of the State of New York*, aged fifty-nine.

May 7.—In New York city, Chief Justice Salmon P. Chase, in his sixty-sixth year.

May 8.—In North Easton, Massachusetts, the Hon. Oakes Ames, in his seventieth year.

April 29.—In Weston-super-Mare, England, William Charles Macready, the well-known actor, aged seventy-nine years.

May 8.—At Avignon, France, John Stuart Mill, eminent as a philosophical thinker and author, in his sixty-seventh year.

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Editor's Drawer.

POETRY and advertising seem to have become blended, "as it were." Ordinary prose has ceased to have the power to invest with proper attractiveness the announcements of vendors. Great emergencies bring out great minds. Hence the necessities of the advertiser have evolved the poet. This, for example, of a tailor, who, spurning prose, "drops into poetry," like Wegg:

Oh! come into the garden, Maud,
And sit beneath the rose,
And see me prance around the beds,
Dressed in my Sunday clothes.

Oh! come and bring your uncles, Maud,
Your sisters and your aunts,
And tell them Johnson made my coat,
My waistcoat, and my pants.

Equally fanciful and suggestive is this:

Gayly young Ferguson
Bought his cigar—
Bought it at Mulligan's,
Where the best are.

When he wants fine-cut, or
Snuff for his nose,
Gayly young Ferguson
Purchases those.

More substantial, however, is the following, where the mingling of mackerel and emotion, cheese and affection, is really sweet:

Oh! say not I love you because the molasses
You purchased at Simpson's was golden and clear:
The sirup, the sugar, the jelly in glasses,
The crackers, the mack'rel, I know, were not dear.

But when you came to me with Simpson's smoked salmon,
And showed me his samples of Limburger cheese,
I felt that his claim to be cheap was not gammon:
I loved you, and said so, dear Jane, on my knees.

We are indebted to Mr. I. N. Choynski, proprietor of an antiquarian bookstore in San Francisco, for the following communication, ordering certain recondite works of a theological character. The orthography is preserved *verbatim:*

— Ill. *Apl* 13, 1872

Mr. I. N. Choynski

Sir Please Send me a catalogue of all ancient History you have for Sal also them which you do not Sel but are accuainted with— I am in search of history which relates the most inate idie of the New Testament also the old in its premature age giving the condition of the Testament in its infancy. there is two works in particular that I want. it is thus—Augustines Fauste—Boulangers life of Paul. Yours Truly, —

Any man so persistent in his wish to get at "the most inate idie of the New Testament" ought to be helped through, and Augustine and Boulanger are the fellows to do it.

In the early days of Judge R——d on the bench of the Sixteenth Judicial District of California a case came before him wherein the people were plaintiff, and it becoming necessary to get a change of venue to another county, where a jury could be obtained qualified according to law—by entire ignorance (of the case)—to try the case, the district attorney, a young and promising lawyer, advocated sending it to Amador County, while Judge Marshall, the attorney for the defense, was equally as strong an advocate for El Dorado County. Judge R——d, after patiently listening to their seemingly interminable arguments, jokingly suggested that the attorneys should retire and play a game of cribbage, twice around the board, to decide the question. Both attorneys considered themselves experts at this game, and no sooner was the suggestion made than the district attorney sung out, "I'll do it;" whereupon Judge Marshall, equally as excited, sung out, "I'll do it." They immediately retired from the court-room, while other business in the court proceeded, and were gone about fifteen minutes, when they returned. The judge thereupon put the question, "Gentlemen, have you agreed to which county your case shall be sent?"

Judge Marshall then arose, in his ponderous, dignified way, and replied, with a broad grin extending from ear to ear, "May it please your honor, you may send it to Amador."

The court was convulsed with laughter. The district attorney had beaten by two points in the game.

The Drawer is indebted for the following to a legal gentleman at Osage Mission:

At a recent term of the District Court of Neosho County, Kansas, John Stall, a regular juror, being asked, upon the selection of the jury for the trial of the case of John Cooper (Mount Vernon, Ohio) *versus* Z. A. Eaton, what, if any thing, he knew respecting the cause, replied, "I knew the plaintiff down in Indiana; he put up a mill for me; this was twenty years ago."

Whereupon the Court (Goodin, J.) perpetrated the following:

'Twas down in Injianny,
In the land of "shakes" and woe,
Where I knew the wily plaintiff,
"Just twenty years ago."

I was then engaged in milling,
Working hard through heat and snow,
When I caught the phiz of plaintiff,
"Just twenty years ago."

I hadn't *much* acquaintance;
I knew him just "so-so:"
This was down in Injianny,
"Just twenty years ago."

I haven't any prejudice;
I have told you all I know:
I bought a mill of Cooper
"Just twenty years ago."

Two for the little folk:

Little Miss V——, of this city, upon her return from a children's party, being asked if she had had a good time, replied, "Yes, but *there wasn't much boys* there."

A few Sundays since the subject of the lesson in the Sunday-school at —— was "Joseph sold into bondage." After school the mother of a little five-year-old girl asked her:

Q. "Where did Joseph find his brethren?"

A. "At Dothan."

Q. "What did his brethren say when they saw him coming across the plain?"

A. "There comes the little fool!"

An Englishman, giving in a late London journal a few reminiscences of Mr. Babbage, the man of the calculating machine, says that Mr. B. used to speak as if he hated mankind in general, England in particular, and the English government

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and organ-grinders most of all. This hatred of the aggregate, combined with a love of individuals, is illustrated by an anecdote wholly unconnected with Mr. Babbage: Some time ago an Oxford don, noted for his good wine, invited to dinner the then dean and canons of Christ Church. The wine gave general satisfaction until a new kind was brought round, which all were expected to drink, but which no one seemed to appreciate. "You liked all my wines separately," said the host; "but I have now mixed them together, and you dislike the compound. Just so individually you are my best friends, but when you act collectively, you are the most detestable set of men I know."

SPEAKING of grammar, the following conversation is said to have occurred in a railroad car recently between a young lady teacher, who also writes for the ——, and an old gentleman who had a notion that he could speak the English language:

OLD GENTLEMAN. "Are there any houses building in your village?"

YOUNG LADY. "No, Sir. There is a new house being built for Mr. Smith, but it is the carpenters who are building."

GENTLEMAN. "True: I sit corrected. To be building is certainly a different thing from to be being built. And how long has Mr. Smith's house been being built?"

LADY (*looks puzzled a moment, and then answers rather abruptly*). "Nearly a year."

GENTLEMAN. "How much longer do you think it will be being built?"

LADY (*explosively*). "Don't know."

GENTLEMAN. "I should think Mr. Smith would be annoyed by its being so long being built, for the house he now occupies being old, he must leave it, and the new one being only being built, instead of being built as he expected, he can not—"

Here the gentleman perceived that the lady had disappeared.

WE had supposed that all the anecdotes of Henry Clay worth repeating had been published, but a fresh one seems to have sprung into existence, which exhibits Mr. Clay's humor in so pleasant a light that we gladly reproduce it. It is told by one Sam Long, formerly well known as a clown in the "arena." He says: "I remember once we entered Lexington in procession, and it happened that Mr. Clay was driving in at the same time. I brought up the rear of the procession, riding a mule. As he was directly behind me, I turned my face to the mule's tail, and sang out, 'Here we are, fellow-citizens, Wisdom led by Folly.' The people shouted, and Mr. Clay seemed greatly amused. Next day at the circus I made him a speech, in which I advised him to be President of the United States, and take me into his cabinet. That night he sent me a bottle of the finest wine I ever tasted, with his compliments, saying, 'From the poorest fool to the best clown in the United States.'"

BOB —— is well known about Quincy, Michigan, as a great trader, and one of the wealthiest men in the township. One day he was endeavoring to trade an old gold watch for a horse, when the party of whom he proposed to get the weather-gauge asked him how many carats fine the watch-case was. Bob, thinking to enhance its value, said he believed it was seventy-five!

"That can't be," replied the man, "for twenty-four carats is the standard for gold."

"Well, mebbe there ain't," said Bob, "but the watch has got *all the carrats they is!*"

IN April last, while the Hon. S. S. Cox was making a flying visit to the scenes of his boyhood in Ohio, he attended church, as all good Coxes do, on Sunday, and listened to a sermon from the following text, "As a servant earnestly desireth the shadow"—Job, vii. 2.

The venerable preacher began by saying he had seen a picture illustrating the text, which represented a slave looking toward the west, waiting for the end of the day's work. It was entitled, "Longing for Sunset." How he "improved" that text! He called on the worthies of both Testaments; pictured Jacob's longing for Joseph, and old Simeon's desire to go, "since his eyes were made glad." He impressed the thought that life was a struggle, and no man should desire to go. "Work was to be done. And yet we should look and long for 'sunset.' When the heart breaks, and sorrow is too painful, and suicide tempts, and the soul longs for 'sunset,' we should remember that sunset is only the vestibule of sunrise." But how he perorated! "When the river is passed, the swollen flood passed, and heaven attained, there will be unshadowed joy, for there is *no Sunset in heaven!*"

Rather rough on our Congressman!

MR. GEORGE LUNT, one of the cleverest literary men of Boston, is about to delight the general public with a volume on the peculiarities of New England life, old and new. Among other anecdotes that will grace his book is the following, of an educational character, which may be said to convey the idea of a somewhat tardy sympathy:

The girls, too, had their academy for those who aspired to something beyond the common range; and when, at a later period, I became conversant with their circle, I must say that I have never known young ladies of better manners or more cultivated minds. As an evidence of more expansive benevolence than usual, and of profounder interest in the affairs of the great world abroad, I remember that when the class of students in Goldsmith's *Ancient History* came to recitation, one young lady burst into a torrent of tears. The astonished teacher anxiously inquired into the cause of her emotion. In the midst of her sobs she ejaculated, "Oh, that good man, Socrates! To think they should have treated him so!" She was finally soothed: but, considering that the incident in question was of a rather remote date, this ebullition of feeling evinced a generous sympathy with a victim of past injustice truly worthy of a philanthropic mind.

MR. GROTE, the eminent historian, took the pleasant view of gossip and egotism when the gossiper gossiped of himself. "It is agreeable to me," he observes, "when a man talking to me will talk about himself. It is the topic which he knows most about, and which I can hardly know from any other quarter. Of course he may talk about himself in a tiresome way, or to excess; but so he may about any other topic. When a man either talks or writes his own personal experiences, you are pretty sure to learn something; and if he does not know how to make *these* interesting to hearers, he will hardly know how to make outlying matters interesting. Personally,

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I dislike talking about myself; but I am rather pleased than otherwise when others in talking with me throw off that reserve. A brilliant talker like Macaulay might be expected to feel impatient of egotism in others; but those who are more content to listen than he was, will hardly share the same impatience."

THOSE who take an interest in the great subject of palindromes may find themselves rewarded by attentive perusal of the following:

1. Of a noted giant I am the name,
   And backward or forward I'm just the same.
2. Of a dull uniformity I am the name,
   And backward or forward I'm just the same.
3. Of the light of a countenance I am the name,
   And backward or forward I'm just the same.
4. Of the sun's mid-journey I am the name,
   And backward or forward I'm just the same.
5. Of the mother of mankind I am the name,
   And backward or forward I'm just the same.
6. Of a fair young Mary I was the name,
   And backward or forward I'm just the same.
7. Of what compels silence I am the name,
   And backward or forward I'm just the same.

   These initials combine: you will find they frame
   Of a son of Britain the noble name,
   A peer and statesman of fairest fame;
   And backward or forward he's still the same.

The seven words are Gog, Level, Eye, Noon, Eve, Lepel, Gag—the initials either way making Glenelg.

As a specimen of epistolary commendation we present the subjoined. Persons desirous of a simple, concise form for recommending other persons to other persons can scarcely do better than adopt it. First is the note of the applicant, followed by the indorsement. The parties reside in Virginia.

MR. ——: I understand that you are wanting overseers to attend to your farms that you have bought. I beg to inclose testimonials, and venture to hope that from my previous experience I should be of some use to you. My habits of life are such to insure regularity in the discharge of my duties, and can only assure that should you honor me with your confidence, I should spare no pains to acquit myself to your satisfaction.

I remain your obedient servant,

JAMES TERWILLIGER.

INDORSEMENT.

VIRGINIA, *January* 31, 1873.

W. B. W——, Esq.:

SIR,—I'm solicited by your friend James Terwilliger to indorse his ulogy above, which I do. His habits are temperate, his disposition congenial to social fluency in business. His comprehension of agriculture is exquisite artful. His firmness in his capacity equals his sobriety in habits. Also having never been espoused, he leads a life of celibacy. So I think all the characteristicks relative to yeomanry are centered in him.

Yours, etc.,

JETHRO ESTERBROOK.

THIS from Wisconsin:

Competition is said to be the "life of trade," and I suppose it is; but it may be carried to *extremes*, as, I think, the Drawer will admit after reading this. Having been appointed to administer on the estate of a neighbor recently deceased, I was greatly annoyed by solicitations for an order for the grave-stones for the departed. After some three or four weeks a very gentlemanly "marble man" introduced himself, told me his business, and asked for "the job." I replied that as soon as it was known that a person was dangerously ill, "a grave-stone man" made his appearance, demanded "the job," and asked for the inscription for the head-stone. He replied that he knew it was so, and added, "*I* don't do it, and I won't, for it isn't decent; but I often find myself in the same 'fix' that Deacon B—— was in."

"How was that?" I asked.

"Why," said he, "old Deacon B—— had long had his eye on Mrs. W——, whose husband had for several weeks lingered on the borders of the grave. A few days after the funeral of Brother W—— the deacon made a friendly call on the widow, and in the course of the conversation remarked that after a proper time had elapsed he proposed to offer her the consolation of his hand and heart, which he hoped would not be unacceptable to her. 'Oh, deacon,' she replied, 'you are too late: *Elder C—— spoke to me at the grave!*'"

THE negro and mule (writes a friend in Clinton, Louisiana) are inseparable companions in the Southern cotton fields, and, like the Hiawathan string and bow, useless each without the other. The lazy indifference and careless cruelty of the one, and wonderful powers of endurance of severe labor, bad treatment, and neglect of the other, complete the compatibility of the two races necessary for the production of four millions of bales. A characteristic anecdote may be relished by those who have had experience of the two. The spectator had taken refuge from the sun's perpendicular rays under the shade of a spreading beech, *sub tegmine fagi*, and lay recumbent, enjoying the fitful breezes and the sombre frothiness of the country newspaper. Along the dusty road which passed by this retreat came jogging a negro, mounted on a mule, both apparently fast asleep. As the somnolent pair approached the spot, some wicked sprite of the place gave the paper a flirt, which was no sooner seen and heard than the mule, as mules only know how, instantly "swapped ends," and leaving the negro sprawling in the dirt, took his departure, under full sail. The negro, half raising himself, and wiping the dust from eyes and mouth, watched the retreating mule for some time in silence, but at length, unconscious of an auditor, gave expression to this philosophic soliloquy:

"Dat's what makes me 'spise a mule!"

THERE lives in the city of Fall River, Massachusetts, a "tonsorial operator and capillary regenerator." He is a colored gentleman, and respectable. Entering a dry-goods store the proprietors of which had recently removed to Fall River from Maine, he thus accosted one of the firm:

"I'm told you are a Bangor man."

"Yes, Sir."

"Well, I thought so," continued the barber; "you look like a Maine man; they *all* look alike. *I came from Maine myself!*"

The member of the firm, being a very light blonde, appreciated the humor of the man of color, and smiled a little smile.

THERE are no men who in proper circumstances enjoy a hearty laugh more than do preachers. There was recently such a laugh in ——. The Publishing Committee of a large denomination held its regular meeting. It is the custom for every manuscript submitted to the committee

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to be referred to two of its members, and if after examination they report approvingly, it is published; if not, it is declined. When the two members differ in opinion, the manuscript is referred to a third member, who, of course, agrees with one of the two members, and thus decides the matter. Recently the Rev. Mr. —— reported concerning a manuscript that there were in it things he liked and things he disliked, and that his position was that of the *long-eared* animal midway between two bundles of hay, and equally attracted by both. The Rev. Dr. —— said that his position was the same as that of the Rev. Mr. ——. The chairman of the committee said, "Brethren, will you appoint a third person *to pull the two asses toward one of the bundles of hay?*"

Some years ago, when horseback riding was much more common than now, two travelers were journeying through the State of ——. In passing over a stony, sterile region, with here and there a dwarfish shrub and sickly tuft of grass, they chanced to ride by a little cabin. One of the travelers said to the other, "I pity the man that lives here; he must be very poor." The occupant of the cabin overheard the remark, and came out, saying, "Gentlemen, I want you to know that I am not so poor as you think. *I don't own this land.*"

OUR LONDON SCRAP-BOOK.

THE ENGLISH SQUAW.



R. SULLIVAN, who wrote the dictionary, must have possessed a considerable fund of latent if unconscious humor. His definitions are as entertaining as Dr. Johnson's. Here are two of them: "*Woman*, the female of the human race." "*Woman-hater*, one who hates women." These definitions are simple in the extreme, and the correctness of them is unimpeachable. It may be objected that they are wanting in perspicuity, that they might be more explicit, that the definer has hardly been exhaustive in his treatment of the subjects. But, after all, what more could be said than has been said? He might have compiled whole tomes on the theme, drawing his theories from authors ancient and modern, and seeking for his examples on every continent, with result scarcely more satisfactory. How much more nearly have those arrived toward an understanding of the subject who have given their attention exclusively to the study of woman's character? How frequently are the favorite theories of such of us as advocate woman's rights overthrown by the discovery of some new trait, the exposure of some unsuspected characteristic? "Woman's wrongs" remains an initial question for our solution, and the spectacle of silent suffering, of daily submission to intolerable burdens, of love outliving systematic cruelty, of natures degraded to the condition of the savage, enduring life in the hope of affectionate intervals—these are the scenes that confound elaborate theories and rout abstruse philosophers. To such philosophers there can be no more puzzling problem submitted than that suggested by the condition of the English squaw.

The oft-repeated boast of after-dinner philanthropists of the contented and happy condition of the laborer, their warm descriptions of cleanly homes and cheerful hearths and blooming progeny, may generally be traced to the combined effects of turtle, port-wine, and national pride. We begin to treat these inevitable epigrams with scarcely more respect than is bestowed upon the vague but time-honored assertion that "Britannia rules the waves" (a privilege for which she has occasionally to pay somewhat dearly), or the sage allusions to the vast moral superiority of the English over all other nations. These patriotic effusions may be natural; but, considering that Napoleon the Great has been dead for some years, and that pigtails have gone out, and that the world generally has not been standing still, they sound somewhat silly. The truth is that the condition, social and moral, of the poor at the present moment is not only distressing, but alarming. The English squaw is no fiction. The English squaw is a stern and terrible reality. She lives in debasing serfdom, and clings affectionately to her chains. She exists at the potteries. She vegetates round the mouths of the mines. She is numerous and prolific in the manufacturing districts. But in London she swarms most abundantly. She leads a life that would kill most women, and thrives under it. From the depth of her serfdom she will point with composure to the golden souvenir of her nuptials (if haply that relic be not in pawn), and she will thank Heaven that she is not as other women are. She boasts of her ill-fed brood, and declares that she has no reason to be ashamed of them. Her husband, whose sole object in life seems to be to keep her in subjection, and to chastise her for mutiny, she loves—after a fashion. One insatiable monster pursues her—it is poverty. One sustaining spirit supports her—it is gin.

But let us take a type or two. Step with us into the precincts of Lincoln's Inn. No antiquarian spirit prompts us, nor are memories of the old locality busy with us. We will make no search for the wall in the building of which Ben Jonson is alleged to have assisted in his brick-laying days. We pass hurriedly by the numerous specimens of Inigo Jones's architecture visible on every side. The ancient mansions of dukes and earls, now converted into lawyers' chambers, shall not detain us. Nor shall we even stop to investigate the printing-

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office in which Benjamin Franklin served his apprenticeship. But entering the net-work of pestiferous alleys that lies between Lincoln's Inn and Drury Lane, we will explore the wigwam of an English squaw.

This narrow lane will serve our turn. You mount three steps and enter it. It is flagged throughout, and although there has been no rain for days, the surface is wet and greasy, for down the centre of the flagging runs a brick channel, into which the refuse of the houses is thrown. A crowd of juvenile and half-naked savages have made a slide on this delightful pavement. The houses almost touch each other. The details of domestic arrangement in one house are altogether visible to opposite neighbors. Banners are hanging from the outer walls. The scraps of family linen are being dried—smoke dried. This house with open doors (the doors of all the houses are open) is of three stories and a basement, and about eight families reside in it, there being two wigwams on each floor—a primitive and unpleasant way of living.



"ONE SUSTAINING SPIRIT SUPPORTS HER—IT IS GIN."

But let us enter and see the squaw. There she stands in the middle of the domestic filth and confusion. She is about forty years of age, has a narrow forehead, and is insufficiently clad. You observe the gash on the cheek and the black contusion over the eye. You also see that pewter pot lying on the table. The gash was inflicted by that pewter pot, directed by the unerring hand of her husband. She looks vicious and discontented as she tries to clean and tidy the room. The squaw, with Herculean effort, is always cleaning, but never cleans. Two beds are rolled up in one corner; two children are fighting in another. The family live, sleep, eat, drink, and fight in this one apartment.

Dinner hour approaches—arrives. The door is flung open, and the male savage enters, calumet in mouth. He glances round the room—his brow lowers. His ways are all ungentle. He is brusque in manner. Indeed, his brusqueness is of so exaggerated a type that, were it not for the teaching of after-dinner epigrams, one might mistake it for brutality. His language is of the worst. He invariably enforces his argument by oaths, and frequently punctuates his sentences by the delivery of well-aimed projectiles. The replies of the squaw are not overrefined, and the report of the short dialogue which takes place has to be carefully sub-edited before it can be submitted to the public.

MAN. "Wy ain't my [terrible expletive] dinner ready? D'ye 'ear?"

SQUAW. "H'm."

MAN. "Oh, so yer won't answer me, won't yer, you [more terrible expletive]. D'ye think I'm a-goin' to stand like this 'ere an' not say nothin' about it?"

He knocks down the table, throws a plate on the floor, and administers a kick to one of the children. This has the effect of arousing the squaw.

SQUAW. "You jest let Tommy alone, or I'll let you 'ave it 'ot. Jest lay a 'and on 'im again, an' see if I don't."

MAN. "'It 'im? ay will I, an' 'it *you* too; so don't let's 'ave none of yer sarce, you [most terrible oath]."

Then succeeds one of those frequent and frightful scenes—a fight in the wigwam. Blows are struck, missiles are flung, screams and oaths and crying of children are heard in diabolical chorus. Furniture is disabled, black eyes are interchanged, and a small crowd collects at the door, one of the members of which sententiously and unsympa-

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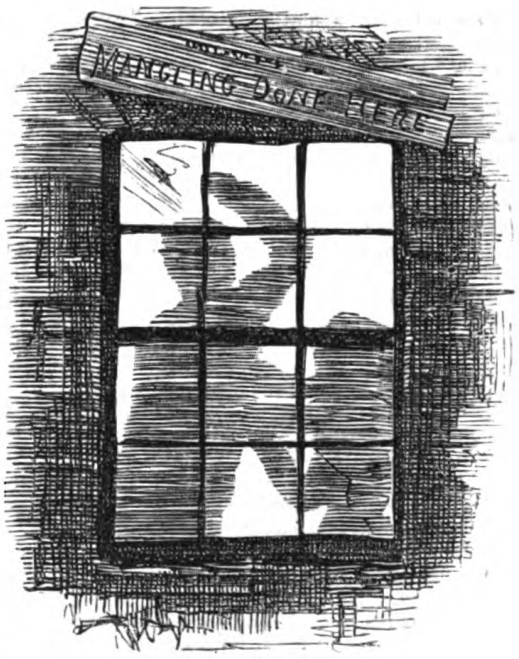
"HOLIDAY-MAKING, AS THEY CALL IT."

thetically observes, "Mr. and Mrs. Smith are at it again."

As we leave the lane we are consoled to find that philanthropic effort is not paralyzed, for a bill-poster announces that a meeting will be held to-morrow night at Exeter Hall on behalf of foreign missions. Possibly when these foreign missions shall have been successfully accomplished, those who have the direction of them may find time wherein to study the condition of certain large communities of very savage beings living upon their borders.

But let us see a squaw under less dreadful circumstances. She is holiday-making, as they call it. That is to say, her husband is holiday-making, and she is going with him to carry the basket of provisions and mind the children. They are going to spend a "happy day" in Rosherville, or Greenwich Park, or Hampstead Heath. Under these favorable conditions endeavor to form a conception of the position which the woman holds in the domestic economy, and of the point of view from which her husband regards her, and of the chances she has of "rights." There is wanting here even the savage gallantry of the wild Indian. The tone is one of cool contempt. The replies, when the condescension of a reply is granted, rough and, unless coupled with an oath, monosyllabic; the questions generally sneers, the comments generally sarcasms. While the squaw, unaccustomed to kindness, and regarding passive brutality as positive blessing, trudges on wearily, carrying the big basket with the porter and the gin and the cheese, and holding her resistful offspring to her side.

The English squaw as above presented is not intended as the description of some exceptionally unfortunate creature. A type is indicated, and not an individual—a class, and not an exception. The scene might be moved from the neighborhood of Lincoln's Inn to that of Whitechapel, or Bethnal Green, or Ratcliffe Highway, and with a similar result. Over and over again is it stated from platforms in the city that the essential difference between this nation and less favored communities may chiefly be seen in the willing and chivalrous homage accorded to women by the rougher sex. This statement is usually accompanied by quotations from Burke or Sir Walter Scott, and is much applauded. The real fact of the matter is this, that there is no human being on the face of the globe more deeply sunk in the social scale, more systematically neglected and abused, more habitually insulted, tyrannized over, and maltreated, than the English squaw.



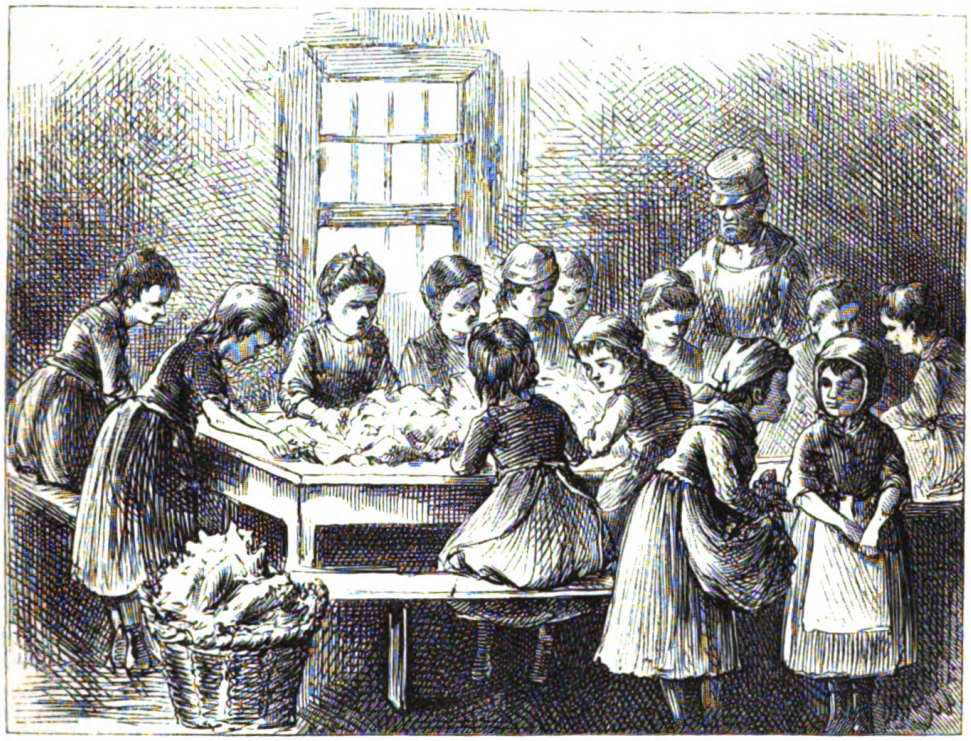
A FIGHT IN THE WIGWAM.

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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCLXXIX.—AUGUST, 1873.—Vol. XLVII.

THE LITTLE LABORERS OF NEW YORK CITY.



LITTLE TOBACCO STRIPPERS.

ONE of the most touching facts to any one examining the lower strata of New York is the great number of young children toiling in factories and shops. With the children of the fortunate classes there are certain years of childhood which every parent feels ought to be freed from the burdens and responsibilities of life. The "struggle for existence," the labor of money-making, the toil for support, and all the cares and anxieties therewith, will come soon enough. And the parent is glad that the first years at least should be buoyant and free from care, with no shadow of after-life upon them. He knows how heavy the burden must be which the child will soon be forced to carry, and he is pleased that a few years can be left cheerful and happy and free from anxiety. But the father of the poor child can indulge in no such sentiments. He is compelled to harness the little one very early to the car of labor, or if he be not forced to this, he is indifferent to the child's natural growth and improvement, and believes that his boy ought to pass through the same hard experience which he had himself. He is struggling with poverty, and eager for every little addition which he can make to his income. The child's wages seem to him important, and, indeed, it requires a character of more disinterestedness and a mind of more scope of view than we usually find among the laboring class to be able to forego present profit for the future benefit of the little one. The laborer sees the daily earnings, and does not think much of the future advantages which the child may win by being educated now. The father, accordingly,

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ENVELOPE MAKERS.

of a poor boy is found in all countries to be willing to neglect his education, if he can put him at profitable work. Neither his affection for his offspring nor his unselfishness can be relied upon as guarding his child's future. The law is forced to protect the minor.

In Great Britain the evils of this great army of infant workers had, a few years since, increased to an alarming extent. Hundreds of thousands of little ones were found growing up without any education, except the petty practical experience of the small branch of factory labor in which they were engaged, without any full development of body, their little forms bent and rickety, their countenances pale, their growth stunted by premature labor, and arriving at manhood utterly unfitted either to be citizens or the heads of new families. Vast numbers of them also died under this youthful slavery; and the mines and factories were discovered to be an immense slaughter-house for these unfortunate children. At length a band of devoted reformers and philanthropists arose, who were determined that this burning shame of their country should be wiped out, who felt that the wealth and culture of England rested on a hideous foundation when the labor of oppressed children built up the structure. They began an incessant agitation against the overlabor of factory children. They wrote for the press, printed documents, held public meetings, petitioned Parliament, and sought in every way to rouse the public feeling and conscience. They had against them the indifference of the poor parents themselves, and an enormous factory interest which made rich profits out of the toil of these unhappy children of poverty. Every where the specious arguments were brought forward that the poor themselves most of all needed the labor, that the earnings of the children supported the families of the laborers, and if these were excluded from factories they would all come upon the unions or the public almshouses. It was claimed that it was better to support the children of the laborers even by their own overwork than to keep them in poor-houses. It was urged that it was an oppression on the parents, who had brought these children into the world, not to allow them to use their earnings. The production of England would be diminished, it was said, and she would lose in the markets of the world, if this great source from children's labor were dried up. Even the education of the factory was lauded, and it was claimed that the incessant labor on one object was better for a poor child than the training it would get in the streets. To direct the manufacturer where to procure labor and where not was an interference with "freedom of trade." Capital and labor, even child's labor, should be left to natural laws.

Against all these sophistical arguments, however, the great humanity of England asserted itself. It saw it was the manifest duty of the state to guard the children of the poor and unfortunate against the greed of capital and the indifference of their own parents. It felt that these little beings were the wards of the public; that they ought not to be dwarfed in body and cramped in mind by the covetousness of others; that they had a claim on the protection of the fortunate. It was more and more seen, also, that it was not for the interest of England that a great multitude of human beings should grow up among the people ignorant in mind, weakened in body, and unfit for the duties of manhood. There were "danger-

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ous classes" enough in the English cities, whom no reformation or legislation could reach, without adding to them this immense mass of children, enslaved, as it were, in their early years. The interest of the state was evidently in education, even if production were diminished. A greater evil than poverty was widespread ignorance. It was clear, too, that this great class of children would produce all the more hereafter if their minds could be trained in childhood. The best condition for popular wealth is popular education. Moreover, it was not believed that the exclusion of the children from the factories would drive the families to the almshouse. There was no difficulty, evidently, in arranging half-time schools and half-time work. The one would help the other. The young laborer would be better for his school, and the young scholar for his toil.



GOLD-LEAF WORKERS.

After incessant discussion and a long contest, the English "Factory Bills" were carried through Parliament, were repeatedly amended, improved, and enlarged, until they form now a ponderous Blue-Book.

These acts have been rigorously executed, and their effects have been that hundreds of thousands of little "white slaves" have been redeemed from slavery, saved from premature toil and sickness, and that a new class of English laborers are growing up, better educated, healthier, happier, and of more value to their employers. The reform was one of the most glorious and beneficent ever carried out in Great Britain.

This terrible evil of the overwork of children was early felt in the State of Massachusetts. A great manufacturing population had concentrated there, and some of the economical conditions of the Old World were repeated. Children were found in various parts of the State enslaved to labor from their earliest years, without proper education, and weakened in bodily power. No thorough effort, however, was made to check the evil till 1866, when the Legislature passed an act "restraining the employing of children of tender years in manufacturing establishments." This was subsequently repealed, and a more thorough and stringent law passed in 1867 (Chapter 28). By this act no child under ten years of age could be employed in any manufacturing establishment in the State. Of children between the ages of ten and fifteen years no one was allowed to be thus employed unless he had attended a day school at least "three months of the year preceding," or a "half-time school" during the six months. And if this amount of education be not secured, the employer is obliged to at once dismiss the child. It is necessary also that the school should be a suitable one, and approved by the school committee of the town where the child resides. The "ten-hour provision" is also made applicable to children, and no child under fifteen can be thus employed more than sixty hours per week. If ever the "Eight-hour Act" was reasonable, it would be as applied to children, and forty-eight hours per week seems to us quite enough for any working boy or girl. The penalty for the violation of this act in Massachusetts is fifty dollars both to employer and parent.

The phraseology of the Massachusetts law does not seem as careful as would be desirable, and is not made sufficiently yielding in cases of hardship among the poor; neither is sufficient power given to the executive officer to enter manufacturing establishments, and no sufficient school certificates or forms of registration for the factory children are provided for.

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THE LITTLE BURNISHERS.

It is evident, however, that, with all its defects, the law has brought about a great alleviation of the evil of children's overwork. The officer appointed for the execution of the act has been in correspondence with all the manufacturers of the State, and has visited their works. This has at once called the earnest attention of the employers of Massachusetts, who are a very intelligent and philanthropic class, to the extent of this great evil. They have immediately sought for themselves to remedy it. Some of them have established half-time schools, which they require all the children in their employ to attend; and their experience here is similar to that in England—that they secure thereby a much better class of workers. Others arrange double gangs of young operatives, so that one set may take the place of another in the factory while the latter are in school. Others, again, have founded night schools, and great numbers of the young factory laborers are trained in these. The law is considered throughout Massachusetts as having been the commencement of a great and much-needed reform.

The act passed in Rhode Island (Chapter 139) is very similar to that of Massachusetts, except that no child under twelve can be employed in any factory, and no child during the nine months of factory-work is allowed to be employed more than eleven hours per day. The penalty for the violation is only twenty dollars.

Connecticut is in advance in matters of educational reform. Her citizens early saw the terrible evil from children's overwork, and the Legislature passed acts against it as early as 1842. The final and most stringent law, however, passed on this subject in Connecticut was in 1869 (Chapter 115). This law includes agricultural as well as manufacturing labor, and it throws on the employer the responsibility of ascertaining whether the children employed have attended school the required time, or whether they are too young for labor. The rules, too, in regard to school attendance are exceedingly strict. The age at which three months' school-time is required is fourteen. The penalty for each offense is one hundred dollars.

The law, however, is defective in that it does not establish the lowest age under which a child may be employed in a factory, and does not limit the number of hours of labor per week for children in manufacturing establishments.

The manufacturers of Connecticut seem to have co-operated with the law with the utmost good sense and humanity. One of them writes to the State executive officer: "We do not dare to permit the children within and around our mills to grow up without some education. Better for us to pay the school expenses ourselves than have the children in ignorance." Others have followed the example of Massachusetts manufacturers, and have opened night schools and half-time schools for their little employés, while others have permitted the division of the children into alternate gangs, of whom one is in school while the other is in the factory.

It is difficult to obtain minute or accurate information in relation to children employed in factories in New York city, and more difficult still to gain access to the factories, owing to the reluctance of employers to admit strangers. The manufacturers naturally suspect some sinister motives on the part of the inquirers. They are jealous of one another, and desirous of keeping their various patents and modes of work secret from

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their competitors. There have been not infrequent instances of covert attempts by the members of one firm to get possession of the secrets of another, and they are consequently all somewhat suspicious of strangers making inquiries.



MAKING PAPER COLLARS.

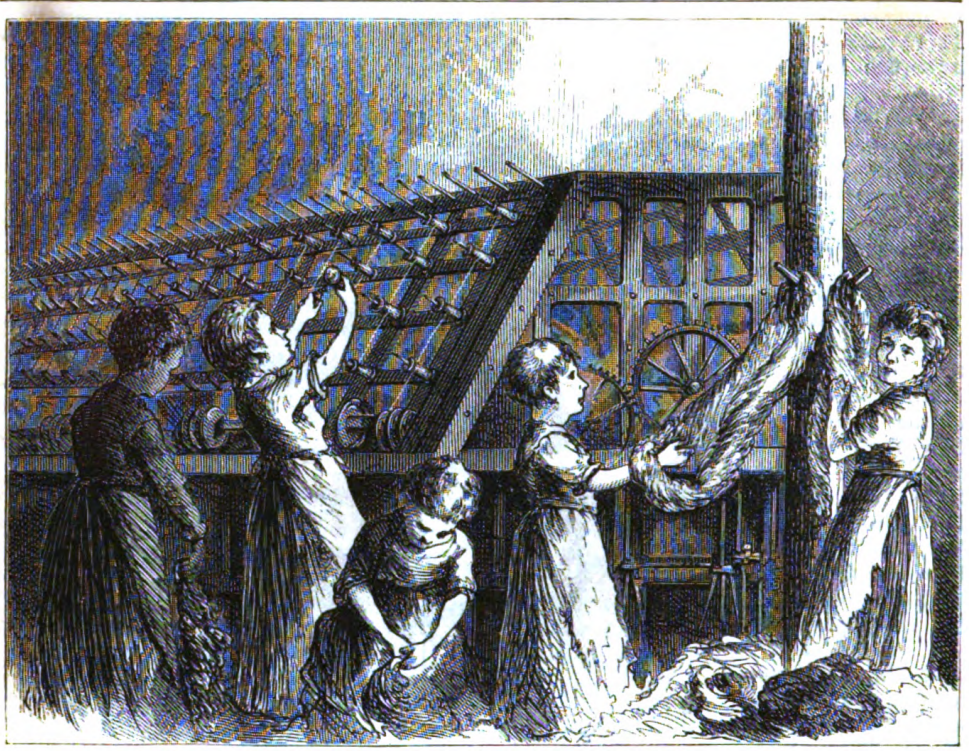
It is estimated on trustworthy grounds that over 100,000 children are at work in the factories of New York and the neighboring districts, while from 15,000 to 20,000 are "floaters," drifting from one factory to another. Of these the envelope factories employ about 8000 children, one-quarter of whom are under fifteen years of age. The average earnings of the little workers are $3 per week. The ventilation in these factories is generally good. The gold-leaf factories employ a large number of children, though the exact statistics of the number can not be given. This occupation requires much skill and delicacy of touch; it is not severe, but demands constant attention. The outside air is carefully excluded from these factories, owing to the fragile nature of the material used. The girls employed are mostly over fifteen years of age. The burnishing of gold, silver, and china-ware is mostly done by girls, some of whom are under thirteen years of age. Singularly enough, it is said that men in this business require to wear breastplates, in order to prevent injury from the steel instruments employed, while the girls who labor at it sit at long tables, their undefended breasts pressing against the handles of the frame.



MAKING PAPER BOXES.

Paper-collar factories are a very important branch of

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TWINE MAKERS.

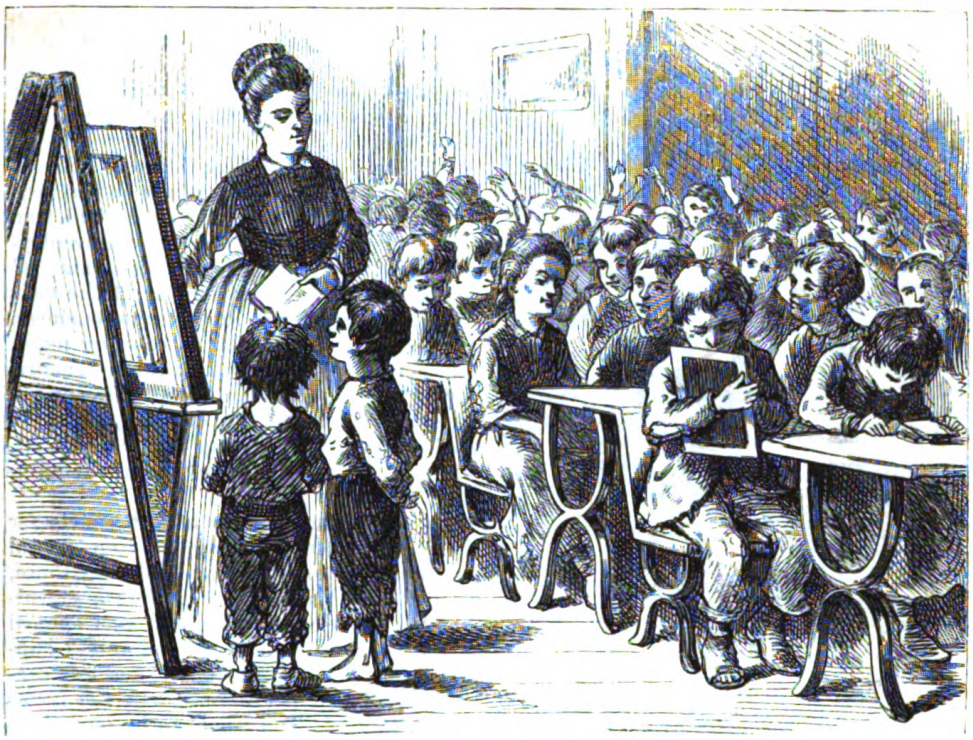
children's labor. Fully 8000 girls from twelve to sixteen years of age are employed in it. A girl can count and box 18,000 collars in a day of ten hours.

Paper-box factories, embracing all sorts and sizes, from a match to a work box, employ at least 10,000 children. These become very expert, and often invent new patterns. The material being cheap, the children are permitted to take home enough to do extra work, and are thus, in fact, excluded from night school.

In regard to factories for making artificial flowers it is extremely difficult to obtain trustworthy information, as access to the shops is rigidly refused. After considerable investigation, it seems to us that from 10,000 to 12,000 children are engaged in them, of whom nearly 8000 are under twelve years of age. Many are only five and seven years old. The latter are employed preparing and cutting feathers for coloring. Employers claim this to be a healthy business, but, judging from the pale and sickly countenances of the girls, we doubt the assertion.

Another important industry employing children in the city is the manufacture of tobacco. The tobacco factories contain fully 10,000 children, of whom 5000 at least are under fifteen years. The youngest child we saw employed in them was four years of age. He was engaged in stripping tobacco, and his average earnings were about one dollar per week. Many laborers work all their lives in these factories. We saw persons as old as eighty years in them. A man seventy years of age told us he had spent thirty years in one factory. His two boys had entered the factory with him at the age of ten and twelve years, and were now at work as men in the same shop. Another, the foreman, and general workshop manager, had entered that factory thirty-five years ago, when a boy ten years of age. In some of these factories boys under fifteen years are employed in dusky cellars and basements, preparing, brining, and sweetening the weed preliminary to "stemming." The under-ground life in these damp, cavernous places tends to keep the little workers stunted in body and mind. Other boys from ten to twelve years were squatting on the floors, whetting the knives of the cutting machines with a mixture of rum and water applied with a sponge. The rapidity with which the girls work is wonderful. A girl of sixteen years can put up thirteen gross of packages of chewing tobacco in tin-foil, and twenty-two gross in paper, in one day. Girls and boys from twelve to fourteen years earn in this business from four to five dollars per week. Some little girls only eight years of age earn $3 per week. The fact is that these children are often able to perform the same amount of this light labor as adults, while they only receive a portion of the pay given to older laborers. Thus the children who ought to be in school are made to deprive older laborers of their employment and remuneration.

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THE NIGHT SCHOOL.

Still another branch absorbs a great number of children—the twine factories. No accurate estimate can be obtained of the number of little laborers in these, but it is known to be very large. In one up-town factory alone, 200 children, mostly girls, are employed. This work is dangerous. The "hackling machines" are generally tended by boys from ten to fifteen years of age. Their attention must be riveted on the machinery, and can not relax for a moment, or the danger to life or limb is imminent. The "twisting machines," attended to by girls, are equally dangerous. Many have lost their fingers, or joints of them, that were caught in the twine. Only great presence of mind has saved many of these girls from losing the whole hand. We knew in one instance, in a single night school in New York, five factory girls who had each lost a finger or thumb. It is evident that strict legislation is needed here, as it has been in England, to protect these young workers from dangerous machinery. The air of these twine factories is filled with floating particles of cotton and flax, and must be exceedingly unhealthful.

It will be seen from these condensed statistics what an immense population of children in this city are the little slaves of capital. How intense and wearying is their daily toil, and how much of their health and education is sacrificed in these early years and premature labor! The evil in New York is evidently enormous, and most threatening to our future. These children, stunted in body and mind, are growing up to be our voters and legislators. There are already over 60,000 persons in New York who can not read or write. These little overworked operatives will swell this ignorant throng. Fortunately this great abuse has not escaped the attention of humane men.

There is one well-known benevolent organization in New York which has been especially the friend of working children—the Children's Aid Society. This has established in various parts of the city "industrial schools," where the children of the working classes are taught habits of industry, order, and cleanliness, together with common-school lessons and some industrial branch, and are then forwarded to places in the country. Besides these well-known institutions, which contain now during the year some nine thousand children, they have also founded night schools in destitute quarters, where boys and girls who labor all day can acquire a little education at night. The eagerness of these hard-working youths after a day of severe toil to obtain the rudiments of education is one of the most pathetic experiences in the field of the society's work. In one school, the Park School, near Sixty-eighth Street, young girls and lads, who have been working from seven o'clock till six, have been known to go without their supper in order not to miss the evening lessons. The stormiest weather and the worst

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SEWING-MACHINE OPERATORS.

walking do not keep them from these schools. In the various night schools of the Children's Aid Society will be found hundreds of little ones from six to thirteen who have been working very hard the whole day, and who are now just as eager to learn their little tasks. Their occupations are innumerable. Thus we learn from a recent report from one of the society's visitors that at the school at 98 Crosby Street "there were some hundred children. Their occupations were as follows: They put up insect powder, drive wagons, tend oyster saloons; are tinsmiths, engravers, office-boys; in type-foundries, at screws, in blacksmith shops; make cigars, polish, work at packing tobacco; in barber shops, at paper stands; are cash-boys, light porters, make artificial flowers, work at hair; are errand-boys, make ink, are in Singer's sewing-machine factory, and printing-offices; some post bills, some are paint scrapers, some peddlers; they pack snuff, attend poultry stands at market, in shoe stores and hat stores, tend stands, and help painters and carpenters.

"At the Fifth Ward School (No. 141 Hudson Street) were fifty boys and girls. One of them, speaking of her occupation, said: 'I work at feathers, cutting the feathers from cocks' tails. It is a very busy time now. They took in forty new hands to-day. I get three dollars and fifty cents a week. Next, I'll get more. I go to work at eight o'clock, and leave off at six. The feathers are cut from the stem, then steamed, and curled, and packed. They are sent then to Paris, but more South and West.' One boy said he worked at twisting twine; another drove a 'hoisting-horse;' another blacked boots, etc.

"At the Eleventh Ward School, foot of East Eleventh Street, there was an interesting class of boys and girls under thirteen years of age. One boy said he was employed during the day in making chains of beads, and says that a number of the boys and girls present are in the same business. Another said he worked at coloring maps. Another blows an organ for a music-teacher.

"At the Lord School, No. 207 Greenwich Street, the occupations of the girls were working in hair, stripping tobacco, crochet, folding paper collars, house-work, tending baby, putting up parcels."

Among the institutions of this society for the education of working children should not be forgotten the Girls' Lodging-House, at No. 27 St. Mark's Place. Here a gratuitous "Sewing-machine School" was opened a few years since, the manufacturers supplying machines gratuitously, and any destitute girl, whether a lodger in the house or not, can be trained here to be an "operator." It is found often that a poor half-starved girl will enter this school, and if bright in learning the business, will in three weeks go out and earn from a dollar to two dollars a day in operating on a machine. The fact is a remarkable one in an econom-



TRAINING SERVANTS.

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ical point of view, and shows that the supply of skilled machine labor is by no means equal to the demand. That such wages can be earned by utterly destitute girls, after so short a training, is one of the most hopeful signs which have ever appeared here with reference to the female working class. In this machine school, during the year, over a thousand girls are trained.

Another interesting experiment in this house is the opening of a "training school for servants." Its benevolent managers have taken pity on our housekeepers. They have remembered the troubles which every family undergoes from awkward and ignorant domestic service; the bad and unhealthy cookery, the slovenly house-cleaning, the ill-made beds, the poorly washed garments, and all the inflictions which we suffer daily from a class of workers who do not understand their business. An experiment is being made to remedy this evil by training a few young girls in this house as thorough and skillful servants. They are taught to cook a simple and nourishing breakfast in the morning; they then receive lessons in bed-making; they are next drilled in sweeping and scrubbing. They are instructed how to prepare a plain and well-cooked dinner, and a supper which a Christian may eat. On some days they are trained in laundry-work, on the sewing-machine, and in hand-sewing. The idea is an excellent one, and the experiment may result in producing a class, which is the greatest necessity in this country, of thorough-trained servants. The practical difficulty, however, will be that every housekeeper of the land is at the head of a "domestic training school," which will more than compete with this, as the lady not only trains the girl, but pays her board and wages for being trained.



THE NEWSBOY'S FIRST LESSON.

Besides this lodging-house are four other lodging-houses, for newsboys, boot-blacks, and other street lads. The best known of these is the Newsboys' Lodging-House, No. 49 Park Place, the first ever opened in any country, founded in 1854. During nineteen years it has sheltered 91,426 different boys, restored 7196 lost and missing ones to friends, provided 7108 with homes, furnished 576,493 lodgings, and 426,580 meals. The entire expense of all this, including rent, furniture, repairs, etc., has been $124,223 29, of which amount the boys have contributed $32,806 96, leaving the actual expense, over and above receipts from boys, $91,416 33, being only about $1 for each boy.

Still another is the Rivington Street Lodg-

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ing-House, No. 327 Rivington Street, which has attached to it a beautiful greenhouse of flowers; a third is at No. 709 East Eleventh Street, and a fourth at No. 211 West Eighteenth Street. All these lodging-houses together shelter during the year some 12,000 homeless children.

Another ingenious effort for the benefit of the destitute children of the city is the "placing-out system," which has been carried out by the Children's Aid Society during the last twenty years with such remarkable success. The society early saw the immense benefit in taking advantage of the peculiar economical condition of this country in treating questions of pauperism. They at once recognized the fact, and resolved to make use in their plans, of the endless demand for children's labor in the Western country. The housekeeping life of a Western farmer is somewhat peculiar. The servants of the household must be members of the family, and be treated more or less as equals. It is not convenient nor agreeable for a Western matron to have a rude European peasant at the same table and in the same room with the family. She prefers a child whom she can train up in her own way. A child's labor is needed for a thousand things on a Western farm. Children, too, are valued and thought much of. The same opportunity is given to working children as to all other children. They share fully in the active and inspiring Western life. They are moulded by the social tone around them, and they grow up under the very best circumstances which can surround a poor boy or girl. No treatment which man could devise could possibly be so beneficial to the laboring children of this city as that offered by Western farms. Moreover, a child's place at the table in our rural households is of small account. Of food there is enough and an abundance. Generosity, and especially toward children, is the rule in our Western districts. This benevolent association, taking advantage of these great facts, early made arrangements for scattering such little workers of the city as were friendless and homeless all through the Western country. Western agents are employed who travel through remote farming districts, and discover where there is an especial call for children's labor. An arrangement is then made with the leading citizens of the village to receive a little detachment of these homeless children of the great city.

On a given day in New York the ragged and dirty little ones are gathered to a central office from the streets and lanes, from the industrial schools and lodging-houses of the society, are cleaned and dressed, and sent away, under charge of an experienced agent, to seek "a new home in the West." When they arrive in the village a great public meeting is held, and a committee of citizens formed to decide on the applications. Farmers come in from twenty to twenty-five miles round, looking for the "model boy" who shall do the light work of the farm and aid the wife in her endless household labor; childless mothers seek for children that shall replace those that are lost; housekeepers look for girls to train up; mechanics seek for boys for their trades; and kind-hearted men, with comfortable homes and plenty of children, think it is their duty to do something for the orphans who have no fair chance in the great city. Thus in a few hours the little colony is placed in comfortable homes. Subsequently, if changes should be necessary, the committee replace the children, or the agent revisits the village, while a steady correspondence is kept up by the central office with the employers. In this way something like 25,000 boys and girls have been placed in country homes during the past twenty years. Nearly 3000 a year are now sent forth by the society. Great numbers of these children have acquired property, or have grown up to positions of influence and respectability.

This association, not content with all these ingenious devices for the benefit of the working children, are now especially laboring to prevent the evil of overwork in factories. An act has been drawn up by their counsel, Charles E. Whitehead, Esq., and is now before the Legislature, designed for the protection of factory children. By this law no child under the age of ten years is allowed to be employed at all in a manufactory, and no child under the age of twelve, unless he can intelligibly read.

No child under the age of sixteen years is allowed to be employed more than sixty hours in one week, while four public holidays are secured to him. We think a humane amendment to this provision would have been the limiting of the day's work of children to eight hours. Other sections of a very stringent character secure to every factory child between the ages of ten and sixteen a certain proportion of education, either in night schools, half-time day schools, or by three months' annual schooling. Judicious exceptions are made in cases where a poor family is dependent on the labor of its children, in permitting such children to attend the night school instead of the usual day school.

Careful registers are required to be kept by the manufacturers or employers, showing the amount of schooling enjoyed by each child, the time of his labor in the factory, and other facts important for the execution of the law.

Humane provisions are also included in the act for the promotion of the good sanitary condition of the factories, and to protect the children from dangerous machinery.

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WORK OF THE CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY.

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Under the proposed law a new official has to be appointed by the Governor, to be called the "Inspector of Factory Children." Such an officer, acting under so wise and humane a law, can not but accomplish immense good throughout the State.

It is a matter deeply to be regretted that certain manufacturers in the State Legislature in Albany have not imitated their more enlightened and humane contemporaries in Massachusetts, and given their hearty support to so beneficent a measure. Instead of this, we are sorry to be informed that they are offering a factious opposition which may entirely defeat this act, and put New York in a very unfavorable position, as compared with the New England States, in her legislation to protect factory children.

THE TELEGRAPH.



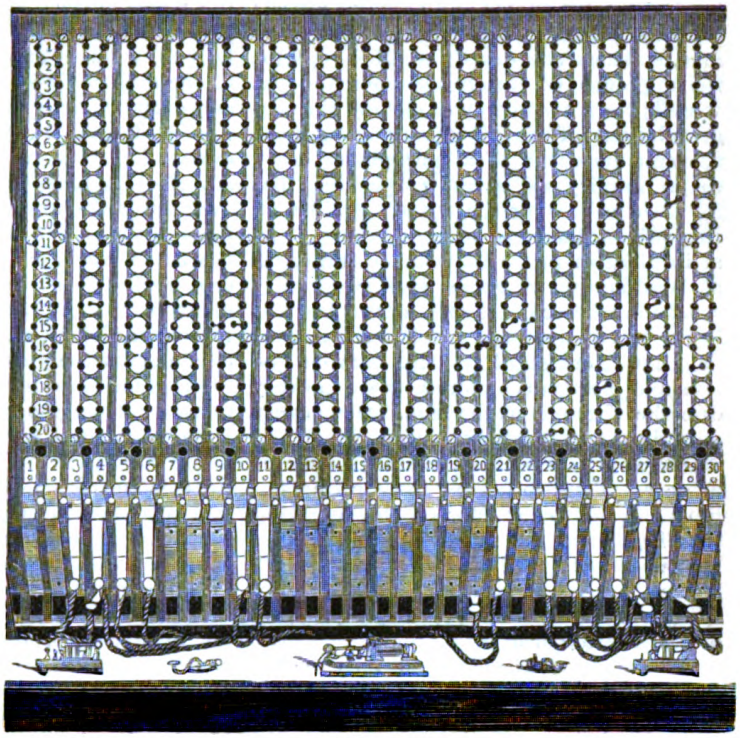
A TERMINAL STATION.

WHEN we look at a railroad map of the United States, with its intricate net-work of black lines, and in imagination fill it out with its double tracks, its junctions and busy stations, its dépôts and engine-houses, and then people and vivify the picture with its swarming and hurrying life and its gliding trains, ever making up, traversing the field, breaking and forming new combinations, incessantly succeeding, passing, and crossing each other; and when we add the bands of pioneers, surveyors, engineers, laborers, and construction trains which form the fringe of this net-work, constantly extending its meshes in every direction, and adding new intricacies to its most crowded parts—the mind is almost bewildered with the thought of such an immense labyrinth, such complex organization.

If we could rise above the surface of the earth, and take in the whole country at a bird's-eye view, with visual power to discern all the details, the net-work of the telegraph would be still more curious to look upon. We should see a web spun of two hundred thousand miles of wire spread over the face of the country like a cobweb on the grass, its threads connecting every important centre of population, festooning every great post-road, and marking as with a silver lining the black track of every railroad. We should observe men, like spiders, busily spinning out these lines in every direction, at the rate of five miles an hour for every working hour in the year. If we should trace these threads back from the circumference, we should find them converging from every direction to certain central knots, like Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Buffalo, Washington, and many others of equal importance, and thence running in great strands, doubling and multiplying in number as they approach the centre, but so arranged as to bind every city and town

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to all its neighbors, near and far. If the eye, seeking to analyze this labyrinth, should pursue the converging lines, it would at last follow a great band of more than two hundred and fifty wires, from every point of the compass, running into one great centre in the city of New York, in the main office of the Western Union Telegraph Company. Other minor centres would appear, but this one would immediately be recognized as the great core or heart of the system.



ONE-QUARTER OF SWITCH-BOARD, WESTERN UNION OFFICE, NEW YORK CITY.

If, now, such an observer could be gifted with a magic power of vision, which man has not yet dreamed of attaining, so as to be enabled to see that unseen and silent force we call electricity, and discern its instantaneous actions and reactions from point to point over this bewildering maze, the net-work of the telegraph would present a spectacle far more amazing than that of the railroad system.

As the morning sun sends the hour of nine across the continent, the offices are filled with operators, an army of nearly ten thousand persons, engaged in the various functions involved in the service. The batteries, which we may imagine to have been mostly slumbering during the night, all awake to their work, and the quiverings and scintillations of electric action along the wires would show the whole net-work to be now alive. On the great trunk lines the last of the night work is finished, the morning orders are circulated, and around the circuit flash the humorous salutations which the operators exchange with their unseen fellows, who seem to be concealed at their elbow, but who are in reality hundreds or thousands of miles away. Ten o'clock finds the offices full of business. Outward-bound messages pour in to be dispatched, and messages received are ticked off by the talking armature, to be written out and sent off for delivery. By eleven o'clock the press news begins to crowd upon the operators, and then for two or three hours the excitement is at its height. Every one must be at his post, every faculty alert, and attention incessant. The zinc in the batteries burns fiercely under the corroding acid, the mysterious "current," which becomes more wonderful the more conscious we become of human ignorance respecting it, leaps to its work. Every available circuit on the great lines is pressed to its utmost. The operator's keys dance their tattoos, to which the distant receiving instruments instantly respond, reproducing the slightest, most transient motion. The whole net-work of wires, and the submarine cables which connect it with other equally active systems on the other side of the globe, are all quivering from end to end with signals of human intelligence.

After two o'clock signs of relaxation appear. The press messages diminish; messages that have been waiting to take their turn are cleared off. At four the heavy business of the day in many offices is about over. The great lines are still crowded, and their work runs on into the evening. At last the business of night work begins, and the press messages from Washington, and the business and social messages that are taken at half price, in consideration of their being allowed to be sent at leisure, to be delivered next morning, are transmitted between the great cities, north, south, east, and west.

Every phase of the mental activity of the country is more or less represented in this great system. The fluctuations in the markets; the price of stocks; the premium on gold; the starting of railroad trains; the sailing of ships; the arrival of passengers; orders for merchandise and manufactures of every

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kind; bargains offered and bargains closed; sermons, lectures, and political speeches; fires, sickness, and death; weather reports; the approach of the grasshopper and the weevil; the transmission of money; the congratulations of friends—every thing, from the announcement of a new planet down to an inquiry for a lost carpet-bag, has its turn in passing the wires. Amidst all this private business perhaps some political incident of prime importance transpires at Washington, or some terrible casualty shocks Boston or Chicago. Almost instantly the knowledge of it reaches the nearest ganglion of our great artificial nervous system, and it spreads simultaneously in every direction throughout the land. Along every wire the same pulsations run, speaking their message upon all the instruments in a circuit at once. Thus, to borrow the striking figure of Scripture, quick "as the lightning that lighteneth out of the one part under heaven shineth unto the other part under heaven," an electric flash of intelligence spreads over the country, carrying a thrill of gratification or of grief.

Our observer, if he could not only see the oscillations of electric condition, but also discern the meaning of the pulsations, and read the messages as they circulate, would thus have a panorama of the business and social affairs of the country passing under his eye. But the telegraph has now become so true a representative of our life that it would hardly be necessary to read the messages in order to find an indication of the state of the country. The mere degree of activity in the business uses of the telegraph in any given direction affords an index of the prosperity of the section of country served thereby. Mr. Orton, the president of the Western Union Company, gave a striking statement of this fact in his argument before a committee of Congress in 1870. He said: "The fact is, the telegraph lives upon commerce. It is the nervous system of the commercial system. If you will sit down with me at my office for twenty minutes, I will show you what the condition of business is at any given time in any locality in the United States. After three years of careful study of the matter, I am ready to appeal to the telegraph receipts as a criterion under all circumstances. This last year the grain business in the West has been very dull; as a consequence, the receipts from telegrams from that section have fallen off twenty-five per cent. Business in the South has been gaining a little, month by month, for the last year or so; and now the telegraphic receipts from that quarter give stronger indications of returning prosperity than at any previous time since the war."

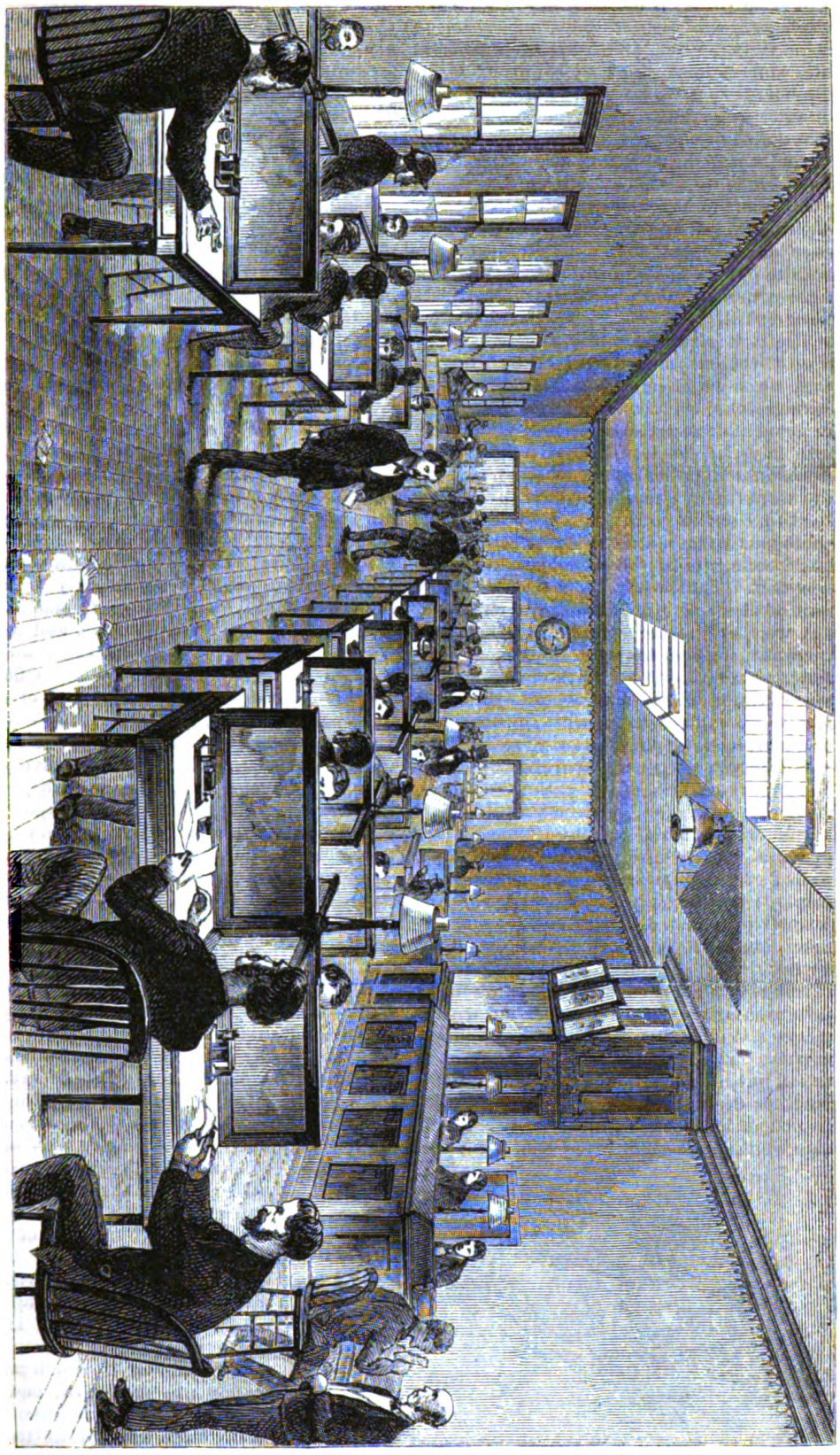
The observer, whom we have supposed capable of seeing electricity, would find that the whole surface of the earth, the atmosphere, and probably the fathomless spaces beyond, were teeming with manifestations of the electric force. Every chemical process, every change of temperature, all friction, and every blow, in nature or in art, evolves it. The great process of vegetation, and the reciprocal process of animal life, all over the globe, are accompanied by it. As incessantly as the sun's rays pass around the earth, warming every part, in alternation with the cooling influence of night, great currents or fluctuations of magnetic tension, which never cease their play, circulate about the globe, and other, apparently irregular, currents come and go, according to laws not yet understood, while the aurora borealis, flaming in the sky, indicates the measureless extent of this wonderful power, the existence of which the world has but begun to discover. Our observer would see that these great earth currents infinitely transcend the little artificial currents which men produce in their insulated wires, and that they constantly interfere with the latter, attracting or driving them from their work, and making them play truant, greatly to the vexation of the operators, and sometimes to the entire confusion of business. If a thunder-storm passed across the country, he would see all the wires sparkling with unusual excitement. When the rain fell, and water, which is a conductor, trickled along the wires, and stood in drops upon the insulators, he would see the electricity of the line deserting its path, and stealing off slyly, in greater or less quantities, over the wet surface of the insulators, or by the wet straws or kite strings that sometimes hang across the line. Now and then he might see the free electricity of the storm overleap the barriers, and take possession for the moment of some unguarded circuit, frightening operators from their posts.

Such an observer would realize, what it is difficult adequately to conceive, that electricity is, as has been said, the great hidden force in nature, and still remains, so far as man is concerned, almost dormant. A high scientific authority has remarked, in speaking of metals, that the abundance of any object in nature bears a proportion to its adaptation to the service of man. If this be true in general, we may expect that electricity will become one day a most familiar thing.

With the exception of those general readers whose taste or course of reading has led them somewhat into scientific paths, there are not many persons who find it easy to form a definite idea of the precise mode of action by which a telegraphic wire conveys its messages—so multitudinous and varied in their character, and transmitted with such inconceivable rapidity.

We are, it is true, most of us somewhat farther advanced in our ideas on the sub-

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OPERATING-ROOM OF THE WESTERN UNION COMPANY, NEW YORK.

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ject than the good old lady was who, when a telegram was brought to her purporting to come from her son, and asking her to send him some money, said they could not swindle her in that way, for she knew her son's handwriting perfectly well, and she was sure that dispatch never came from him; or than the child who, hearing that dispatches of various kinds were sent by telegraph, watched a long time in hopes of seeing some of them darting along the wires. Still, to the mass even of intelligent and well-informed readers, the precise mode in which the communications are made is a mystery more or less inscrutable.

The difficulty of forming a clear conception of the subject is increased by the fact that while we have to deal with novel and strange facts, we have also to use old words in novel and inconsistent senses. Scientific men have, of course, found it necessary, in describing the phenomena of electricity, to use words which mankind have heretofore used to designate other things of somewhat analogous nature, and which call up in the mind conceptions quite inadequate to the new fact. Thus, when it is said that a current of electricity *flows* along the wire, that the wire or the current *carries* a message, the speaker takes language universally understood, relating to a fluid moving from one place to another, and a parcel or letter transported from place to place. He does not, however, mean that there is any stream flowing, or any thing whatever transported, but he is speaking only of the action and reaction of an imponderable force, and the making of intelligible signals by its means at a distance. Such language the world must, perhaps for a long time to come, continue to employ; and it is not strange that those to whom the subject described by it is entirely new should be sometimes laughably misled by it.

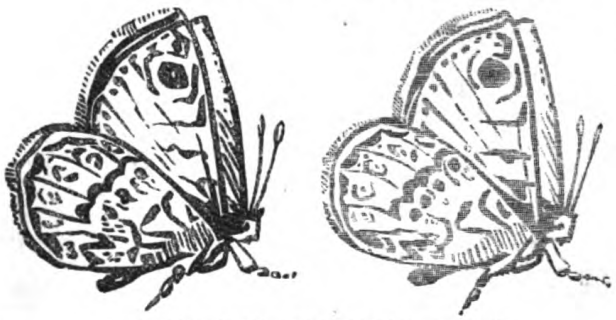
Not long since a countryman came into a telegraph office in Bangor, Maine, with a message, and asked that it be sent immediately. The operator took the message as usual, put his instrument in communication with its destination, ticked off the signals upon the key, and then, according to the rule of the office, hung the message paper on the hook with others that had been previously sent, that at night they might all be filed for preservation. The man lounged around some time, evidently unsatisfied. "At last," says the narrator of the incident, "his patience was exhausted, and he belched out, 'Ain't you going to send that dispatch?' The operator politely informed him that he had sent it. 'No, yer ain't,' replied the indignant man; 'there it is now on the hook.'"

So far as the exact use of language was concerned, the man was right. Still more ludicrous mistakes sometimes occur. Thus the German papers reported that at Carlsruhe, toward the close of the late war, an aged mother came to the telegraph office carrying a dish full of sauerkraut, which she desired to have telegraphed to Rastadt. Her son must receive the kraut by Sunday. The operator could not convince her that the telegraph was not capable of such a performance. "How could so many soldiers have been sent to France by telegraph?" she asked, and finally departed grumbling.

Almost every operator meets with equally amusing instances. One recently related the following incident: "A gentleman came to my office to send a message, and after writing it, waited, as people often do at small offices, to see it sent. I called 'Office,' and the operator at the other end of the line came to the key and said, 'Busy—wait a minute.' So I leaned back in my chair to wait, when the gentleman said, 'Have you sent it?' I said, 'No; they say they are busy—to wait a minute;' whereupon he said, looking surprised, 'Why, I didn't hear them;' and then added, brightening up, as if he had thought of the reason, 'but I'm *a little deaf in one ear!*' I think I managed to keep a straight face till he left, but it was hard work."

It may make this distinction more clear if we advert to the transmission or production of designs, drawings, etc., by telegraph.

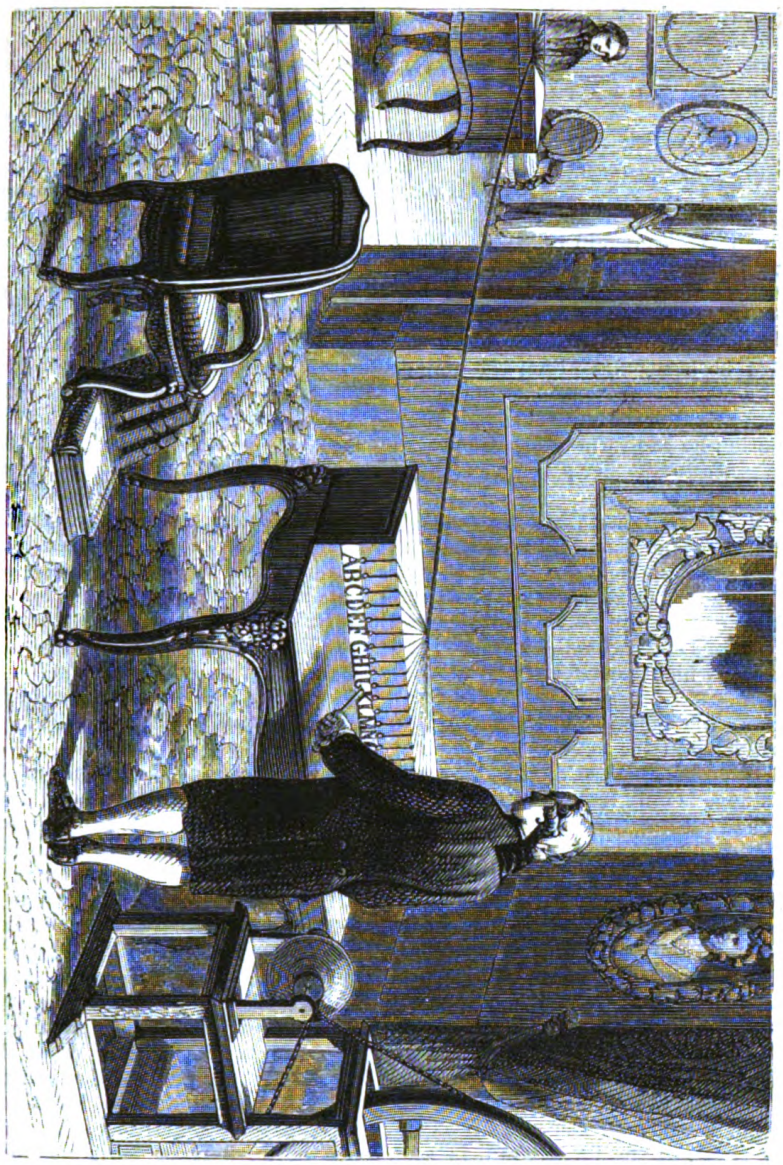
There is an instrument, which we shall hereafter briefly describe, by which this can be done. We should not, however, say, in the case, for instance, of the butterfly in the illustration, that a butterfly was sent by telegraph, nor even that a picture was sent. The operator, being furnished with one picture, created another like it, hundreds of miles away, by means of the telegraph.



A PICTURE PRODUCED BY CASELLI'S INSTRUMENT.

The first step in endeavoring to understand the operation of the telegraph is to learn to make allowance for the new sense in which many terms are employed, and to form a new conception for each, more appropriate to the new fact. Thus, though we

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LESAGE'S TELEGRAPH.

continue to speak of the current, it must always be understood as not designating a flowing fluid, and we are not to conceive of the electricity as carrying the message that we write, but rather as enabling the operator at the other end of the line to write a similar one.

Nearly two hundred and fifty years ago, when men were still dreaming of alchemy and the philosopher's stone, they conceived of two sympathetic needles which, instead of always pointing toward the north pole, should be so powerful in relation to each other that in whichever direction one was turned, the other would imitate its motion.

Strada, an ingenious and learned Jesuit of Rome, is quoted as having said, in describing this project, "If you wish your distant friend, to whom no letter can come, to learn something, take a disk, or dial, and write round the edge of it the letters of the alphabet in the order in which children learn them, and in the centre place horizontally a rod, which has touched a magnet, so that it may move and indicate whatever letter you wish. Then, a similar dial being in the possession of your friend, if you desire privately to speak to the friend whom some share of the earth holds far from you, lay your hand on the globe, and turn the movable iron as you see disposed along the margin of all the letters which are required for the words. Hither and thither turn the style and touch the letters, now this one, and now that.....Wonderful to relate, the far-distant friend sees the voluble iron tremble without the touch of any person, and run now hither, now thither: conscious, he bends over it, and marks the

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teaching of the rod. When he sees the rod stand still, he, in his turn, if he thinks there is any thing to be answered, in like manner, by touching the various letters, writes it back to his friend."

This conceit, which Addison, in No. 241 of the *Spectator*, delicately ridicules as a chimerical notion, has proved to be a very graphic description of Wheatstone's needle telegraph, so well known in England. If we add that the needles are kept in this sympathy with each other by a wire stretched from the stand of one to the other, so that whatever electrical disturbances affect the wire affect both needles alike, the reader will have a more accurate conception of the elementary principle of the telegraph than by any notion he can form of a current sent from one place to another along a conducting wire.

About a hundred and fifty years after Strada wrote—namely, in 1774—a successful attempt was made by Lesage, a philosopher of Geneva, to establish a real and physical connection between two distant places by means of frictional electricity, the only form in which electricity was at that time known.

The engraving shows the construction of his apparatus, and the manner in which it operated, though, of course, on a small scale, as the distance is only from one room to another. The rope which forms the medium of communication between the two stations is formed of wire. It consists of twenty-four strands, one for each letter of the alphabet. These strands are insulated from each other in the rope, by being each covered with some non-conducting substance, and the ends are separated at each station, and made to diverge over a table of glass or other non-conductor; and finally, the extremity of each strand terminates at each station in a pith-ball electrometer, which hangs over the letter that that strand represents.

On the right, in the foreground, is seen an electric machine for producing frictional electricity.

The arrangement of the separated ends of the wires at the farther station, and their connection with the pith balls and the letters, are the same as at the station in the foreground.

The operator at the hither end of the line has now only to make a connection by means of a discharging rod between the conductor of the electric machine and any one of the wires. The wire, being insulated, becomes electrified through its whole length, and indicates its condition by means of the pith ball at the farther end, and so points out to the observer there the letter that is intended. In this way, of course, by designating different letters in succession, any desired communication could be made.

This method was founded on correct principles, and for certain very short distances it was practically successful. It could, however, never be any thing more than a philosophical toy, on account of the difficulty of transmitting the electrical influence, *in that form*, to any considerable distance. Those characteristics of frictional electricity which are ascribed to what is termed a condition of *great intensity*—whatever that may mean—make it very difficult to insulate a conductor of any great length or extent of surface, employed to contain or transmit it. Lesage's apparatus could not be made to operate except for very short distances—too short altogether to make it of any practical use. It was not until after the discovery of a form of electricity of extremely *low* intensity—so low as to allow of the easy insulation of thousands of miles of wire—and the discovery of the relations of electricity and magnetism, by which two magnets thousands of miles apart can be put into communication with each other, and made to act synchronously, that the invention of the electric telegraph, as now constructed, became possible. The invention of Lesage, however, taken in connection with the fantastic idea of Strada, may be considered as in some sense the embryo and prototype of the modern marvel.

The histories of the inventors of the telegraph are more or less familiar to many readers, and without pausing to recount them here, let us pass to some account of the features of the system now in use.

If one should cut the wire as it hangs between two telegraph poles, and take one end in each hand, he would feel a slight succession of shocks, as the impulses of electric force by means of which the signals are made would course through his arms from one hand to the other. What this subtle force *is*, no one knows. Some of its properties are now understood, but the thing itself eludes our cognizance. The only difference between those least acquainted with the subject and the professional electricians who devote their lives to the study of it is that with the latter the mystery, without being less, lies deeper. In respect to the operations of electricity, as is true, in fact, in respect to all the operations of nature, though scientific men may succeed in tracing the steps of the process a little way, they are sure to come to the region of inscrutable mystery at last. As one has well said, the further the radius of investigation is extended, the greater appears the circumference of the unknown beyond.

There are certain general principles, however, on which the phenomena of the electric telegraph depend, which are also exemplified in a great many of the most important processes going on around us in nature and in art, which it affords great pleasure to all who love knowledge for its own sake

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to understand, though it must be confessed that the understanding of them is not of any practical importance in enabling us to transact our business at a telegraph office.

One of the most important and most fundamental of these principles is this, namely, that whatever force is expended in separating from each other two substances that are found naturally united, is given out again when the substances once more come together. Thus, if a weight is raised for a certain distance above the earth, a certain force being expended in the raising of it, precisely that amount of force, neither more nor less, will be exerted by the fall of the weight back to its original position.

And in the same manner, whatever force has been expended in separating the particles of two substances which are united by a strong chemical affinity is precisely restored when they are allowed to come together again. The most common case of such separation and reunion consists in the abstraction of oxygen—which is the great substance in nature that has the strongest affinity for almost all other substances—and the return of the oxygen to its original combinations again. In this return it gives out, of course, the force which was expended in the separating of it. This force usually reappears in the form of *heat*, and in cases in which the action is very intense—that is, in which the force is made to reappear in a very rapid manner—heat and light combined, thus producing the phenomenon which we call combustion.

Under some conditions, however, the restored force appears in the form of *electricity*. Of the inner and intrinsic nature of this form of energy we know very little. Still a great deal, comparatively, is known of the effects which it is capable of producing, and the cause producing them was formerly supposed to be a distinct and specific substance. When, however, it was at length found that the development of the electric action was always accompanied by the expenditure of some form of force, and that the force in which it thus originated disappeared just in proportion as the electric agency was developed, and, moreover, as the electric agency could be made to produce again the forms of force in which it originated, disappearing itself as the others reappeared, the conclusion was apparently inevitable that the effects are produced not by the *transfer of a substance*, but by the agency of some one of the numerous forms which the mysterious principle of force is continually assuming.

That which passes along the wires, therefore, is simply *an impulse of force*.

This force must not, however, be conceived of as a single force: it exists in two forms or phases, having a very remarkable relation to each other. Many years ago, when electricity was generally supposed to be a separate substance, permeating all ordinary objects, there were supposed to be two kinds, which were described as two fluids. Any object electrically excited was said to be charged with an excess of the one fluid or the other, sometimes the "vitreous fluid," sometimes the "resinous fluid." And a discharge or current of electricity was understood to be the disturbance caused by these two fluids in coming together again and neutralizing each other. The ordinary condition of objects not electrically excited was explained by regarding them as charged with both fluids in equal degree. Franklin sought to explain the same phenomena by the simple theory that there was only one fluid, that vitreous electricity was an excess of this one fluid over the natural amount, and that a deficiency was resinous electricity. He accordingly called the one "positive" and the other "negative;" and he described a current or discharge as the act of the excess contained in an overcharged object passing to an object which was undercharged, thus restoring the natural or ordinary equilibrium in both.

The invention of the galvanic battery was developed during periods when these theories were in vogue, and the terms "current," "positive electricity," and "negative electricity" were accordingly adopted in the language used to describe the action of the battery, and still continue in use to some extent, and although literally inappropriate, we shall have constant need to employ them in the following pages.

In a recent article in the *Journal of the Telegraph*, Mr. Prescott, the electrician, describing the propagation of electricity, compares it to heat, in the following language: "Toward the end of the year 1859, M. Gaugain, an able electrician, who had for some time occupied himself in verifying the laws of Ohm in regard to the transmission of electricity over bad conductors, sought to solve the causes of this disaccord [alluding to disaccord of scientists who had not accepted Ohm's laws], and at last found the key to the enigma. He became convinced that electricity, instead of being propagated as a wave, or in a manner analogous to that of sound or light, was, on the contrary, transmitted, as stated by Ohm, in the manner of heat in a metallic bar, which is hot at one end and cold at the other. In this case the heat and the cold communicate from place to place gradually from the two extremities of the bar, and in proportion as this double movement of heat and cold is propagated toward the middle of the bar the parts first heated and cooled acquire and lose a quantity of heat, until, the two calorific movements having met each other, the different points of the bar lose on one side as much heat as they gain on the other. Then the calorific equi-

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librium is established, and the distribution of heat upon all parts of the bar remains the same. This is what is called the permanent calorific state. But before a metallic bar arrives at this state it requires more or less time, according to its calorific conductivity, and this time, during which every point of the heated body unceasingly changes in temperature, constitutes a variable period, which, if the assimilation of the propagation of heat with that of electricity is true, ought to exist in the first moments of the transmission of a current; for, in this hypothesis, an electric current is only the result of the equilibrium which tends to establish itself from one extremity of the circuit to the other, between two different electric states constituted by the action of the battery, and representing, consequently, the two different temperatures of the heated bar."

This comparison will afford better elements for forming a conception of the electric force than the notion of fluids and currents.

The battery is the source of power for the telegraph, and in this respect it may be compared to the boiler in the steam-engine.

It is now believed that all chemical action, however slight, gives rise to a development of electricity; and a battery is an arrangement of metals and acids combined in such a form as to cause a powerful chemical action. The electric result is greatest when two metals are used one of which is strongly and the other slightly acted on. If two such pieces of metal are connected by a conducting wire, positive electricity moves or acts from the former metal through the acid to the latter metal, leaving the negative force in preponderance in the former metal. The positive electricity does not, however, remain quiescent in the second metal; it passes out by the conducting wire, and returns to the place of its origin in the first metal, where it is neutralized as fast as it arrives by the negative electricity there accumulated.

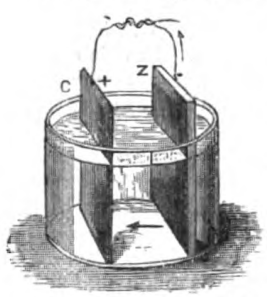


FIG. 1.—THE VOLTAIC PAIR.

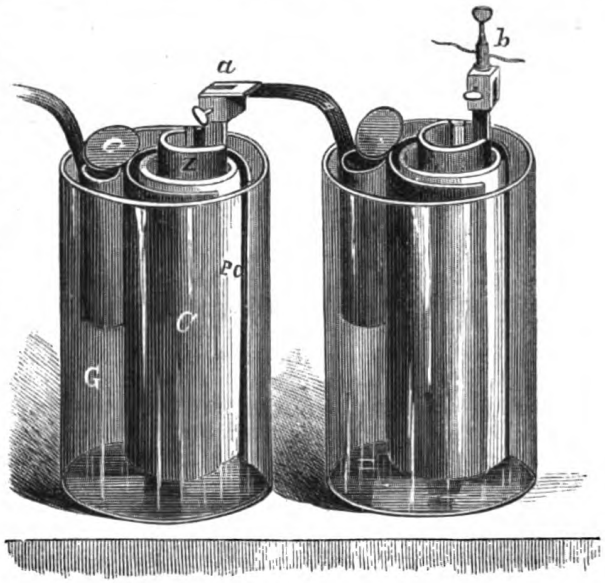


FIG. 2.—THE DANIELL BATTERY.

G is the glass or earthen jar, which is nearly filled with a saturated solution of the crystals of blue vitriol (sulphate of copper). If a bit of white paper is dipped beneath the surface of the liquid, the color of the liquid is very apparent, for it makes the paper look blue. C is a plate of copper, bent into a cylindrical form so as to fit loosely within the outer vessel. It has a pocket or chamber of copper, fastened to the upper part, with a perforated bottom, into which fresh crystals of vitriol are thrown from time to time to renew the strength of the solution. These crystals might as well be thrown to the bottom of the jar, were it not that by being dissolved near the surface they keep the solution of nearly equal strength throughout, instead of making it much the strongest at the bottom. P C is the porous cup, about two inches in diameter, which stands within the copper cylinder. It is nearly filled with soft water, or salt-water, or sometimes with a solution of sulphate of zinc. Z is the plate or block of zinc. This is made in various forms—a hollow cylinder being more powerful, on account of its greater surface, but more difficult to clean, than a plain strip. A binding screw (*b*) at the top of the zinc plate receives the negative pole wire. A strip of copper fastened to the copper cylinder, and provided with a binding screw (*a*), receives the positive pole wire, or serves to make connection between the copper of one "element" (as each jar or each pair of metals is called) and the zinc of another, when it is desired to unite several jars, or elements, to gain additional force.

This arrangement is shown in Fig. 1.

Here, in a glass vessel, are inserted, on the right hand a plate of zinc, and on the left a plate of copper (lettered respectively Z and C). The conducting wires, or pole wires, are brought around, and touch each other above. If, now, the vessel is filled with diluted sulphuric acid, the liquid begins to corrode the zinc—it burns it, so to speak—and gradually dissolves away the surface. This chemical action consists largely of the oxygen of the water leaving the particles of hydrogen with which it was united, and combining with the zinc. The force that is evolved in this change, as above explained, is in the form of positive and negative electricity. These, separating from each other, pass out of the battery, one going through the fluid to the copper and thence to its wire, and the other in the opposite direction, and they meet and seek to recover their union and equilibrium in those parts of the circuit where no chemical change is taking place.

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Meanwhile the process of evolving more positive electricity upon the copper and more negative upon the zinc goes on, so that a continuous current is said to flow from the battery. The point of contact where the positive electricity leaves the battery for the conductor is termed the positive pole, the other the negative. The course of the currents is indicated in the figure by arrows.

The force generated by a battery of so simple construction as this soon becomes weak from the decomposition of the liquid and other causes. To remedy this defect several batteries have been devised which are constant in their force. These are usually designated by the names of their inventors. Daniell's and Grove's are the two forms perhaps most generally used in this country.

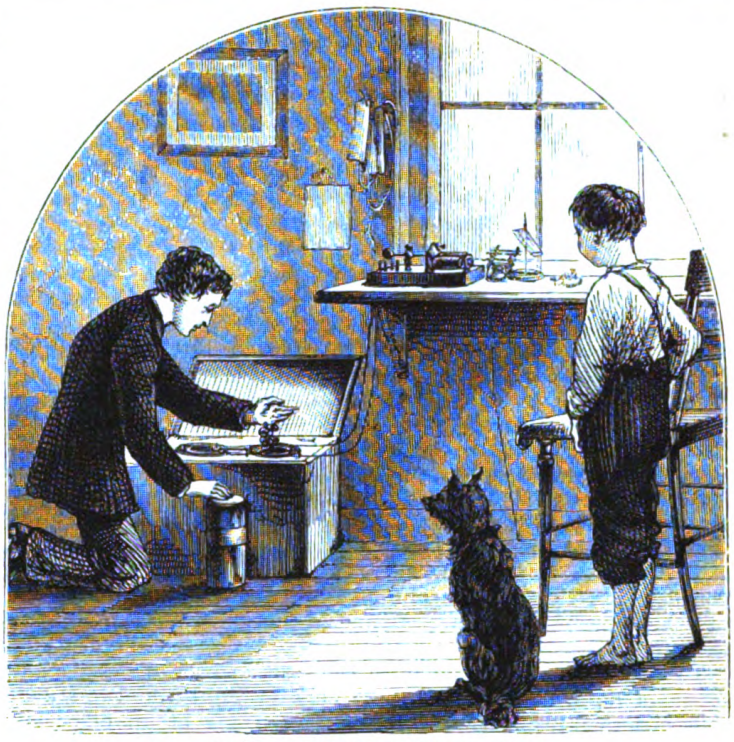


FIG. 3.—REPLENISHING THE BATTERY.

The Daniell battery is the one commonly used in small offices for the local purposes which will afterward be explained.

In Grove's battery, which has long been in use at the great central offices for the principal supply of the main lines, the outer vessel is filled with diluted sulphuric acid, and in this the zinc plate is immersed. The porous vessel placed within the zinc plate is then filled with strong nitric acid, and in this a plate of platinum is immersed. The platinum here takes the place of the copper used in the other form of battery.

The object of the porous cup in both these batteries is simply to separate the two liquids without intercepting either the chemical action between their constituent elements or the electric current. A very beau-

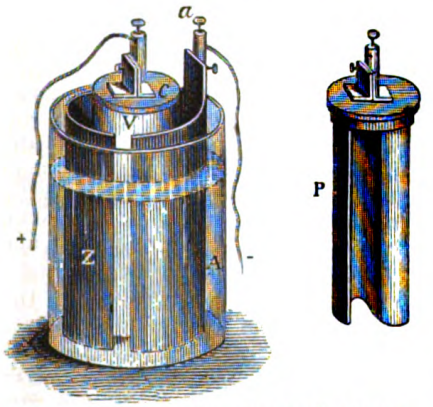


FIG. 4.—A CELL, OR PAIR, IN GROVE'S BATTERY.

A, glass vessel partially filled with dilute sulphuric acid; Z, cylinder of zinc; V, vessel of porous pipe-clay, containing nitric acid; P, plate of platinum, bent in the form of an S, and fixed to a cover, *c*, which rests on the porous vessel; *a*, binding screw.



FIG. 5.—THE CALLAUD BATTERY.

C, the copper plate, with crystals of sulphate of copper lying on it; B, solution of sulphate of copper; D, solution of sulphate of zinc; Z, zinc suspended in the latter solution; *a*, positive pole wire, connected with copper plate; *b*, negative pole wire, connected with zinc.

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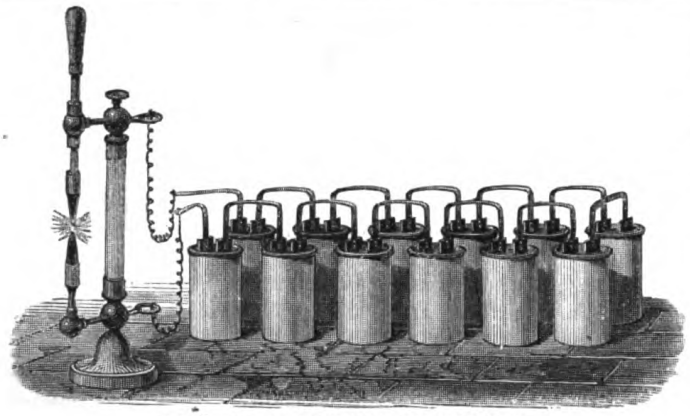


FIG. 6.—A BATTERY OF TWELVE ELEMENTS.

tiful improvement is presented in the Calland battery, in which the chemical solutions are placed in a single jar. One solution being saturated, and heavier than the other, sinks to the bottom, where the copper plate lies. The lighter solution, diluted, fills the upper part of the glass, and in this the zinc is suspended.

To gain the intensity of force necessary for main lines, a number of these cups or cells with their respective pairs of metals are united by connecting one pole of each to a pole of its next neighbor. Each cell or pair is termed an "element." For instance, a battery of fifty elements means one composed of so many jars thus united.*

Many persons have noticed that a humming sound—a low musical note—sometimes proceeds from the telegraph wires as they hang stretched upon the poles, which is caused by the wind playing upon them as upon the strings of an Æolian harp. Even when the wind is light, the sound can often be heard by applying the ear closely against the pole. Some persons have erroneously attributed this sound to the electric current. That it really proceeds from a vibration of the wires, strung as they are, may be proved, when there is no wind, by punching the pole with the end of a cane or umbrella so as to jar it slightly, and the same sound may then be heard given forth by the trembling wires.

A very strong wind sometimes, by tightening the wire, stops its vibration. The power of the wires to carry their own resonant sound to a distance enables an operator at an office sometimes to hear men working upon the wire miles distant. It is related that at the time of the completion of the telegraphic line to the Catskill Mountain House strong winds prevailed for a few days, causing a peculiarly loud humming noise of the wires. At length the wind died away, and the telegraphic Æolian harp was mute. Several days thereafter the proprietor of the Mountain House, on his way to Catskill, reined up in front of the Half-way House to water his horses, when he was accosted by the Kiskatom landlord: "How's things on the mountain?" "Lively," was the response. "Ain't doin' much telegraphin', are you?" "Oh yes; the line is quite well patronized." "Well, I didn't think so; *I ain't heerd a dispatch go up in three or four days.*"

In truth, the mysterious form of force which we call a current of electricity passes along the wires of the telegraph both silent and unseen. The clicking that is heard in the operation of the telegraph instruments is not the voice of electricity. Just as the force of gravitation pulls in perfect silence upon the weights and pendulum of a clock, and it is only by the resistance which the escapement incessantly interposes to the revolution of the toothed wheels that the tick of the clock is produced, so the electric current, though it sets in motion the tapping armature, is itself silent.

This noiseless and invisible force acts with inconceivable rapidity. The celerity of its passage varies somewhat with the appropriateness of the conductor which forms its path; but the movement is so

* Those who wish to pursue this subject will note a distinction here, which only professed electricians fully understand, and, indeed, on which the best authorities seem not to be fully agreed—the distinction between intensity or degree of tension of electricity, and the quantity of electricity. The nature of the distinction may be illustrated thus: If there were a ball of iron as large as this earth, and a common cannon-ball, both heated red-hot, the *degree* of heat in both would be the same, but the *quantity* of heat in the great globe would be vastly larger than that in the cannon-ball. The thermometer measures intensity or degrees of heat, though it does not measure the quantity or amount. There is a somewhat similar distinction in respect to electricity. The earth is charged with electricity to a certain degree or tension. If a cannon-ball lies on the ground in contact with the earth, it will be charged with electricity in the same intensity. But the quantity contained in the earth is vastly greater than that in the cannon-ball.

Increasing the size of a cell or pair, or—what produces the same effect—connecting all the zincs of several elements together, and all the coppers together, increases the quantity of electricity evolved without increasing its tension. Increasing the tension is accomplished by connecting the zinc of each element with the copper of its next neighbor.

Frictional electricity, or the free electricity of the thunder-storm, is found to be the same as magnetic electricity, except that it is of a very high degree of tension, and can not be produced in sufficient quantities, nor can the lines be sufficiently insulated, to make it available for telegraphs, as Lesage attempted to do. Its tension being very high, the degree of resistance which effectually insulates galvanic electricity is not a barrier for it, and it escapes from the wires.

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nearly instantaneous that practically the only delay, even on the longest lines, is in the intervals of time occupied by the operator at one end in setting the successive pulses of the current in motion, and by the operator at the other in observing almost at the same instant their passage.

The force which passes from a battery over the wires, though it moves with such marvelous rapidity, and though, so far as we can picture it to our imagination, it consists simply of some vibratory or quivering motion among the particles of the wire, is really much greater in amount than one would be inclined to suppose. The particles of oxygen and hydrogen, for example, as united in water, are held together by an immensely powerful attraction, and a very great force is necessary to separate them. This force, or *energy*, as it is technically called, is all given back when the separating particles come together again in the process of combustion, by which the water is re-formed. It is the same with the particles of oxygen and those of zinc. A great force, though it is a force acting through very minute distances, is expended in separating the oxygen from the zinc in the ore, to form the metallic zinc used in the batteries. All this force is given back when the oxygen is restored, and under the conditions in which the restoration takes place in these batteries the restored force reappears in the form of electricity. It is said that the annual cost of the maintenance of the batteries used by the Western Union Telegraph Company—that is, for the supplying the force which is expended in the electrical pulsations which pass over their wires—is over $125,000.

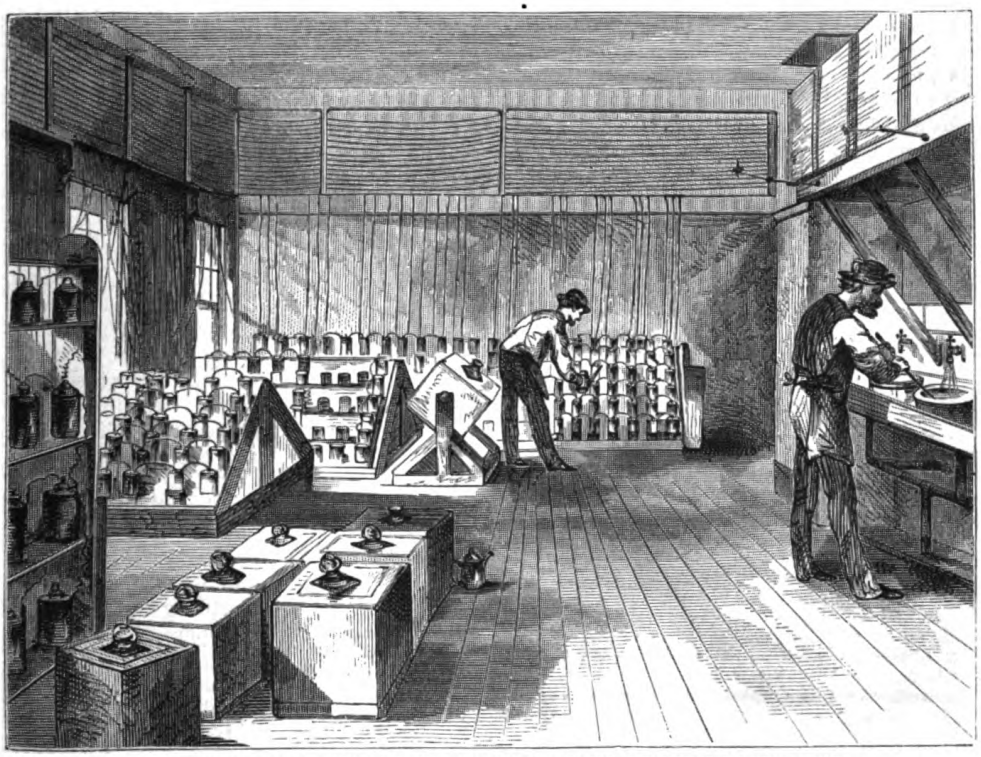
When this current and the means of producing it became known to the world, many minds busied themselves with the thought of sending messages to a distance by means of extending the wire circuit, and a great variety of devices were tried for this purpose.

One inventor arranged a key-board with ten keys, one for each finger, and with ten wires, one communicating with each key. The operator who was to receive the message sat with fingers and thumbs upon the keys, and received a little shock in one after another of his digits, each of which he interpreted to mean a certain letter, according to a prearranged table.

Another proposed to resort to the light and heat which are developed when the electric current is made to pass from point to point of two pencils of charcoal, in connection with the opposite poles of the battery.

To form an intelligent idea of the principle of the telegraphs now in use it is necessary to advert to a very peculiar property of electricity, which constitutes, in fact, one of the most curious and singular facts in nature.

If a current of electricity is passed along a wire near to a compass or magnetic nee-



VIEW OF THE BATTERY OF THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH OFFICE IN NEW YORK.

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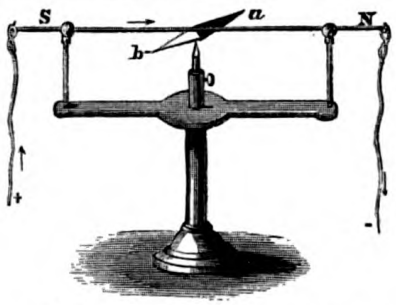


FIG. 7.—THE DEFLECTION OF THE NEEDLE.

dle, without however touching it, it will cause the needle to turn and take a position at right angles to the wire, or to tend toward such a position in a degree proportioned to the strength of the current. If the current is passed in a similar manner across a bar of soft iron, without touching it, it causes the iron to be a magnet; that is to say, the proximity of the current will make iron that is not a magnet become one, and will make iron that is a magnet turn at right angles to the current. When the current ceases the needle returns to its ordinary position, the bar ceases to be a magnet. Singularly enough, if the wire is suspended so as freely to turn, and a magnet is laid beneath it, the wire will turn so as to cross the direction of the magnet.

This power of the current to make a temporary magnet of every piece of soft iron within its influence, and to turn magnetic needles at right angles to itself, is the property resorted to, under one form or the other, in nearly all the telegraphs now in use. It is a mysterious sympathy, which has afforded to scientific observers a great many curious and beautiful experiments.

If a double current is carried past the needle or bar of iron, double the effect is produced. To enhance the power of the current, therefore, a coil of wire passing around the bar or needle is commonly employed. Thus Fig. 9 represents a rod of soft iron inserted within a spiral coil of a conducting wire. The effect of the coil is to make the path of the wire lie across the rod for a long distance, and the magnetism of the bar is very perceptible. If the spiral is right-handed—that is, if it runs like the thread of an ordinary screw—the north pole of the bar will be at the end at which the positive current emerges, the south pole at the end at which it enters. Whenever the current ceases the bar loses its magnetism. If both spirals were wound on the same bar, and equal currents sent through them, the influence of one upon the bar would be counteracted by that of the other, and it would not become a magnet.

The attractive power of both poles can be used at once, if the rod and coil be bent into the form of a horse-shoe, and can be shown by its lifting iron pins from a tray, or holding even a heavy weight.

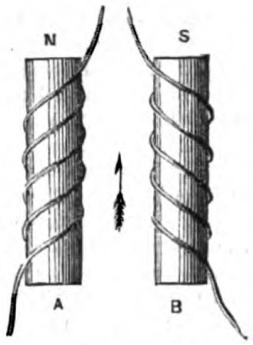


FIG. 9.—THE SPIRALS.

A, a right-handed spiral; B, a left-handed spiral; N, north pole; S, south pole.

But if in the construction of such a magnet the wire is wound in the wrong direction on half the bar, the two parts neutralize each other. Which end of the iron shall become the north pole depends on whether the wire is wound from right to left or from left to right. If even the same wire is wound both ways, the one influence counteracts the other. It must be made as if wound on a straight shaft, and afterward bent. The effect is not produced if the bare wire is wound on the bar, returning on itself, like thread on a spool; the wire is therefore always covered with silk or some other insulator, so that each turn is separated from the others, and the current is compelled to follow the entire length of the wire.

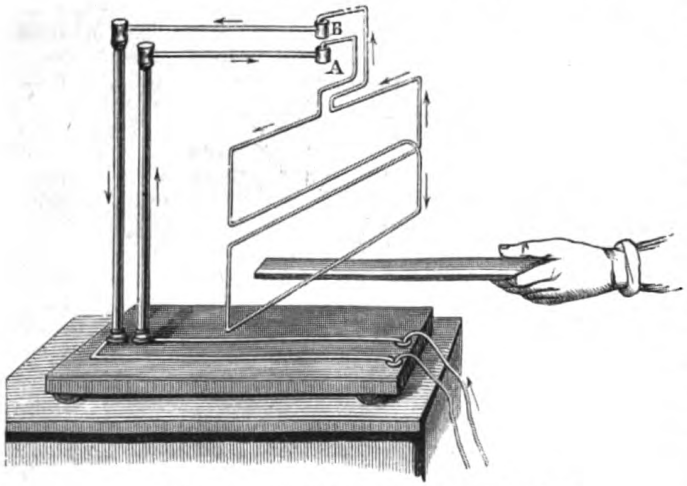


FIG. 8.—DIRECT ACTION OF A MAGNET ON A CURRENT.

These two spools, covered and painted black, and in form rudely resembling the barrels of an opera-glass, may be recognized in the instruments in any telegraph office.

If the line is not too long, and the battery is

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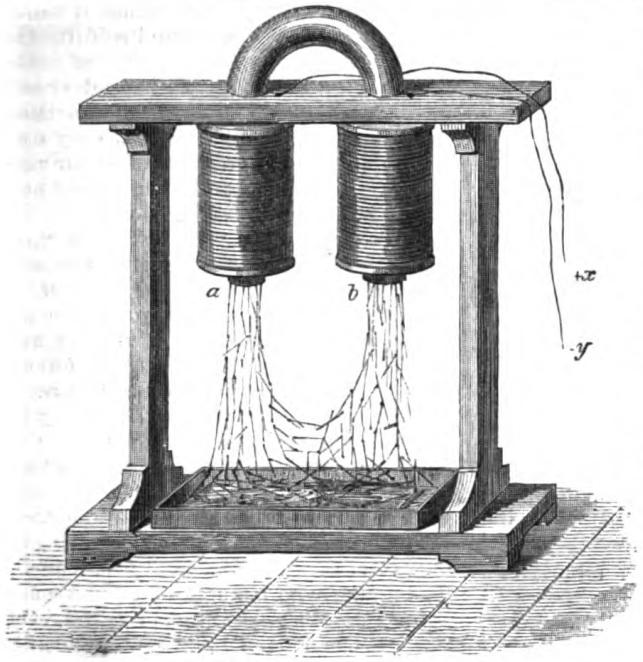


FIG. 10.—THE ELECTRO-MAGNET.

sufficiently powerful, the magnet may be made to attract an armature, or bar of iron suspended near it, and the armature in moving may sound a bell. Fig. 12 represents an alarm-bell of this kind, which has been much used in Europe. The wire may be traced entering the apparatus at A. Being fastened there with a thumb-screw, it is in contact with the wire coiled around the magnet at B. The other end of the wire coil is connected with a metallic rod in the bottom of the case, to which the spring that supports the armature is affixed. The other wire of the line enters from the other side, and is fastened to a thumb-screw from which rises a slender tongue of metal against the armature. When the current is established through wire, coil, armature, spring, and wire again, the magnet attracts the armature, and the hammer, G, strikes the bell, H. But the armature, by the act of leaving the spring, F, breaks the circuit, for the current can no longer pass from the armature to the line wire. The horseshoe bar therefore ceases to act as a magnet, and the armature falls back to its place. The instant it touches the spring, F, the current is again established, the magnet acts, the bell strikes, and so again, thus ringing like an alarm-clock. As seen in Fig. 15, the armature, instead of ringing a bell, may be made to move a pencil or a pointed stylus, and make a mark upon a moving strip of paper.

In the dial telegraph the armature moves a lever which drives a rachet-wheel, and this carries an index, or pointer, by which words are spelled out on the dial. If we imagine the circumference of the wheel to bear type, so that each letter could in turn be printed, we have a clew to the principle of the little stock telegraph instrument which may be seen at work any day printing off quotations in any broker's office or great hotel in New York.

It has been said above that the current does not actively manifest itself unless the two poles of the battery are connected by a conductor. When this connection is broken, the current ceases to flow, not only at the point where the break is made, but in every other part of the wire at almost the same instant.

Those who have attended an experimental lecture upon electricity may have witnessed, or perhaps participated in, the formation of a ring by those members of the audience who were willing to try a shock. The person at one extreme takes hold of the chain connected with the con-

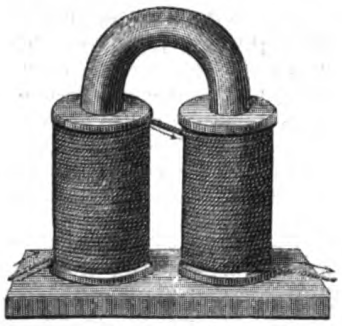


FIG. 11.—THE BOBBINS.

ductor, but no sensation is felt until the one at the other extreme touches the opposite pole of the machine. So far as manifestations in the sensation of the circle show, the

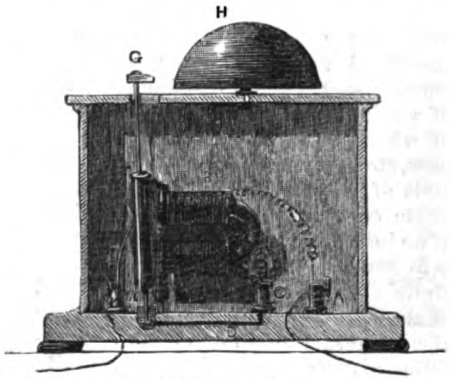


FIG. 12.—THE ALARUM.

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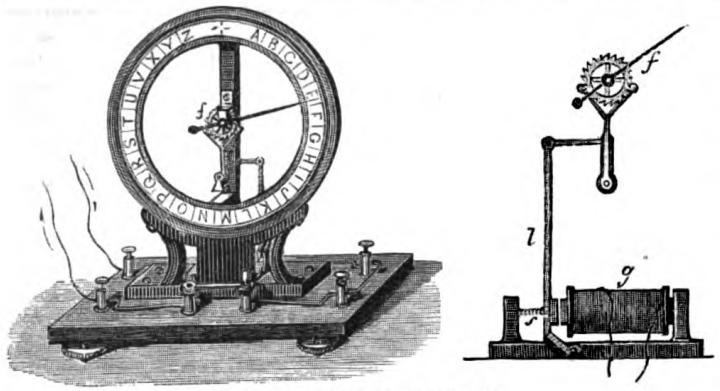


FIG. 13.—THE DIAL TELEGRAPH.

g, The bobbins; *s*, spring to draw back armature; *l*, lever; *f*, index.

electricity seems not to start at all until it can go entirely around. The instant the connection is formed the electricity, so to speak, discovers that the course is clear, and flashes through the whole circuit of outstretched arms and hands.

Electricity, like light, heat, and sound, requires time for its passage through space; yet so rapid is its motion that it was formerly supposed that it could not be timed, but recent experiments have succeeded in doing so. The wires between Cambridge, Massachusetts, and San Francisco were connected several years ago, making a circuit of over 7000 miles, with thirteen repeaters. The time required for the flow of the current was seventy-four-hundredths of a second, or, deducting the time required to open and close the repeaters, about three-tenths of a second, or at the rate of 1,400,000 miles a minute. The rapidity of the motion is shown by the following illustrations:

If a magnetic spark is flashed through gunpowder, it may scatter the kernels of powder without igniting them. If a silvered wheel is made to revolve many thousand times a minute, the spark will show it at rest. If a man be struck by lightning, death appears to follow before sensation has time to reach the brain through the nerves.

The signals, whether by means of the needle or the electro-magnet, are made by a succession of shocks or pulses; and to produce these it is necessary to break the circuit and to close it again many times in succession. Cutting the wires of a telegraph, which we used to hear of when there were fewer lines than now, stops communication. When the ends of the wire are fastened together again, communication is re-established. If no instrument for making the signals is at hand, as is sometimes the case, the signals can be made by taking an end of the wire in each hand, and touching them together again and again. Insulation may be preserved by wearing silk gloves, or using a silk handkerchief.

The genius of Morse showed itself in the simplicity of the means he devised; and it is to their simplicity that they owe their pre-eminence and their almost universal adoption.

The Morse key, or transmitter, which is the name given to the instrument he devised for making and breaking the circuit with speed and accuracy, is simplicity itself; but upon this little lever, capable of but a single motion, may be expressed every word the pen can write or the tongue speak. It will be most readily understood, perhaps, by a drawing of a rude form in which it was at first made.

The reader who has followed these somewhat dry details respecting the battery, the instantaneous current, the electro-magnet signals, and the mode of making the circuit and breaking it again, is prepared to understand the "circuit," and to trace the operation of the telegraph upon it.

It has already been said that a complete circuit must be formed in order to induce the current to move. The earlier telegraph lines were formed by a wire running from one terminus to the other, and then returning to the battery at the starting-point, thus making a complete metallic circuit. It was discovered, however, by some investigators, who were endeavoring to make the track of a railway serve instead of a wire, that the earth itself would act as a conductor for the return current, or, as perhaps it may be more properly conceived, that the earth being a vast reservoir of electricity, the current from the battery will willingly leave the battery by the positive pole, and traverse the conducting wire to a great distance, if it be allowed at last to enter the earth, and if, at the same time, the battery, by having its negative pole also connected

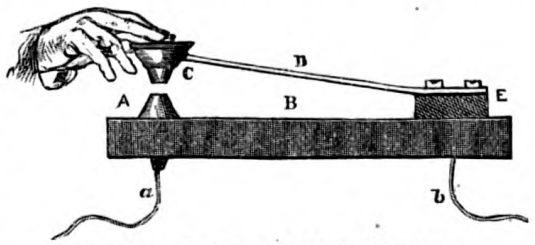


FIG. 14.—THE PRINCIPLE OF THE MORSE KEY.

The wire, *a*, is carried through the table, B, and connects with the little nipple or anvil, A. The table being a non-conductor, the current can not pass through it. When the button, C, at the end of the spring or lever, D, is pressed down so as to touch the anvil, the current instantly passes through, and from the metallic block, E, passes to the wire, *b*.

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with the earth, be allowed to draw an equal amount from that natural reservoir, and thus in effect maintain the circuit. Since this discovery a single wire serves for a complete line, provided adequate connection with the moist soil of the earth be maintained at each extremity. In cities and towns where there are gas and water pipes, it is sufficient to carry the extremity of the wire to these pipes. In some offices it is twisted around the gas bracket in the wall of the room. In places where there are no such pipes a sheet of metal is fastened to the end of the wire, and buried in some damp cellar.

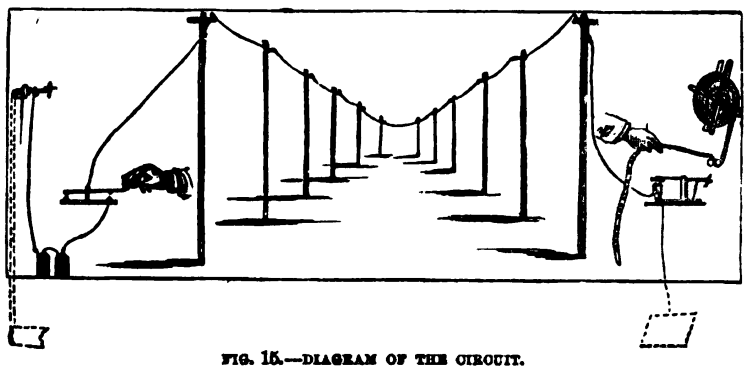


FIG. 15.—DIAGRAM OF THE CIRCUIT.

This is called making a "ground."

In Fig. 15 we have a diagram illustrating a circuit. In the office or terminus on the left are two jars upon the floor, which may represent the battery. From the positive pole the wire is carried beneath the table, there to connect with the anvil of the key. From the axis of the key the main wire or line wire runs, suspended in the air by being tied to glass insulators upon the poles. At the other terminus is an electro-magnet, placed upright, with an armature over it. The armature is fastened to one arm of a lever. The other arm is provided with a pencil or style, above which is a slip or ribbon of paper. The paper may be pulled by hand, as in the diagram, but for greater steadiness and convenience clock-work is employed. The armature hangs above the magnet, and is kept up by a delicate spring. To make a circuit, so as to enable the current to return to the battery, as the saying is, the wire is connected at each end with the earth.

This arrangement constitutes a circuit; but the current will not act in it while it is broken at the key, as represented in the diagram. The electricity is not powerful enough to leap from the anvil to the hammer under the lever of the key. In this position of the key the circuit is said to be open. The instant the hand of the operator presses down the key the circuit is closed, the whole line is excited by the electric force, the bar becomes an active magnet, and draws down the armature, which clicks, as up goes the pencil or style against the moving paper. If the operator at the key holds the key down a short time, a dash is made on the paper. If he releases it as soon as it is down, a dot is made.

Some one may ask, how is the answer sent back upon the same wire? To do this it is only necessary to have a key inserted in the wire at the right-hand office, and a register, or sounder, as the electro-magnet is called, in the other office.

The railroad traveler who looks out of the car window at some rural station often sees that the window of the telegraph office is the principal object of interest. A little group of loungers are gathered about the window-sill looking in. If he should enter the room, he might see the operator at the key, holding a dispatch in her hand, and with the key making the strokes which are necessary for its transmission. The line wire connecting with the key passes up the window-frame, and through the wall, to the telegraph poles beyond. Next to the key, upon the broad shelf which serves as a table, is the switch, or cut-off, that enables the operator at pleasure to connect or disconnect the wires that are concealed beneath the table. The largest instrument in the centre is the register, and a heavy weight hung from it drives the rollers which draw the slip of paper from the reel above to be marked by the styles. Beyond the register may be seen the sounder, or relay, connected beneath the table with a ground wire running through the floor, and with the two wires of the local battery. Upon the wall near the operator are the hooks on which the written message papers are filed after the messages have been sent.

If we imagine the message to be carried by a current flowing from the battery at one end to the magnet at the other end of the line, it might seem that a battery at the other end also would be essential to enable a reply to be sent back. But, as has been explained, we are to conceive of the current rather as an excitement of force taking place throughout the whole line if at all, ceasing every where if the line is broken at any point whatever. Bearing this in mind, it will be seen that half a dozen magnets might be inserted at as many different places, and the key might be put in any where, and signals made upon it would be responded to by all the magnets at the same time.

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In fact, to conceive an actual telegraphic circuit, the reader may suppose that a line of wire thirty or forty miles long runs through half a dozen towns, passing through ten or twelve offices. In every office there is a key and an electro-magnet. A very simple and ingenious attachment to the keys prevents the key of each office from interrupting the circuit for the other offices, except when it is in use for making signals.

In every office means are provided for cutting off the magnets from connection with the line, so that messages may go through unobserved, but in ordinary practice messages sent from one point to another on the same circuit are heard at intermediate points. A visitor was recently in the office at Hallowell, Maine, and while conversing with the operator, who was at leisure, the sounds of the instrument went on in this way as usual. Soon the operator began to laugh. "What are you laughing at?" inquired the visitor, who saw no occasion for laughter in their conversation. "Oh!" replied the operator, "Bath is saying such droll things to Augusta."

Sometimes all the operators on a large circuit assemble at their posts and hold a conference, in which whoever speaks is heard simultaneously in all the offices. The press reports are usually delivered in this way. All the principal offices in the State of New York are thus supplied with the reports by one writing.

From various causes, some of which will be hereafter mentioned, the force of the current diminishes as the line is extended and the number of instruments is increased; and hence a current which would be powerful enough to traverse a short private line on which there were no intermediate stations, and to move the register at the terminus, may not be powerful enough to serve a circuit upon long lines employed in the service of the public. To increase the force of the current sufficiently is expensive, and practically inconvenient. Resort is had to an ingenious device called the repeater. The name "relay," which was used for the device first adopted for this purpose, suggests an illustration which will enable the reader to form an idea of it. The Persian and Assyrian monarchs, and some European kings of the Middle Ages, had a system of posts for couriers, which were stationed usually at a day's journey from each other. At each post were a courier and horses at all hours ready to start. The courier bearing a dispatch rode all day, and at night he reached a post, where fresh horses were saddled ready for the next stage of the journey, but he himself was exhausted. His force was nearly spent, but he could awaken the courier who was stationed there and deliver the dispatches to him, and he, with fresh strength, instantly took up the journey. In the same way the reader may conceive of the electric current arriving at a station or office so nearly exhausted that it can not go farther with power to deliver intelligible signals, but it still has strength to wake up another battery and set in motion a fresh current, which shall, so to speak, receive and carry forward the message which the exhausted current has just strength to utter.

The means by which this is effected vary with the circumstances, in some cases involving complex apparatus, which seems incomprehensible to any one but a professional electrician, but the main principle which lies at the foundation may be seen in this diagram. The current arrives on the line, say from the west (W), nearly exhausted

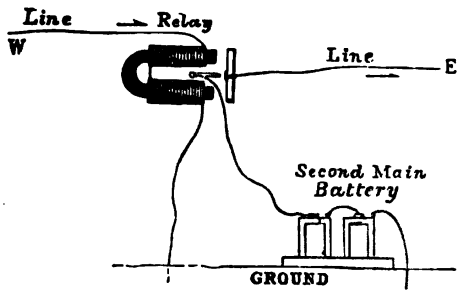


FIG. 16.—PRINCIPLE OF THE REPEATER.

by the resistance or by defects of insulation, etc. It has gone as far as it can carry the power of producing convenient signals. At this point, therefore, the line is cut, and a magnet inserted and connection made with the ground. The magnet is so adjusted that when it draws the armature the latter will touch a metallic point that is fixed between the bobbins. It is then only necessary to connect the further part of the line wire with the armature, and a fresh battery with the metallic point, and whenever the current arriving draws the armature, whether for a dot or a dash, a fresh current of precisely the same length will pass from this battery to the armature, and thence down the line, thus continuing the passage of the message without the intervention of the operator. If there is sufficient power to deflect a magnetic needle in a perceptible degree, this can be made to open and close a circuit by which a fresh powerful current will be set in motion.

It is found that it requires greater force to operate the register by which the message may be recorded on the slip of paper than merely to move the armature and produce a sound which the operator may understand. Hence the same device is used constantly to move the register or sounder.

These, then, are the principal elements of the telegraphic system: an extended insulated wire connected with the earth at both ends, and communicating with a battery which agitates it throughout with electrical

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excitement; a key by which the continuity on which this excitement depends can be rapidly broken and renewed at pleasure; and a magnet whose armature, by moving under the influence of the alternations of excitement and quiescence, will instantaneously indicate to the observer every opening or closing of the circuit by the key.

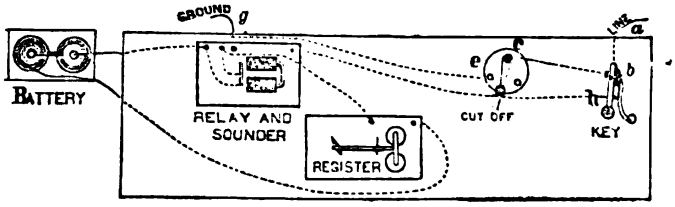


FIG. 17.—DIAGRAM OF THE TABLE OF A TERMINAL STATION.

The main line arrives on the right and enters through the wall at *a*, and reaches the key through its screw from beneath the table at *b*. From the same point a wire is carried beneath the table to the cut-off or switch at *c*. By moving the arm of the cut-off, *d*, so as to bring it in contact with the head of the screw on its left, at *e*, connection is made with the continuation of this wire, *g*, to the ground. To make this connection is called putting on a ground. If the current can go this way, it will not undertake to pass through the instruments. In the position of the cut-off indicated in the diagram the connection is broken, and the current is compelled to pass from the key at *h* to and through the relay before it can reach the ground. The motions of the armature of the relay bring the current of the local battery to operate on the register, if desired, so as to record the message.

When we attempt to extend our conception to a congeries of circuits, ramifying in every direction like the fibres of the nervous system in the human body, and constituting a net-work which embraces within its reach every important point in nearly three millions of square miles, we may form some idea of the vastness and complexity of this delicate, sensitive, and all-pervading organization.

The immense net-work of wires which is embroidered over the surface of the United States contains about seven thousand offices (including branch offices in cities), and probably about an equal number of relays.

The first time a visitor enters the operators' room in a great central office the scene is a labyrinth of perplexity and confusion to him. A hundred keys and sounders are clicking all at once, making a noise like a diminutive cotton-mill. The floor is filled with ranges of tables, at which the operators are seated, separated from each other by glass screens. Against one wall is the switch-board, the most conspicuous object in the room. Without any actual resemblance, it recalls to the imagination of many visitors the thought of a great organ, its ranges of slender wires behind the screen suggesting the trackers and pipes, and the innumerable switches representing the keys and stops. Boys are passing to and fro with papers, and messages are sending and receiving from almost every table in the room. But though this may be to the visitor a scene of intricate entanglement, to the mind of the manager, who stands at his side, every instrument and every wire in this maze is clear in itself and in its connections. The expressive description given by a railroad superintendent of his own business is not inappropriate. "When we first take a man on," said he, "every thing is confusion to him, except the one thing he has to do as fireman or brakeman. But when he has served a good time every thing comes out clear to him, and he sees it all different. In fact, *his mind is all made over;* so that, in all the dépôt grounds, with the scores of switches and sidings and signals, and cars and engines moving, his eye sees every thing in its connection, and takes in the whole situation at a glance."

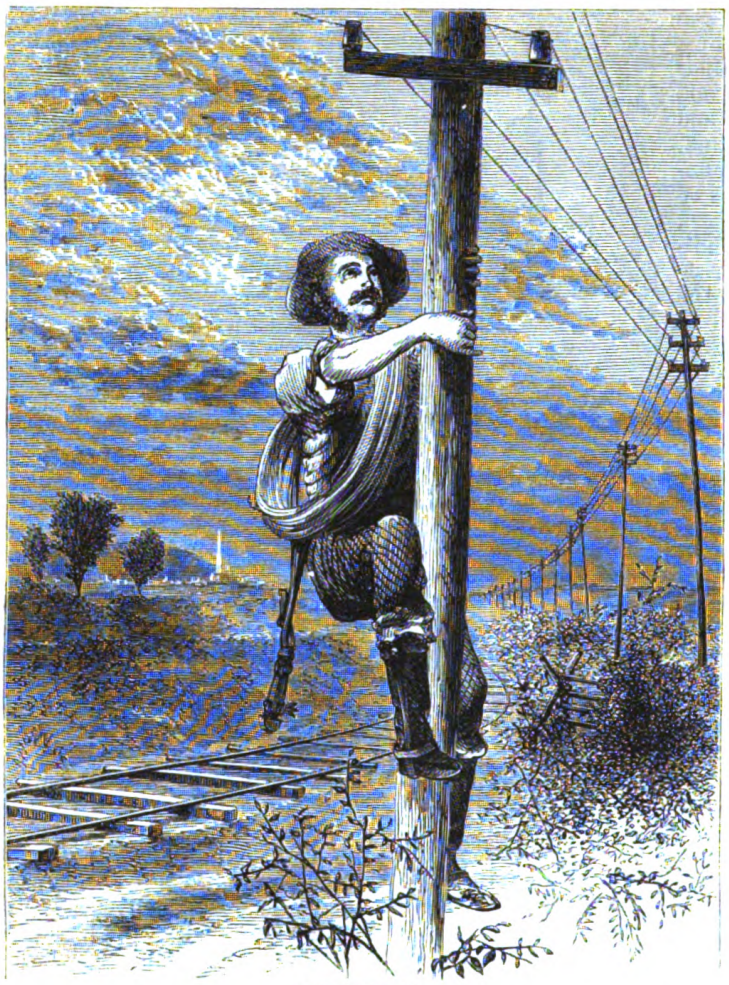
The switch-board, to which allusion has been made, is the central ganglion of the whole system. Every current passes through this apparatus. The manager, standing here, can, by inserting a brass wedge in the course of any current, hear what message is passing. He has thus the means of inspecting and listening to all that is going on over all the wires connected with the office.

To form an adequate conception of the intimacy and delicacy of the apparatus upon which this system depends would require a great degree of technical knowledge. In fact, the recent progress both in scientific investigation and in the art of manipulation has opened almost a new world of facts and principles, which are of engrossing interest to those who have the special training to master them, and which to the rest of us eclipse in marvelousness and mystery the fables of fairy-land and the dreams of magicians. To one to whom measuring the quarter of a second with a stop-watch has seemed to be the height of accuracy, the idea of dividing a second into a million parts, and measuring the duration of electric sparks, and finding that they vary from four-millionths to eighty-six-millionths of a second, appears not merely incredible, but inconceivable. Yet this is done.

Some of the curiosities of the telegraph will, however, be intelligible and interesting. Every substance has a certain specific resistance to the passage of electricity, peculiar to itself, just as some substances are good conductors of light, as glass; others poor, as painted or ground glass; others still are opaque or non-conductors, as wood.

A good conductor of electricity is a substance that presents a low degree of resistance to the passage of the current; a good insulator is one that presents a high degree of resistance. At one time many electricians were engaged in endeavors to devise some arrangement by which lightning might be

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THE REPAIRER.

prevented from taking possession of the wires, or safely diverted from them when it had done so. Ingenious inventors had produced a variety of elaborate devices for this purpose, when some practical operator hit upon the expedient of winding the main wire once around the gas-pipe over his table before its connection with the instrument. He interposed a slip of paper between the wire and the pipe to keep them from touching each other. The paper presented a sufficient degree of resistance to prevent the escape of the small current used in telegraphing; but if the lightning took to the wires, the current, being very powerful, overcame the resistance of the paper, passed through, and escaped by the gas-pipes, leaving the instruments unharmed. This practical expedient, which in this country has substantially superseded other inventions, is a curious illustration of the simplicity of the most valuable inventions.

The whole system of the telegraph depends on this principle of resistance, and the different degrees which different bodies present. It is, perhaps, not too much to say that nearly all that can be learned about electricity depends on the definiteness of the laws of resistance and the accuracy of the means of measuring it; and if all substances were alike in respect to their resistance (if this be conceivable), we should probably know nothing about electricity.

Metals present less resistance than other substances, and it is fortunate that it is so. If glass were the only good conductor, the construction of a telegraph line would be a delicate undertaking. Different metals differ in their conductivity. Silver offers the least resistance, copper is almost equal to it, and it is six times better as a conductor than iron. The wonderful difference between substances in this respect will be seen when it is said that iron presents six times the resistance presented by copper, and that pure water presents 6754 million times as much resistance as copper; and yet water presents far less than some other substances. Telegraph wires can not be carried through water without carefully insulating them with an impervious covering, while the dry air of the atmosphere presents such enormous resistance that the wires can be strung along through it without any protection from it.

The resistance of a solid conductor, such as a wire, is in direct proportion to its length, if it be of the same size throughout, and is in inverse proportion to its size. Four wires an eighth of an inch thick are equal in size to one wire a quarter of an inch thick. Hence four miles of the latter will present no more resistance than one mile of the former. Upon the same principle a very small copper wire is as good a conductor as a large iron one. If one examines the instruments in a telegraph office he will see that the copper wire used in the connections of the apparatus is very small in comparison with the iron wire used for the main line.

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The electric current, in passing through a circuit, expends or loses a part of its force in overcoming this resistance. The purer the metal, and the more perfect the joints are, the less is the resistance; but it is always something; and the more the line is extended the greater is the aggregate resistance, and hence the more force lost, until, if the line be too long, and without repeaters, not enough reaches the terminus to make intelligible signals.

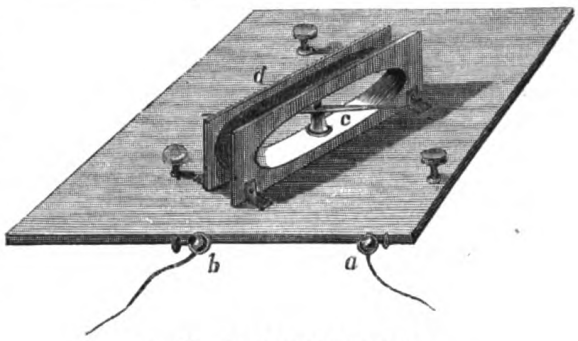


FIG. 19.—GALVANOMETER NEEDLE.

a and *b*, Wires from the battery connecting with the two ends of the coil, *d*; *c*, the needle. The three screws serve to adjust the tablet to a level.

Allusion has already been made to the power of an electric current to deflect a magnetic needle placed near it. This, of course, enables the electrician to detect the existence of a current.

When we ask in what direction the needle will turn, one is amused at the answer. It depends on the direction of the current; and the relation of the two motions is commonly described by a grotesque illustration. If we imagine, say the electricians, that an observer—an imaginary miniature man—is placed in the conducting wire in such a position that the current entering by his feet issues by his head (in other words, that he should swim *with* the current), and then the needle is brought near the wire in front of him—that is, so that his face is toward the needle—it will be found that the north pole of the needle will always turn toward the left hand of the imaginary man.

This singular property of the current affords the electrician the means of ascertaining not only the existence of a current, but also its direction, or its negative or positive quality. And since the degree of the deflection is proportioned to the intensity of the current, the magnetic needle affords a very delicate and sensitive instrument for reading the electric condition of a wire.

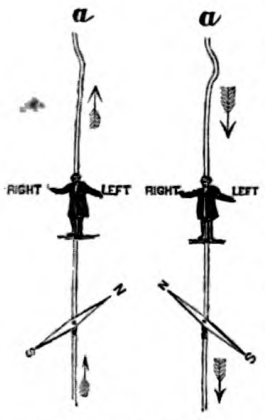


FIG. 18.—DIRECTION OF THE DEFLECTION.

If the wire, instead of being passed in a single strand near the needle, is wound in a coil, and the needle hung within it, the effect is multiplied.

In one form of galvanometer the needle is weighted at one end and hung perpendicularly in the coil. When the current flows around it, it tips to the right or left as the case may be. In diagrams used in books on electricity a ring with a needle hanging perpendicularly within it is used to signify that the diagram represents a circuit with no current in action, while a ring with the needle hanging aslant indicates that the current is in action, and the degree of the inclination of the needle indicates the relative force of the current.

A very curious property of the current must be adverted to here, which is, that if two paths are open to it the current will split or divide into two portions, each taking one of the paths; and if the paths differ in the degree of resistance they offer, the division will be accordingly, and the larger part of the current will take the easier path. This proportion is exact. For instance, if a wire after running a certain distance should be split into two unequal strands, one of which was twice the size of the other, the current would divide in the same proportion precisely, because the resistance of the small strand would be double that of the other. If, however, the smaller strand were cut off to be half the length of the larger, then the division of the current would change, and one-half would take each strand, because by reducing the length of the smaller strand to one-half, its resistance would be reduced to the same amount as that of the larger but longer strand.

This property of the current, together with that to which allusion has been made, of its power to deflect a magnetic needle to a greater or less degree, enables the electrician to ascertain whether a current is flowing in a wire, and if so, in which direction, and also how great its force, and the length of the wire in which it is flowing. To determine the latter, all he has to do is to connect with the wire a coil of a given length, and see how much of the current is diverted by it. Suppose the electrician, for instance, is brought to the wire as it hangs between the poles in the fields between two stations, and is asked if the line is in operation, and which way the message is passing, and how far it is going. It will easily be

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FIG. 20.—PARTIAL EARTH.

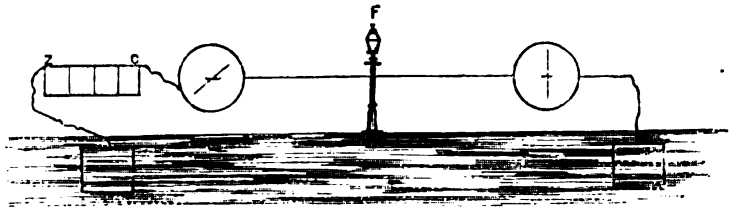


FIG. 21.—DEAD EARTH.

imagined that by cutting the wire and making it pass through the apparatus which contains his magnetic needle and his resistance coils he can tell, by the direction of the deflection of the needle, the course of the current, and by the degree of its deflection the force of it, and by the proportion in which it divides when he invites part of it to pass through his coils—or rather by the length of wire in the coils which he must add in order to divide it equally—how many miles of line wire it has to traverse.

Perhaps a rude illustration will assist some of our readers here. If a house were supplied with water by a long tube and a force-pump at a distance, we shall readily see that the force required to be applied to the pump handle to drive the column of water through the pipe the given distance would be a fixed, definite quantity. Suppose some morning, on applying our hand at the pump, we found that much less force was required, we should infer at once that something had happened to the pipe; probably a break had occurred, by which the water escaped nearer, and therefore more easily. If we had a coil of hose of the same size as the pipe, and which therefore we may suppose would offer the same resistance, and found that the force required to work the pump when connected with the aqueduct was just the same as that required to force water through thirty feet of hose, we might conjecture that the pipe had broken under-ground about thirty feet from the pump, and might begin to dig accordingly.

The measurements made with the apparatus of the electrician are so delicate and exact that an operator, interrupted by a fault in the line, can, without leaving the office, detect within half a mile the place of a leak or defect of insulation a hundred miles away, and at ordinary distances can determine it within a few hundred feet. If a defect occurs any where within the city of New York, for instance, the electrician in the central office can ascertain its location within half a block.

Many curious stories are told by electricians of the incidents that occur in testing for faults. In one case a California miner seeing a broken wire on the line near where he was at work, and knowing nothing of the nature of a conductor, benevolently mended the gap with a piece of blasting fuse of about the same size and color as the wire. Of course this interposed a complete resistance to the current. Repairers were sent out, who reported the line intact at the place indicated; and only a careful examination from pole to pole along the line detected the cause of the difficulty.

In another case an earth current made its appearance on the line between Boston and Salem every night. The electricians dispatched the repairers, who reported that every inch of the line was in good order, and so it proved during the daytime. But at night there was always trouble. Some of the operators began to suspect the intervention of spirits. It was at last found that where the line passed by a switch at a railway station the tall iron switch-rod was pushed against it every night at seven o'clock by the switchman who moved the switch for the evening train.

If a large leak should be made in a gas-main under the street, midway between the company's reservoir and the house where the gas was to be consumed, the effects of this unseen leak would be perceived at each end of the pipe, but in different ways. At the gas-works it would be found that the pipe took an unusually strong current; the resistance to the flow of gas in the pipe would be diminished—in other words, the leak would facilitate the escape of the gas—and

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hence the degree of pressure which was previously necessary to force the gas through the pipe in a sufficient quantity for the consumer would now drive a much larger quantity. At the other end of the pipe, however, the consumer would find his supply diminished, and if the leak were considerable he might no longer receive enough to give a flame.

These homely illustrations may suggest to the reader the basis of a rude conception of the means by which electricians test for faults. But in the case of electricity the subject dealt with is so delicate in its nature, and the conditions under which it is treated are prepared with such minute exactness and precision, that the computations of distance are expressed in algebraic formulas, and the results attained are often marvelous in their accuracy.

Watching an electrician measuring the resistance of a wire or the force of a current, one might imagine him a chemist weighing some invisible atoms in the most delicate of balances. Before him under a glass case is the slender needle of the galvanometer, and concealed around its base are the two wires through which the divided current is to flow, its parts taking opposite directions around the needle, so that if the current is precisely equally divided between the two wires, the influence of one upon the needle will exactly counteract that of the other, while the slightest excess of one over the other will be instantly shown by a deviation of the needle to the one side or the other, according to the position of the stronger current.

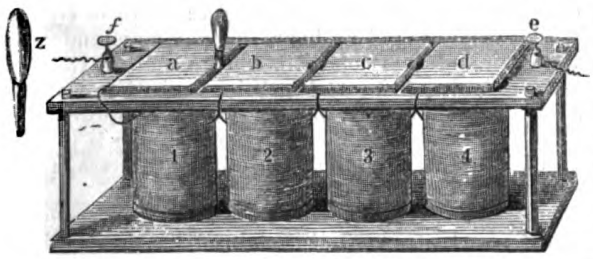


FIG. 22.—RESISTANCE COILS.

The resistance coils (which correspond to the hose in our illustration of the pump) are like the weights of the apothecary. They are arranged under a series of short metallic blocks (*a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, in Fig. 22). If metallic pegs, which are provided for the purpose, are inserted in the holes between these blocks, the current passes directly from *e* to *f* through the connection formed by the blocks and pegs, which constitute so complete a conductor that the resistance is practically nothing. If the peg between two of the blocks be pulled out, the current can not leap the distance between them, and is obliged to pass from the first block through the coil below it to reach the second block. In measuring a resistance, plug after plug is pulled out until the needle is found to rest at zero. The resistances of the various coils that have been brought into the circuit by pulling out plugs are then added together, and they show the total resistance of the line which has been thus balanced against them. It may truly be said, then, that this intangible, invisible, inaudible force is weighed in the scales, and, marvelous as it may seem, it is measured with far greater exactitude than are those tangible and visible substances which men have so long and so familiarly dealt with.

The extreme minuteness of accuracy to which these measurements are carried is seen in the construction of an instrument called the rheostat, which is often used with the resistance coils. An ordinary resistance coil is of unchangeable length. The rheostat is a changeable or adjustable coil. Imagine two spools, side by side—one full, the other empty—with the end of the thread from the full spool attached to the empty one. It is plain that every turn we should give to the empty spool would wind upon it part of the thread, and reduce by so much the number of turns on the full spool. In the rheostat, wire takes the place of the thread, and on the full spool, which is of wood, it lies in a groove, like that on a screw, which isolates each turn from those next it, so that the current can only pass by following the wire from end to end. But the empty spool is a metallic cylinder, and whatever wire is wound upon it becomes, as a conductor, merged in it, so to speak, by the contact, as the current on reaching this cylinder is free at once to pass to the end of the wire, "across lots," with no perceptible resistance. Practically, therefore, the resistance of all the wire that is wound off upon the second spool is nullified. The length of the wire remaining is indicated on a scale with great precision, even to a fraction of a turn of the cylinder.

The amount of resistance is expressed in "ohms," as they are called. An ohm is the unit of measurement of resistance, just as a foot is a measure of length. All telegraph wire is tested for its resistance, as well as for its strength, before it is put up; and all the lines and magnet coils and batteries in use are constantly tested to detect defects.

The more words that can be transmitted in a given time over a line of telegraph, the greater its value, provided the expense of transmission is not disproportionately increased. We have described the sounder which is commonly used in this country. Its use is practically limited by the number

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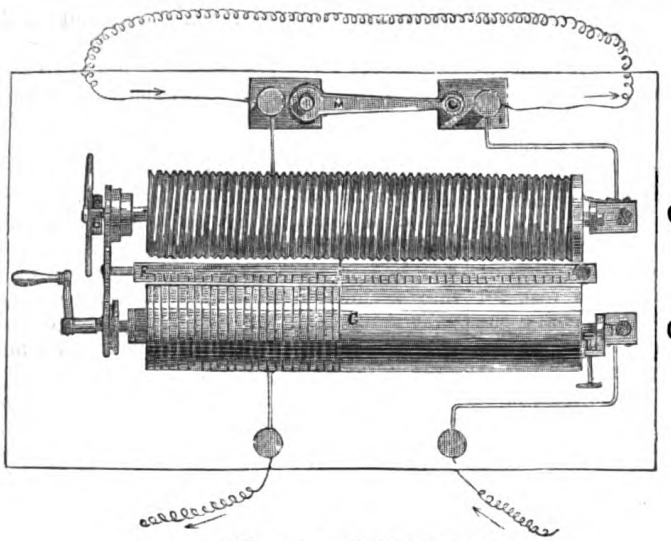


FIG. 23.—WHEATSTONE'S RHEOSTAT.

G, Wooden cylinder, with grooved surface; C, metallic cylinder; F, scale for reading length of wire on the non-conducting cylinder.

of words a man can write in an hour. A good copyist will not usually write over 800 or 1000 words an hour, but a good operator can receive and write 1500 to 1800 words per hour, and on special occasions 2500 to 2600 have been received. Operators on the continent of Europe do not transmit more than half as many in the same time. The number of words transmitted is increased by the use of the printing instrument to between 2500 and 3000 an hour, which are printed in Roman characters as received, and are ready for delivery, therefore, without the delay of writing out. The operator, by the same movement, can print the message at his own desk and at that of the receiver, and at once detect any error. These instruments are very complicated, easily disarranged, require very skillful operators, a second man or some mechanical power to run them, and a well-insulated line, as the movements at each end must keep perfect time. They are much more expensive than the key and sounder, and are only used on circuits where there is a large and steady business. Their construction is too complicated for description. Printers, as they are called, have never been extensively used in Great Britain, although in use on the main lines of the continent of Europe, where, however, they are not worked as rapidly as with us.

In the "automatic telegraph" a little machine is substituted for the operator, and the message is prepared for it on a strip of perforated paper.

Many different plans have been devised for automatic telegraphing, but only two have thus far proved successful—the Wheatstone, or English system, and the automatic, or American system. The former is extensively used in Great Britain, and a line has been recently constructed between New York and Washington for the working of the latter.

The instruments employed by these two systems are entirely different. In each, holes representing the words of the message are first punched in a narrow strip of paper, which are the equivalents of the dot and dash of the Morse alphabet, and are translated into dots and dashes after transmission. The English puncher has three keys; the first punches two vertical holes, : , representing the dot; the third two holes vertical, but not opposite, ∴ , representing the dash; the centre key simply moves the paper along. The American puncher has a key for each letter, which punches holes representing the dots and dashes of the letter. It is more complicated than the other, but requires less than one-third as many movements of the keys to each letter. The dot is represented by a small hole above the line, · ; the dash by two small holes above and one large one below, ⁚ . It is less liable to mistakes, as the operator is not obliged to translate each letter into dots and dashes before punching. The number of words punched by each is said to be about thirty a minute, or eighteen hundred an hour, the maximum amount an ordinary operator can transmit by the Morse key. No strength is required to work the Morse key, but the punchers require considerable. After the punched slip is prepared the machine transmits the message with great rapidity.

The American transmitting and recording instrument, it is claimed, has greatly the advantage over the English both for its simplicity and rapidity of execution. The English instrument, which is too complicated for description here, can transmit from sixty to 120 words a minute, the number diminishing with the distance. Usually about eighty a minute are sent. It is said that from 1000 to 1500 words a minute can be transmitted by the American instrument between Washington and New York; but if only 500 can be sent, and of this, it is claimed, there can be no reasonable doubt, it may prove a very great improvement over other systems for some purposes.

In the American system, after the paper is punched it goes to the transmitter, is received between pressure rollers, and carried

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by the friction on to a small platform of some non-conducting material. A solid cylinder of copper connected with the line wire is inserted in the centre of the platform. Over this cylinder, and resting upon it, is a needle which has two small wheels at one end, and is connected at the other with the wire leading to the battery. The paper passes between the cylinder and needle, and is carried off by another set of pressure rollers. The circuit is broken by the paper, and closed when the holes in the paper pass under the wheels and the wheels come in contact with the copper cylinder. Where there is a cluster of three holes both wheels form a contact and a dash is transmitted, in other cases a dot.

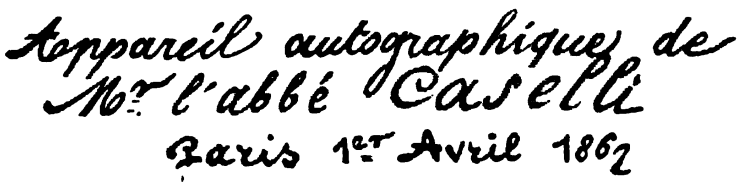


FIG. 25.—AUTOGRAPH TRANSMITTED BY CASELLI'S APPARATUS.

The same instrument answers for a receiver. The message is recorded on chemically prepared paper, rendered sensitive to the slightest current. Occasional errors arise,

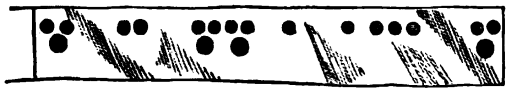


FIG. 24.—MESSAGE PREPARED FOR AUTOMATIC TELEGRAPH.

caused by the dot running into the dash and the dash into a straight line, and can not be detected until the message is translated, so great is the rapidity of transmission; and when they do occur the whole message must be repeated.

Punching instruments can be readily constructed and furnished to those who have frequent occasion to use the telegraph, and a clerk can easily punch the telegraphic letters, and thus greatly lessen the expense of sending a long message. On the other hand, it is to be considered that the aggregate of time employed is a considerable offset. In England the automatic system is regarded as indispensable for press messages, for which purpose messages are punched in triplicate, and the same ribbon is used again and again in distributing the message by different instruments in all directions. It is said to be doubtful, however, to what extent great rapidity can be maintained on lines which have more than one wire, for whenever a current is flowing over one wire it induces another current in the other wire at each opening and breaking of the circuit; hence if messages are passing on both wires there is a liability of both being received on each line, and rendered unintelligible. This instrument is not as complicated as the printer, but requires more operators, and is therefore more expensive.

Another very curious and complicated transmitter, used in France, is an autographic instrument by which the *fac-simile* of the handwriting can be produced at any other office where a similar instrument is used. It is especially useful for messages relating to transfers of money, as it affords the receiver an opportunity to test the authenticity of the dispatch by the *fac-simile* of the sender's signature. It is said that on an average nearly thirty messages an hour can be transmitted by it. The message is written on chemically prepared paper, and the price varies with the size of the paper.

This instrument can transmit stenographic writing, and then its rapidity is said to be truly prodigious. Portraits and drawings can also be transmitted by it.

This seems almost incredible. But the reader who has followed the explanations before given can form a general idea of the process by imagining that two great pendulums are made to swing simultaneously, one at either end of the line. Each moves a metallic point back and forth over the surface of chemically prepared paper, and after every movement the position of the pencil is changed a hair's-breadth down the page. If, then, at the instant that the metallic point at one terminus is in contact with a line of the manuscript or copy, a telegraphic current is transmitted to the point at the other terminus, and passes thence through the paper, it will produce a discoloration, which will be a dot or a line according to the duration of the current. If the autograph be closely inspected, it will be seen that it is made up of very fine parallel lines. The same thing will be more clearly seen in the butterfly, shown on a previous page.

The most recent marvel of the telegraph is what is called the duplex telegraph. This invention is a simple and beautiful device by which one wire serves to carry two messages in contrary directions at the same instant without interference. At first thought this may seem an impossibility; but when we consider how sounds, which we know to be vibrations in the air, may be propagated together in almost any number, and pass and cross each other in opposite directions without losing their individuality, we see how it is possible, even if we conceive of two currents as flowing in contrary directions, that currents of electricity, or rather, we should say, the vibratory action and reaction which we term currents, should coexist and interlace without interference. In the ordinary

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arrangement of a telegraphic circuit, if the operator at New York should commence to send a message to Philadelphia at the same time that the Philadelphia operator was sending to New York by the same wire, confusion would result. On the theory of two currents even, perhaps this confusion would not, under proper conditions, be an interference of the currents in the wire; but if they remained distinct, there would be confusion in the double and broken utterance of the receiving instruments. The distinct currents would both pull upon the armature of the sounder, and the result would be a confusion in the signals. The instruments at each end would utter an unintelligible jargon. To obviate this difficulty some device is necessary which shall cause the current from the battery at either end to flow through the magnet at the same end without affecting it, but yet have its effect on the magnet at the other end. After the current from the transmitting office passes through the key by which the signals are made, the wire is divided into two, one of them leading to the magnet and thence to the main line, while the other leads also to the magnet and thence back to the negative pole of the battery. To prevent too much of the current from following the latter course, which, being very short, presents but little resistance, resistance coils such as have been described are inserted in this short line, and when, by means of these, the resistance is made equal to that of the main line, the current divides equally, one-half passing forward to the main line to carry the message to the other terminus, the other half returning to the battery through the equally difficult path of the resistance coils. The magnet in question has both these wires wound around it in opposite directions, the consequence of which is that the half of the current which is returning to the battery counteracts the influence on the magnet which would otherwise be exerted by the other portion which is going forward on the line, and the outgoing message therefore produces no effect on the magnet. When the part of the current which carries the message, so to speak, arrives at the similar arrangement at the other end of the line, it passes around the magnet there without any such counteracting influence, and therefore makes its signals freely. In other words, the duplex telegraph is a contrivance for dividing the current, and using one-half of it to send the message, and the other half to keep the sounder from being disturbed by the message, thus leaving the sounder free to utter another message which is coming at the same time from the other end of the route.

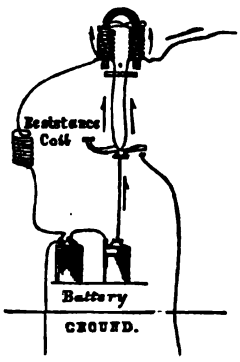


FIG. 26.—PRINCIPLE OF THE DOUBLE TRANSMITTER.

The American lines are connected with those of the Old World by cables. The cable is an insulated copper wire, surrounded by iron wire, covered with hemp and a thick coating of cement, as it was feared that the crustacea inhabiting the ocean depths might eat through this coating. These creatures were carefully analyzed, and a compound made so hard that they could not act upon it.

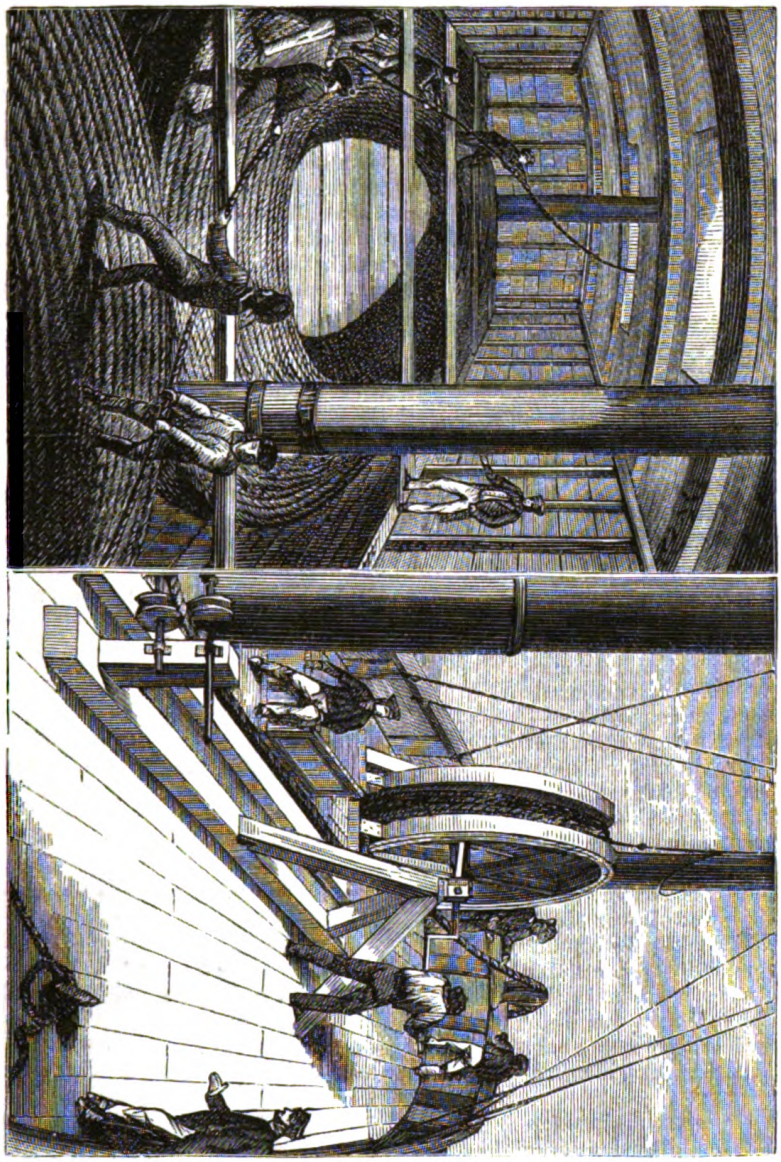
The story of the laying of the cable has been often told, and need not be repeated here. The peculiar conditions of submarine telegraphy required the use of batteries of very small power. The current was then found to be so inconstant in its movement that the needle could not be relied upon to open and close a local circuit, while its tremulous movements were so slight that they could not be followed by the eye. We have said that the time required by a current of electricity for its passage through a conductor is directly proportional to its length, other things being equal; but in the case of cables other causes of retardation are added. The current flowing through the cable induces a temporary current in the reverse direction on the outside of the conductor, and the attraction between the two retards the current, and this retardation increases in a geometric ratio with the length of the cable. The cable becomes, in effect, an enormous Leyden jar, the wire constituting the interior, the water the exterior coating, with the gutta-percha insulator between. When the circuit is closed the jar is charged, and discharged when it is opened. This also causes delay. The current moves as a wave which gradually travels along the wire, appearing in different parts at successive intervals of time; and by adjusted touches of the key successive waves may follow each other through the wire before the first has died away. If the battery be too large, the cable will be destroyed; if too weak, the signal is too fleeting to be seen without prolonging the wave to such an extent as to prevent rapid transmission. To remedy these difficulties a very delicate and beautiful form of the galvanometer was invented. It consists of a mirror of microscopic glass about one-eighth of an inch in diameter, suspended by a silk thread in the centre of a coil of very fine wire. A magnet is attached to the back of the mirror made of thin watch-spring. The whole weighs less than a grain. The magnet is so sensitive that if the ends of the wire connecting the coil are held by the hands, one end being covered with tin-foil, there will be sufficient magnetism excited to deflect the needle. If a current equal in strength

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to that produced by a knife blade when brought near a magnetic needle is received, it will move the magnet. A shaded light is thrown on the mirror, which is reflected upon an ivory scale, and is brought to a sharp focus by the lens. The instant the circuit is closed the magnet and mirror are deflected, and the light moves to the right or left on the scale, as the current is positive or negative. A very minute displacement of the magnet gives a very large movement of the ray of light. A movement on one side of the zero point represents the dot, on the other the dash, of the Morse alphabet, and the interval between the two the space. Before the first element has been received a second and even a third are following in its wake. Thus the thoughts of the East are read in the West by the flickering of a reflected ray of light.

Very recently a registering instrument has been invented as a substitute for the galvanometer. It consists of a small glass tube, which waves to and fro over a running strip of paper without touching it. The ink is spurted upon the paper by a series of electric sparks in a fine shower, which makes a continuous line upon the paper, giving a faithful record of the motion of the current. This instrument nearly quadruples the speed with which messages can be transmitted over the cable, it being capable of recording 120 words a minute, while the mirror galvanometer receives about thirty.

There is, perhaps, no more wonderful example of organization, subordination, and



LAYING OF A SHORT CABLE ACROSS THE STRAITS OF DOVER.

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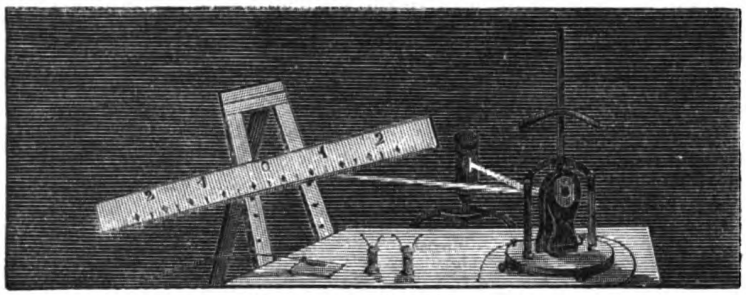


FIG. 27.—THE MIRROR GALVANOMETER.

intense attention and celerity to be found in any department of human affairs than is afforded by the telegraphic service between London and New York. A message sent from New York has to be rewritten four times in its route—that is to say, four times

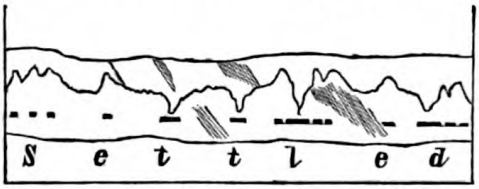


FIG. 28.—A REGISTERED CABLE MESSAGE.

it has to leave the wires and pass in at the eye or ear of an operator, through his mind and by his hand on to paper, or on to the transmitting instrument, or both. These faithful servants of the public, sitting continuously at their posts hundreds and thousands of miles apart, maintain an incessant stream of such communications with such perfect discipline and unbroken attention that the average time for the entire operation, including all kinds of messages, however long, is less than fourteen minutes for each message from New York to London. This, too, is but one short line in a net-work of over seven hundred thousand miles of wire which covers the globe, uniting more than twenty thousand cities and villages in every continent and of every language in one vast organization incessantly in operation.

Almost every season brings forward some new application of the telegraph. A complete net-work of wires now connects the stock exchange with the brokers' offices and the leading hotels, and the business done at the board is printed off in more than a thousand places in New York simultaneously. There is no reason why it should not be employed in a similar way to communicate to the offices of lawyers the progress of proceedings and the call of the calendar in the courts of law. What is called the district telegraph has recently been established in New York. It is a house-to-house telegraph, with a central office in each of a number of convenient districts. Each subscriber pays two dollars and a half a month, for which the company put up a neat little instrument in any part of his house that he desires, by means of which he can at any hour of the day or night summon to his door within the space of three minutes a messenger, a policeman, or a fireman with a fire-extinguisher. For the service of either he is to pay fifteen cents a half hour for the time employed. This system is spreading very rapidly and successfully throughout the city.

Railroad companies are now very generally employing telegraph operators as train dispatchers, and the incessant use of the telegraph is becoming a necessity on every road. Private telegraphs are used by many business houses for communication between the warehouse and the factory, and by gentlemen in their country residences to summon the coachman from the stables and the



THE HOUSE PRINTING MACHINE.

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porter from his lodge. There are said to be over four thousand miles of private telegraphs in Great Britain. How many there are in this country we are not informed. In hundreds of public buildings and churches miniature telegraphs are used for lighting

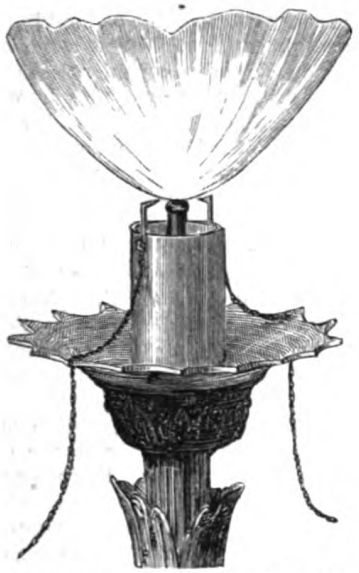


FIG. 29.—LIGHTING GAS BY THE ELECTRIC SPARK.

the gas, and it is estimated that the expense of the apparatus for a large church is repaid in two years by the saving in gas, as compared with the common and wasteful way of turning on the gas and then lighting one burner at a time with a rod and torch.

One of the most curious applications of the telegraph is its use in surgery to discover a bullet in a wound. The probe and forceps are each connected with a delicate battery. When one point of the probe or of the forceps touches the ball no effect is produced, but when both touch it the ball completes the circuit, and the tinkling of a bell



FIG. 30.—THE ELECTRIC PROBE AND FORCEPS.

or the vibration of a spring shows the surgeon that he has seized it.

The immense extension of the general telegraphic system, and its common use for business and social correspondence and the dissemination of public intelligence, are far more important to the community than any of these incidental applications of the system. The telegraph system is extending much more rapidly than the railroad system, and is probably exerting even a greater influence upon the mental development of the people than the railroad is exerting in respect to the material and physical prosperity of the country. It has penetrated almost every mind with a new sense of the vastness of distance and the value of time. It is commonly said that it has annihilated time and space—and this is true in a sense; but in a deeper sense it has magnified both, for it has been the means of expanding vastly the inadequate conceptions which we form of space and distance, and of giving a significance to the idea of time which it never before had to the human mind. It lifts every man who reads its messages above his own little circle, gives him in a vivid flash, as it were, a view of vast distances, and tends by an irresistible influence to make him a citizen of his country and a fellow of the race as well as a member of his local community.

In other respects its influence, though less obvious, will probably prove equally profound. So long as the mysterious force employed in the telegraph was only known in the mariner's compass, or by scientific investigations, or in a few special processes of art, the knowledge of the electric or magnetic force had, so to speak, a very limited soil to grow in. By means of the telegraph many thousands of persons in this country are constantly employed in dealing with it practically—generating it, insulating it, manipulating it. The invention of Morse has engaged some one in every considerable town and village in studying its properties, watching its operation, and using it profitably. Nothing could be better calculated to attract general attention to this newfound power, and to disseminate that knowledge of it from which new applications may be expected to result.

The tendency of scientific pursuits to promote the love of truth and the habit of accuracy is strikingly illustrated in the zeal and fidelity with which the minute and long-continued investigations have been pursued that have led to the development of this new realm of knowledge and this new element in human affairs.

But perhaps the most extended and important influence which the telegraph is destined to exert upon the human mind is that which it will ultimately work out through its influence upon language.

Language is the instrument of thought. It is not merely a means of expression. A word is a tool for thinking, before the thinker uses it as a signal for communicating his thought. There is no good reason why it should not be free to be improved, as other implements are. Language has hitherto been regarded merely in a historical point of view, and even now philol-

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ogy is little more than a record of the differences in language which have separated mankind, and of the steps of development in it which each branch of the human family has pursued. And as a whole it may be said that the science of language in the hands of philologists is used to perpetuate the differences and irregularities of speech which prevail. The telegraph is silently introducing a new element, which, we may confidently predict, will one day present this subject in a different aspect. The invention of Morse has given beyond recall the pre-eminence to the Italian alphabet, and has secured the ultimate adoption throughout the world of that system or some improvement upon it. The community of intelligence, and the necessary convertibility of expression between different languages, which the press through the influence of the telegraph is establishing, have commenced a process of assimilation, the results of which are already striking to those who carefully examine the subject. An important event transpiring in any part of the civilized world is concisely expressed in a dispatch which is immediately reproduced in five or ten or more different languages. A comparison of such dispatches with each other will show that in them the peculiar and local idioms of each language are to a large extent discarded. The process sifts out, as it were, the characteristic peculiarities of each language, and it may be confidently said that nowhere in literature will be found a more remarkable parallelism of structure, and even of word forms, combined with equal purity and strength in each language, than in the telegraphic columns of the leading dailies of the capitals of Europe and America. A traveler in Europe, commencing the study of the language of the country where he may be, finds no reading which he can so easily master as the telegraphic news column. The telegraph is cosmopolitan, and is rapidly giving prominence to those modes of speech in which different languages resemble each other. When we add to this the fact that every step of advance made by science and the arts increases that which different languages have in common by reason of the tendency of men in these pursuits the world over to adopt a common nomenclature, and to think alike or in similar mental processes, we see the elements already at work which will ultimately relegate philology to its proper and useful place among the departments of history, and will free language from those restrictions which now forbid making any intentional improvements in it. With the general use of the telegraphic system other things begin to readjust themselves to its conditions. Short-hand writing is more cultivated now than ever before. The best reporter must understand both systems, and be able to take his notes of a conversation while it passes, and then by stepping into an office transmit it at once without writing out. There is now in practical use in the city of New York a little instrument the size of a sewing-machine, having a key-board like the printing telegraph, by which any one can write in print as legibly as this page, and almost as rapidly as a reporter in short-hand. When we consider the immense number of people that every day by writing a telegram and counting the words are taking a most efficient lesson in concise composition, we see in another way the influence of this invention on the strength of language. If the companies should ever adopt the system of computing all their charges by the number of letters instead of words, as indeed they do now for all cipher or unintelligible messages, the world would very quickly be considering the economic advantages of phonetic or other improved orthography.

These processes are in operation all the world over, and in reference to the use of one and the same alphabet. By the principle which Darwin describes as natural selection short words are gaining the advantage of long words, direct forms of expression are gaining the advantage over indirect, words of precise meaning the advantage of the ambiguous, and local idioms are every where at a disadvantage. The doctrine of the Survival of the Fittest thus tends to the constant improvement and points to the ultimate unification of language.

The idea of a common language of the world, therefore, however far in the future it may be, is no longer a dream of the poet nor a scheme of a conqueror. And it is significant of the spirit of the times that this idea, once so chimerical, should at the time we are writing find expression in the inaugural of our Chief Magistrate, in his declaration of the belief "that our Great Maker is preparing the world in His own good time to become one nation, speaking one language, and when armies and navies will be no longer required."

ON THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

By ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

It chanceth once to every soul
Whose mystic scrolls illuminate enroll

The hieroglyphics of a peace
Which was the ransom of a pain's release,

Upon life's Bridge of Sighs to stand,
"A palace and a prison on each hand."

O palace of the rose-heart's hue!
How like a flower the sweet light fell from you!

O prison with the hollow eyes!
Your steadfast look reflects no flower's surprise.

O palace of the rose-sweet sin!
O blessed prison that I entered in!

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THE CHILDREN'S CHURCH.

[FROM THE GERMAN OF PAUL GEROK.]



THE bells of the churches are ringing—
Papa and mamma have both gone—
And three little children sit singing
Together this still Sunday morn.

While the bells toll away in the steeple,
Though too small to sit still in a pew,
These busy religious small people
Determine to have their church too.

So, as free as the birds, or the breezes
By which their fair ringlets are fanned,
Each rogue sings away as he pleases,
With book upside down in his hand.

Their hymn has no sense in its letter,
Their music no rhythm nor tune:
Our worship, perhaps, may be better—
But *theirs* reaches God quite as soon.

Their angels stand close to the Father;
His heaven is made bright by these flowers;
And the dear God above us would rather
Hear praise from their lips than from ours.

Sing on, little children—your voices
Fill the air with contentment and love;
All nature around you rejoices,
And the birds warble sweetly above.

Sing on—for the proudest orations,
The liturgies sacred and long,
The anthems and worship of nations,
Are poor to your innocent song.

Sing on—our devotion is colder,
Though wisely our prayers may be planned,
For often we, too, who are older,
Hold *our* book the wrong way in our hand.

Sing on—our harmonic inventions
We study with labor and pain;
Yet often our angry contentions
Take the harmony out of our strain.

Sing on—all our struggle and battle,
Our cry, when most deep and sincere—
What are they? A child's simple prattle,
A breath in the Infinite Ear.

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MADAME DE SÉVIGNÉ AND HER CONTEMPORARIES.



MARQUISE DE SÉVIGNÉ, AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-FIVE.

THE granddaughter of a saint, the daughter of a hero cavalier, the pupil of a priest, and the wife of a reprobate, Madame De Sévigné possessed in her family surroundings more than sufficient to create a romantic interest, even if she were not herself one of the most striking characters of the seventeenth century, and had not, with her vivid and felicitous pen, contributed a knowledge of her contemporaries to history. Her beauty, her animal spirits, her clear perception, her brilliancy as a belle, and her sagacity as a woman carried her triumphantly through a dazzling, seductive, and picturesque period of French history, and enabled her, in depicting it for private reading, to use the same lights, so to speak, that illuminated the side scenes at the court, and the motives, rumors, and knowledge which moved but, to the outside world, did not disturb "society." It is impossible to contemplate Madame De Sévigné apart from these contemporaries or out of this society. She belongs to both, did much to make and give a character to both, and, to her great credit be it said, is one of the very few exceptional characters to be found in the history of either. While the morals and manners of the time may account for and palliate her peculiarities, even a brief acquaint-

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ance with her ancestry will indicate the source of her strongest characteristics—eloquence, patience, purity, and spirit—as well as the possession of some weaknesses good training enabled her to control, and others which, escaping her, were nevertheless apparent in her offspring.

Jeanne-Françoise Rabutin de Chantal (*née* Frémyot), after ten years of struggling widowhood, severed the domestic ties which bound her to four helpless orphan children, to link herself with what she deemed a higher duty, left her home in 1610, and, under the influence of St. Francis de Sales, became the founder of the Order of the Visitation. In her day she built some eighty convents, and in after-times was canonized. It took a marvelous courage to thus rend the dearest ties of nature, and to step over the body of her young son, who, lying prostrate across the threshold of the old château of Bourbilly, with words and tears of supplication, passionately but vainly implored her to forego the design which was to leave him motherless as well as fatherless.

The boy thus doubly orphaned, young Celse-Bénigne Rabutin de Chantal, fourteen years old, was taken to the house of his maternal grandfather, president of the Dijon Parliament, where he grew up to manhood, and became distinguished for many graces of mind and person. Elegant yet blunt, impetuous yet playful, proud yet lively, intrepid, rash, and passionate, he was a model cavalier, who, in addition to the needful physical attributes, possessed a notable faculty of peculiar and attractive speech, which, it is said, made his conversation a pleasure, the charm of which lay as much in his grace of manner as in felicity of fancy; while, however, the fascination of his tongue made him an accomplished favorite, the impetuosity of his temper brought him into continual jeopardy. It was the nature of his blood to be at the fever-heat of gallantry, and the customs of the period were not calculated to assuage it. His father, a man of war, had set him an active example of a life of hazard, and left him a legacy of peril. Having proudly carried many wounds received under "the white plume of Navarre," which brushed away the claims of Cardinal de Bourbon and established Henry IV. on the throne, having escaped through many battles and fought eighteen duels, he met an untimely and accidental death. Excelling his father in the polite arts, the young Baron de Chantal almost rivaled him in cavalier gallantry. He had *his* duels and hi[illegible]'s duels to attend to, and one of th[illegible] suggestively illustrates his ac[illegible] ceives additional interest from th[illegible] nces which resulted from it.

[illegible] young baron was married to M[illegible]ulanges, daughter of a "Conseiller [illegible]," etc., which elevated connection might reasonably tend to somewhat calm down the troublous currents of his vivacious intrepidity; but it was not so, for on the Easter-Sunday of that very year, and in the church where he had just partaken of the Holy Sacrament, he received a summons to second a friend in a combat about to take place at the Porte St. Antoine. Chantal hurried from the church to the dueling ground, from the solemnities in which he had been a participant to the delusive sophistries of the "code of honor." The scandal caused by this Easter-day conflict was intense, the result disastrous; prosecutions ensued, and Chantal was compelled to take shelter in temporary obscurity. When, deeming the storm abated, he ventured to appear at court, it was to feel that the chilling glance of Louis XIII. and the frowns of the cardinal, Richelieu, shut out all future hope of court sunshine on his path. The king and the cardinal could check the desires of the courtier, but they could not dampen the ardor of the cavalier. They might interfere with the fortune of the former, but could not deny the latter the glory of defending his country. In this defense Chantal was slain, in July, 1627, bravely fighting against the English, who had effected a landing on the Ile de Rhé. Thus died, after a brief career, full of talent, bravery, and promise, the son of Sainte Chantal, and the father of Madame De Sévigné, then an infant.

The little child orphaned by the carnage at the Ile de Rhé was not yet eighteen months old, having been born at the Place Royale-du-Marais on the 5th of February, 1626, during the days of her father's disfavor at court. Greatly needed, indeed, was the prayerful injunction of Sainte Chantal on this occasion to her weeping daughter-in-law, whose situation and sorrows could not fail to conjure up a sad similitude to her own early tribulations. "Be careful of yourself, my dearest daughter," she wrote. "Keep yourself to bring up in the fear of our Lord this offspring of a holy wedlock. Guard her as a trust, without allowing your affection to be too greatly attached, so that the Divine Goodness may take a greater care of and be all things to this dear little child." With what a singularly sympathetic idea of the state of affairs did not the pious Mother Chantal express herself, betraying a fear for the health of the young widow, and in this fear seeing the greater need of the Divine Goodness to be all things to the dear little child! Her anxieties were not overdrawn. In six years the dear little child had no mother. Her grandam Coulanges then supplied the place, but she, too, passed away in a twelvemonth. Grandpa Coulanges followed his daughter and wife in a few years, and then a family council of the Rabutins and Coulangeses was held to determine what should be done with the dear little one—who

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would become guardian to the young orphan Marie de Rabutin-Chantal. The "Divine Goodness" guided the choice, which fell to the lot of her mother's brother, Christophe de Coulanges, Abbé of Livry, then but twenty-nine years old, but who proved himself eminently worthy of the trust.

Marie was now transplanted to the old priory of Livry, in the forest of Bondy. In this sweet solitude the sorrows and anxieties which had invaded her young life were dispelled. Peace and care set in motion the great faculties with which Providence had blessed her. Seeing what nature had done for his little niece, the good abbé brought all the influences of integrity, prudence, and solid learning to strengthen her heart and enrich her brain. From him she was schooled in what she calls "the holy virtue of economy," and to a true estimation of the worthlessness of ostentation and extravagance. His teaching and sedulous care developed that perfect good sense on which, as her latest biographer* truly says, reposes the genius of Madame De Sévigné. The strength of character thus formed saved her from temptations which fashion did not condemn, and from errors which beaux and belles deemed triumphs, at a later period, and in a state of society where she was a flattered inspiration. Destined by her birth and connections to move amidst the triumphs and dangers of the court and court circles, the abbé, with the most watchful solicitude, prepared her for the achievement of the one, and fortified her against the other. Hence her education was brilliant as well as solid, all the arts and fasciuations of polite literature being woven round, and keeping, perhaps from unnecessary prominence, until needed the solid erudition and strict principles of integrity which lay at the foundation of all his precepts.

While the uncle tutored Marie in Greek, Latin, and the graver studies, she was instructed in Italian, general literature, poetry, and the light artillery of accomplishments by the Abbé Ménage—a man of wit and many tongues, whose susceptibility soon succumbed to the attractions of his pupil—and John Chapelain, author of a long-winded but short-lived poem, *Pucelle*, a man of capacity, who, although not insensible to Marie's grace and wit, kept most of his enthusiasm for his own muse and her indifferent offspring. He was, however, among the earliest and most earnest defenders of his pupil in time of need.

What delightful days were those in the forest of Bondy! How happily and beneficially her days of girlhood passed, guided by love and judgment, nurtured by enjoyable studies, calmed by the surrounding aspect of nature, or pleasantly sporting in the gardens of the priory with her cousin Emmanuel—"le petit Coulanges"—who afterward was known as the jovial *raconteur*, the comedian of society, full of song, story, sentiment, enhancing each by the acted expressiveness of his rendition—whose tendency to the comic was so irresistible that he could not even suffer seriously, but while screaming with the pangs of the gout, did it, says Madame De Sévigné, as if it were a joke. The blessings of Livry were never forgotten by Marie. Her uncle's care was the source of eternal thanks. He lived long, for half a century was her best friend and counselor, and throughout her career she yearned toward him with increasing affection, reliance, and gratitude.

When Marie, at the age of seventeen, left Livry, and was introduced into Parisian circles, she at once created a sensation. The variety of her attainments surprised all. Witty with the wits, scholastic with the erudite, beautiful among beauties, grave or gay, and with a charm of manner that attracted confidence and dispelled rivalry. At this period she was distinguished by a brilliant clear complexion, with hair to suit, fair, thick, and wavy, fresh and rosy lips, and a fine figure. She often expressed dissatisfaction with her nose, which was somewhat square, as was the contour of her jaw; but the smoothness of her dazzling skin, the beauty of her blue eyes, now aflame with the fire of wit, now prayerful under the inspiration of tenderness and feeling, and the general unchecked animation of her features, made the pupil of Livry eminently attractive. In addition to her heavenly eyes and golden hair and rich brain, the bright Burgundian beauty was an heiress. It is almost needless to say that wit, worth, and wealth conspired to make the possessor—that possessor a girl—a bait of unusual splendor, and that Mademoiselle De Rabutin-Chantal was very quickly the centre of a worshiping circle of suitors and admirers. Among these suitors then, and subsequently under less reputable circumstances, but always unsuccessful, was her cousin Bussy-Rabutin. Henri, Marquis de Sévigné, of a noble Breton family, became the chosen competitor, his success being due, it is thought, to the mediation of his uncle, the famous Paul de Gondi, Coadjutor Archbishop of Paris, then deemed the most rising man in French affairs, and soon to be known as the Cardinal de Retz, and the soul of the Fronde.

There is no reason to doubt that Mademoiselle Chantal loved M. De Sévigné, and wed him of her free will and choice; however, his connection with so rising a man as De Gondi may have had its effect in making the Abbé de Coulanges solicitous for the match. Young and handsome, with the

* *Madame De Sévigné, her Correspondents and Contemporaries.* By the Comtesse de Puliga. In two volumes. London: Tinsley Brothers, 1873.

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light of a lover illuminating a naturally gay disposition, it is not wonderful that De Sévigné's baser characteristics were a blank to the dazzling Marie's want of worldly experience, especially when those around her did not take pains to analyze too closely the nature of one whose powerful connections gave promise of future prominence in the state.

She was affianced when scarcely eighteen years old, was to be married in the merry May time, but an ebullition of De Sévigné's temper postponed the nuptials for some three months. Crossing the Pont Neuf, he met a Breton gentleman who had "spoken to his discredit." He struck him with the flat of his sword: a meeting ensued, and the marquis was dangerously wounded. He survived, and on the 4th of August, 1644, Marie de Rabutin-Chantal became the Marquise de Sévigné—the possessor of a name which her virtues and talents were to immortalize. She was the victim of the duello. She was born in the days made gloomy by its results. It changed the May days which were to have been those of her honeymoon into sad anxiety over the couch of her betrothed. In a few years it was to consign her to a perpetual widowhood.

The young pair, possessing all that could make life desirable, went soon after their marriage to The Rochers, their home in Brittany. Having enjoyed a life of tranquillity and apparent happiness for some eighteen months, they returned to Paris in the middle of 1646, and on the 10th October following the marquise gave birth to that daughter upon whom she lavished so much anxiety and affection.

Now the youthful marquise found herself in the midst of all that was pleasant and agreeable in Paris. The Hôtel de Rambouillet, with its happy innovations on the prevailing style of architecture, having the windows opening to the ground, and into the garden, which extended back to the Carrousel and the Tuileries, was the chief theatre dedicated to pleasure and intelligence at the time. Madame De Rambouillet having been early afflicted with a malady which compelled her to shun both fire and sunlight, made a great virtue of this necessity, took to her *ruelle*,* and attracted around her a circle of brains and beauty, with a fringe of rank, fashion, and varied ability. At the time of Madame De Sévigné's *rentrée* into Parisian society Madame De Rambouillet was fifty-eight years old. By birth a Roman, she was married at twelve, retired from the pleasures of the Louvre at twenty, and initiated the gatherings which have made her name and hotel famous. In her youth French society was uncouth, French manners rough. She set out to tame the one and polish the other, and she had the good sense to see and feel that intellect, and not birth or rank, was the touch-stone of the needed reformation. Talent and good manners, therefore, were the leading passports to her favor and society. A woman of refinement, purity, taste, and appreciation, she gave encouragement and approval where it was most beneficial without creating rivalries by partisanship, which was a very difficult position to maintain.

Mademoiselle De Scudéry, the manufacturer of mammoth romances, occupying half a score volumes each, at an early period made one of the select circle of the Hôtel de Rambouillet, and has given us a description of its mistress, under the name of Cléomire, in her elaborate manner, a passage of which, as a *résumé* of all, must suffice: "If there was a wish to embody Chastity," writes the worshipful Scudéry, "I would give her the aspect of Cléomire; to make Glory loved by all, I would again represent Cléomire; and if Virtue took a human garb, it must be that of Cléomire." Madame De Rambouillet was assisted in her receptions by her daughters, Julie and Angélique, especially the former, who for twenty years was the inspiration of poets, the worshiped of men, and even of women, whose amiability was such that she discouraged lovers without displeasing them. Madame De Sablé used to say, probably to tease her friend's male worshipers, she could conceive no greater felicity on earth than to spend her life with Mademoiselle De Rambouillet. Brought up in the pleasures of her mother's circle, and the concentrated sentimentality which led to later and less platonic extravagances in gallantry, Mademoiselle Julie was a faithful illustration of both. She felt so happy in being adored as a sort of movable shrine that she resisted all offers of marriage, and only yielded to her mother's wishes when she was *passée*, and recompensed the Marquis de Montausier, who had been prostrate at her feet for fourteen years.

From a familiar affectation in addressing each other as "*ma précieuse*," the most distinguished coterie of the Hôtel de Rambouillet became known as *Les Précieuses*, a name retained by Molière in his comedy in which he so severely ridiculed these followers. Madame De Rambouillet certainly contributed much to transform the rough manners of the early days of the seventeenth century, but her coterie went from one extreme to the

* "The bed, at that time monumental and magnificently adorned, stood in the centre of one end of the room, and for princesses and ladies of high quality it was raised from the ground by a few steps, called the *estrade*. Near the foot of the bed, and dividing the apartment, stood a gilt balustrade, such as may still be seen in the room of Louis XIV. at Versailles. Each side of the bed within that reserved space was called the *ruelle*; it was often still more inclosed by a colonnade reaching from the ground to the ceiling, and it then formed an alcove."—*Comtesse de Puliga*, p. 41.

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other. Rushing from rude customs, it assumed classic names, cultivated a painfully turgid platonism, and encouraged to an absurd extent the forms of gallantry while discountenancing its spirit. Under this system society became stilted and sentimental to a morbid degree, and language was used not so much for its point as for its color, not for the reality of its meaning, but for its suitability of sound and picturesqueness of form. Mademoiselle De Scudéry, "the incomparable Sappho" of the blue-stockings, has left us a picture of the morals and manners of this society, without an outline at least of which it is impossible to understand much of the spirit of that era.

Love was the rule—a necessity of good-breeding. All men should be enamored, and all women loved. Indifference was such a reproach that those who were not, pretended to be in love. Custom did not require women to love, but only to suffer to be loved, while, however, they were not forbidden to acknowledge the perseverance of their lovers by an affection perfectly pure. They were permitted "to employ innocent artifices to subdue the hearts of men," as all a woman's glory consisted in making illustrious conquests; and holding the lovers she subdued. It was correct to treat lovers with great rigor, but also a necessity to be abounding in charms, artifice, and amiability to overcome the possible cold results of that rigor. Thus every belle had to be sufficiently cold to chill the ardor of gallantry without freezing it, and sufficiently coquettish to encourage without inflaming it; she was to check and to cheer it at the same time. To be an *honnête homme*, as the phrase went, a perfect gentleman in society, was to be brave, witty, gallant, making eternal love or love speeches, and paying homage to some lady who accepted, "and whose good name was by no means sullied by it." In this way the "incomparable Sappho" thought the *beau monde* of her day had discovered how "to blend innocence and love," and the mode of spending "a life at once agreeable and diverting."

The Hôtel de Rambouillet became a sort of inner temple, where these doctrines were worshiped and promulgated. Even royal princesses waived custom in favor of this centre of Parisian civilization. All the poets, wits, philosophers, and statesmen, all the belles and beaux of the time, assembled in and around the *ruelle* of the "incomparable Arthénice," as the elegantly tranquil madame was styled. Here Mazarin played cards and Balzac had his group of listeners; here La Rochefoucauld made "maxims" and Ménage discussed foreign verses; here Gondi remembered he was a swordsman and gallant before he took orders; here came Foucquet, "the financier," and St. Pavin and Montreuil, making bonmots and complimentary verses; here "le petit Coulanges," the Yorick of every salon, set the blue room in a roar, while Bussy-Rabutin was doubtless pushing an intrigue; here Chapelain "deigned to read some fragments of his long-expected *Pucelle*;" here Voiture, the audacious, with his verses and vividly felicitous impromptus, was most welcome of all; and here, greatest of all, Pierre Corneille received a warm greeting; but his serious and quiet manners were in tame contrast to Voiture's self-sufficient brilliancy, and not calculated to make him, as Madame De Motteville has it, "an ornament of the '*belles ruelles*.'" He read betimes, in his timid way, passages from those tragedies of which it has been said that all the heroines are Frondeuses, but was oftenest silent. "Seated on one of the low stools reserved for those of inferior birth, he allowed the minor luminaries to chatter and please."

Of course the high-sounding sentimentality and artificial gallantry of *Les Précieuses* could not be sustained forever. Flesh and blood could not stand it. As time progressed the real invaded the artificial, and society gained something in the way of nature and lost considerable in the way of character. Not that nature and character were incompatible, but "society," in forming its character, had so fooled nature that the latter, watching its occasion, and using the forms of fashion to reassert itself, found sentimental innocence a bait for intrigue, and artificial simplicity a susceptible clew to scandal. Thus jaunty scheming took advantage of sentiment, and gallant blacklegs mingled with the blue-stockings of the blue room of the Hôtel de Rambouillet. Instead of pretending to be in love *à la mode*, beaux ran each other through for a smile or a frown; real love intrigues bourgeoned out of the apparently barren soil of artificial admiration, until society became that cavalier, verse-making, verse-loving, love-making, letter-writing, salon-gathering, witty, reckless, audacious, rival-hating, and intriguing aristocracy that greeted Madame De Sévigné. It is just to remark that the mistress of the Hôtel de Rambouillet came through an era of intrigues unsullied; "in no pamphlet of that period does one word tarnish her fame."

Young as she was, Madame De Sévigné was neither absorbed nor carried away by the society of the Hôtel de Rambouillet. She was as far removed from pedantry as prudery, and retained only such of the ruling principles as were elevating. While her sprightly humor and zest for amusement were captivating, her sense and modesty were self-preservative. She was not only an attraction at the Hôtel de Rambouillet, but she had a little court of her own, and was surrounded by suitors. Among these were her handsome, brilliant, and treacher-

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ous cousin Bussy; the tender and passionate Comte du Lude, discreet and dangerous, whose tearful implorations made him "formidable to the peace and reputation" of the fair; the Comte de Vassé, the Comte de Montmoron, and the Marquis de Noirmoutier, assiduous admirers; her old teacher Ménage; the pleasant, humpbacked Abbé St. Pavin, whose pen found its best inspiration in the charms and society of his neighbor's niece; the pedantic Chevalier de Méré, eminently befooled by the *Précieuses* and tolerated by madame; the jovial and indolent Abbé de Montreuil, a most delicate concocter of compliments. Seeing his hostess play blindman's-buff, he improvised a quatrain, saying, that with her eyes bandaged they took her for Love, and with eyes uncovered for his mother. There was also Marigny, prompt with song and repartee; and Segrais, a man of the world, who openly professed more than friendship for the Burgundian siren, but who acknowledged his hopelessness. Her freedom of manner and indiscretion of speech added dangerous piquancy to her other charms. Her want of circumspection in language in contrast to her purity of action has naturally attracted comment. But some idea of the manners and speech of that day may be found in the fact that for checking expressions in the first society which would now be intolerable in any decent circle Madame De Rambouillet acquired a reputation for most exaggerated fastidiousness.

The wit, beauty, and manners of the youthful marquise were a sufficient temptation to the love-making abbés and courtier blacklegs of the day, without having a reprobate husband whose neglect left her a prey to subtle and audacious consolers. Alas! too soon did M. De Sévigné prove faithless, and as fickle as faithless, loving on all sides, and ruining his young wife with the extravagance of his expenditures on worthless women. Her grief was great, but also was her heart and her devotion. She smothered her sorrows in efforts to reclaim him. She persistently loved him; and though she could not be blind to his infidelities, wished to be so in the belief that *her* devotion would re-create his. In this hope she induced him to quit Paris and go to Les Rochers, where, early in 1648, their son was born.

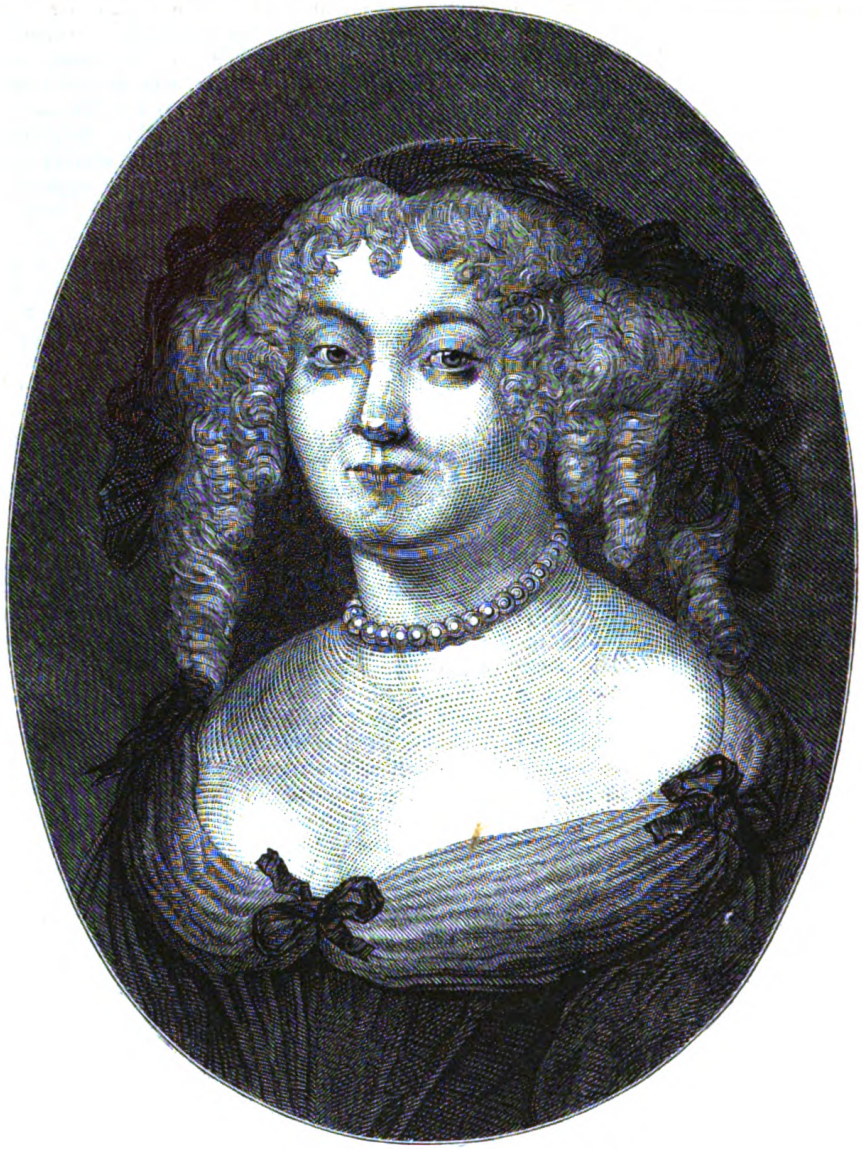
The breaking out of the war of the Fronde later in this year took them from their Breton château, and again they are in Paris, and again the poor wife suffers from the neglect of a faithless husband. In 1650 Bussy, ever on the watch to weaken his cousin's faith and advance his own infamous designs, informed Madame De Sévigné that her husband was the favored lover of the wonderful Ninon de l'Enclos, then thirty-four years old, in the meridian of her brilliant beauty and destructive witchery. This disclosure almost mastered her patience, and unable to conceal her grief, she intimated the sad knowledge to her husband. He soon conjectured the source of information, and next day upbraided Bussy, who actually was the confidant of his passion for Ninon. Bussy boldly denied having broken faith, and assured him that madame had simply guessed the state of affairs. Having appeased the husband, he wrote to the wife, sneering at her want of prudence, and advising her that jealousy was more efficient to retain a heart than beauty. "I advise you," he writes, "to make your husband jealous, my fair cousin, and for this purpose I offer myself to you."

Madame was not awake when the letter arrived, and it fell into the hands of Monsieur De Sévigné, who read it, and dismissed the bearer with, "No answer." Bussy was in a frenzy at the *dénouement* of this little comedy, and was inclined to kill the page who had rendered his wiles and his plans abortive. He was forbidden the house, and got married soon after, which did not prevent him, however, resuming correspondence with his cousin in his usual style of gallant familiarity.

Ninon was as fickle as her new and envied lover. "Three months were for her three centuries," and soon Rambouillet de la Sablière took the place of Henri de Sévigné. The counsels of the abbé uncle now prevailed; madame's fortune was placed out of the power of her husband, greatly against her will; and he, taking her to Les Rochers, hurried back to Paris and a fresh intrigue. His new passion was a Madame De Gondran, the gay wife of a wealthy *bourgeois*, who became extravagantly infatuated by the attention of "les gens de la cour," and achieved complete empire over the weak disposition of De Sévigné. He kept himself and her other lovers in a fever of excitement, and by a series of dramatic complications was brought into a duel with the Chevalier d'Albret, to whom Madame De Gondran had denied herself four times. They fought on the 4th of February, 1651, and De Sévigné received a fatal wound. The news brought the devoted wife to Paris, but too late to see her husband alive. He died two days after the affray, at the age of thirty-two, just as his wife completed her twenty-fifth year.

The grief of Madame De Sévigné was poignant and sincere, for she loved him who had confessed that "for others she might be the most agreeable woman in the world, but that he could not love her." She passed nine months of regret at The Rochers, during which "she embraced the holy vocation of perpetual widowhood and devoted maternity." Her return to Paris at the close of 1651 was chronicled by Loret, who versified the events of society, as the coming of a chaste turtle-dove who had been mourning her mate in the country. Her youth,

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MARQUISE DE SÉVIGNÉ.—A LATER PORTRAIT.

happy disposition, and keen sense of enjoyment seemed now more than ever calculated to surround her with peril. If she had been admired and wooed before, the new position of the "veuve jeune et belle" added greatly to the interest she excited; and at no period did there exist the snares and temptations arising from an intense love of light pleasures and dissipation as at that when she resumed her place in the gay circles of the capital. Mademoiselle, the cousin of the king, occupied the Tuileries, and gave brilliant entertainments, at which the witty widow often shone. She was on intimate terms with the Duchesse de Longueville, the Duchesse de Chevreuse, and the Duchesse de Châtillon, a daughter of her father's friend who had the duel on Easter-Sunday. Her aunts—Sévigné and Coulanges—gathered choice company at their houses; Madame Du Plessis-Guénégaud, of great wealth and intelligence, who instigated Foucquet to help authors and artists, was the "charming Amalthée" of an "enchanted palace"—the Hôtel de Nevers—where poets and their admirers congregated; and she visited also Sappho Scudéry, whose *ruelle* was, though on a lesser scale than that of Madame De Rambouillet, the resort of wits and flirts of both sexes.

In the summer following the Duc de Rohan, that noted Chabot whose good looks and grace as a dancer won the proudest heiress in France, and a leading title also, had a great feud with the Marquis de Tonquedec, growing from rivalry to be distin-

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guished by Madame De Sévigné. This was the cause of much notoriety, which she could but shun and could not control, as well as many painful emotions which her principles could not repress. She sought solace in the solitude of The Rochers, and in the care of her children, whose happiness was the passion of her existence. In Paris, in the winter of 1653–54, she is more than ever surrounded and courted, by the brave, the great, the magnificent, even by the blood royal: but by a tact which seemed an inspiration she preserved her truth without humiliating her adorers. The Comte du Lude was still her faithful and discreet admirer. The Prince de Conti, brother of Condé, although recently married to a good and lovable woman, was attracted by the charms of the turtle-dove of Les Rochers, and was ceaseless in attempts to win her notice. "It is necessary," says the Comtesse de Puliga, justly, "to read the memoirs of the seventeenth century to comprehend and value the prestige of princes of the blood, and to understand how leniently the world looked upon their weaknesses." Had Madame De Sévigné listened to so exalted a lover, "she would have reaped more outward consideration than condemnation." Even Bussy gave way for the prince, and in his rascal way sought to instigate his cousin to ruin. Writing to her, he says: "Fortune is making you great advances, my dear cousin; be not ungrateful. You are as much attached to virtue as if it were something solid, and you despise wealth as if you could never need it." But if the personal ambition of Bussy would make him a pander to the prince, it was otherwise with Foucquet, the Surintendant des Finances, whose boundless control of wealth often helped him to triumph. He failed with Madame De Sévigné, yet retained her friendship, and even in his adversity held her affectionate sympathy. An envious attempt was made to involve her good name at the time of his arrest; but her letters, found in his chest, were solely of family matters, and the king himself declared they were "such as to do her honor." Foucquet appropriated the finances, and presented Louis XIV. with fictitious accounts, which were daily contradicted by Colbert, then "wending his way." In the midst of his magnificence and power Foucquet was overwhelmed, and ended his days, almost forgotten, after fourteen years' close imprisonment, in Pignerol. Madame De Sévigné's letters give a vivid narrative of his fall and trial. Turenne, the great captain, also found in Madame De Sévigné a citadel his art could not capture. She had to deny herself to him to guard her reputation, yet on his death—twenty years after, to be sure—remembers only his glory as "the greatest captain and the most honorable man in the world."

In the winter of 1662–63 an event always of interest to a mother took place. Her daughter appeared at court, and the sensation made by her beauty and accomplishments delighted the mother, by whom she was so beloved. Although the daughter lacked the warmth and geniality which rendered the mother so fascinating, and placed a value on her own charms which amounted to self-worship, she won "all the favors which the court could bestow and the world envy." She took part in the splendid ballets projected or invented by Louis XIV., and in which he appeared himself, surrounded by dukes and marquises and the flower of the girlhood and womanhood of the time. She became the theme of poets and the admiration of gallants, but her reputation was saved by the coldness of her manner. At one time the attention of the king "seemed likely to ripen into more tender sentiments," but this "excess of honor, or indignity," fell to the share of Madame De Montespan. At last, after some years of motherly anxiety to have her daughter—who was approaching the advanced age of twenty-three—settled, Madame De Sévigné had the satisfaction of seeing Mademoiselle Françoise married, in 1669, to the Comte de Grignan, of a good family, who had been already twice married, and held the office of lieutenant-general of the king in Languedoc. About the period of this alliance her son, Charles de Sévigné, then over twenty, and impatient for distinction, joined an expedition to aid Venice against the Turks, and won a character for valor which he was destined to sustain. He had the family strength for gallantry, at least at one portion of his life the paternal weakness for dissipation, and actually fell into the snares of the same Ninon de l'Enclos, still lovely and attractive at fifty-four, who had helped to ruin his father a quarter of a century previous.

As life progressed Madame De Sévigné continued to enjoy the society and friendship of the most eminent men of her time. There is scarcely a name of that wonderful period—famous in letters, state-craft, the field, the pulpit, or the stage—of which there are not reminiscences in her charming letters. The writers who lead French tragedy and comedy, Corneille, Racine, Molière; the preachers who have never been surpassed in French pulpits, Bossuet, Bourdaloue, Massillon, Fléchier; the poets, satirists, moralists, fabulists, and essayists—the Boileaus, La Rochefoucaulds, Pascals, La Fontaines, with numbers of others then scarcely less, some even better known, but now of not so much interest—live, read, sparkle, or moralize in her remarkable pages. From the saint to the sinner, from the noble-souled Abbé de Coulanges to the depraved Bussy, from Sainte Chantal, who left her father, to the sinner Ninon, who captured her hus-

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band, her son, and even her grandson, the correspondence of Madame De Sévigné presents every variety of humanity, aiding to make or unmake opinion, or illustrating society in the memorable reign of Louis Quatorze.

Passing her time in country or city, Madame De Sévigné kept up that correspondence with her daughter upon which mainly her great reputation as a writer depends. Every thing of interest to her she deems of interest to her child, from whom absence was a pang never ameliorated, and which was occupied by communicating with her. This intense, ever-solicitous, and never-varying devotion of the mother does not seem to have been highly or even adequately appreciated by the daughter. This ever-restless, overanxious maternal solicitude of Madame De Sévigné, which never left her, is in strong contrast to the calm spirit of her grandmother, who could and did leave her children and the world at the same time. Her death was in keeping with that maternal spirit of sacrifice she was always only too desirous of making. The daughter's illness at Grignan brought the devoted mother to her bedside. Her excessive sympathy with the invalid made her declare she was dying of the illness of her daughter. Her feelings were a premonition of fate. At the beginning of April, 1696, the small-pox seized her, and on the 17th she closed her life—with no relative's voice, no relative's palm, to soothe or soften the departure. "The woman who had lived entirely for her children was childless in that last supreme moment."

And thus passed away a woman of exceeding ability and force of character; one who, no doubt not deeming herself among the literary lights of her time, is yet held by Lamartine to be the Petrarch of French prose. Her letters were not given to the world for thirty years after she had left it, yet it is indubitable testimony to their style, merits, and historical usefulness that they are still held unrivaled as pictures, less purely brilliant than vividly drawn, of men, manners, and society in the seventeenth century. Lamartine makes her in some respects one of the representative women of the world in putting her among his "Celebrated Characters;" and her latest biographer, the Comtesse de Puliga, from whose interesting work we have chiefly drawn the facts of this article, illustrates her career with loving and industrious discrimination. If Lamartine's treatment of Madame De Sévigné is in a romantic mood of appreciation, the facts in Comtesse de Puliga's work justify it. In reading the letters which made Walpole worship her, we are led to think with Mackintosh that she has probably become an immortal writer without expecting it. As a wife, mother, and woman she has as many claims for love on her own sex as her wit and letters command from the opposite.

Orphaned at seventeen months, but seven years old when her mother died, little more than eight when the death of her maternal grandmother left her without the guardianship of any womanly solicitude, wed at eighteen, and a widow at twenty-five, there seems, indeed, little time for the gathering or utilizing of the forces which were to carry her and her alluring beauty and dangerous free wit through such a continuous path of peril. Yet we see her strong, noble, and virtuous, while gay and even indiscreet. She was mirthful without immodesty, and modest without prudery; pure in the midst of impurity, virtuous in an atmosphere of vice. Wed before she was a woman, she remained a girl all her life—full of joyous purity, which is the strongest kind of commonsense, and acting with a fearless freedom, which those whom it defied called insensibility. She loved De Sévigné as a good wife could love a good husband, and diverted the wicked designs of other men like a good woman. While a devotee of her reckless husband, his neglect never brought her to the level of her devotees. She was true to herself as well as to him, and in being the one as the other had need of great tact and courage. Really in those days it was necessary for a beautiful good woman to be a clever diplomate to protect herself from, without seriously offending, the coxcombs and intriguers whose delinquencies could not call forth dismissal. To positively shun them would be to make a parade of virtue no one would appreciate, and which the majority would condemn as hollow prudery. Humiliated cavaliers could be calumniators, as Bussy once threatened his cousin, and were as dangerous as successful gallants.

While a woman of society, Madame De Sévigné loved the country. From the days of her pupilage at Livry to her last journey she never failed to take comfort from the air, the quiet, the scenery, the sensations of country life. Les Rochers are eternally twined with her name and fame, as with the epochs when she sought peace of mind or wept in solitude. There is something that fills up the demands of nature in the fact that while the beloved of fashion, she loved the fields. Shining in the court, she sought domestic life in the country. Apparently made alone to shine amidst the blaze of wit, she realized equal enjoyment in the sombre woods, and was a contented worshiper of nature in its wildest and sometimes least inviting forms. This dualism of feeling or appreciation was exemplified in her manner, which had the freedom of the woods and the *finesse* of the city; and both were indispensable to preserve her sway and protect herself as a queen among women and a woman among queens.

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A SIMPLETON.

A STORY OF THE DAY.

By CHARLES READE.

CHAPTER XXII.

WHEN Falcon went, luck seemed to desert their claim: day after day went by without a find; and the discoveries on every side made this the more mortifying.

By this time the diggers at Bulteel's pan were as miscellaneous as the audience at Drury Lane Theatre, only mixed more closely; the gallery folk and the stalls worked cheek by jowl. Here a gentleman with an affected lisp, and close by an honest fellow who could not deliver a sentence without an oath, or some still more horrible expletive that meant nothing at all in reality, but served to make respectable flesh creep; interspersed with these, Hottentots, Kafirs, and wild blue-blacks gayly clad in an ostrich feather, a scarlet ribbon, and a Tower musket, sold them by some good Christian for a modern rifle.

On one side of Staines were two swells, who lay on their backs and talked opera half the day; but seldom condescended to work without finding a diamond of some sort.

After a week's deplorable luck his Kafir boy struck work on account of a sore in his leg; the sore was due to a very common cause—the burning sand had got into a scratch, and festered. Staines, out of humanity, examined the sore; and proceeding to clean it, before bandaging, out popped a diamond worth forty pounds, even in the depreciated market. Staines quietly pocketed it, and bandaged the leg. This made him suspect his blacks had been cheating him on a large scale, and he borrowed Hans Bulteel to watch them, giving him a third, with which Master Hans was mightily pleased. But they could only find small diamonds, and by this time prodigious slices of luck were reported on every side. Kafirs and Boers, that would not dig, but traversed large tracts of ground when the sun was shining, stumbled over diamonds. One Boer pointed to a wagon and eight oxen, and said that one lucky glance on the sand had given him that lot; but day after day Staines returned home, covered with dust and almost blinded, yet with little or nothing to show for it.

One evening, complaining of his change of luck, Bulteel quietly proposed to him migration. "I am going," said he, resignedly; "and you can come with me."

"You leave your farm, Sir? Why, they pay you ten shillings a claim, and that must make a large return: the pan is fifteen acres."

"Yes, mine vriend," said the poor Hollander, "dey pay; but deir money it cost too dear. Vere is mine peace? Dis farm is six tousand acres. If de cursed diamonds was farther off, den it vas vell. Bud dey are too near. Once I could smoke in peace, and zleep. Now diamonds is come, and zleep and peace is fled. Dere is four tousand tents, and to each tent a dawg; dat dawg bark at four tousand oder dawgs all night, and dey bark at him and at each oder. Den de masters of de dawgs dey get angry, and fire four tousand pistole at de four tousand dawgs, and make my bed shake wid de trembling of mine vrow. My vamily is wid diamonds infected. Dey vill not vork. Dey takes long valks, and always looks on de ground. Mine childre shall be humpbacked, roundshouldered, looking down for diamonds. Dey shall forget Gott. He is on high: deir eyes are always on de earth. De diggers found a diamond in mine plaster of mine wall of mine house. Dat plaster vas limestone; it come from dose kopjes de good Gott made in His anger against man for his vickedness. I zay so. Dey not believe me. Dey tink dem abominable stones grow in mine house and break out in mine plaster like de measle: dey vaunt to dig in mine wall, in mine garden, in mine floor. One day dey shall dig in mine body. I vill go. Better I love peace dan money. Here is English company make me offer for mine varm. Dey forgive de diamonds."

"You have not accepted it?" cried Staines, in alarm.

"No, but I vill. I have said I shall tink of it. Dat is my vay. So I say yah."

"An English company? They will cheat you without mercy. No, they shall not, though, for I will have a hand in the bargain."

He set to work directly, added up the value of the claims, at ten shillings per month, and amazed the poor Hollander by his statement of the value of those fifteen acres, capitalized.

And, to close this part of the subject, the obnoxious diamonds obtained him three times as much money as his father had paid for the whole six thousand acres.

The company got a great bargain, but Bulteel received what for him was a large capital, and settling far to the south, this lineal descendant of "le philosophe sans le savoir" carried his godliness, his cleanliness, and his love of peace out of the turmoil, and was happier than ever, since now he could compare his placid existence with one year of noise and clamor.

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But long before this, events more pertinent to my story had occurred.

One day a Hottentot came into Bulteel's farm, and went about among the diggers till he found Staines. The Hottentot was one employed at Dale's Kloof, and knew him. He brought Staines a letter.

Staines opened the letter, and another letter fell out; it was directed to "Reginald Falcon, Esq."

"Why," thought Staines, "what a time this letter must have been on the road! So much for private messengers."

The letter ran thus:

"DEAR SIR,—This leaves us all well at Dale's Kloof, as I hope it shall find you and my dear husband at the diggings. Sir, I am happy to say I have good news for you. When you got well, by God's mercy, I wrote to the doctor at the hospital, and told him so. I wrote unbeknown to you, because I had promised him. Well, Sir, he has written back to say you have two hundred pounds in money, and a great many valuable things, such as gold and jewels. They are all at the old bank in Cape Town, and the cashier has seen you, and will deliver them on demand. So that is the first of my good news, because it is good news to you. But, dear Sir, I think you will be pleased to hear that Dick and I are thriving wonderfully, thanks to your good advice. The wooden house it is built, and a great oven. But, Sir, the traffic came almost before we were ready, and the miners that call here, coming and going, every day, you would not believe, likewise wagons and carts. It is all bustle, morn till night, and dear Reginald will never be dull here now. I hope you will be so kind as tell him so, for I do long to see you both home again.

"Sir, we are making our fortunes. The grain we could not sell at a fair price we sell as bread, and higher than in England ever so much. Tea and coffee the same, and the poor things praise us, too, for being so moderate. So, Sir, Dick bids me say that we owe this to you, and if so be you are minded to share, why, nothing would please us better. Head-piece is always worth money in these parts; and if it hurts your pride to be our partner without money, why, you can throw in what you have at the Cape, though we don't ask that. And, besides, we are offered diamonds a bargain every day, but are afraid to deal, for want of experience; but if you were in it with us, you must know them well by this time, and we might turn many a good pound that way. Dear Sir, I hope you will not be offended, but I think this is the only way we have, Dick and I, to show our respect and goodwill.

"Dear Sir, digging is hard work, and not fit for you and Reginald, that are gentlemen, among a lot of rough fellows, that their talk makes my hair stand on end, though I dare say they mean no harm.

"Your bedroom is always ready, Sir. I never will let it to any of them, hoping now to see you every day. You that know every thing, can guess how I long to see you both home. My very good fortune seems not to taste like good fortune, without those I love and esteem to share it. I shall count how many days this letter will take to reach you, and then I shall pray for your safety harder than ever till the blessed hour comes when I see my husband and my good friend, never to part again, I hope, in this world.

"I am, Sir, your dutiful servant and friend, PHŒBE DALE."

"P.S.—There is regular traveling to and from Cape Town, and a Post now to Pniel, but I thought it surest to send by one that knows you."

Staines read this letter with great satisfaction. He remembered his two hundred pounds, but his gold and jewels puzzled him. Still it was good news, and pleased him not a little. Phœbe's good fortune gratified him too, and her offer of a partnership, especially in the purchase of diamonds from returning diggers. He saw a large fortune to be made; and, wearied and disgusted with recent ill luck, blear-eyed and almost blinded with sorting in the blazing sun, he resolved to go at once to Dale's Kloof. Should Mrs. Falcon be gone to England with the diamonds, he would stay there, and Rosa should come out to him, or he would go and fetch her.

He went home and washed himself, and told Bulteel he had had good news, and should leave the diggings at once. He gave him up the claim, and told him to sell it by auction. It was worth two hundred pounds still. The good people sympathized with him, and he started within an hour. He left his pickaxe and shovel, and took only his double rifle—an admirable one—some ammunition, including conical bullets and projectile shells given him by Falcon, a bag full of carbuncles and garnets he had collected for Ucatella, a few small diamonds, and one hundred pounds—all that remained to him, since he had been paying wages and other things for months, and had given Falcon twenty for his journey.

He rode away, and soon put twenty miles between him and the diggings.

He came to a little store that bought diamonds and sold groceries and tobacco. He haltered his horse to a hook, and went in. He offered a small diamond for sale. The master was out, and the assistant said there was a glut of these small stones; he did not care to give money for it.

"Well, give me three dozen cigars."

While they were chaffering, in walked a

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Hottentot, and said, "Will you buy this?" and laid a clear, glittering stone on the counter, as large as a walnut.

"Yes," said the young man. "How much?"

"Two hundred pounds."

"Two hundred pounds! Let us look at it." He examined it, and said he thought it was a diamond, but these large stones were so deceitful he dared not give two hundred pounds. "Come again in an hour," said he, "then the master will be in."

"No," said the Hottentot, quietly, and walked out.

Staines, who had been literally perspiring at the sight of this stone, mounted his horse and followed the man. When he came up to him he asked leave to examine the gem. The Hottentot quietly assented.

Staines looked at it all over. It had a rough side and a polished side, and the latter was of amazing softness and lustre. It made him tremble. He said, "Look here, I have only one hundred pounds in my pocket."

The Hottentot shook his head.

"But if you will go back with me to Bulteel's farm, I'll borrow the other hundred."

The Hottentot declined, and told him he could get four hundred pounds for it by going back to Pniel. "But," said he, "my face is turned so, and when Squat turn his face so, he going home. Not can bear go the other way then;" and he held out his hand for the diamond.

Staines gave it him, and was in despair at seeing such a prize so near, yet leaving him.

He made another effort. "Well, but," said he, "how far are you going this way?"

"Ten days."

"Why, so am I. Come with me to Dale's Kloof and I will give the other hundred. See, I am in earnest, for here is one hundred, at all events."

Staines made this proposal, trembling with excitement. To his surprise and joy the Hottentot assented, though with an air of indifference, and on these terms they became fellow-travelers, and Staines gave him a cigar. They went on side by side, and halted for the night forty miles from Bulteel's farm.

They slept in a Boer's outhouse, and the vrow was civil, and lent Staines a jackal's skin. In the morning he bought it for a diamond, a carbuncle, and a score of garnets; for a horrible thought had occurred to him—if they stopped at any place where miners were, somebody might buy the great diamond over his head. This fear, and others, grew on him, and, with all his philosophy, he went on thorns, and was the slave of the diamond.

He resolved to keep his Hottentot all to himself if possible. He shot a springbok that crossed the road, and they roasted a portion of the animal, and the Hottentot carried some on with him.

Seeing he admired the rifle, Staines offered it him for the odd hundred pounds, but, though Squat's eye glittered a moment, he declined.

Finding that they met too many diggers and carts, Staines asked his Hottentot was there no nearer way to reach that star, pointing to one he knew was just over Dale's Kloof.

Oh yes, he knew a nearer way, where there were trees and shade and grass, and many beasts to shoot.

"Let us take that way," said Staines.

The Hottentot, ductile as wax, except about the price of the diamond, assented calmly; and next day they diverged, and got into forest scenery, and their eyes were soothed with green glades here and there, wherever the clumps of trees sheltered the grass from the panting sun. Animals abounded, and were tame; Staines, an excellent marksman, shot the Hottentot his supper without any trouble.

Sleeping in the wood, with not a creature near but Squat, a sombre thought struck Staines. Suppose this Hottentot should assassinate him for his money, who would ever know? The thought was horrible, and he awoke with a start ten times that night. The Hottentot slept like a stone, and never feared for his own life and precious booty; Staines was compelled to own to himself he had less faith in human goodness than the savage had. He said to himself, "He is my superior. He is the master of this dreadful diamond, and I am its slave."

Next day they went on till noon, and then they halted at a really delightful spot; a silver kloof ran along a bottom, and there was a little clump of three acacia-trees that lowered their long tresses, pining for the stream, and sometimes getting a cool, grateful kiss from it when the water was high.

They haltered the horse, bathed in the stream, and lay luxurious under the acacias. All was delicious languor and enjoyment of life.

The Hottentot made a fire, and burned the remains of a little sort of kangaroo Staines had shot him the evening before; but it did not suffice his maw, and looking about him, he saw three elands leisurely feeding about three hundred yards off. They were cropping the rich herbage close to the shelter of a wood.

The Hottentot suggested that this was an excellent opportunity. He would borrow Staines's rifle, steal into the wood, crawl on his belly close up to them, and send a bullet through one.

Staines did not relish the proposal. He had seen the savage's eye repeatedly gloat on the rifle, and was not without hopes he might even yet relent, and give the great

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diamond for the hundred pounds and this rifle; and he was so demoralized by the diamond, and filled with suspicions, that he feared the savage, if he once had the rifle in his possession, might cut, and be seen no more, in which case he, Staines, still the slave of the diamond, might hang himself on the nearest tree, and so secure his Rosa the insurance money, at all events. In short, he had really diamond on the brain.

He hem'd and haw'd a little at Squat's proposal, and then got out of it by saying, "That is not necessary. I can shoot it from here."

"It is too far," objected Blacky.

"Too far! This is an Enfield rifle. I could kill the poor beast at three times that distance."

Blacky was amazed. "An Enfeel rifle," said he, in the soft musical murmur of his tribe, which is the one charm of the poor Hottentot; "and shoot three times *so* far."

"Yes," said Christopher. Then, seeing his companion's hesitation, he conceived a hope. "If I kill that eland from here, will you give me the diamond for my horse and the wonderful rifle—no Hottentot has such a rifle."

Squat became cold directly. "The price of the diamond is two hundred pounds."

Staines groaned with disappointment, and thought to himself, with rage, "Any body but me would club the rifle, give the obstinate black brute a stunner, and take the diamond—God forgive me!"

Says the Hottentot, cunningly, "I can't think so far as white man. Let me see the eland dead, and then I shall know how far the rifle shoot."

"Very well," said Staines. But he felt sure the savage only wanted his meal, and would never part with the diamond except for the odd money.

However, he loaded his left barrel with one of the explosive projectiles Falcon had given him; it was a little fulminating shell with a steel point. It was with this barrel he had shot the murcat overnight, and he had found he shot better with this barrel than the other. He loaded his right barrel then, saw the powder well up, capped it, and cut away a strip of the acacia with his knife to see clear, and lying down in volunteer fashion, elbow on ground, drew his bead steadily on an eland that presented him her broadside, her back being turned to the wood. The sun shone on her soft coat, and never was a fairer mark, the sportsman's deadly eye being in the cool shade, the animal in the sun.

He aimed long and steadily. But, just as he was about to pull the trigger, Mind interposed, and he lowered the deadly weapon. "Poor creature!" he said, "I am going to take her life—for what? for a single meal. She is as big as a pony; and I am to lay her carcass on the plain, that we may eat two pounds of it. This is how the weasel kills the rabbit; sucks an ounce of blood for his food, and wastes the rest. So the demoralized sheep-dog tears out the poor creature's kidneys, and wastes the rest. Man, armed by science with such powers of slaying, should be less egotistical than weasels and perverted sheep-dogs. I will not kill her. I will not lay that beautiful body of hers low, and glaze those tender, loving eyes that never gleamed with hate or rage at man, and fix those innocent jaws that never bit the life out of any thing, not even of the grass she feeds on, and does it more good than harm. Feed on, poor innocent. And you be blanked; you and your diamond, that I begin to wish I had never seen; for it would corrupt an angel."

Squat understood one word in ten, but he managed to reply. "This is nonsense-talk," said he, gravely. "The life is no bigger in that than in the murcat you shot last shoot."

"No more it is," said Staines. "I am a fool. It is come to this, then: Kafirs teach us theology, and Hottentots morality. I bow to my intellectual superior. I'll shoot the eland." He raised his rifle again.

"No, no, no, no, no, no," murmured the Hottentot, in a sweet voice scarcely audible, yet so keen in its entreaty that Staines turned hastily round to look at him. His face was ashy, his teeth chattering, his limbs shaking. Before Staines could ask him what was the matter he pointed through an aperture of the acacias into the wood hard by the elands. Staines looked, and saw what seemed to him a very long dog, or some such animal, crawling from tree to tree. He did not at all share the terror of his companion, nor understand it. But a terrible explanation followed. This creature, having got to the skirt of the wood, expanded, by some strange magic, to an incredible size, and sprang into the open with a growl, a mighty lion: he seemed to ricochet from the ground, so immense was his second bound, that carried him to the eland, and he struck her one blow on the head with his terrible paw, and felled her as if with a thunder-bolt. Down went her body, with all the legs doubled, and her poor head turned over, and the nose kissed the ground. The lion stood motionless. Presently the eland, who was not dead, but stunned, began to recover and struggle feebly up. Then the lion sprang on her with a roar, and rolled her over, and, with two tremendous bites and a shake, tore her entrails out and laid her dying. He sat composedly down, and contemplated her last convulsions without touching her again.

At his roar, though not loud, the horse, though he had never heard or seen a lion, trembled and pulled at his halter.

Blacky crept into the water, and Staines was struck with such an awe as he had never felt. Nevertheless, the king of beasts be-

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ing at a distance and occupied, and Staines a brave man and out of sight, he kept his ground and watched, and by those means saw a sight never to be forgotten. The lion rose up, and stood in the sun, incredibly beautiful as well as terrible. His was not the mangy hue of the caged lion, but a skin tawny, golden, glossy as a race-horse, and of exquisite tint that shone like pure gold in the sun; his eye a lustrous jewel of richest hue, and his mane sublime. He looked toward the wood, and uttered a full roar. This was so tremendous that the horse shook all over as if in an ague, and began to lather. Staines recoiled, and his flesh crept, and the Hottentot went under water, and did not emerge for ever so long.

After a pause the lion roared again, and all the beasts and birds of prey seemed to know the meaning of that terrible roar. Till then the place had been a solitude, but now it began to fill in the strangest way, as if the lord of the forest could call all his subjects together with a trumpet roar: first came two lion cubs, to whom, in fact, the roar had been addressed. The lion rubbed himself several times against the eland, but did not eat a morsel, and the cubs went in and feasted on the prey. The lion politely and paternally drew back, and watched the young people enjoying themselves.

Meantime approached, on tiptoe, jackals and hyenas, but dared not come too near. Slate-colored vultures settled at a little distance, but not a soul dared interfere with the cubs; they saw the lion was acting sentinel, and they knew better than come near.

After a time, papa feared for the digestion of those brats, or else his own mouth watered; for he came up, knocked them head over heels with his velvet paw, and they took the gentle hint, and ran into the wood double quick.

Then the lion began tearing away at the eland, and bolting huge morsels greedily. This made the rabble's mouth water. The hyenas and jackals and vultures formed a circle ludicrous to behold, and that circle kept narrowing as the lion tore away at his prey. They increased in numbers, and at last hunger overcame prudence; the rear rank shoved on the front, as among men, and a general attack seemed imminent.

Then the lion looked up at these invaders, uttered a reproachful growl, and went at them, patting them right and left, and knocking them over. He never touched a vulture, nor, indeed, did he kill an animal. He was a lion, and only killed to eat; yet he soon cleared the place, because he knocked over a few hyenas and jackals, and the rest, being active, tumbled over the vultures before they could spread their heavy wings. After this warning they made a respectful circle again, through which, in due course, the gorged lion stalked into the wood.

A savage's sentiments change quickly, and the Hottentot, fearing little from a full lion, was now giggling at Staines's side. Staines asked him which he thought was the lord of all creatures, a man or a lion.

"A lion," said Blacky, amazed at such a shallow question.

Staines now got up, and proposed to continue their journey. But Blacky was for waiting till the lion was gone to sleep after his meal.

While they discussed the question the lion burst out of the wood within hearing of their voices, as his pricked-up ears showed, and made straight for them at a distance of scarcely thirty yards.

Now, the chances are, the lion knew nothing about them, and only came to drink at the kloof after his meal, and perhaps lie under the acacias: but who can think calmly, when his first lion bursts out on him a few paces off? Staines shouldered his rifle, took a hasty, flurried aim, and sent a bullet at him.

If he had missed him, perhaps the report might have turned the lion; but he wounded him, and not mortally. Instantly the enraged beast uttered a terrific roar, and came at him with his mane distended with rage, his eyes glaring, his mouth open, and his whole body dilated with fury.

At that terrible moment Staines recovered his wits enough to see that what little chance he had was to fire into the destroyer, not at him. He kneeled, and leveled at the centre of the lion's chest, and not till he was within five yards did he fire. Through the smoke he saw the lion in the air above him, and rolled shrieking into the stream, and crawled like a worm under the bank, by one motion, and there lay trembling.

A few seconds of sick stupor passed: all was silent. Had the lion lost him? Was it possible he might yet escape?

All was silent.

He listened, in agony, for the sniffing of the lion, puzzling him out by scent.

No: all was silent.

Staines looked round, and saw a woolly head and two saucer eyes and open nostrils close by him. It was the Hottentot, more dead than alive.

Staines whispered him, "I think he is gone."

The Hottentot whispered, "Gone a little way to watch. He is wise as well as strong." With this he disappeared beneath the water.

Still no sound but the screaming of the vultures, and snarling of the hyenas and jackals over the eland.

"Take a look," said Staines.

"Yes," said Squat; "but not to-day. Wait here a day or two. Den he forget and forgive."

Now Staines, having seen the lion lie

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down and watch the dying eland, was a great deal impressed by this; and as he had now good hopes of saving his life, he would not throw away a chance. He kept his head just above water, and never moved.

In this freezing situation they remained.

Presently there was a rustling that made both crouch.

It was followed by a croaking noise.

Christopher made himself small.

The Hottentot, on the contrary, raised his head, and ventured a little way into the stream.

By these means he saw it was something very foul, but not terrible. It was a large vulture that had settled on the very top of the nearest acacia.

At this the Hottentot got bolder still, and, to the great surprise of Staines, began to crawl cautiously into some rushes, and through them up the bank.

The next moment he burst into a mixture of yelling and chirping and singing and other sounds so manifestly jubilant that the vulture flapped heavily away, and Staines emerged in turn, but very cautiously.

Could he believe his eyes? There lay the lion, dead as a stone, on his back, with his four legs in the air, like wooden legs, they were so very dead; and the valiant Squat dancing about him, and on him, and over him.

Staines, unable to change his sentiments so quickly, eyed even the dead body of the royal beast with awe and wonder. What, had he really laid that terrible monarch low, and with a tube made in a London shop by men who never saw a lion spring, nor heard his awful roar shake the air? He stood with his heart still beating, and said not a word. The shallow Hottentot whipped out a large knife and began to skin the king of beasts. Staines wondered he could so profane that masterpiece of nature. He felt more inclined to thank God for so great a preservation, and then pass reverently on and leave the dead king undesecrated.

He was roused from his solemn thoughts by the reflection that there might be a lioness about, since there were cubs. He took a piece of paper, emptied his remaining powder into it, and proceeded to dry it in the sun. This was soon done, and then he loaded both barrels.

By this time the adroit Hottentot had flayed the carcass sufficiently to reveal the mortal injury. The projectile had entered the chest, and, slanting upward, had burst among the vitals, reducing them to a gory pulp. The lion must have died in the air, when he bounded on receiving the fatal shot.

The Hottentot uttered a cry of admiration. "Not the lion king of all, nor even the white man," he said, "but Enfeel rifle!"

Staines's eyes glittered. "You shall have it and the horse for your diamond," said he, eagerly.

The black seemed a little shaken, but did not reply. He got out of it by going on with his lion; and Staines eyed him, and was bitterly disappointed at not getting the diamond even on these terms. He began to feel he should never get it. They were near the high-road; he could not keep the Hottentot to himself much longer. He felt sick at heart. He had wild and wicked thoughts; half hoped the lioness would come and kill the Hottentot, and liberate the jewel that possessed his soul.

At last the skin was off, and the Hottentot said, "Me take this to my kraal, and dey all say, 'Squat a great shooter; kill um lion.'"

Then Staines saw another chance for him, and summoned all his address for a last effort. "No, Squat," said he, "that skin belongs to me. I shot the lion, with the only rifle that can kill a lion like a cat. Yet you would not give me a diamond—a paltry stone for it. No, Squat, if you were to go into your village with that lion's skin, why, the old men would bend their heads to you, and say, 'Great is Squat! He killed the lion, and wears his skin.' The young women would all fight which should be the wife of Squat. Squat would be king of the village."

Squat's eyes began to roll.

"And shall I give the skin and the glory that is my due to an ill-natured fellow who refuses me his paltry diamond for a good horse—look at him; and for the rifle that kills lions like rabbits—behold it; and a hundred pounds in good gold and Dutch notes—see; and for the lion's skin and glory and honor and a rich wife, and to be king of Africa? Never."

The Hottentot's hands and toes began to work convulsively. "Good master, Squat ask pardon. Squat was blind. Squat will give the diamond, the great diamond of Africa, for the lion's skin, and the king rifle, and the little horse, and the gold, and Dutch notes every one of them. Dat make just two hundred pounds."

"More like four hundred," cried Staines, very loud. "And how do I know it is a diamond? These large stones are the most deceitful. Show it me this instant," said he, imperiously.

"Iss, master," said the crushed Hottentot, with the voice of a mouse, and put the stone into his hand with a child-like faith that almost melted Staines; but he saw he must be firm. "Where did you find it?" he bawled.

"Master," said poor Squat, in deprecating tones, "my little master at the farm wanted plaster. He send to Bulteel's pan; dere was large lumps. Squat say to miners, 'May we

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take de large lumps?' Dey say, 'Yes; take de cursed lumps we no can break.' We took de cursed lumps. We ride 'em in de cart to farm, twenty milses. I beat 'em with my hammer. Dey is very hard. More dey break my heart dan I break deir cursed heads. One day I use strong words, like white man, and I hit one large lump too hard; he break, and out come de white clear stone. Iss, him diamond. Long time we know him in our kraal, because he hard. Long time before ever white man know him, tousand years ago, we find him, and he make us lilly hole in big stone for make wheat dust. Him a diamond, blank my eyes!"

This was intended as a solemn form of asseveration adapted to the white man's habits.

Yes, reader, he told the truth; and, strange to say, the miners knew the largest stones were in those great lumps of carbonate, but then the lumps were so cruelly hard, they lost all patience with them, and so, finding it was no use to break some of them and not all, they rejected them all, with curses; and thus this great stone was carted away as rubbish from the mine, and found, like a toad in a hole, by Squat.

"Well," said Christopher, "after all, you are an honest fellow, and I think I will buy it; but first you must show me out of this wood; I am not going to be eaten alive in it for want of the king of rifles."

Squat assented eagerly, and they started at once. They passed the skeleton of the eland; its very bones were polished, and its head carried into the wood; and looking back, they saw vultures busy on the lion. They soon cleared the wood.

Squat handed Staines the diamond—when it touched his hand as his own a bolt of ice seemed to run down his back, and hot water to follow it—and the money, horse, rifle, and skin were made over to Squat.

"Shake hands over it, Squat," said Staines; "you are hard, but you are honest."

"Iss, master, I a good much hard and honest," said Squat.

"Good-by, old fellow."

"Good-by, master."

And Squat strutted away, with the halter in his hand, horse following him, rifle under his arm, and the lion's skin over his shoulders, and the tail trailing, a figure sublime in his own eyes, ridiculous in creation's. So vanity triumphed even in the wilds of Africa.

Staines hurried forward on foot, loading his revolver as he went, for the very vicinity of the wood alarmed him now he had parted with his trusty rifle.

That night he lay down on the open veldt, in his jackal's skin, with no weapon but his revolver, and woke with a start a dozen times. Just before daybreak he scanned the stars carefully, and, noting exactly where the sun rose, made a rough guess at his course, and followed it till the sun was too hot; then he crept under a ragged bush, hung up his jackal's skin, and sweated there, parched with thirst, and gnawed with hunger. When it was cooler, he crept on, and found water, but no food. He was in torture, and began to be frightened, for he was in a desert. He found an ostrich egg, and ate it ravenously.

Next day hunger took a new form, faintness. He could not walk for it; his jackal's skin oppressed him; he lay down, exhausted. A horror seized his dejected soul. The diamond! It would be his death. No man must so long for any earthly thing as he had for this glittering traitor. "Oh, my good horse! my trusty rifle!" he cried. "For what have I thrown you away? For starvation. Misers have been found stretched over their gold; and some day my skeleton will be found, and nothing to tell the base death I died of, and deserved; nothing but the cursed diamond. Ay, fiend! glare in my eyes, do!" He felt delirium creeping over him; and, at that, a new terror froze him. His reason, that he had lost once, was he to lose it again? He prayed, he wept, he dozed, and forgot all. When he woke again a cool air was fanning his cheeks; it revived him a little; it became almost a breeze.

And this breeze, as it happened, carried on its wings the curse of Africa. There loomed in the northwest a cloud of singular density, that seemed to expand in size as it drew nearer, yet to be still more solid, and darken the air. It seemed a dust-storm. Staines took out his handkerchief, prepared to wrap his face in it, not to be stifled.

But soon there was a whirring and a whizzing, and hundreds of locusts flew over his head; they were followed by thousands, the swiftest of the mighty host. They thickened and thickened, till the air looked solid, and even that glaring sun was blackened by the rushing mass. Birds of all sorts whirled above, and swooped among them: they peppered Staines all over like shot. They stuck in his beard, and all over him; they clogged the bushes, carpeted the ground, while the darkened air sang as with the whirl of machinery. Every bird in the air, and beast of the field, granivorous or carnivorous, was gorged with them, and to these animals was added man, for Staines, being famished, and remembering the vrow Bulteel, lighted a fire, and roasted a handful or two on a flat stone; they were delicious. The fire once lighted, they cooked themselves, for they kept flying into it. Three hours, without interruption, did they darken nature, and before the column ceased all the beasts of the field came after, gorging them so recklessly that Staines could have shot an antelope dead with his pistol within a yard of him.

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But, to tell the horrible truth, the cooked locusts were so nice that he preferred to gorge on them along with the other animals.

He roasted another lot for future use, and marched on with a good heart.

But now he got on some rough, scrubby ground, and damaged his shoes and tore his trowsers.

This lasted a terrible distance; but at the end of it came the usual arid ground; and at last he came upon the track of wheels and hoofs. He struck it at an acute angle, and that showed him he had made a good line. He limped along it a little way, slowly, being foot-sore.

By-and-by, looking back, he saw a lot of rough fellows swaggering along behind him. Then he was alarmed, terribly alarmed, for his diamond; he tore a strip off his handkerchief, and tied it cunningly under his armpit as he hobbled on.

The men came up with him.

"Hallo, mate! Come from the diggings?"

"Yes."

"What luck?"

"Very good."

"Haw! haw! What, found a fifty carat? Show it us."

"We found five big stones, my mate and me. He is gone to Cape Town to sell them. I had no luck when he left me, so I have cut it; going to turn farmer. Can you tell me how far it is to Dale's Kloof?"

No, they could not tell him that. They swung on; and, to Staines, their backs were a cordial, as we say in Scotland.

However, his travels were near an end. Next morning he saw Dale's Kloof in the distance; and, as soon as the heat moderated, he pushed on, with one shoe and tattered trowsers; and half an hour before sunset he hobbled up to the place.

It was all bustle. Travelers at the door; their wagons and carts under a long shed.

Ucatella was the first to see him coming, and came and fawned on him with delight. Her eyes glistened, her teeth gleamed. She patted both his cheeks, and then his shoulders, and even his knees, and then flew indoors crying, "My doctor child is come home!" This amused three travelers, and brought out Dick with a hearty welcome.

"But Lordsake, Sir, why have you come afoot; and a rough road too? Look at your shoes. Hallo! What is come of the horse?"

"I exchanged him for a diamond."

"The deuce you did! And the rifle?"

"Exchanged that for the same diamond."

"It ought to be a big un."

"It is."

Dick made a wry face. "Well, Sir, you know best. You are welcome, on horse or afoot. You are just in time; Phœbe and me are just sitting down to dinner."

He took him into a little room they had built for their own privacy, for they liked to be quiet now and then, being country bred; and Phœbe was putting their dinner on the table when Staines limped in.

She gave a joyful cry, and turned red all over. "Oh, doctor!" Then his travel-torn appearance struck her. "But, dear heart! what a figure! Where's Reginald? Oh, he's not far off, *I* know."

And she flung open the window, and almost flew through it in a moment, to look for her husband.

"Reginald?" said Staines. Then, turning to Dick Dale, "Why, he is here—isn't he?"

"No, Sir: not without he is just come with you."

"With me?—no. You know, we parted at the diggings. Come, Mr. Dale, he may not be here now; but he has been here. He must have been here."

Phœbe, who had not lost a word, turned round, with all her high color gone, and her cheeks getting paler and paler. "Oh, Dick! what is this?"

"I don't understand it," said Dick. "What ever made you think he was here, Sir?"

"Why, I tell you he left me to come here."

"Left you, Sir!" faltered Phœbe. "Why, when?—where?"

"At the diggings—ever so long ago."

"Blank him! that is just like him, the uneasy fool!" roared Dick.

"No, Mr. Dale, you should not say that: he left me, with my consent, to come to Mrs. Falcon here, and consult her about disposing of our diamonds."

"Diamonds!—diamonds!" cried Phœbe. "Oh, they make me tremble. How *could* you let him go alone? You didn't let *him* go on foot, I hope?"

"Oh no, Mrs. Falcon; he had his horse and his rifle, and money to spend on the road."

"How long ago did he leave you, Sir?"

"I—I am sorry to say it was five weeks ago."

"Five weeks! and not come yet. Ah! the wild beasts!—the diggers!—the murderers! He is dead!"

"God forbid!" faltered Staines; but his own blood began to run cold.

"He is dead. He has died between this and the dreadful diamonds. I shall never see my darling again: he is dead. He is dead."

She rushed out of the room, and out of the house, throwing her arms above her head in despair, and uttering those words of agony again and again in every variety of anguish.

At such horrible moments women always swoon—if we are to believe the dramatists. I doubt if there is one grain of truth in this. Women seldom swoon at all, unless their bodies are unhealthy, or weakened by the reaction that follows so terrible a shock as this. At all events, Phœbe, at first, was strong and wild as a lion, and went to and

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fro outside the house, unconscious of her body's motion, frenzied with agony, and but one word on her lips, "He is dead!—he is dead!"

Dick followed her, crying like a child, but master of himself; he got his people about her, and half carried her in again; then shut the door in all their faces.

He got the poor creature to sit down, and she began to rock and moan, with her apron over her head, and her brown hair loose about her.

"Why should he be dead?" said Dick. "Don't give a man up like that, Phœbe. Doctor, tell us more about it. Oh, man, how could you let him out of your sight? You knew how fond the poor creature was of him."

"But that was it, Mr. Dale," said Staines. "I knew his wife must pine for him; and we had found six large diamonds, and a handful of small ones; but the market was glutted; and, to get a better price, he wanted to go straight to Cape Town. But I said, 'No; go and show them to your wife, and see whether she will go to Cape Town.'"

Phœbe began to listen, as was evident by her moaning more softly.

"Might he not have gone straight to Cape Town?" Staines hazarded this timidly.

"Why should he do that, Sir? Dale's Kloof is on the road."

"Only on one road. Mr. Dale, he was well armed, with rifle and revolver; and I cautioned him not to show a diamond on the road. Who would molest him? Diamonds don't show, like gold. Who was to know he had three thousand pounds hidden under his armpits and in two barrels of his revolver?"

"Three thousand pounds!" cried Dale. "You trusted *him* with three thousand pounds?"

"Certainly. They were worth about three thousand pounds in Cape Town, and half as much again in—"

Phœbe started up in a moment. "Thank God!" she cried. "There's hope for me. Oh, Dick, he is not dead: HE HAS ONLY DESERTED ME."

And with these strange and pitiable words, she fell to sobbing, as if her great heart would burst at last.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THERE came a reaction, and Phœbe was prostrated with grief and alarm. Her brother never doubted now that Reginald had run to Cape Town for a lark. But Phœbe, though she thought so too, could not be sure; and so the double agony of bereavement and desertion tortured her by turns and almost together. For the first time these many years she was so crushed she could not go about her business, but lay on a little sofa in her own room, and had the blinds down, for her head ached so she could not bear the light.

She conceived a bitter resentment against Staines, and told Dick never to let him into her sight, if he did not want to be her death.

In vain Dick made excuses for him: she would hear none. For once she was as unreasonable as any other living woman: she could see nothing but that she had been happy, after years of misery, and should be happy now if this man had never entered her house. "Ah, Colly!" she cried, "you were wiser than I was. You as good as told me he would make me smart for lodging and curing him. And I was *so* happy!"

Dale communicated this as delicately as he could to Staines. Christopher was deeply grieved and wounded. He thought it unjust, but he knew it was natural. He said, humbly, "I feel guilty myself, Mr. Dale; and yet, unless I had possessed omniscience, what could I do? I thought of her in all—poor thing! poor thing!"

The tears were in his eyes, and Dick Dale went away scratching his head and thinking it over. The more he thought, the less he was inclined to condemn him.

Staines himself was much troubled in mind, and lived on thorns. He wanted to be off to England, grudged every day, every hour, he spent in Africa. But Mrs. Falcon was his benefactress; he had been for months and months garnering up a heap of gratitude toward her. He had not the heart to leave her bad friends, and in misery. He kept hoping Falcon would return or write.

Two days after his return he was seated, disconsolate, gluing garnets and carbuncles on to a broad tapering bit of lamb-skin, when Ucatella came to him and said, "My doctor child sick?"

"No, not sick; but miserable." And he explained to her, as well as he could, what had passed. "But," said he, "I would not mind the loss of the diamonds now, if I was only sure he was alive. I think most of poor, poor Mrs. Falcon."

While Ucatella pondered this, but with one eye of demure curiosity on the coronet he was making, he told her it was for her—he had not forgot her at the mines. "These stones," said he, "are not valued there; but see how glorious they are!"

In a few minutes he had finished the coronet, and gave it her. She uttered a chuckle of delight, and, with instinctive art, bound it, in a turn of her hand, about her brow; and then Staines himself was struck dumb with amazement. The carbuncles gathered from those mines look like rubies, so full of fire are they, and of enormous size. The chaplet had twelve great carbuncles in the centre, and went off by gradations into smaller garnets by the thousand. They flashed their blood-red flames in the African sun, and the head of Ucatella, grand before, be-

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came the head of the Sphinx, encircled with a coronet of fire. She bestowed a look of rapturous gratitude on Staines, and then glided away, like the stately Juno, to admire herself in the nearest glass, like any other coquette, black, brown, yellow, copper, or white.

That very day, toward sunset, she burst upon Staines quite suddenly, with her coronet gleaming on her magnificent head, and her eyes like coals of fire, and under her magnificent arm, hard as a rock, a boy kicking and struggling in vain. She was furiously excited, and, for the first time, showed signs of the savage in the whites of her eyes, which seemed to turn the glorious pupils into semicircles. She clutched Staines by the shoulder with her left hand, and swept along with the pair, like dark Fate, or as potent justice sweeps away a pair of culprits, and carried them to the little window, and cried, "Open! —open!"

Dick Dale was at dinner. Phœbe lying down. Dick got up, rather crossly, and threw open the window. "What is up now?" said he, crossly: he was like two or three more Englishmen—hated to be bothered at dinner-time.

"Dar," screamed Ucatella, setting down Tim, but holding him tight by the shoulder; "now you tell what you see that night, you lilly Kafir trash; if you not tell, I kill you DEAD;" and she showed the whites of her eyes, like a wild beast.

Tim, thoroughly alarmed, quivered out that he had seen lilly master ride up to the gate one bright night, and look in, and Tim thought he was going in; but he changed his mind, and galloped away that way; and the monkey pointed south.

"And why couldn't you tell us this before?" questioned Dick.

"Me mind de sheep," said Tim, apologetically. "Me not mind de lilly master: jackals not eat him."

"You no more sense dan a sheep yourself," said Ucatella, loftily.

"No, no: God bless you both," cried poor Phœbe: "now I know the worst;" and a great burst of tears relieved her suffering heart.

Dick went out softly. When he got outside the door, he drew them all apart, and said, "Yuke, you *are* a good-hearted girl. I'll never forget this while I live; and, Tim, there's a shilling for thee; but don't you go and spend it in Cape smoke; that is poison to whites, and destruction to blacks."

"No, master," said Tim. "I shall buy much bread, and make my tomach tiff;" then, with a glance of reproach at the domestic caterer, Ucatella, "I almost never have my tomach tiff."

Dick left his sister alone an hour or two, to have her cry out.

When he went back to her there was a change: the brave woman no longer lay prostrate. She went about her business; only she was always either crying or drowning her tears.

He brought Doctor Staines in. Phœbe instantly turned her back on him with a shudder there was no mistaking.

"I had better go," said Staines. "Mrs. Falcon will never forgive me."

"She will have to quarrel with me else," said Dick, steadily. "Sit you down, doctor. Honest folk like you and me and Phœbe wasn't made to quarrel for want of looking a thing all round. My sister, she hasn't looked it all round, and I have. Come, Pheeb, 'tis no use your blinding yourself. How was the poor doctor to know your husband is a blackguard?"

"He is not a blackguard. How dare you say that to my face?"

"He is a blackguard, and always was. And now he is a thief to boot. He has stolen those diamonds; you know that very well."

"Gently, Mr. Dale; you forget: they are as much his as mine."

"Well, and if half a sheep is mine, and I take the whole and sell him, and keep the money, what is that but stealing? Why, I wonder at you, Pheeb. You was always honest yourself, and yet you see the doctor robbed by your man, and that does not trouble you. What has he done to deserve it? He has been a good friend to us. He has put us on the road. We did little more than keep the pot boiling before he came—well, yes, we stored grain; but whose advice has turned that grain to gold, I might say? Well, what's his offense? He trusted the diamonds to your man, and sent him to you. Is he the first honest man that has trusted a rogue? How was he to know? Likely he judged the husband by the wife. Answer me one thing, Pheeb. If he makes away with fifteen hundred pounds that is his, or partly yours—for he has eaten your bread ever since I knew him—and fifteen hundred more that is the doctor's, where shall we find fifteen hundred pounds all in a moment to pay the doctor back his own?"

"My honest friend," said Staines, "you are tormenting yourself with shadows. I don't believe Mr. Falcon will wrong me of a shilling; and, if he does, I shall quietly repay myself out of the big diamond. Yes, my dear friends, I did not throw away your horse, nor your rifle, nor your money: I gave them all, and the lion's skin—I gave them all—for this."

And he laid the big diamond on the table.

It was as big as a walnut, and of the purest water.

Dick Dale glanced at it stupidly. Phœbe turned her back on it, with a cry of horror, and then came slowly round by degrees; and her eyes were fascinated by the royal gem.

"Yes," said Staines, sadly, "I had to

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strip myself of all to buy it, and when I had got it, how proud I was, and how happy I thought we should all be over it; for it is half yours, half mine. Yes, Mr. Dale, there lies six thousand pounds that belong to Mrs. Falcon."

"Six thousand pounds!" cried Dick.

"I am sure of it. And so, if your suspicions are correct, and poor Falcon should yield to a sudden temptation, and spend all that money, I shall just coolly deduct it from your share of this wonderful stone: so make your mind easy. But no: if Falcon is really so wicked as to desert his happy home, and so mad as to spend thousands in a month or two, let us go and save him."

"That is my business," said Phœbe. "I am going in the mail-cart to-morrow."

"Well, you won't go alone," said Dick.

"Mrs. Falcon," said Staines, imploringly, "let me go with you."

"Thank you, Sir. My brother can take care of me."

"Me! You had better not take me. If I catch hold of him, by —— I'll break his neck, or his back, or his leg, or something: he'll never run away from you again, if I lay hands on him," replied Dick.

"I'll go alone. You are both against me."

"No, Mrs. Falcon. I am not," said Staines. "My heart bleeds for you."

"Don't you demean yourself, praying her," said Dick. "It's a public conveyance: you have no need to ask *her* leave."

"That is true: I can not hinder folk from going to Cape Town the same day," said Phœbe, sullenly.

"If I might presume to advise, I would take little Tommy."

"What! all that road! Do you want me to lose my child as well as my man?"

"Oh! Mrs. Falcon!"

"Don't speak to her, doctor, to get your nose snapped off: give her time. She'll come to her senses before she dies."

Next day Mrs. Falcon and Staines started for Cape Town. Staines paid her every attention, when opportunity offered. But she was sullen and gloomy, and held no converse with him.

He landed her at an inn, and then told her he would go at once to the jeweler's. He asked her piteously would she lend him a pound or two to prosecute his researches. She took out her purse without a word, and lent him two pounds. He began to scour the town. The jewelers he visited could tell him nothing. At last he came to a shop, and there he found Mrs. Falcon making her inquiries independently. She said, coldly, "You had better come with me, and get your money and things."

She took him to the bank—it happened to be the one she did business with—and said, "This is Doctor Christie, come for his money and jewels."

There was some demur at this; but the cashier recognized him, and Phœbe making herself responsible, the money and jewels were handed over.

Staines whispered Phœbe, "Are you sure the jewels are mine?"

"They were found on you, Sir."

Staines took them, looking confused. He did not know what to think. When they got into the street again he told her it was very kind of her to think of his interest at all.

No answer. She was not going to make friends with him over such a trifle as that.

By degrees, however, Christopher's zeal on her behalf broke the ice; and besides, as the search proved unavailing, she needed sympathy; and he gave it her, and did not abuse her husband, as Dick Dale did.

One day, in the street, after a long thought, she said to him, "Didn't you say, Sir, you gave him a letter for me?"

"I gave him two letters; one of them was to you."

"Could you remember what you said in it?"

"Perfectly. I begged you, if you should go to England, to break the truth to my wife. She is very excitable; and sudden joy has killed ere now. I gave you particular instructions."

"And you were very wise. But whatever could make you think I would go to England?"

"He told me you only wanted an excuse."

"Oh!"

"When he told me that, I caught at it, of course. It was all the world to me to get my Rosa told by such a kind, good, sensible friend as you: and, Mrs. Falcon, I had no scruple about troubling you; because I knew the stones would sell for at least a thousand pounds more in England than here, and that would pay your expenses."

"I see, Sir: I see. 'Twas very natural: you love your wife."

"Better than my life."

"And he told you I only wanted an excuse to go to England?"

"He did indeed. It was not true?"

"It was any thing but true. I had suffered so in England: I had been so happy here: too happy to last. Ah! well, it is all over. Let us think of the matter in hand. Sure that was not the only letter you gave my husband? Didn't you write to *her*?"

"Of course I did; but that was inclosed to you, and not to be given to her until you had broken the joyful news to her. Yes, Mrs. Falcon, I wrote and told her every thing: my loss at sea; how I was saved, after, by your kindness. Our journeys—from Cape Town—and then to the diggings, my sudden good fortune—my hopes—my joy—oh, my poor Rosa! and now I suppose she will never get it. It is too cruel of him. I shall go home by the next steamer. I *can't*

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stay here any longer, for you or any body. Oh, and I inclosed my ruby ring, that she gave me, for I thought she might not believe you without that."

"Let me think," said Phœbe, turning ashy pale. "For mercy's sake, let me think."

"He has read both those letters, Sir."

"She will never see hers; any more than I shall see mine."

She paused again, thinking harder and harder.

"We must take two places in the next mail steamer. I must look after my husband; AND YOU AFTER YOUR WIFE."

HAWAII-NEI.*

BY CHARLES NORDHOFF.

I.—HONOLULU AND HILO, WITH SOME CRATERS.

THE Hawaiian or Sandwich Islands were discovered—or rediscovered, as some say—by Captain Cook, in January, 1778, a year and a half after our Declaration of Independence. The inhabitants were then what we call savages—that is to say, they wore no more clothing than the climate made necessary, and knew nothing of the Christian religion. In the period between 1861 and 1865 this group had in the Union armies a brigadier-general, a major, several other officers, and more than one hundred private soldiers and seamen, and its people contributed to the treasury of the Sanitary Commission a sum larger than that given by most of our own States.

In 1820 the first missionaries landed on the shores of these islands, and Mrs. Lucy G. Thurston, one of those who came in that year, still lives, a bright, active old lady, with a shrewd wit of her own. Thirty-three years afterward, in 1853, the American Board of Missions determined that "the Sandwich Islands, having been Christianized, shall no longer receive aid from the board;" and in this year, 1873, the natives of these islands are, there is reason to believe, the most generally educated people in the world. There is scarcely a Hawaiian, man, woman, or child of suitable age, but can both read and write. All the towns and many country localities possess substantial stone or, more often, framed churches, of the oddest New England pattern; and a compulsory education law draws every child into the schools, while a special tax of two dollars on every voter, and an additional general tax, provide schools and teachers for all the children and youth.

Nine hundred and three thousand dollars were given by Christian people in the United States during thirty-five years to accomplish this result; and to-day the islands themselves support a missionary society, which sends the Gospel, in the hands of native missionaries, into other islands at its own cost, and not only supports more than a dozen "foreign" missionaries, but translates parts of the Bible into other Polynesian tongues.

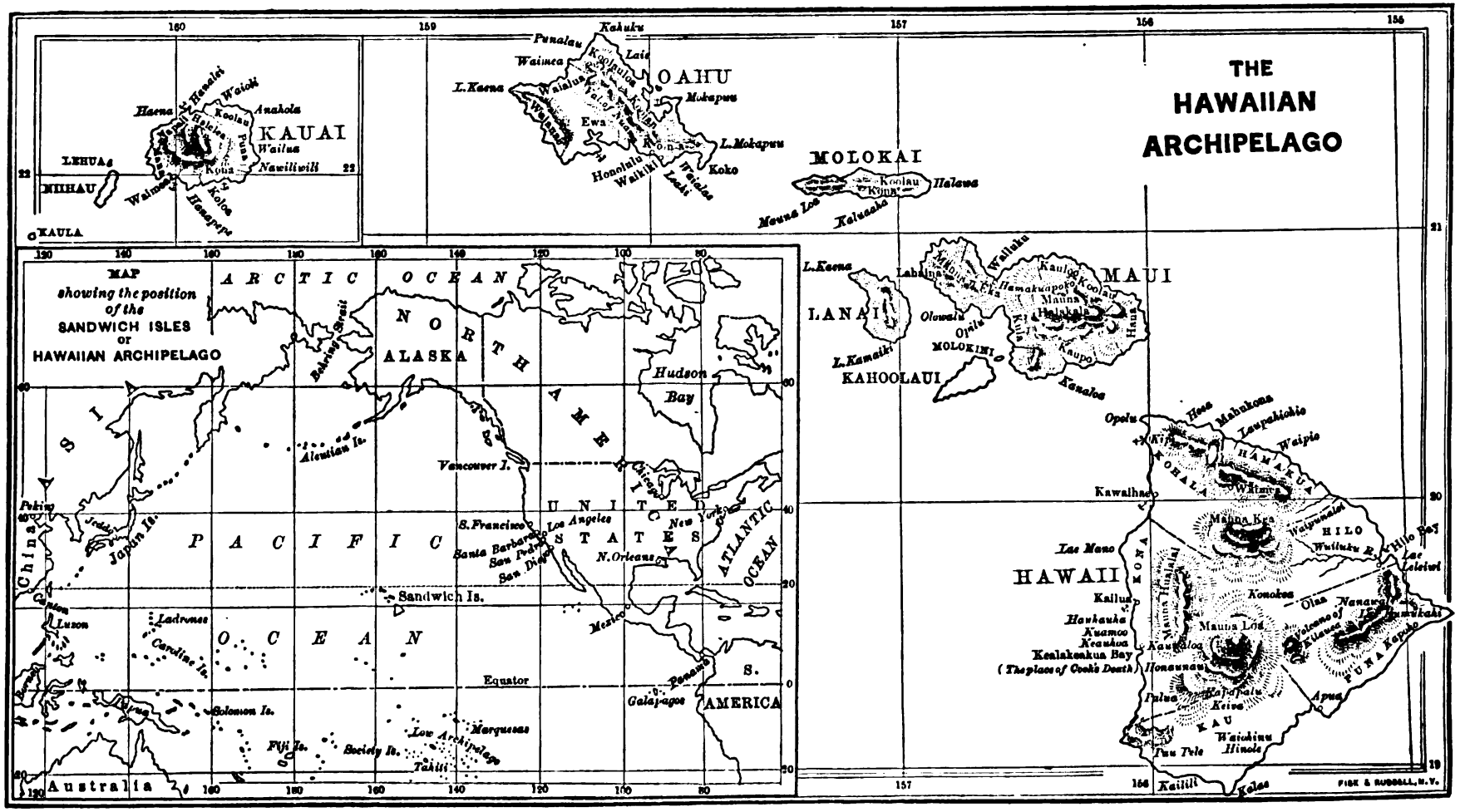
The Hawaiian group consists, as you will see on the map, of eleven islands, of which Hawaii is the largest and Molokini the smallest. The islands together contain about 6000 square miles; and of this Hawaii has an area of nearly 4000 square miles, Maui 620, Oahu (which contains Honolulu, the capital) 530, and Kauai 500. Lanai, Kahoolaui, Molokai, Niihau, Kaula, Lehua, and Molokini are small islands. All are of volcanic origin, mountainous, and Hawaii contains the largest active crater in the world, Kilauea, one of the craters of Mauna Loa; while Maui contains the largest known extinct crater, Halakala, the House of the Sun, a pit nine miles in diameter and two thousand feet deep. Mauna Loa and Mauna Kea are nearly 14,000 feet high, as high as Mount Grey, in Colorado; and you can not ride any where in the islands without seeing extinct craters, of which the hill called Diamond Head, near Honolulu, is an example.

The voyage from San Francisco to Honolulu lasts from eight to ten days, and is, even to persons subject to seasickness, very enjoyable, because after the second day the weather is charmingly warm, the breezes usually mild, and the skies sunny and clear. In forty-eight hours after you leave the Golden Gate, shawls, overcoats, and wraps are discarded. You put on thinner clothing. After breakfast you will like to spread rugs on deck and lie in the sun, fanned by deliciously soft winds, and before you see Honolulu you will even like to have an awning spread over you to keep off the sun. When they seek a tropical climate, our brethren on the Pacific coast have no such rough voyage as that across the Atlantic to endure. On the bay you see flying-fish, and if you are lucky, an occasional whale or a school of porpoises. And you sail over the lovely blue of the Pacific Ocean, which has not only softer gales but even a different shade of color than the fierce Atlantic.

We made the land at daylight on the tenth day of the voyage, and by breakfast-time were steaming through the Molokai Channel, with the high, rugged, and bare volcanic cliffs of Oahu close aboard, the

* This is the title of the collective kingdom of Hawaii.

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surf beating against the shore vehemently. An hour later we rounded Diamond Head, and sailing past Waikiki, which is the Long Branch of Honolulu, charmingly placed amidst groves of cocoa-nut trees, turned sharp about, and steamed through a narrow channel into the landlocked little harbor of Honolulu, smooth as a mill-pond. It is not until you are almost within the harbor that you get a fair view of the city, which lies embowered in palms and fine tamarind-trees, with the tall fronds of the banana peering above the low-roofed houses; and thus the tropics come, after all, somewhat suddenly upon you, for the land which you have skirted all the morning is by no means tropical in appearance, and the cocoa-nut groves of Waikiki will disappoint you on the first and too distant view, which gives them the insignificant appearance of tall reeds. But your first view of Honolulu, that from the ship's deck, is one of the pleasantest you can get: it is a view of gray house-tops, hidden in luxuriant green, with a background of volcanic mountains three or four thousand feet high, and an immediate foreground of smooth harbor, gay with man-of-war boats, native canoes, and flags, and the wharf, with ladies in carriages, and native fruit-vendors in what will seem to you brightly colored night-gowns, ready to sell you a feast of bananas and oranges.

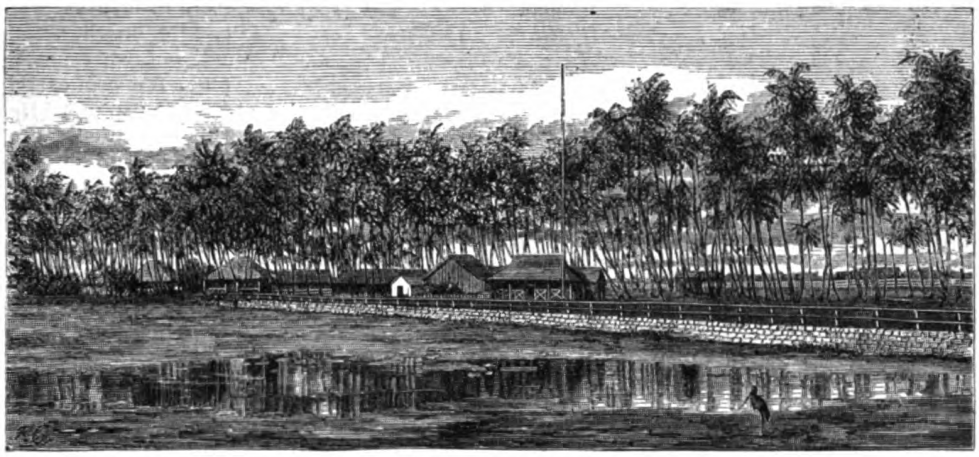
There are several other fine views of Honolulu, especially that from the lovely Nuanu Valley, looking seaward over the town, and one from the roof of the prison, which edifice, clean, roomy, and, in the daytime, empty, because the convicts are sent out to labor on public works and roads, has one of the finest situations in the town's limits, directly facing the Nuanu Valley.

From the steamer you proceed to a surprisingly excellent hotel, which was built (at a cost of about $120,000), and is owned, by the government. It is, as you will see (page 393), a large building, and affords all the conveniences of a first-class hotel in any part of the world. It is built of a concrete stone made here, and as it has roomy, well-shaded court-yards and deep, cool piazzas, and breezy halls and good rooms, and baths and gas, and a billiard-room, you might imagine yourself in San Francisco, were it not that you drive in under the shade of cocoa-nut, tamarind, guava, and algeroba trees, and find all the doors and windows open. It is told here that the building of this hotel cost two of the late king's cabinet, Mr. Harris and Dr. Smith, their places. The Hawaiian people are economical, and not very enterprising; they dislike debt, and a considerable part of the Hawaiian national debt was contracted to build this hotel. You will feel sorry for Messrs. Harris and Smith, who were for many years two of the ablest members of the Hawaiian cabinet, but you will feel grateful for their enterprise also, when you hear that before this hotel was completed—that is to say, until last year—a stranger landing in Honolulu had either to throw himself on the hospitality of the citizens, take his lodgings in the Sailors' Home, or go back to his ship. It is not often that cabinet ministers fall in so good a cause, or incur the public displeasure for an act which adds so much to the comfort of mankind.

The mercury stands between 68° and 81° in the winter months in Honolulu. The mornings are often a little overcast until about half past nine, when it clears away bright. The hottest part of the day is before noon. The trade-wind usually blows, and when it does it is always cool; with a south wind, it is sometimes a little sultry before noon. The nights are cool enough for sound rest, but not cold. It is not by any means a torrid climate, at least in winter, and it has, perhaps, the fewest daily extremes of any pleasant climate in the world. For instance, the mercury ranged in January between 69° at 7 A.M., 75½° at 2 P.M., and 71½° at 10 P.M. The highest temperature in that month was 78°, and the lowest 68°. December and January are usually the coolest months in the year at Honolulu, but the variation is extremely slight for the whole year, the maximum of the warmest day in July (still at Honolulu) being only 86°, and this at noon, and the lowest mark being 62°, in the early morning in December. A friend of mine resident here during twenty years has never had a blanket in his house.

It follows naturally that the climate is an excellent one for consumptives, and physicians here point to numerous instances of the kindly and healing effect of the mild air. At the same time I suspect it must in the long-run be a little debilitating to Americans. It is a charming climate for children; and as sea-bathing is possible and pleasant at all times, those who derive benefit from this may here enjoy it to the fullest extent during all the winter months. Of course you wear thin, but not the thinnest, clothing. White is appropriate to the climate; but summer flannels are comfortable in winter here. The air is seldom as sultry as in New York in July or August, and the heat is by no means oppressive, there being almost always a fresh breeze. Honolulu has the reputation of being the hottest place on the islands; and in a mountainous country like this you may choose your temperature, of course. The summits of the highest peaks on Hawaii are covered with almost perpetual snow; and there are sugar planters who might sit around a fire every night in the year. Unlike California, there is no special rainy season here; but those points which are most directly exposed to the trade-winds have a great deal of rain,

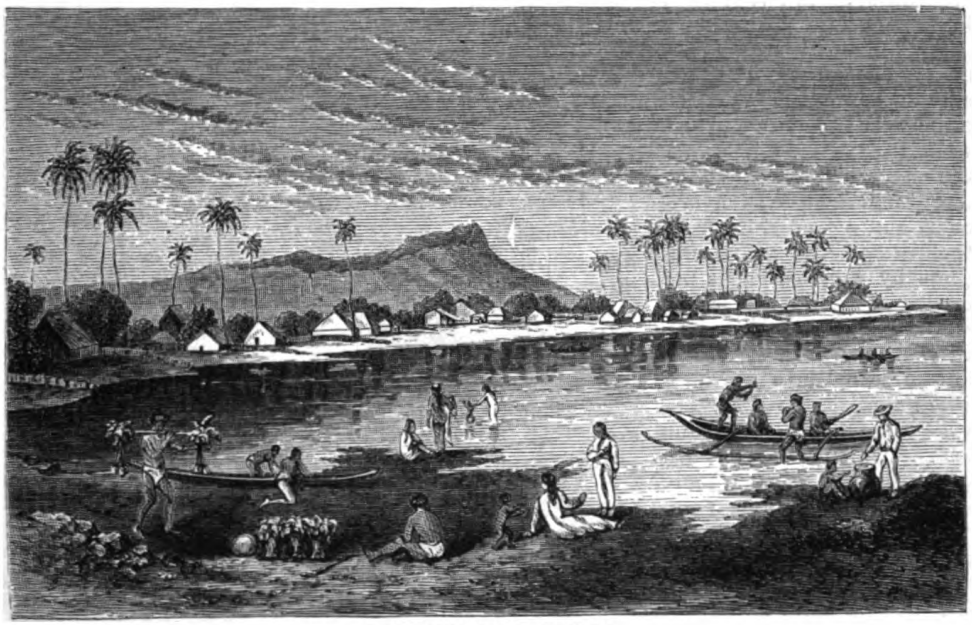
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COCOA-NUT GROVE, AND RESIDENCE OF THE LATE KING KAMEHAMEHA V., AT WAIKIKI, HONOLULU.

and those which lie away from the trades have but little. At Hilo it sometimes rains for a month at a time; at Lahaina it hardly ever rains; and Honolulu is a pleasant place for travelers to stay in, because it also has but little rain. It rains more or less in every month in the year, all over the islands; and you can not therefore count certainly on a fair day, as in the dry season in California, though the residents know how to forecast the weather. It results that the grass remains green, except in the dry districts, all the year round, and the lawn grass here is the creeping Bermuda grass, which has lately been introduced in our Southern States, and which has a fine deep green color, and covers the ground admirably, making most beautiful lawns. Strawberries, too, you may eat in every month of the year; in the month of February we have them at every meal, and as they have an ice factory in Honolulu, we eat strawberries and ice-cream as though it were June or July at home.

One of the pleasant surprises which meet a Northern traveler in these islands is the number of strange dishes which appear on the table and in the bill of fare. Strawberries, oranges—the sweetest and juiciest I have eaten any where, except, perhaps, in Rio de Janeiro—bananas, and cocoa-nuts you have at will; but, besides these, there is at this season the guava, very nice when it is sliced like a tomato, and eaten with sugar and milk; taro, which is the potato of the country, and, in the shape of poi, the main subsistence of the native Hawaiian; bread-fruit; flying-fish, the most tender and succulent of the fish kind; and, in their sea-



DIAMOND HEAD AND WAIKIKI.

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THE PALACE, HONOLULU.

son, the mango, the custard-apple, the alligator-pear, the water-lemon, the rose-apple, and other fruits. Taro, when baked, is an excellent and wholesome vegetable, and from its leaves is cooked a fine substitute for spinach, called *luau*. Poi also appears on your hotel table, being the national dish, of which many foreigners have become very fond. It is very fattening, and is sometimes prescribed by physicians to consumptives. As you drive about the suburbs of Honolulu you will see numerous taro patches, and may frequently see the natives engaged in the preparation of poi, which consists in boiling the root, or tuber, and then mashing it very fine, so that if dry it would be a flour. It is then mixed with water, and for native use left to undergo a slight fermentation. Fresh or unfermented poi has a pleasant taste; when fermented it tastes to me like book-binder's paste, and a liking for it must be acquired rather than natural, I should say, with foreigners.

So universal is its use among the natives that the manufacture of poi is carried on now by steam-power and with Yankee machinery for the sugar planters; and the late king, who was avaricious and a trader, incurred the dislike of his native subjects by establishing a poi factory of his own near Honolulu. Poi is sold in the streets in calabashes, but it is also shipped in considerable quantities to other islands, and especially to guano islands which lie southward and westward of this group. On these lonely islets, many of which have not even drinking-water for the laborers who live on them, poi and fish are the chief if not the only articles of food. The fish, of course, are caught on the spot, but poi, water, salt, and a few beef cattle for the use of white superintendents are carried from here.

Taro is a kind of *arum*. It grows, unlike any other vegetable I know of, unless it be rice, entirely under water. A taro patch is surrounded by embankments; its bottom is of puddled clay, and in this the cutting, which is simply the top of the plant with a little of the tuber, is set. The plants are set out in little clumps in long rows, and a man at work in a taro patch stands up to his knees in water. Forty square feet of taro, it is estimated, will support a person for a year, and a square mile of taro will feed over 15,000 Hawaiians.

By-the-way, you will hear the natives say *kalo* when they speak of taro, and by this and other words in common use you will presently learn of a curious obliquity in their hearing. A Hawaiian does not notice any difference in the sounds of *r* and *l*, of *k* and *t*, or of *b*, *p*, and *f*. Thus the Pali, or precipice near Honolulu, is spoken of as the Pari; the island of Kauai becomes to a resident of it Tauwai, though a native of Oahu calls it Kauai; taro is almost universally called *kalo;* and the common salutation, *Aloha*, which means "love to you," and is the national substitute for "How do

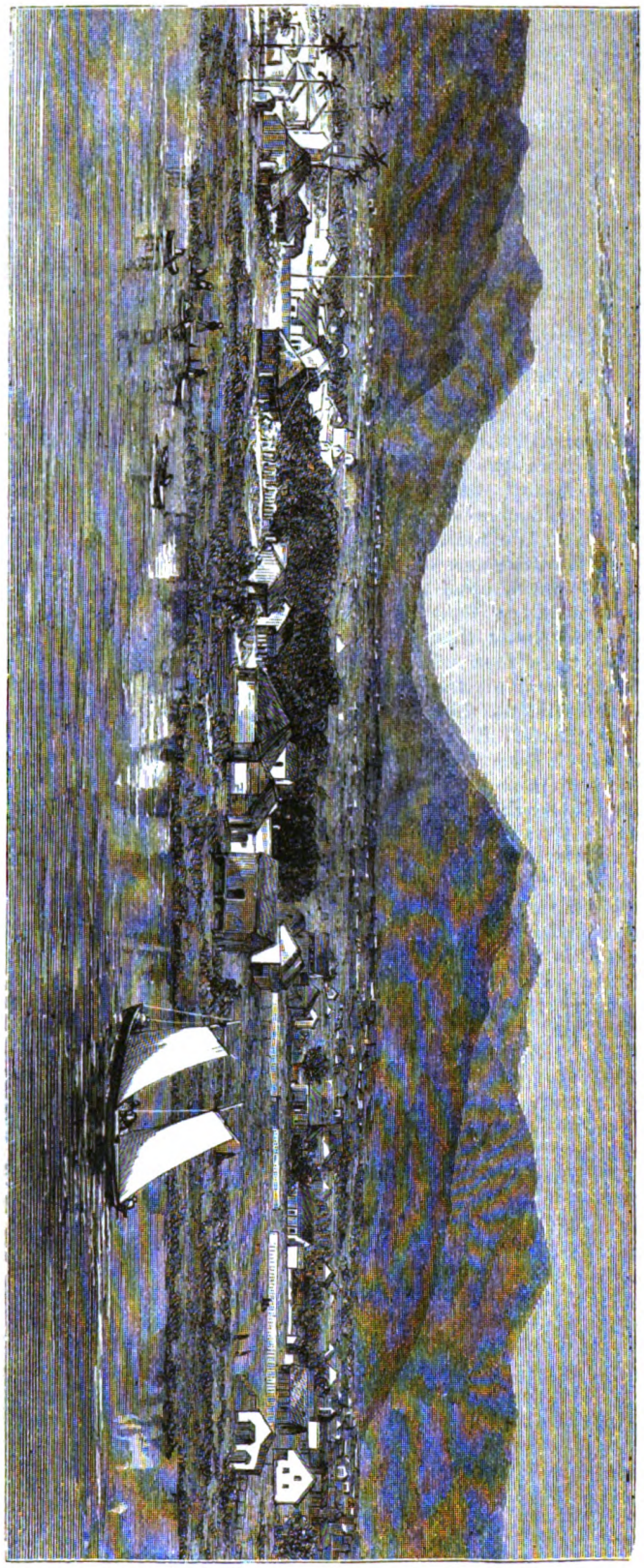


COURT-HOUSE, HONOLULU.

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you do?" is half the time *Aroha;* Lanai is indifferently called Ranai; and Mauna Loa is in the mouths of most Hawaiians Mauna Roa. Indeed, in the older charts the capital of the kingdom is called Honoruru.

Honolulu, being the capital of this kingdom, contains the government offices; and you will perhaps be surprised, as I was, to find an excellent public hospital, a reform school, and other proper and well-managed charities. When you have visited these and some of the numerous schools and the native churches, and have driven or ridden to Waikiki for a sea-bath, and have seen the Nuanu Valley and the precipice called the Pali, if you are American, and familiar with New England, it will be revealed to you that the reason why all the country looks so familiar to you is that it is really a very accurate reproduction of New England country scenery. The white frame houses with green blinds, the picket-fences whitewashed until they shine, the stone walls, the small barns, the scanty pastures, the little white frame churches scattered about, the narrow "front-yards," the frequent school-houses, usually with but little shade, all are New England, genuine and unadulterated; and you have only to eliminate the palms, the bananas, and other tropical vegetation to have before you a fine bit of Vermont, or the stonier parts of Massachusetts. The whole scene has no more breadth nor freedom about it than a petty New England village, but it is just as neat, trim, orderly, and silent also. There is even the same propensi-



HONOLULU, GENERAL VIEW.

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GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS, HONOLULU.

about the suburbs of Honolulu, and later as you travel about the islands, more and more you will be impressed with a feeling of respect and admiration for the missionaries. Whatever of material prosperity has grown up here is built on their work, and could not have existed but for their preceding labors; and you see in the spirit of the people, in their often quaint habits, in their universal education, in all that makes these islands peculiar and what they are, the marks of the Puritans who came here but fifty years ago to civilize a savage nation, and have done their work so thoroughly that even though the Hawaiian people became extinct, it would

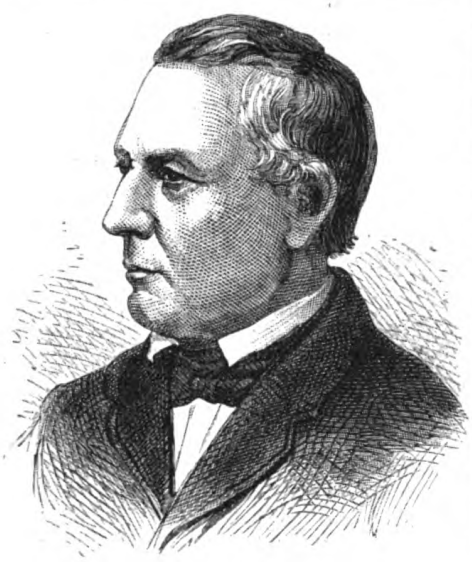
ty to put all the household affairs under one roof which was born of a severe climate in Massachusetts, but has been brought over to these milder suns by the incorrigible Puritans who founded this bit of civilization.

In fact, the missionaries have left an indelible mark upon these islands. You do not need to look deep to know that they were men of force, men of the same kind as they who have left an equally deep impress upon so large a part of our Western States; men and women who had formed their own lives according to certain fixed and immutable rules, who knew no better country than New England, nor any better ways than New England ways, and to whom it never occurred to think that what was good and sufficient in Massachusetts was not equally good and fit in any part of the world. Patiently, and somewhat vigorously, no doubt, they sought from the beginning to make New England men and women of these Hawaiians, and what is wonderful is that, to a large extent, they have succeeded. As you ride



MRS. LUCY G. THURSTON.

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DR. JUDD.

require a century to obliterate the way-marks of that handful of determined New England men and women.

Of those who began this good work but few now remain. Most of them have gone to their reward, having no doubt suffered as well as accomplished much. Of the first band who came out from the United States the only one now living is Mrs. Lucy G. Thurston, whose portrait you will find on the preceding page—a bright, active, and lively old lady of seventy-five years, who drives herself to church on Sundays in a one-horse chaise, and has her own opinions of passing events. How she has lived in the tropics for fifty years without losing even an atom of the New England look puzzles you; but it shows you also the strength which these people brought with them, the tenacity with which they clung to their habits of dress and living and thought, the remorseless determination which they imported, with their other effects, around Cape Horn.

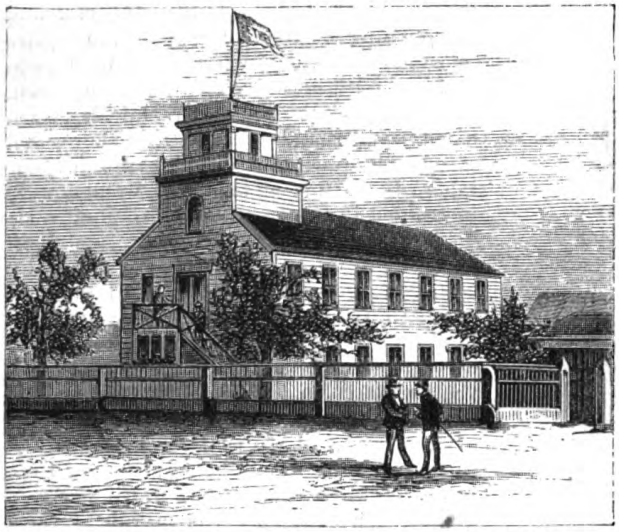
Then there is Dr. Judd, who came out as physician to the mission, and proved himself here, as the world knows, a very able man, with statesmanship for some great emergencies, which made him for years one of the chief advisers of the Hawaiian kings. Dr. Judd has lately suffered a slight stroke of paralysis, from which he is slowly recovering; and it was to me a most touching sight to see, on a Sunday after church, Mrs. Thurston, his senior by many years, but still alert and vigorous, taking hold of his hand, and tenderly helping him out of the church and to his carriage.

And in Hilo, when you go to visit the volcano, you will find Dr. Coan, one of the brightest and loveliest spirits of them all, the story of whose life in the remote island whose apostle he was is as wonderful and as touching as that of any of the earlier apostles, and shows what great works unyielding faith and love can do in redeeming a savage people. When Dr. and Mrs. Coan came to the island of Hawaii its shores and woods were populous, and through their labors thousands of men and women were instructed in the truths of Christianity, inducted into civilized habits of life, and finally brought into the church. As you sail along the green coast of Hawaii from its northern point to Hilo, you will be surprised at the number of quaint little white churches which mark the distances almost with the regularity of mile-stones; if, later, you ride through this district or the one south of Hilo, you will see that for every church there is also a school-house; you will see native children reading and writing as well as our own at home; you may hear them singing tunes familiar in our own Sunday-schools; you will see the native man and woman sitting down to read their newspaper at the close of day; and if you could talk with them you would find they knew almost as much about our late war as you do, for they took an intense interest in the war of the rebellion. And you must remember that when, less than forty years ago, Dr. and Mrs. Coan came to Hilo, the people were naked savages, with no church and but one school-house in the district, without printed books or knowledge of reading. They flocked to hear the Gospel. Thousands removed from a distance to Hilo, where, in their rapid way, they built up a large town, and kept up surely the strangest "protracted meeting" ever held; and going back to their homes after many months, they took with them knowledge and zeal to build up



REV. DR. T. M. COAN.

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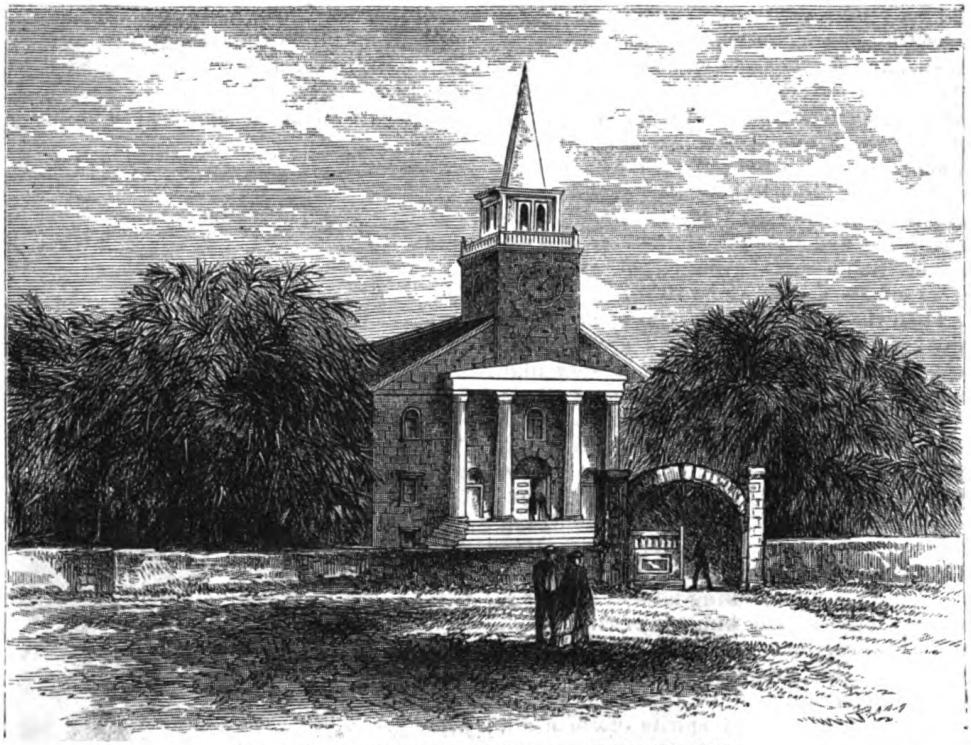


BETHEL CHURCH.

Christian churches and schools of their own. Over these Dr. Coan has presided these many years, not only preaching regularly on Sundays and during the week in the large native church at Hilo, and in two or three neighboring churches, but visiting the more distant churches at intervals, to examine and instruct the members, and keep them all on the right track. He has seen a region very populous when he first came to it decrease until it has now many more deserted and ruined house places than inhabited dwellings; but also he has seen a great population turned from darkness to light, a great part of it following his own blameless and loving life as an example, and very many living to old age steadfast and zealous Christians.

On your first Sunday at Honolulu you will probably attend one or other of the native churches. They are commodious buildings, well furnished; and a good organ, well played, will surprise you. Sunday is a very quiet day in the islands: they are a church-going people; and the empty seats in the Honolulu native churches give you notice of the great decrease in the population since these were built.

If you go to hear preaching in your own language, it will probably be to the seamen's chapel, where the Rev. Dr. Damon preaches—one of the oldest and one of the best-known residents of Honolulu. This little chapel was brought around Cape Horn in a whale-ship many years ago in pieces, and was, I believe, the first American church set up in these islands. It is a curious old relic, and has seen many changes. Mr. Damon has lived here many years of a most zealous and useful life as seamen's chaplain. He is, in his own field, a true and



KAWAIAHO CHURCH—FIRST NATIVE CHURCH IN HONOLULU.

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DR. DAMON.

untiring missionary, and to his care the port owes a clean and roomy seamen's home, a valuable little paper, *The Friend*, which was for many years the chief reading of the whalemen who formerly crowded the ports of Hawaii, and help in distress, and fatherly advice, and unceasing kindness at all times to a multitude of seamen during nearly thirty years. The sailors, who quickly recognize a genuine man, have dubbed him "Father Damon;" and he deserves what he has long had, their confidence and affection.

The charitable and penal institutions of Honolulu are quickly seen, and deserve a visit. They show the care with which the government has looked after the welfare of the people. The Queen's Hospital is an admirably kept house. At the reform school you will see a number of boys trained and educated in right ways. The prison not only deserves a visit for itself, but from its roof you obtain, as I said before, one of the best views of Honolulu and the adjacent country and ocean. Then there are native schools, elementary and academic, where you will see the young Hawaiian at his studies, and learn to appreciate the industry and thoroughness with which education is carried on all over these islands. You will see also curious evidence of the mixture of races here; for on the benches sit, and in the classes recite, Hawaiian, Chinese, Portuguese, half white and half Chinese children; and the little pigtailed Celestial reads out of his primer quite as well as any.

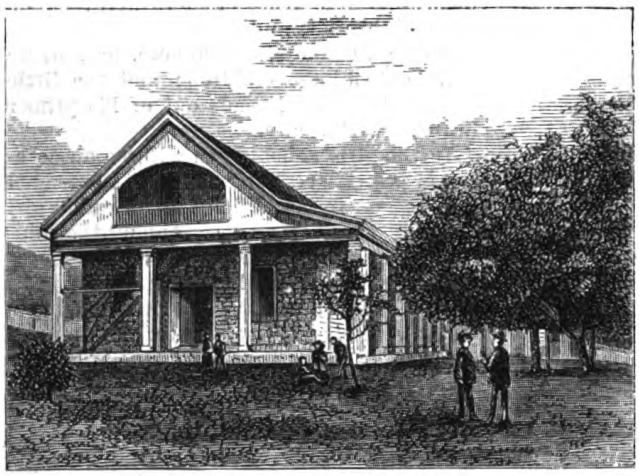
In the girls' schools you will see an occasional pretty face, but fewer than I expected to see; and to my notion the Hawaiian girl is rarely very attractive. Among the middle-aged women, however, you often meet with fine heads and large expressive features. The women have not unfrequently a majesty of carriage and a tragic intensity of features and expression which are quite remarkable. Their loose dress gives grace as well as dignity to their movements; and whoever invented it for them deserves more credit than he has received. It is a little startling at first to see women walking about in what, to our perverted tastes, look like calico or black stuff night-gowns; but the dress grows on you as you become accustomed to it; it lends itself readily to bright ornamentation; it is eminently fit for the climate; and a stately Hawaiian dame, marching through the street, in black *holaku*—as the dress is called—with a long necklace, or *le*, of bright scarlet or brilliant yellow flowers, bare and untrammeled feet, and flowing hair, compares very favorably with a high-heeled, wasp-waisted, absurdly bonneted, fashionable white lady.

When you have seen Honolulu and the Nuanu Valley, and bathed and drank cocoanut milk at Waikiki, you will be ready for a charming excursion—the ride around the Island of Oahu. To this you should take several days. It is most pleasantly made by a party of three or four persons, and ladies, if they can sit in the saddle at all, can very well do it. You should provide yourself with a pack-mule, which will carry not only spare clothing, but some provisions; and your guide ought to take care of your



QUEEN'S HOSPITAL, HONOLULU.

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ROYAL SCHOOL, HONOLULU.

horses, and be able, if necessary, to cook you a lunch. The ride is easily done in four days, and you will sleep every night at a plantation or ranch. For such excursions, and for your daily use in Honolulu, you can hire a good horse, well saddled and bridled, for six dollars per week; in which case you have no care of the animal, nor responsibility for it, and have it brought to you every morning at your hotel, in good condition. The proprietor of the hotel is most obliging, and will make all arrangements of this kind for you, and see that you are not swindled. The horses are better than I was led to expect; they are sure-footed and docile.

Every body rides in Honolulu, and it is the pleasantest way of getting about. But you can also hire carriages, and there are many pleasant short drives for those who will not ride. But I advise all who come here to ride, because you can not see the volcano except by a tolerably tiresome horseback journey from Hilo.

Hilo, as you will perceive on the map, is on the island of Hawaii. You get there from Honolulu in the little steamer *Kilauea*, which runs between the different islands. The charge is fifteen dollars from Honolulu to Hilo, or twenty-five dollars for the round



HAWAIIAN STYLE OF DRESS.

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HAWAIIAN HOTEL, HONOLULU.—[SEE PAGE 384.]

trip. The cabin is small, and if you have fine weather you will, even if you are a lady, pass the time more pleasantly on deck, where the steward, a Goa man, and the most assiduous and tactful of his trade, will place a mattress and blankets for you. You must expect to suffer somewhat from sea-sickness if you are subject to that ill, for the passage is not unlikely to be rough. On the way you see Lahaina, and a considerable part of the island of Hawaii; in fact, you are never out of sight of land.

If you start on Monday evening you will reach Hilo on Wednesday—and "about this time expect rain," as the almanac-makers say. They get about seventeen feet of rain



HILO.

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THE VOLCANO HOUSE.

at Hilo during the year; and as they have sometimes several days without any at all, you must look for not only frequent but heavy showers. A Hilo man told me of a curious experiment which was once made there. They knocked the heads out of an oil cask—so he said—and it rained in at the bung-hole faster than it could run out at the heads. You may disbelieve this story if you please; I tell it as it was told me; but in any case you will do well to provide yourself, for Hilo and the volcano journey, with stout water-proof clothing. Indeed, you need this for traveling any where on the islands.

Hilo—on those days when the sun shines—is one of the prettiest places on the islands. If you are so fortunate as to enter the bay on a fine day, you will see a very tropical landscape—a long, pleasant, curved sweep of beach, on which the surf is breaking, and beyond, white houses nestling among cocoa-nut groves, and bread-fruit, pandanus, and other Southern trees, with shops and stores along the beach. Men bathing in the surf, and men and women dashing on horseback over the beach, make up the life of the scene.

Hilo has no hotel; it has not even a carriage; but it has a very agreeable and intelligent population of Americans, and you will find good accommodations at the large house of Mr. Severance, the sheriff of Hawaii. If his house should be full, you need not be alarmed, for some one will take you in.

This is the point of departure for the volcano. Here you hire horses and a guide for the journey. Having gone to Hilo on the



HAWAIIAN TEMPLE, FROM A RUSSIAN ENGRAVING, ABOUT 1790.

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steamer, you will do best to return to Honolulu by a schooner, as this will give you abundant time to make the journey, and will not unnecessarily delay you. Unless you intend a more thorough exploration of Hawaii, your pleasantest plan is to ride from Hilo by the direct road to the crater, and return by way of Puna. You will have ridden a trifle over 100 miles through a very remarkable and in some parts a beautiful country; you will have slept one night in a native house, and will have seen as much as you want of Hawaiian life, and enjoyed a tiring but at the same time a very novel journey.

The charges are sufficiently moderate. At Hilo you pay for board and lodgings eight dollars per week. The charge for horses is ten dollars each for the volcano journey, with a dollar a day for your guide. This guide relieves you of all care of the animals, and is in various ways useful. At the Volcano House the charge for horse and man is five dollars per day, and you pay half price for your guide. There is a charge of one dollar for a special guide into the crater, which is made in your bill, and you will do well to promise this guide, when you go in, a small gratuity—half a dollar, or, if your party is large, a dollar—if he gives you satisfaction. He will get you specimens, carry a shawl for a lady, and make himself in other ways helpful.

When you get on your horse at Hilo for the volcano, leave behind you all hope of good roads. You are to ride for thirty miles over a lava bed, along a narrow trail, as well made as it could be without enormous expense, but so rough, so full of mud-holes filled with broken lava in the first part of the journey, and so entirely composed of naked, jagged, and ragged lava in the remainder, that one wonders how the horses stand it. A canter, except for two or three miles near the Volcano House, is almost out of the question; and though the Hawaiians trot and gallop the whole distance, a stranger will scarcely follow their example. You should insist, by-the-way, upon having all your horses reshod the day before they leave Hilo; and it is prudent even then to take along a pair of shoes and a dozen or two horse-nails. The lava is extremely trying to the horse's shoes, and if your horse casts a shoe he will go lame in fifteen minutes, for the jagged lava cuts almost like glass.



KAMEHAMEHA I.

Moreover, do not wait for a fine day; it will probably rain, at any rate, before you reach the Volcano House, and your wisest way is to set out resolutely, rain or shine, on the appointed morning, for the sun may come out two or three hours after you have started in a heavy rain. Each traveler should take his water-proof clothing upon his own saddle—it may be needed at any time—and the pack-mule should carry not only the spare clothing, well covered with India rubber blankets, but also an abundant lunch, to be eaten at the Half-way House.

India rubber or leather leggings, and a long sleeveless Mackintosh, seem to



QUEEN OF KAMEHAMEHA I.

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EMMA, QUEEN OF KAMEHAMEHA IV.

me the most comfortable and sufficient guards against weather. Ladies should ride astride; they will be most comfortable thus. There are no steep ascents or abrupt descents on the way. Kilauea is nearly 4000 feet higher than the sea, from which you set out; but the rise is so gradual and constant that, if the road were good, one might gallop a horse the whole distance. You should set out not later than half past seven, and make up your mind not to be hurried on the way. There are people who make the distance in six hours, and boast about it; but I accomplished it with a party of ladies and children in ten hours with very little discomfort, and did not envy the six-hour people. There is nothing frightful, or dangerous, or disagreeable about the journey, even to ladies not accustomed to riding; and there is very much that is new, strange, and wonderful to Americans or Europeans. Especially you will be delighted with the great variety and beauty of the ferns, which range from minute and delicate species to the dark and grand fronds of the tree-fern, which rises in the more elevated region to a height of twenty feet, and has sometimes a diameter of three or four feet. From a variety of this tree-fern the natives take a substance called pulu, a fine, soft, brown fuzz, used for stuffing pillows and mattresses.

Your guide will probably understand very little English: let him be instructed in your wishes before you set out. The native Hawaiian is the most kind and obliging creature in the world, and you will find your guide ready to do you every needful service. You can get nothing to eat on the road, except, perhaps, a little sugar-cane; therefore you must provide a sufficient lunch. At the Half-way House, but probably nowhere else, you will get water to drink.

When you reach the Volcano House I advise you to take a sulphur vapor bath, refreshing after a tedious ride, and after supper you will sit about a big open fire, and recount the few incidents and adventures of the day.

The next day you give to the crater. Unless the night is very foggy you will have gone to sleep with the lurid light of Kilauea in your eyes. Madame Pele, the presiding goddess of the volcano, exhibits fine fireworks at night sometimes, and we saw the lava spurting up in the air above the edge of the smaller and active crater, one night, in a quite lively manner. On a moderately clear night the light from the burning lakes makes a very grand sight, and the bedrooms at the little Volcano House are so placed that you have Madame Pele's fire-works before you all night.

The house stands but a few feet from the edge of the great crater, and you have no tedious preliminary walk, but begin your descent into the pit at once. For this you need stout shoes, light clothing, and, if you have ladies in your party, a heavy shawl for each. The guide takes with him a canteen of water. You should start about nine o'clock, and give the whole day to the crater, returning to dinner at five.

The great crater of Kilauea is three miles in circumference, and perhaps a thousand feet deep. It is, in fact, a deep pit, bounded on all sides by precipitous rocks. The entrance is effected by a series of steps, and



COLONEL DAVID KALAKANA, A HAWAIIAN CHIEF.

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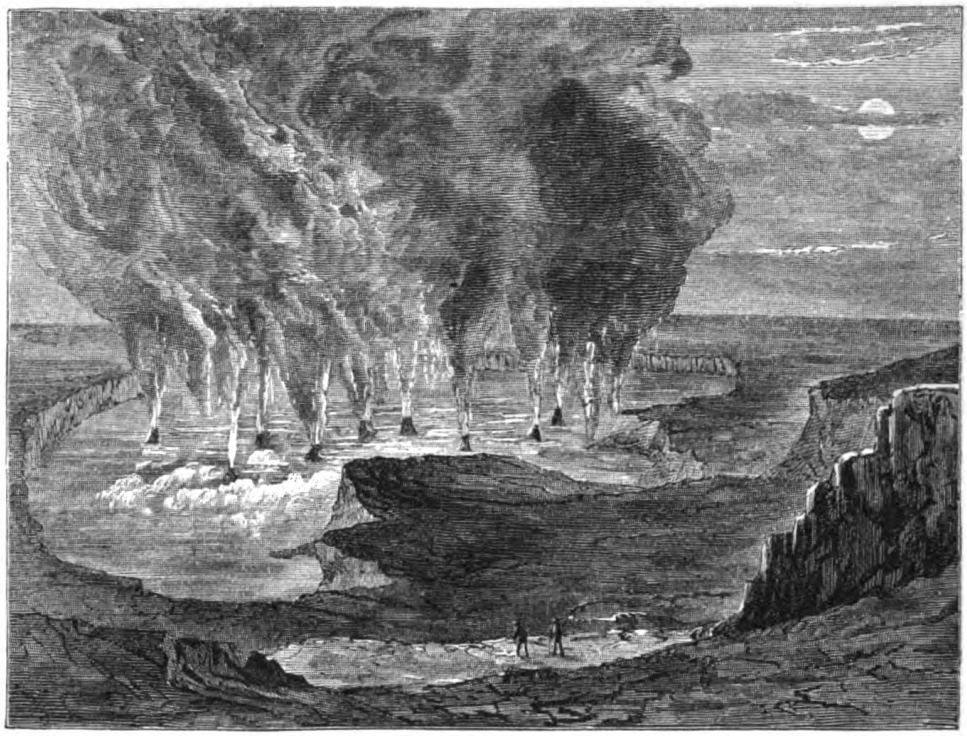


LUNALILO, THE NEW KING.

below these by a scramble over lava and rock débris. It is not difficult, but the ascent is tiresome, and it is a prudent precaution, if you have ladies with you, to take a native man for each lady, to assist her over the rougher places, and up the steep ascent. The greater part of the crater is at present a mass of dead though not cold lava, and over this you walk to the farther extremity of the pit, where you must ascend a tolerably steep hill of lava, which is the bank of the fiery lake. The distance from the Volcano House to the edge of the lake is, by the road you take, three miles.

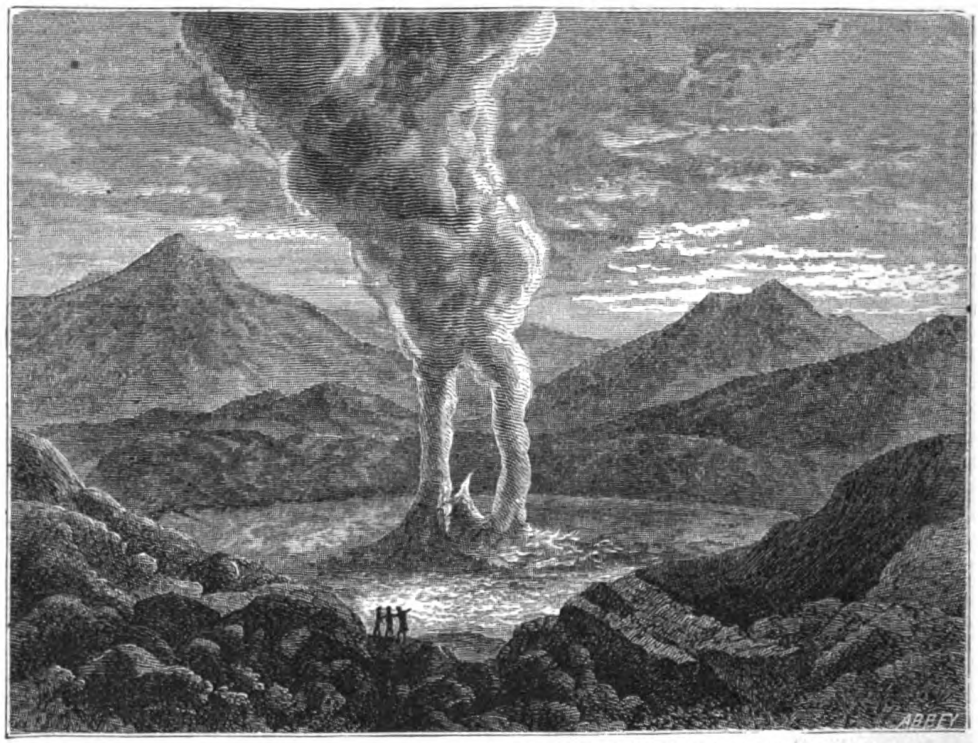
The goddess Pele is, as some say all her sex are, variable, changeable, mutable. What I shall tell you about the appearance of the crater and lake is true of that time; it may not be true a week later; it was certainly not correct a month before. We climbed into the deep pit, and then stood upon a vast floor of lava, rough, jammed together, broken, jagged, steaming out a hot sulphurous breath at almost every seam, revealing rolls of later lava injections at every deep crack, with caverns, and high ridges where the great mass, after cooling, was jammed together, and with a steep mountain-side of

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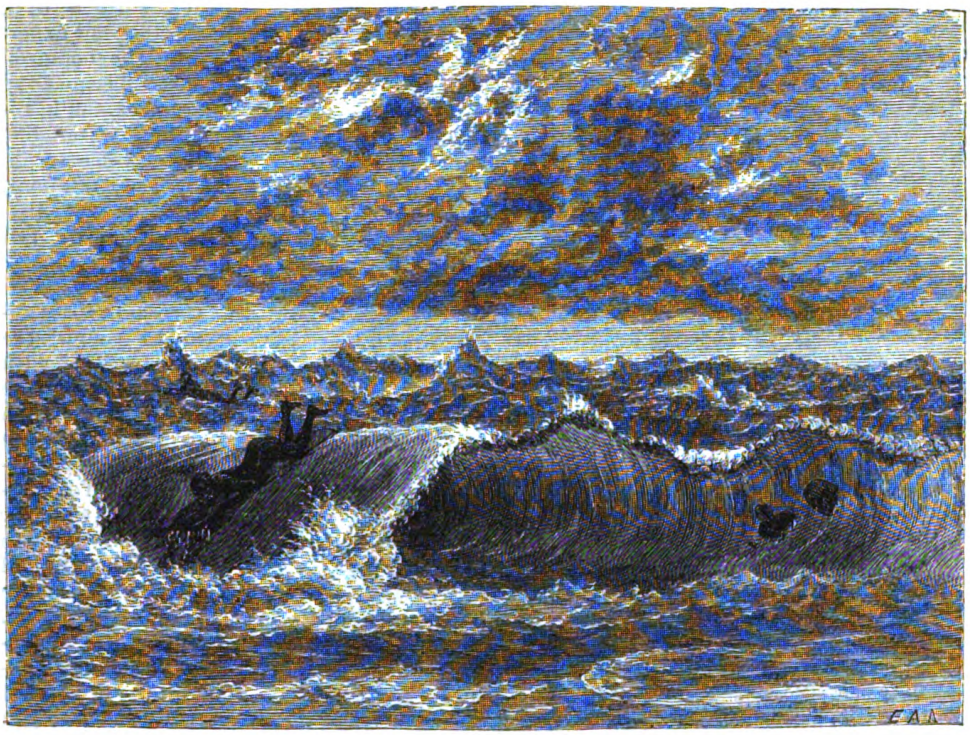
CRATER OF KILAUEA.

lava at our left, along the foot of which we clambered. This floor of lava, which seems likely to be a more or less permanent feature, was three or four years ago upon a level with the top of the high ridge whose base you skirt. The main part of the crater was then a floor of lava vaster even than it now is. Suddenly, one day, and with a crash



VIEW OF THE CRATER OF SOUTH LAKE IN A STATE OF ERUPTION, FROM THE CREST OF THE NORTH LAKE.

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SURF BATHING.

which persuaded one or two persons at the Volcano House that the whole planet was flying to pieces, the greater part of this lava floor sunk down, or fell down, a depth of about five hundred feet, to the level whereon we now walked. The wonderful tale was plain to us, as we examined the details on the spot. It was as though a top-heavy and dried-out pie-crust had fallen in in the middle, leaving a part of the circumference bent down, but clinging at the outside to the dish.

After this great crash the lava seems from time to time to have boiled up from beneath through cracks, and now lies in great rolls upon the surface, or in the deeper cracks. It is related that later the lake or caldron at the farther end of the crater boiled over, and sent down streams of lava, which meandered over the black plain; that, continuing to boil over at intervals, this lake increased the height of its own banks, for the lava cools very rapidly; and thus was built up a high hill, which you ascend after crossing the lava plains, in order to look down, in fear and wonder, upon the awful sight below.

What we saw there on the 3d of March, 1873, was two huge pits, caldrons, or lakes filled with a red, molten, fiery, sulphurous, raging, roaring, restless mass of matter, to watch whose unceasing tumult was one of the most fascinating experiences of my life.

The two lakes are separated by a narrow and low-lying ledge or peninsula of lava, which I was told they frequently overflow, and sometimes entirely melt down. Standing upon the northern bank, we could see both lakes, and we estimated their shortest diameter to be about 500 feet, and the longest about one-eighth of a mile. Within this pit the surface of the molten lava was about eighty feet below us. It has been known to sink down 400 feet, and last December it was overflowing the high banks, and sending streams of lava into the great plain by which we approached it.

What, therefore, Madame Pele will show you hereafter is uncertain. What we saw was this: two large lakes, or caldrons, each nearly circular, with the lower shelf, or bank, red-hot, from which the molten lava was repelled toward the centre without cessation. The surface of these lakes was of a lustrous and beautiful gray, and this, which was a cooling and tolerably solid scum, was broken by jagged circles of fire, which appeared of a vivid rose-color, in contrast with the gray. These circles, starting at the red-hot bank or shore, moved more or less rapidly toward the centre, where, at intervals of perhaps a minute, the whole mass of lava suddenly but slowly bulged up, burst the thin crust, and flung aloft a huge fiery wave, which sometimes shot as high as thirty feet in the air. Then ensued a turmoil, accompanied with hissing and occasionally with a dull roar, as the gases sought to escape, and spray was flung in every direction; and presently the agitation subsided, to begin again

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HAWAIIAN WARRIORS.

in the same place, or perhaps in another. Meantime the fiery rings moved forward perpetually toward the centre, a new one reappearing at the shore before the old was ingulfed, and not unfrequently the mass of lava was so fiercely driven by some force from the bank near which we stood that it was ten or fifteen feet higher near the centre than at the circumference. Thus somewhat of the depth was revealed to us, and there seemed something peculiarly awful to me in the fierce glowing red heat of the shores themselves, which never cooled with exposure to the air and light.

Thus acted the first of the two lakes. But when, favored by a strong breeze, we ventured further, to the side of the furthermost one, a still more terrible spectacle greeted us. The mass in this lake was in still more violent agitation; but it spent its fury upon the precipitous southern bank, against which it dashed with a vehemence equal to a heavy surf breaking against cliffs. It had undermined this lava cliff, and for a space of perhaps 150 feet the lava beat and surged into glaring cavernous depths, and was repelled with a dull, heavy roar not exactly like the boom of breakers, because the lava is so much heavier than water, but with a voice of its own, less resonant, and, as we who listened thought, full of even more deadly fury.

It seems a little absurd to couple the word "terrible" with any action of mere dead matter, from which, after all, we stood in no very evident peril. Yet "terrible" is the word for it. Grand it was not, because in all its action and voice it seemed infernal. Though its movement is slow and deliberate, it would scarcely occur to you to call either the constant impulse from one side toward the other, or the vehement and vast bulging of the lava wave as it explodes its thin crust or dashes a fiery mass against the cliff, majestic, for devilish seems a better word.

Meantime, though we were favored with a fresh and strong breeze, bearing the sulphurous stench of the burning lake away from us, the heat of the lava on which we stood, at least eighty feet above the pit, was so great as to be almost unendurable. We stood first upon one foot, and then on another, because the soles of our feet seemed to be scorching through thick shoes. A lady sitting down upon a bundle of shawls had to rise because the wraps began to scorch; our faces seemed on fire from the reflection of the heat below; the guide's tin water canteen, lying near my feet, became presently so hot that it burned my fingers when I took it up; and at intervals there came up from behind us a draught of air so hot and so laden with sulphur that even with the strong wind carrying it rapidly away it was scarcely endurable. It was while we were coughing and spluttering at one of these hot blasts, which came from the numerous fissures in the lava which we had passed over, that a lady of our party remarked that she had read an excellent description of this place in the New Testa-

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ment, and so far as I observed, no one disagreed with her.

After the lakes come the cones. When the surface of this lava is so rapidly cooling that the action below is too weak to break it, the gases forcing their way out break small vents, through which lava is then ejected. This, cooling rapidly as it comes to the outer air, forms by its accretions a conical pipe of greater or less circumference, and sometimes growing twenty or thirty feet high, open at the top, and often with openings also blown out at the sides. There are several of these cones on the summit bank of the lake, all ruined, as it seemed to me, by some too violent explosion, which had blown off most of the top, and in one case the whole of it, leaving then only a wide hole. Into these holes we looked, and saw a very wonderful and terrible sight. Far below us was a stream of lava, rolling and surging and beating against huge precipitous red-hot cliffs, and higher up, suspended from other, also red or white hot overhanging cliffs, depended huge stalactites, like masses of fiercely glowing fern leaves waving about in the subterraneous wind; and here we saw how thin was in some such places the crust over which we walked, and how near the melting-point must be its under surface. For, as far as we could judge, these little craters, or cones, rested upon a crust not thicker than twelve or fourteen inches, and one fierce blast from below seemed sufficient to melt away the whole place. Fortunately one can not stay very long near these openings, for they exhale a very poisonous breath; and so we were drawn back to the more fascinating but less terrible spectacle of the lakes, and then back over the rough lava, our minds filled with memories of a spectacle which is certainly one of the most remarkable our planet affords.

When you have seen the fiery lakes you will recognize a crater at sight, and every part of Hawaii and of the other islands will have a new interest for you; for all are full of craters, and from Kilauea to the sea you may trace several lines of craters, all extinct, but all at some time belching forth those interminable lava streams over which you ride by the way of the Puna coast for nearly seventy miles back to Hilo. I advise you to take this way back. Almost the whole of it is a land of desolation. A narrow trail across unceasing beds of lava, a trail which in spots was actually hammered down to make it smooth enough for travel, and outside of whose limits in most places your horse will refuse to go, because he knows it is too rough for beast or man, this is your road. Most of the lava is probably very ancient, though some is quite recent, and ferns and guava bushes and other scanty herbage grow through it. In some of the cavernous holes, which denote probably ancient cones, you will see a cocoa-nut tree or a pandanus trying to subsist; and by-and-by, after a descent to the sea-shore, you are rewarded with the pleasant sight of groves of cocoa-nuts and umbrageous arbors of pandanus, and occasionally with a patch of green. Almost the whole of the Puna coast is waterless. From the Volcano House you take with you not only food for the first day, but water in bottles, and your thirsty animals get none until you reach the end of your first day's journey, at Kaimu, where you can send a more than half naked native into the trees for cocoa-nuts, and drink your fill of their refreshing milk, while your jaded horses swallow bucketfuls of rain-water.

It will surprise you to find people living among the lava, making potato patches in it, planting coffee and some fruit trees in it, fencing in their small holdings, even, with lava blocks. Very little soil is needed to give vegetation a chance in a rainy season, and the decomposed lava makes a rich earth. But, except the cocoa-nut, which grows on the beach, and seems to draw its sustenance from the waves, and the sweet-potato, which does very well among the lava, nothing seems really to thrive. This is true all over the islands. If you ask about oranges, you hear that, except in a very few favored localities, the orange-tree suffers from a blight. The coffee culture has almost perished, because of "the blight." The cacao is blighted. The mulberry makes a rank growth, but the black or white blight covers it. And so with almost all useful trees and plants. A lady said to me, "In truth, every thing which has been tried on our islands seems to have failed from this blight, or scale insect, except sugar-cane, and there is scarcely a plantation of sugar, even, which has not ruined the first, and in some cases the second, owners." Wheat and other cereals are not raised, but all imported. Even the forests are now perishing, partly because cattle eat the young shoots, and partly because an insect attacks the older trees. This is a serious inconvenience, because fuel is scarce, and as the woods disappear, the water-courses dry up, and the sugar-cane has of late, I am told, begun to suffer from a worm which eats out the pith, near the ground, and thus destroys the whole cane. For general agriculture the islands are worthless. A small or general farmer would not starve here, because he could always raise enough sweet-potatoes to live on; but he would never get on. Of specialties, the sugar culture is the only one which has not entirely failed; and yet when you hear of plantations which cost $50,000 sold by the sheriff for $15,000, or of plantations which cost $150,000 bought in for $40,000, and hardly paying a profit even on this minor sum, you will scarcely regard this industry as a thriv-

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ing one. There are natural as well as artificial causes for this want of success; but I must reserve the discussion of these for another time. What is certain is that these islands, aside from their fine climate, have absolutely nothing to tempt our own people to live on them, or to invest money in them. The native, who lives on poi, bananas, cocoa-nuts, and fish, can always do well here; but the extent of agricultural land is so small, and what there is lies at such serious natural disadvantages for transportation, that the man who means to raise something to sell has no chance. More than one-half the surface of the islands is lava, which may, I suppose, in about three millions of years be worth perhaps a dollar and a quarter an acre. And even for grazing they are not suited, for there is no market for beef or mutton. They are beginning of late to boil down their cattle, and sell their hides and tallow; and a sheep farmer must depend entirely on his wool.

At Kaimu, twenty-five miles from the Volcano House, you sleep in a native house very comfortably, and under cover of the tappa, or native cloth. You must bring with you tea or coffee, sugar, and bread. Sweet-potatoes and bananas, and chickens caught after you arrive, with abundant cocoa-nuts, are the supplies of the place. The water is not good, and you will probably drink only cocoa-nut milk, until, fifteen miles further on, at Captain Eldart's, you find a pleasant and comfortable resting-place for the second night, with a famous natural warm bath, very slightly mineral. Thence a ride of twenty-three miles brings you back to Hilo, all of it over lava, most of it through a sterile country, but with one small burst of a real paradise of tropical luxuriance, a mile of tall forest and jungle, which looks more like Brazil than Hawaii.

Near Hilo are some pretty water-falls and several sugar plantations, to which you can profitably give a couple of days, and on another you should visit Cocoa-nut Island, and —as interesting a spot as almost any on the islands—a little lagoon on the main-land near by, in which you may see the coral growing, and pick it up in lovely specimens, with the stones upon which it has built in these shallows and protected waters. Moreover, the surf-beaten rocks near by yield cowries and other shells in some abundance; and I do not know any where of a pleasanter picnic day than that you can spend there.

Finally, Hilo is one of the very few places on these islands where you can see a truly royal sport—the surf-board. It requires a rough day and a heavy surf, but with a good day, it is one of the finest sights in the world.

The surf-board is a tough plank about two feet wide and from six to twenty feet long, usually made of the bread-fruit-tree. Armed with these, a party of tall, muscular natives swim out to the first line of breakers, and, watching their chance to duck under this, make their way finally, by the help of the under-tow, into the smooth water far off beyond all the surf. Here they bob up and down on the swell like so many ducks, watching their opportunity. What they seek is a very high swell, before which they place themselves, lying or kneeling on the surf-board. The great wave dashes onward, but as its bottom strikes the ground, the top, unretarded in its speed and force, breaks into a huge comber, and directly before this the surf-board swimmer is propelled with a speed which we timed and found to exceed forty miles per hour. In fact, he goes like lightning, always just ahead of the breaker, and apparently down hill, propelled by the vehement impulse of the roaring wave behind him, yet seeming to have a speed and motion of his own.

It is a very surprising sight to see three or four men thus dashed for nearly a mile toward the shore at the speed of an express train, every moment about to be overwhelmed by a roaring breaker, whose white crest was reared high above and just behind them, but always escaping this ingulfment, and propelled before it. They look, kneeling or lying on their long surf-boards, more like some curious and swift-swimming fish—like dolphins racing, as it seemed to me—than like men. Once in a while, by some mischance the cause of which I could not understand, the swimmer *was* overwhelmed; the great comber overtook him; he was flung over and over like a piece of wreck, but instantly dived, and reappeared beyond and outside of the wave, ready to take advantage of the next. A successful shot launched them quite high and dry on the beach far beyond where we stood to watch. Occasionally a man would stand erect upon his surf-board, balancing himself in the boiling water without apparent difficulty.

The surf-board play is one of the ancient sports of Hawaii. I am told that few of the younger generation are capable of it, and that it is thought to require great nerve and coolness even among these admirable swimmers, and to be not without danger. For the sketch of it which accompanies this article, as well as one of Kilauea, I am indebted to the skillful pencil of Lieutenant-Commander William Bainbridge Hoff, of the flag-ship *California*. In going about the Hawaiian group the traveler must take with him every where saddle and bridle and horse furniture complete. A horse you can always hire or buy; but you are expected to have your own saddle. Thus you see the little steamer's hold, when she leaves Honolulu, contains few trunks or large bags, but a considerable collection of saddles and saddle-bags.

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JOHN BLYTHE'S NAMESAKE.

JOHN BLYTHE and the minister were walking down town together. John always walked, having nothing to ride except his hobbies, which his friends declared he rode to death. But there was such an ever-increasing stud of those unpopular and costly racers that he was never without half a dozen reasonably fresh ones. And one of them, however hard-ridden, came up, unbreathed and active, for service every day. John could not remember when he had not been absorbed in the hope and the work of reforming prisoners, and of saving from crime the street Arabs who become prisoners. When he was six years old he had been permitted a birthday party, with the precious liberty of inviting the guests "himself." But when the afternoon arrived, his unsuspecting mother found her pretty parlors invaded by twelve little gutter-snipes, not much cleaner as to vocabulary than as to person. John grew more and more radiant with delight at each grimy and slinking arrival, so that his mother had hardly the heart to call him to account. And when she took him apart to say, "Johnny, how could you bring those dreadful boys into mamma's nice clean house?" he looked up with such pained amazement that she was silenced. "Why, mamma," he said, "you told me I might invite which twelve little boys I choosed, and I choosed these, 'cause I knew they didn't ever go to a birthday before." Mrs. Blythe felt an uneasy apprehension that practical Christianity might be a little uncomfortable in general use. But remembering a certain Divine prescription of the etiquette pertaining to a feast, which insisted on the bidding of them who could not bid again, she only said, "Well, Johnny, tell mamma beforehand next time. And now we must take all your little friends up to the bath-room and give them a scrub, before they play with the toys."

Which very remarkable attention the young vagabonds received, by means whereof they would have remembered the day forever as set apart from all others in their limited experience, had it not also been set apart as a bewilderment of games, cakes, beautiful surroundings, and double handfuls of candy as a sort of stirrup-cup.

The John of six-and-thirty was hardly more conventional and no whit more selfish than the John of six. And now he was urging the minister to take up a scheme of his for deporting certain bad characters to a new field, where he believed they would reform. "You are too hard on them, Egerton," he was saying, in his vehement way. "I tell you, we make 'em thieves and keep 'em thieves, and then shut 'em up, because they are thieves, in places where they shed their thieves' skin and come out something worse. It's the logic of events. I've got some friends in Rag-pickers' Row: carriage people: drive a dog in a soap-box, these aristocrats. Sometimes I drop in there when I think the world is too careless of my high mightiness. It's a nasty cure for peevishness, but thorough. The Row has its water view—a mud-puddle that is never dry, inhabited by an ague that's never at home, but always out calling in the neighborhood. The rooms are ten by twelve, a family in every room, and at least ten souls, or cases for souls, in every family. The lower the breed, the larger the litter always. What do these creatures breathe? Air? No: stinks! What do they eat? Food? No: garbage! What do they wear? Clothes? No: rags and infection! What fluid is in their veins? Blood? No: poison! What do they do? Live? No: putrefy, body and bones, heart and brain! The brats are turned into the street as soon as they can toddle, to beg or steal. They get into the Tombs, of course, and on the Island, and so to Sing Sing, and so to a bad death. In short, they're born in hell, and live in hell. And I declare to you again that I don't believe a just and tender Father will give them hell hereafter till they've had at least a chance."

"My dear John," said his friend, "you can't wash convicts clean in baths of sentiment. You yourself wouldn't trust a convict's repentance without long probation. There's a great deal to be said on the other side; but this is my corner, and I have work to do. I'll consider the question, and help you if I see my way."

Blythe turned down a quiet cross-street, and was startled out of his meditation by a woman's scream. At the same instant a man, stumbling up the steps of a deep area, ran violently against him. "Not so fast, friend," said Blythe. "It's not polite to run away when people want your company. We'll just turn in here and see for which of our virtues we are thus desired." There was no shaking himself free from the strong grip of his captor, and the man obeyed.

"What's the row, my girl?" said Blythe to the servant at the window.

"Oh, the black thafe!" she cried. "Sure I set me spoons on the winder-sill, and it open a minute wid the dust, and me sweepin', and the blatherin' thafe he rached in an' tuk 'em, and me ketchin' him in the act."

"Search me," said the man, quietly.

It was early. Nobody was in the street. Blythe took the man into the area, and turned his pockets inside out. Not so much as a pawn-ticket appeared. "Friend," said he, "I must trouble you to take off your boots."

The man laughed uneasily. "Game's up," he said. "Take your spoons, watchful Bridget. I'm to go to the jug, I suppose. Who cares?"

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"Are the spoons all right, my girl?" asked the amateur detective.

"An' why not, thanks to yer honor, and bad cess to the murdtherin' rogue, to be takin' yer honor's time. And I'll take me book oath agen him whenever yer honor says."

"All right," said Blythe. "Good-morning. Come with me, my Turpin bold."

The man went quietly for a few paces and then stopped. "What are you going to do with me?" he said.

"Well," said Blythe, "either put you in nomination for civic honors, as alderman, for instance, where your talents wouldn't remain hid in a napkin, or give you in charge, I think."

"Couldn't you kick me, Sir, and let me go?" asked the man, eagerly.

Blythe laughed aloud. "Corporal punishment, as opposed to moral suasion, eh? Well, perhaps. Where do you live?"

His captive studied his face. It was so open and kindly, the laugh had been so hearty, that he said, suddenly, "I wouldn't like to lie to you, Sir. I don't live any where. I come out of jail for the third time last Tuesday. I'm a regular jail-bird, I am, and I don't expect to be nothing else. I'm too old. And I don't suppose it matters how soon I go back." The man's voice was steady enough, but his lip twitched a little.

"Then you didn't breakfast at Delmonico's this morning?" said Blythe.

"I didn't breakfast nowheres these two days, Sir," replied the prisoner.

"My young friend," said his queer keeper, "I have ever observed throughout my virtuous life that when there is a chronic emptiness of the stomach, there is a corresponding shakiness of the moral nature. Here is my card. Will you do me the honor and pleasure of breakfasting with me?"

The amazed convict replying not, was forthwith haled to a cellar-restaurant, where, having ordered half the bill of fare, Blythe sat back in his chair complacently observing the famished eagerness of his human wolf. When even the chronic emptiness was temporarily filled, the wolf said, sheepishly, "I don't mind telling you, Sir, since you've acted so handsome, that I wouldn't have took them spoons if I hadn't ha' been just starved. That ain't no excuse in the courts, I know, and I expect to go up for it; but I thought you'd kind o' feel as if you hadn't wasted your money so bad if you knew how holler I was. I'm ready now, Sir, if your time's up."

"Not quite up," said John. "Suppose you tell me how it began. Perhaps I could speak a word for you. I'm a lawyer."

The other stared with surprise. "A lawyer," he said, "and give away a breakfast like that! That beats cracky! But there's nothing to tell, Sir. I'm a wheelwright. I got sent up the first time for being drunk and disorderly. I lost my place, and then come a strike, and no work; and I took a nip sometimes, and got sent up for petty larceny. And I sort o' slipped into the thieves' ring; and byme-by I got a three years' term. But I was sick of the business, and I worked hard and kept the rules, and got a good name. So when I come out, I goes to my old shop to get work; and, thinks I, 'tain't fair to the boss not to own up, 'cause he might have hard words heaved at him by the rest of the hands if they found it out. And so he wouldn't take me; and none of the other bosses wouldn't, 'cause I told 'em—for, thinks I, 'taint no use to pretend you want to be honest with a lie on to your tongue. So then I tried to get porter's work, and other things, but nobody wouldn't take a man without a character. I don't blame 'em. I s'pose I shouldn't myself, if I was them. Well, I hadn't no money nor credit, but I used to want my victuals just as regular as though I had good wages; and so I took a watch, and got sent up again. I'm a pretty decent chap in jail, you see. I don't get no liquor, and after a little I don't want it. And I'm a proper good workman. And the warden he used to let me have the picture papers on Sundays—*Harper's Weekly*, you know, and the rest. And I made up my mind again that I'd just be a new man when I got out. So I did get out last Tuesday, with these clothes and two dollars, and a nice new knife that the warden give me. So then I tried right off for work. And when the boss says, 'Where did you work last?' I says, 'Come, now, I won't tell you no lies. I worked at the prison; I'm a convict.' And then 'twas the same old story. So I sold the knife and a handkerchief, and the last of them and my two dollars was eat up and slep' up night before last. So yesterday I didn't have no victuals; and I thought maybe I'd go to some minister and tell him. But ministers ain't much in my way; and, besides, I didn't want to beg—I wanted to work. So I walked round all night last night, 'cause I couldn't go into them holes to the station-houses to sleep—I know 'em too well. And when I see them spoons waiting in the winder this morning purpose to be took, I couldn't hold out no longer. I didn't expect to get nabbed; but I guess I didn't care much. And that's all," said the man, pulling up suddenly. "I guess having to hold your tongue so much up to the prison kind o' makes it run at both ends when you get out. And I beg your pardon, Sir, for doing of it. But, if it's the same to you, I'd ruther push along to the station; for talkin' with you sort o' makes me hate to go back again." And he looked—this hardened convict—quite capable of human tears.

"I've concluded," said Blythe, quietly, "to transport you instead."

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The man jumped up. "Why, that ain't American law, is it?" he cried. "Why should I care, though? Just as you say, Sir. You've treated me fair, and I don't doubt you know the law."

"It's Gospel, if it isn't law," said Blythe, heartily. "What is your name, my friend?"

"John Brand, Sir; but the name's a brand to me now, and if I'm to be shipped, I'll take another, if it ain't against the law."

"All right," said his sponsor: "take mine, 'John Blythe.' It's a good, honest name, and I'll trust you to keep it so. You're going to Philadelphia to a friend I have there in the carriage business; big house; good wages; chance to rise. I write to him and tell him all about you in a letter you take. He is not to report to me. If you do well, you'll be glad to let me know it yourself. If you don't, I'd rather not know it at all. I'll have no spies upon you, and I'll trust you to keep faith with me. You'll want another suit and ten dollars in your pocket to make you feel respectable. So now we'll go and get fitted, and buy our ticket, and take our rather damaged wares to a new market."

When John Blythe went home that night he laughed a little to himself to think how many of his investments in wild-cat humanity had brought back no dividends. But he always had faith in the last one. "The truth is," his mother had told the minister that morning, when she begged him to withhold her son a little from his prodigal benevolences—"the truth is that John regularly strips himself once a month or so for some plausible scamp. Three times this season has he come home without a waistcoat. And I fully expect to see the day when he will have to lie in bed to have his only shirt washed, his opulent beggars having pawned all the rest."

Blythe still lived with his mother, because he felt that no other woman would be happy with the perplexities which his constant experiments in sociology entailed on his household, and because he had never found a woman whom he could ask to share that poverty which might so easily have been wealth had he chosen to conduct his moral book-keeping according to received usage. In this new rogue he had taken much stock, as he said. The man was not only certain to reform, but to save hundreds of men like himself, whom he would know how to reach. But after one brief, ill-spelled, and dirty note to say that he had found work, and a friend in his employer, he made no sign. And when a year or two of silence had convinced even Blythe that the taint of ten years could not be cured by an hour's kindness, he only said, "Well, poor fellow, I ought to have kept him under my own eye. There was good in him. But I suppose life was too hard."

So eight years went by, Blythe going his daily round of unostentatious duty, never dreaming that he was a saint in shabby vestments, and only seeing that each day he let slip some chance of helpfulness which he might have seized. His business had not thriven as he had hoped. Men were a little shy of such a Quixote, genius though he was; and he was so certain to refuse cases where the right was not clearly on his side that his fees grew fewer year by year. It was hard, because he saw such good that might be done with money. But he only pinched himself the more.

There came in time a cholera summer. People fled the city in herds. Almost nobody was left, save the wretches who could not fly, and whose poverty, ignorance, and dirt predetermined them victims. By day and by night, in the stews and slums of the town, horrible in the August heat and stenches, John Blythe watched and worked. His perfect health, which seemed to place him beyond peril of infection, his skill in nursing, his tenderness, and the quiet courage which roused an answering courage in the affrighted victims, made him invaluable to the doctors. He often met one other volunteer nurse, not less invaluable than himself, the physicians said. But beyond civil greetings they had neither time nor thought to bestow on each other.

But one morning as Blythe left the hospital, after a hard and weary night's work, he overtook his silent fellow-worker. The latter lifted his hat, and as the clear early light fell on his face it looked so familiar and so friendly that Blythe stopped, saying, "Surely I must know you, my good Sir?"

"Yes," said the stranger, heartily, "you are perhaps the only person who ever did know me. Our acquaintance began in a breach of good manners on my part, for I asked an important personal favor before being introduced. You may remember being solicited to kick me and let me go on a morning much like this!"

John Blythe, the first of the name, dragged his namesake into a friendly doorway, within whose shelter he first fell on his neck and kissed him, and then sat down on the very dirty stairs and cried. John Blythe, the second of the name, leaning on the balustrade, also cried.

The sponsor was the first to recover his speech. "History repeats itself," he said. "Twice found in the street, and a second time to be invested in my clothes—for we can't take breakfast in these—and again to break the bread that precedes a new career together—for I never will let you out of my sight again, you rascal—and once more to set you up in other business—for now you are to be your own biographer, and tell me tales of yourself for a thousand and one nights. But be pleased to hold your tongue till we have both bathed and eaten, or we

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shall both be down with the cholera, and the two best nurses too engaged to attend to us."

But when they had refreshed themselves with water and fresh linen, and had eaten their breakfast together in the cellar-restaurant where they had first adopted each other, the elder entreated the younger to speak. "My boy," he said, "we shall have observed the dramatic unities in a way to satisfy Dr. Johnson himself, when in that very chair you tell me your story. Come, now—*Enter John Blythe, second, solus, loquitur.*"

"I'm almost deaf and dumb with joy, Sir," answered his namesake, "and I'm afraid that I'm not a much better fist at talking about myself than I was when you first invited me to do it, and made a man of me. I have often thought of late that I had done wrong not to write. But the truth was that after I had written you that I'd gotten a hold on life again, it seemed a little contemptible to be hanging on to you, even with letters, when I could stand alone. And I was afraid you might think I wanted money, or notice, or the help of your name, if I kept reminding you of me. I think now it was pride, but then I thought it was humility. And I set up a certain stint to myself to do before I would write again. I told you I was an extra good workman. 'Well,' I said, 'I'll get extra good pay, and then I'll write and say that deeds are a better coin than words to pay one's debts in, and that I've got some of this good tender to show how grateful I am.' Of course I had to begin low, and work up. And I felt my ignorance, and got books, and studied every night and Sundays. That was much the toughest job of the two, the book-learning. But Mr. Bradbury watched me for your sake, and when Mr. John was at home in vacations he used to come down and talk to me, and when he found that I was trying to improve myself, he offered to help me, and after that I got on famously. Presently I saw that it all depended on me how soon I should be made foreman, and I worked like all possessed, meaning to write to you as soon as I got the place. Having no expenses to speak of, I began to lay up money from the first, and a perfect greed of getting and saving took hold of me, for I wanted to astonish my astonishing godfather with the amount of it. But Mr. Bradbury was buying land here and there in the suburbs where he knew the horse-railroads were going to put it up, and he said to me, 'John, if you choose to risk your money in land, I'll buy for you as I buy for myself, and I think we shall make a good thing.'

"Well, of course I did choose. And, what isn't of course, we did make money hand over hand. And it seemed as if I was foreman in no time. And then I thought, 'No, I won't write just yet, for the signs are that I shall be manager. Sure enough, that wasn't far off either. For the young gentlemen didn't like the business, and the old gentleman was wrapped up in it, and couldn't bear to think that it would go all to pieces when he should die. So he pushed me, and I pushed myself, and every wind that blew seemed to fill my sails. My money just rolled over like a great snow-ball. And the harder I studied, the clearer my head grew and the easier it seemed, though I found out, like Mr. Boffin, that there were lots of 'scarers' in print.

"Well, I hadn't more than turned round, it seemed to me, after I was manager, before Mr. Bradbury sent for me again, and told me that I was so well up in the business, financial and mechanical, that he was prepared to offer me a junior partnership if I liked. I don't suppose the Emperor of Roosha thinks half so well of himself as I did then, Mr. Blythe. But, after all, it wasn't the success itself that I cared about, but just the bringing of it back to you, and saying, 'It's all yours, Sir; the credit of it, and the money, and the man that you made out of a vagabond with your heavenly kindness.'

"So then I sat down and wrote you a letter, and told you all of this long story. But when it was done, a great light fell on me, as it did on Paul. And I saw that, after all, I was going to make you a miserable return. For I had just settled right down, and grubbed for money and grubbed for learning, just to make myself a little worthier to be your friend, and a little more important in your eyes, and to be able to spend it for you. And I had not made the world really any better off for my being in it. I thought how different my narrow notion of virtue was from yours, that helps every body, for Mr. Bradbury had told me all about you, Sir. And I felt that I wasn't worth shucks. So I tore up the letter, and began to live a different life. I knew well enough that my work lay among the prisoners, and for a year I've done what I could for them. But that's not the point now. Still I didn't feel fit to come back and beg you to live with me, and that was the dream of my life. I was possessed to do some tremendous thing, like saving a family from a burning house, or from a wreck, maybe, at the risk of my life. And I was in that mood when the news of this awful cholera came over, and I saw my chance. I knew that you would be in the worst of it, and in my thoughts I saw you meeting me, and being so pleased and astonished. Well, I came; and I saw you the first day, and you didn't know me. I had never thought of that chance. And it was a kind of blow to me, for it seemed as if you had never been out of my thoughts, sleeping or waking, and I felt clean forgotten. So I made up my mind not to speak till you knew me, unless you should get the sickness, or I should. But just to see you every day has been new life to me. And

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that's all," he said, laughing like a boy at his own tears.

John Blythe never knew what he said in answer. He talked almost as long as his namesake had done. He planned a little holiday that they should have together when their nursing was over. And when they rose from the table he said, with quaint reverence, "John, henceforth there is a new sacrament for me. It is the Lord's breakfast, for I shall always believe that the risen Lord has twice sat with us at meat."

"Most folks would think He'd lost His way," said the other, "to sit down in a cellar and eat with a convict, where there was no table-cloths nor silver forks; but I guess, Mr. Blythe, He'd go most any wheres you go, because you're just one of His kind. I'm on duty at eleven o'clock, and I must put out. But a few hours of parting don't matter to a man who's had so many years of it. And we can have dinner together, can't we?"

"All dinners and all breakfasts, dear son of my love," cried Blythe. "We shall live together now, and help one another. I shall come down to you as soon as I have had my sleep."

But when he ran up the hospital stairs that afternoon, thrilled with his new joy and strong with its strength, he found the house surgeon waiting for him. "Mr. Blythe," said he, "we've had our worst stroke of luck this morning. That capital nurse—by-the-bye, queerly enough, his name is Blythe too, I find—is down with the disease, and it will go hard with him. He has had some great excitement to-day. I saw it the instant he came in—eyes all aflame, face perfectly transfigured, hands trembling. He is not strong. Early dissipation, I reckon, and overwork in business. And lately this awful hospital duty, and the devil's own heat besides. When a strong excitement was added to those strains he broke right down. I stopped you to tell you that you must take care of him, and that if you can get him to tell you what is burning him up, it may save his life, though I doubt. And talking's a bad remedy too, for he ought to be quiet."

"But I know what it was that used him up, and he trusts me. Then what?"

"My dear fellow, then we may save him. We won't give him up."

But the poor soul that had never known a childhood, nor an unstained youth, nor the love of woman, nor the kiss of little children, was to begin the new life where all these, or their recompense, might await him. He did not talk. He was content to lie still and look at John Blythe's face. But at the last the chaplain stood beside him too. And when he asked, "Do you trust in the mercy of God, dear brother?" the fading eyes looked with unutterable love in Blythe's, and the spent voice said, clearly, "He gave His angel charge concerning me to keep me up, lest I should dash my foot against a stone." Then they left the bedside, for the living needed them.

He had given his papers to his friend, and among them was a copy of his will. In token of his love he had left all his property to "John Blythe, for whom I was named, and to whom I owe all that I have and am." It was a legacy that grew in bulk day by day, and made many an abject creature happier. And it is still, in other hands, doing its good work, though the last earthly record of the two obscure lives whose gift it was is written on a little slab in Greenwood, thus:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY
of
JOHN C. BLYTHE:
and of
JOHN BLYTHE,
HIS BELOVED NAMESAKE.

TEN YEARS AMONG THE ROWING MEN.

BY WILLIAM BLAIKIE.

NEAR the heart of Massachusetts, and not far from the Worcester hills, two or three little brooks come together and form a stream, which, soon widening into a river, commences somewhere to be called the Charles; and quietly wending its way along, here taking a turn through the Waltham of Banks (N. P. Banks, of course) and watches, and there passing by Watertown's arsenal, Lowell's Elmwood, and Longfellow's stately mansion, runs almost up to the door of the first university of America, and then turns away toward the good old city which has done so much to bring to all New England—and more than New England—honor and renown. But, singularly enough, instead of entering, it avoids it altogether, just stopping a moment for a look at Bunker Hill, and then, uniting with the gentle Mystic, goes away down to the sea. The broad basin into which it opens directly back of Boston has long been the training course of Harvard University, and that city also, quicker than any of her sisters to see the attractions of a well-ordered boat-race, has almost regularly, during over twenty years, made this same stretch of water contribute to the festivities of the anniversary of the nation's birthday. Local crews, and often distinguished strangers, took part in these contests, and undoubtedly thus did much by their rivalry toward keeping the

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students vigilant and ever trying their best. Steadily improving boats, and oars too, noting the mistakes of their antagonists, comparing their various styles of rowing and methods of training, and yearly accumulating traditions and experience, have all combined to make Harvard a most generous contributor to the amateur rowing of America; and when the unequaled proportions of the inter-collegiate regatta of this year are considered, most deservedly does she come in for a liberal share of public notice and good-will.

Yet, notwithstanding these advantages, the fondness of her oarsmen, in common with a great majority of those all over the country, until very recently at least, for the old and most objectionable methods of training is surprising. Men would be required to turn out and run, walk, or row long distances before breakfast, when for twelve hours or more they had eaten nothing, and would come back faint and half famished, and with that all-gone feeling that work under such conditions brings, and which would frequently stay by them all day. Then their bill of fare would contain little else than underdone beef and mutton, stale bread, a very stingy allowance of potatoes, and none at all of any other vegetable; sometimes tea, never any other drink but water, and one tumbler of that for breakfast, two for dinner, and one for supper, and not even this much if they could possibly do without it, and with nothing at all between meals; and this no matter how fierce the heat and how severe their work.

No wonder that, with such lack of variety of nutrition, sore boils broke out on them, until we heard of one man who had seventy-three! No wonder that men could not sleep, and getting up at midnight, and faithful to their orders, not slaking their burning thirst, would bathe their heads and necks for the relief it brought! No wonder that men rebelled, and wet their lips occasionally when the law said no! We had the pleasure of rowing once in the same crew with a man who told us that during the whole six weeks of training he had not drank one drop of *any thing!* Is it strange that a great abscess burst out on his thigh, and that he rowed his race while in such a fever that his physician had the day before ordered him home to bed? To be sure, he did more than was required of him; but could the system that encouraged such madness be right?

And, not contented yet, men have been known to think it necessary to bundle up unusually, and work until in a reeking perspiration, purposely to reduce their flesh; and, from personal experience, we can say that a more weakening process for the ordinary man can hardly be devised. This barbarous custom came from such wisdom as one found in *Boxiana* and works on training in by-gone days, and perhaps for the men it was meant for—prize-fighters, sporting-men, and their associates—it was well enough; for a hearty fellow, long used to loafing about bar-rooms, and by his unrestrained appetites adding daily to his weight a puffy, beer-soaked sort of flesh, might find his body none the worse for, and his sensual nature cooled by, heavy sweating between feather-beds, and by long walks and runs with top-coats wrapped about him.

But to nearly every man who trains today for a boat-race, and particularly here in America, where most young people at least find it easier to get thin than stout, much of this overheating is of no benefit, nor else than a positive hinderance to the effecting of their purpose. Take the clerk, the student, the mechanic, or the young professional man as you find him, and put him through the course of training as now followed, and the chances are more than even that he will gain weight or, technically speaking, "train up." This will be especially so if he has for a while back been using his muscles but little and his brain too much, or has been irregular or dissolute in his habits. But if he has been careful all along to take a good, generous piece of exercise daily, it hardly matters of what sort if it be out-of-doors, and sleeps plentifully, he will find his weight almost unchanged, particularly in the cooler times of the year. Had Dickens, for instance, with his six or eight or ten miles of daily walking, at a gait that it needed a practiced foot to long keep him company, taken a notion to extend his trip until he had walked all he could for a week together, it is doubtful, unless the weather was extremely warm, if he would have lost weight very perceptibly by the operation. In a tramp we once took from Boston to New York, covering the distance in five days, with three hours to spare, doing fifty-seven miles the first day and averaging forty-five throughout, only four pounds were lost, and reasonably good fare, such as would be found on any well-ordered training-table, would probably have saved us a couple of these.

The amount of work, too, that should be done by a man in training seemed all along a matter of conjecture, and one which no rule could govern. You would hear of one crew thinking it a hardship to have to row five miles a day, while another was scarcely satisfied with twenty. We understood that when Hamill was fitting for an important race he would not only often be on the water before breakfast, and always take a six or eight mile pull between that meal and dinner, and a similar allowance before supper, but quite frequently a deal of hard work at the rowing weights after supper. Not only is this manifestly too much even for a man of his great strength, but any where nearly as much is almost sure to bring on a loath-

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ing for his work, which will quickly combine with such overwork to defeat the very purpose in view—the winning of the race.

Thoroughly hard, faithful work over an oar or rowing weight reduces one's flesh astonishingly. We have seen a man with little superfluous flesh on him, in a gymnasium just comfortably warmed, after stripping for his work to thin trowsers, slippers, and gauze shirt, and first weighing himself on the scales hard by, sit down to a fifty-five pound rowing weight, and, rowing a clean full-length stroke of about forty-five to the minute, rise at the end of twenty minutes—probably a fair approach to three miles of work at an oar at racing pace—and weigh on the same scales over a pound lighter. And after three miles of sharp work over the course "on time," under a blazing, mid-day sun, when the thermometer stood in the shade among the nineties—a time, by-the-way, when it would have been far wiser not to have rowed—we have seen six men weigh before going to dinner, and afterward turn the scale at an average of three pounds more per man. But they trained on sensible principles, and a goodly share of this increase was doubtless liquid, as men tired and exhausted can hardly help drinking, rules or no rules.

We hold that even to-day men in training are prone to do too much work. When the Harvard crew was in Europe, preparing for the struggle that by its result created such profound surprise, at least among all Englishmen—for the latter had expected them to be beaten from the start, instead of leading probably the best crew Oxford ever had for two whole miles—they would, besides a little walking, paddle about over two or three miles in the morning, and generally go over the track from Putney to Mortlake (four miles and three furlongs) at a racing pace in the afternoon; then, after lying on their oars a little while till they recovered their breath, would start back easily, and often swing into a stroke that gave the horsemen on the tow-path something to do to keep up. And for this they were pronounced by the English press perfect "gluttons" at work.

Their rivals, plumper, rounder, less wiry-looking men, and averaging sixteen pounds apiece heavier, would paddle but a mile or so in the morning, making frequent stops at that to listen to the comments of their "coach," and pull over the course "on time" in the afternoon, but instead of rowing back, give their boat in charge of watermen, and go home by the beautiful little steamer owned by one of them, and from which, as she steamed alongside them on their row up, their coach had given his orders in a voice you could hear almost a mile away. And although thus in the morning doing practically nothing worth calling work, and hardly more than half as much in the afternoon as their rivals, yet seeming better fit for it, their mentor feared that they were doing too much, and not long before the race let them up for a day, and had them down at Brighton for a tumble in the surf.

Here, then, in a country where the interest in rowing is so universal that, as its *Rowing Almanac* shows, the number of races often exceeds in a year even the number of days, where almost every aquatic problem new to us was solved long ago, with all the best light of the experience and traditions of more than forty years, and the pick of all the skillful coaches in England—here some of the very best men her justly famous and oftenest victorious university ever owned, men who looked fit for any thing, confine themselves, when preparing for the most important rowing race the world ever saw, to not more than twenty-five minutes of actual downright hard work each day! Is not the allowance they thus give themselves at least worth making a note of?

Moreover, the English students usually, if we are rightly informed, do nearly if not quite all their severe rowing at a season of the year when their studies exact comparatively little of their time, and thus the achievement of even the highest rank and honors are not, as has been more than once proved, incompatible with prominence on the river. But the American who wants to row a race, if he is yet a student, is very apt to find numerous examinations coming on at just about the time most convenient for the racing; while, if in business, he will attempt to prepare himself for his task after business hours, when he is of necessity more or less worn down by the labor and annoyances of the day.

Take a hot, hard pull of an hour or more, at a fast stroke, with scarcely any let up, and a keen, wonderfully plain spoken fellow up in the bow, or on the cockswain's seat, or riding close alongside, and ever paying his addresses, as you think, almost entirely to you and the defects in your work, and this in the presence of others who can see the fitness of his comments, or do fifty or sixty miles over country roads between daylight and dark, and it is a rare possibility that you will be ready that evening or next day to grasp swiftly some important and complicated question of business or study, and find your memory as ready and retentive as it would otherwise be.

With the explosion of the notion so long prevalent that a man who had an arduous physical task before him must get himself down almost as thin as he knew how, and with the discovery that a little extra beef helped rather than hindered him, and seemed a capital left him to draw on, particularly toward the end of a long race, has come the natural result that gives him such capital—namely, the keeping up the supply of

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food and sleep that build him up, and the lessening of the work, and consequent wear and tear of body and nerve, that take him down. It has been found that he may eat about any thing he likes; for the trying work he has will so sharpen his appetite that he will like the most solid food, and as he is sure to eat plenty of it if it is set before him, any fondness he may have for less nourishing dishes may be safely indulged.

We have seen put together four midshipmen, averaging scarce twenty-one, and who had never had much rowing; and though required to turn out at half past four in the morning—for from six to six their duties demanded all their time—and forever nagged at, till their backs at last got straight, and they fell into some approach to form, they uttered no breath of complaint. Nor would many evenings go by without their having to pull at their best over three measured miles, and sometimes they did it in nineteen minutes. By-and-by Coulter brought down from Philadelphia the picked crew of the Schuylkill navy, and threatened to make short work with the poor rash middies, dropping occasional remarks in a patronizing way about this or that defect in their work, and referring to their tender years. But the latter kept their own counsel, and when the day of trial came dashed away from the enemy at the very start, and taking a commanding lead, kept it all the way over the course, coming in easy winners, four or five hundred feet ahead, and this though their bow-oarsman had cracked his oar while turning the half-way stake, and so was forced to do lame work all the way home. Well, they dined the vanquished soon after the race, and on the well-laden table their hospitality had provided were high glass dishes, broad, deep, and roomy, and filled with luscious strawberries. The Philadelphians were so attentive to these as to cause remark, when the fact came out that they had been for weeks fed on the old plan, and besides meat and bread, had eaten little else. But all this time the winners had had all the strawberries they wanted, besides tomatoes and whatever other vegetables were to be had, and so now cared nothing especially for them. The former had gaunt, hollow cheeks, and the generally overworked look that such narrow diet begets; while any one of their rivals had plenty of flesh on his face, and a comfortable, hearty look.

We found on the table of the English crew above mentioned plenty of fresh oranges, and large juicy grapes, while each man seemed to have about all the beer he wanted.

Almost invariably, too, crews trained on the spare plan are afflicted with boils, while after a careful observation of nearly all the best rowers, professional or amateur, this country has yet produced, and of many of the foremost oarsmen of recent years of the former, and not a few of the latter class, in England, and an experience of some four thousand miles of rowing and much racing during our four years at college, we feel confident that men fed on a liberal and varied diet, and not unreasonably restrained in the matter of unstimulating drink, are free from these annoying and often very weakening visitors. We say unstimulating drink, for it is pretty well understood that any thing else is a hinderance rather than a help to a man cultivating endurance. We record our belief that no other drink yet found will do the man in training, or at any physical labor, so much good and so little harm as cold water.

How should a man distribute his work and rest, if required to train for four or six weeks together for a boat-race of any length, starting on the supposition that he is in fair health and has no organic defect?

On rising, let him take a sponge-bath in tepid water, and be as quick about it as he can; then rub himself as vigorously as his hide will stand with coarse towels or strap until, if he can bear it, he is ruddy all over.

If he feels equal to a little exercise before eating, let him take it with such clubs or dumb-bells of moderate size as he can handle easily. But let it be only a very little, for a man who has eaten nothing for twelve hours is unfit for severe physical effort; and it had better be taken in-doors, especially if there is the slightest malaria in the air, or if it is at all cold without.

Then very quickly afterward he should have a hearty breakfast, and provided he will eat a good allowance of well and invitingly cooked beef, or mutton, or pork, or fowl, it matters little what favorite dish he may add, if none of them contain any stimulant. Particularly should he have whatever vegetables are then seasonable, and for which he cares, and have them served to his liking, while he can scarcely eat too many eggs.

From now till dinner-time, if that comes in the middle of the day, he had better not, save three or four miles of smart walking, do much hard work, unless his race is to be rowed during this portion of the day; for it is a capital plan to so distribute the day's work as it is likely to come on the important day itself. But two or three hours after eating, taking care to avoid exposure to extreme heat, let him go out for a paddle, and such instruction as suggests itself to a careful and experienced "coach;" for few men row so well that they need no teaching, and the best rowers will generally receive it most willingly. We say a paddle, for a man learning to row must never go fast. He wants first to get the point to be learned thoroughly into his head, and then it is easy work for his hands. But drive him, and row him hard, and he soon finds, as in any other severe muscular work, that it is very

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difficult to think quickly, and it may take him months or even years to acquire knowledge that judicious management and restraint would have brought him in a few weeks. On his return to the boat-house he should have a good rub, and then at least half an hour's rest before dinner.

This should, of course, be the most substantial as well as the most attractive meal of the day, and the man should be allowed, as is often not the case, to eat all he wants; for surely he who takes much out of himself ought to be allowed ample material with which to rebuild. Together with the variety of meats already named, and adding game and fish, we repeat that he ought to have at least a sparing allowance of any vegetables in the market for which he has a liking. This will remove the craving that every one knows well who has trained, for instance, in strawberry-time, when he was not allowed to touch the delicious fruit. And we are ready even to go so far as, if he has a marked weakness for some favorite pie or pudding, to let him try that too, on condition that there is nothing stimulant in its composition.

If supper comes within three hours of bed-time—and tired men are not fond of sitting up late—meat had better be omitted, unless trial has shown the man that he finds himself better with it. But in the long list of simple dishes that can be prepared from wheat, hominy, oats, corn, rye, buckwheat, and a variety of inviting fruits, it will not be difficult without meat to make this meal quite palatable, while if the man is at all inclined to be thin, he need not be shy of the milk.

Then, too, it should be remembered that a person doing each day all the physical work of which he is capable soon finds his digestive powers wonderfully active, that he enjoys his food with a keen relish, and that, eat almost what he will, he will be conscious of no unpleasant feeling from it; and if he ever knew any thing of dyspepsia, he will wonder why he had not thought of this remedy sooner, so complete and effective is it generally.

Between meals nothing had better be eaten, the stomach thus getting adequate rest for the large amount of work it is called on to do.

Of course, if dinner comes late in the afternoon, a person doing much athletic work needs a stout lunch at noon. The Oxford crew, for instance, on the occasion already mentioned, dined after their afternoon row, and when, save rather a brisk walk for a short distance in the evening, their day's work was done; cold beef, bread, and beer, we suppose, being their noonday fare.

Although the sluggish feeling which is apt to follow a hearty meal and hard work may tend to drive one off early to bed, he will nevertheless find that he can sleep; while if he were not tiring his muscles so much, he could not. And in the matter of sleeping, we believe in falling back on one's common-sense just as well as in eating. Let the feelings dictate the time of retiring and rising; for if he gets all the sleep he wants, and feels thoroughly rested, even though it gets on to be nearly midnight before he turns in, he will, we take it, soon discover the fallacy of the old saw about one hour's sleep before midnight being as good as two after it.

No direct mention has been made of the afternoon row, the real task of the day. Waiting till his noon meal is pretty thoroughly digested, the man makes for the boat-house, and strips for his labor. For it will not be any thing short of labor before he gets back. After seeing to it that his boat and oar are all right, and the strap which fastens his feet to the foot-board just as he would have it, he starts off on an easy but careful paddle; for at no time should he ever row one single stroke in a careless or slovenly fashion, and by following this plan it will soon be easier to row properly than not. For the first days, and even weeks, this paddle should be gradually quickened, until he is rowing a steady, strong, and even stroke, and the coach should order him to stop as soon as he begins to show signs of fatigue. Not yet must he think of going at racing pace, for his heart must by gradual daily work be accustomed to beat with increased and unusual rapidity, and his lungs to the unnatural method of breathing that fast rowing causes. After he has rested a little, being sure to guard meanwhile against catching cold—for which purpose a thick flannel shirt should always be at hand—let him go again; and while reminding him of any glaring fault, yet not troubling him too often, let him understand that he has had no hard work yet to-day, and that you purpose being liberal in the allowance of it this trip, and that he is to have an excellent opportunity of showing of what he is made. Keeping him perfectly steady, pulling exactly the number of strokes each minute that he did in the preceding one, and always remembering that just praise will get more out of him than blame, eye him closely, and do not ease him up until he is showing something like distress. His back and legs may ache, and his fore-arms too, when he gets up next morning, but three or four days will carry all that off for good. Be sure that he is covered this time, for now he is tired and overheated, and in danger of at once catching cold. As soon as he has fully recovered his breath, let him row, but always carefully, back to the raft, and bestow such words of commendation as he may have deserved, and only such, upon him now right before his comrades, for they

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will cheer him up and do him good, and make him half forget the strain he has just been making. But no syllable of blame, however deserved, should come now. By waiting until he has eaten his meal and recovered his strength, you can not only appeal to him and spare his feelings as well, but reflection meanwhile will have checked you from saying more than you may have meant, while you need never fear that he will not keenly appreciate your being so considerate. But if all other means fail, then coolly, firmly, but very plainly attack his faults on this home row right before his comrades, and the less frequently tried the more effective it will prove.

When within about two weeks of the time set for the race, and his wind is clear and good, and he is generally well-seasoned, take him to the starting-point at just about the hour he will have to row on the day itself, and send him away at the best pace he can hold for half the distance to be gone over, dwelling chiefly on the necessity of rowing a steady, unvarying stroke of full length throughout, and of using up all the strength he has. Then he can soon try the whole course, and let the coach accompanying him watch carefully how he is standing his trial, and whether he is doing his all. If not, let him, particularly on the last mile, call on him in the most effective way he can command, and even get spurt after spurt out of him, though he be ever so tired. For in a few days he will find to his delight that he is better and better up to these bursts, and that they seem to take less out of him than before. Moreover, he will get rid of the fear most men seem to have of this "rowing on time," and will find that there is always a little left in him when he supposes there is not. And when the struggle itself comes, and the agony of the home stretch, when his antagonist is perhaps a trifle ahead, he will remember that he has been in just such a tight place frequently; that it is a question of sheer pluck now; that if he is aching all over, and feeling as if there was not an ounce of pull left in him, and finding that his eyes will hardly keep open, so, too, is the enemy; and that now it is training and grit and blood and pluck that are telling; and far more likely will he be—thanks to the knowledge and self-faith that these same hard rows on time have brought him—to be equal to the mighty effort which will surprise and delight his friends and himself, and take him over the line a winner by a yard or a foot.

But suppose that he has thus carefully attended to all that will best build him up and fit him for the hour of trial, and that he has even passed safely through that hour, and, after an honorable and closely contested struggle, has come off the winner, has he gained or lost the more by the operation?

He had his heart set on an end to be reached by overcoming no inconsiderable obstacles; for steady, uniform, and careful attention to work, and faithful and conscientious effort from the beginning to the end, have often required much self-restraint, and taken him from some occupation far more inviting, while, with his blood unusually warm and rich, he may have found his temper and his tongue much more difficult to curb than ordinarily. He certainly has that satisfaction that the desire accomplished brings, and he is pretty sure to find with it an increase of collectedness and nerve, good spirits and self-respect, an ability to obey promptly, and a fair measure of his own endurance—this last, by-the-way, a bit of knowledge likely to often in after-life, if on the march, the battle-field, or the ocean, and in many another place besides, avail him much. He has, too, had that wonderful incentive to great effort, his friends about him all looking on, and he has had the intense gratification of winning before them. Of necessity he has led a life temperate, regular, and chaste; he has given his whole soul to one purpose, and left no stone unturned to accomplish it; he has found that he could do what both his friends and himself doubted whether he could; he has learned pretty well what can be done with a boat, both in smooth water and a stormy sea; he has found out how to take the physical measure of other men as well as his own, with a near approach to accuracy, and what moral and mental qualities as well are needed for protracted muscular effort; he has learned not only what will recruit and what dissipate his strength, but how and where to reserve or expend it; and should his after-life be sedentary, he will find an elasticity of constitution, when overworked and exhausted, to which he would have been a stranger had he never fitted himself for vigorous physical effort. "Tom Brown," for instance, told us that he thought a man could hardly exercise too much before he was twenty-five; that he himself had scarcely known ever since he was of that age what sickness was; and that he could go for a week together on three or four hours' sleep a night without apparent detriment, if he could be sure to make it up the week following.

These advantages named, and doubtless many others, have come to be his who has rowed a gallant race and won it, and very many of them, too, even if he has not won.

Now has he run any risks?

If he is a slender man, or not fully grown, or has more pluck than strength, or had some sudden indisposition on the day of the race, or if the distance rowed was greater than he should have attempted, we hold that he certainly has; and also that he has even if he is wanting in none of these re-

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spects, and has often been equal to the distance.

We have seen a young fellow who had shot up swiftly devote himself incessantly to muscular development, broaden and deepen faster than any one would have expected, and, with all the pluck and spirit of relatives of his for whom nature had done far more, and who had earned and won a brilliant reputation at the oar, essay to row stroke of the picked crew of his whole university; and row it well he did, often winning too, and with an elegance and grace which come of nothing but long and careful effort. But mark the result. In less than three years the beautiful ruddy cheek that on the day he rowed so well was perfectly radiant with seeming health has now a bright red spot in its centre, with little color any where else; the neck is unnaturally thin, the eye too bright, and the whole look tells you that something is wrong. And, indeed, something is wrong, and very wrong. For not his stomach only, but his heart and lungs as well, have done their work so poorly that their owner has known mighty little of any approach to sound health ever since that time when he undertook too much; and one day a dispatch came under the ocean telling his friends at home that he was lying in a critical condition at Naples, and probably could not last forty-eight hours. He did, however, recover, and we believe is a tolerably well man now, but we doubt much if, could he live his life over, he would be found rowing any boat-races.

England had a man of such surpassing strength and staying power, largely natural, too, that he was known to walk twenty-six miles to a swimming match, take part, and win; that he rose swiftly from obscurity, vanquishing noted oarsmen, until he stood, not only in his time, but in the annals of the rowing world, without a peer, and this, too, by dint of this same enormous physical power and stamina—for his style was not the most finished or effective—and yet at twenty-nine years of age, at the top of his physical condition, on a day when he appeared unusually well, before he had gone scarcely a quarter of the six-mile course, he falters, flags, droops, his oar drops from his hands, and in the next minute he falls backward into the boat. "At a quarter to nine o'clock," says the London *Field*, "within two hours of the time when he had left the same house full of health and spirits, England's greatest oarsman passed quietly to rest, without a struggle, and apparently without pain, in the arms of the most skillful competitor he ever had, and one of his truest friends—Harry Kelley." And what ailed this giant who thus almost in a moment rowed his life away by the banks of the Kenebecasis? We are told that "the result of the post-mortem examination showed that Renforth's lungs were engorged with blood, and that his death was caused by overexertion, combined with great mental excitement. Dr. Jackson, of Boston, testified that no trace of poison could be found in the stomach of the deceased."

Now his was no suddenly acquired strength, obtained only by determined and tireless effort, with every appliance which art could lend to aid him to his purpose; but one look at his stalwart proportions and intensely resolute face told you that nature had been very generous with him, and had blocked him out to do easily deeds which would soon place him in the very foremost rank of all men who have justly deserved a name for physical prowess.

Renforth's was unquestionably an unusual case; yet the fact that affections of the heart are far from uncommon among men who have rowed many races, taken with the finding broken asunder after a hard run the heart of the famous Captain M'Grath, the swiftest hound in England, if the story was rightly reported, and the well-authenticated instances of the same thing happening to deer when they have fairly run themselves out, certainly seems to point to a rule that may hold good among the whole animal dominion, which is, in substance, that protracted and distressing exertion after one is thoroughly tired, no matter what ambition, fear, or other motive is spurring him on, is exceedingly dangerous.

On the other hand, many a man has rowed himself to a stand-still, or run till he reeled and fell, and has never found himself any the worse for it. But we apprehend that the danger is surest with the weak man of strong spirit, and that the burly, brawny fellow has generally too much phlegm in his composition to be in serious danger of overwork unless terribly driven, and then his great recuperative powers will soon set him right if exhausted.

The researches of Dr. John E. Morgan, physician of the Manchester Royal Infirmary, as described in his recent and very exhaustive work, *University Oars*, are most valuable in this connection. In 1869 he wrote to the 255 men then living who had rowed in any of the English inter-university races, getting replies from 251, and through the friends of most of the thirty-nine who had died he had also word, what he asked being, in substance, "Whether the training and exertion demanded of those who take part in the university boat-race are of so trying a character that in numerous instances the constitution is liable to be permanently injured?" He found that seventeen either described themselves, or were spoken of by their relatives and friends, as having suffered to something like the following extent: Of six of those now dead—five from consumption and one from heart-

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disease—there is, at least, grave doubt whether their overexertion in boat-racing was the predisposing cause. Of five cases of supposed injury, one who rowed too young found a pain soon after in the apex of his heart, though he says he can now walk ten or twelve miles without any trouble, and has preached two sermons almost every Sunday for twenty years; still his heart is weak, though he has no organic disease. Three others did suffer, and seriously, from overrowing, the heart of one and the lungs of another becoming very much injured in a way almost directly traceable to it. Three more rowed when, from some ailment, they were not in fit condition to do so, and seem never to have been rid of the ill effects of their imprudence. Of the remaining three, all appeared to fare well during their rowing years; but the inactivity of a sedentary life since has brought the disorder of stomach in two, and of heart and liver in one, which they might have naturally expected from such a complete change in their mode of life, though vigorous exercise has since set one of them all right again. Dr. Morgan finds, too, that the longevity of the earlier Varsity oars compares quite favorably with that of less athletic men otherwise similarly circumstanced. Being first sure that the rower has no constitutional defect, waiting till he is at least twenty, training him carefully and thoroughly, and considerably abbreviating the ordinary race-courses, would go far, he thinks, toward avoiding the dangers mentioned. But which of these would have saved Renforth, or would help us to discover why he died when he did, and not earlier, for instance?

Again, while rowing allows and even invites a man to strip and let the sun in at his body—no trifling benefit, by-the-way—and while it tends to not only generally harden him, but often to make him almost amphibious, it is doubtful if it begins to be as beneficial as many another form of exercise. There seems to be an idea prevalent among persons not familiar with it that it expands the chest, but they are quite mistaken. A man may row for a lifetime, and find his chest not one inch larger for so doing. When oarsmen have broad chests, they will, we think, be found to have gotten them by some other means than rowing. Broad backs they can get, and probably will, until they soon look and are too broad for their chests—we mean not really their chests, but what is ordinarily called so, the front of the chest.

Nor does the average Briton seem to run as great risks from rowing as the average American, though neither begins to seize upon the facilities he might have for either fitting himself for it, or knowing its rightful place in his physical education. The former early accustoms himself to the downright hard work of foot-ball, and hare-and-hounds, wrestling and running, and by the time he is fifteen he is not only well grown, but also well developed, and often shows himself up to hard racing while yet at school, and before he is old enough for the university at all, while in the next few years he broadens and ripens into the well-set, sturdy representative of his country, so well known all the world over.

But the American boy starts in with tops and marbles, plays base-ball some, skates a little, and generally, at least if city bred, finds himself at fifteen slender, or at least thin, very likely studying too much, and any thing but fit for vigorous and sustained bodily effort. If he goes to college, he finds, on arriving there, one set of fellows working with all their might to get ready for the coming season on the ball field, and another for the river. If inclined to out-door sports, he falls in with one or the other, and, as the end they work for is near and plain, works well, and in the parts where he will need strength on his parade-day soon has it. But when a year or a few years older, what good has this temporary and partial development brought him? He is very likely to find, with the leaving off of his work, that his muscles are weakening and growing smaller, and, especially if he has overrowed or rowed hard when out of condition, that his heart also is somewhat out of order, and that his chest, which was never really strong, is not so now. At the gymnasium he attended while at college, or before reaching there, he found for an instructor some man likely enough a graceful gymnast or good boxer, but who had very crude notions of what each of his pupils needed to keep down effort with the parts already strong, encourage it with those that were weak, and round and harden each one into a symmetrical and well-knit man, good for almost any sort of physical test he might ever be called on to stand.

We have yet to hear of any gymnasium in this land, and of more than one in England, which has over it a man who begins to comprehend what could and ought to be done by one in his position. Harvard University, a while ago, for instance, was in need of a new superintendent for the one belonging to it, and to supply its want was making serious inquiry as to the fitness of an itinerant circus performer—an excellent gymnast, to be sure, but a man having almost no conception of how to impart his knowledge to others, and lacking many of the most important qualities requisite for first getting any one interested in his work, and then for encouraging him on; in short, about as fit for the post as Jem Mace, or some other notorious bruiser, would be to lead an army. And he was to take the place of an ignorant negro, who found his stipend so paltry that he was obliged to eke out an existence by giving

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boxing lessons and keeping an old-clothes establishment in a neighboring cellar!

Such men as these may command respect, and fill their places well; but without doubt, if some one of the large sums of money which are not unfrequently endowing new professorships, and in branches which most of the students have neither the time nor the inclination to take up, were allotted to giving the gymnastic instructor a salary that would place him on a footing with his brother professors, a man could be had competent to maintain that footing in other respects; and he would be found, by getting directly at the physical wants of the whole body of students, and establishing a system which would meet those wants—and carrying it out too—to confer a benefit almost incalculable, and which, in a few years, would be felt wherever throughout the land any pupil of his had taken up his home.

Of course he should be a person of moral and mental calibre sufficient to enable him to command the respect of his pupils, and, it is almost idle to add, should fully understand all that any skilled surgeon does of the anatomy and physiology of the human body, as well as being a thoroughly experienced gymnast.

If gymnastic instruction were made compulsory and regular, the results under the teaching of such a guide would be swift and most gratifying; while, if even only elective, the fact that there was over at the gymnasium an attractive man, who knew to a certainty how to fill out a hollowed chest, bring a high shoulder down to its place, stouten arms and legs, rounding them into graceful symmetry, and who, in short, could tell almost on seeing a man what he needed physically, and show him how to get it—and show him, too, in a way which could not but be convincing—he would soon fill his gymnasium and bring himself to great usefulness, and if he would not also actually draw more men to his college, we are much mistaken.

Do we ask for a man impossible to find? Read what Archibald Maclaren, Professor of Gymnastics at Oxford University (to whom we are indebted for more than one idea set forth here), has to say in his admirable treatise on *Physical Education*, and we have little fear of the conclusion. If such as he were scattered broadcast over this land, wherever a gymnasium is found, it would not be long before we would hear fewer remarks disparaging to American physique, men when exercising would know what they were about, and what they were getting, and the just fears which exist as to what the next generation will be could be omitted.

Whatever has been said here that may tend to show boat-racing to be of questionable benefit is not meant to hold at all of rowing taken moderately, as a man would take to walking, for instance, and especially if with it he exercised in other ways, and developed his other powers equally. Now he is avoiding all the risk, and getting a large share of the good which racing would have brought him; and when we learn, as our English cousins did long ago, the value of a daily constitutional, we will be delighted to have this excellent one to put with our walking, riding, swimming, skating, and ball-playing. It can be had at so trifling a cost as to be within reach of nearly all, and if fairly tried throughout one season will need no further recommendation, such vigor and health will it almost surely bring.

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell well suggests that intense mental activity in confined in-door life came near taking from us our Lincoln, and did take Stanton; while the out-door activity which was forced upon Grant and Sherman, when they must have known at least equal overwork and anxiety, has saved them for us till now, and given us seemingly good ground to hope that they have each yet many years to live.

After we, as a nation, have once learned the virtues of the road, the field, and the river, we will be as loath to lose any portion of our hour and a half or two hours out-doors daily, let the weather be what it may, as we would our dinners, as Beecher is his sleep, or Bryant, at nearly eighty, his morning turn with his dumb-bells. And when we have once fallen into the habit of thus daily resting our brains—for, as Bismarck's physicians seem to know, active muscular work will often bring them quiet when sleep will not—and giving our bodies a chance, we will not only find the elastic, springy health that makes one fit for any thing, and the delightful fact that we are knowing but little of sickness, but also that the mental work done each day will compare very favorably indeed with any we accomplished in the days when the head had all the vitality and the body none.

DOLLY'S DAY OF RECKONING.

THE old house had been a grand mansion in its day. The rustic lane, shaded by century-old elms, once formed a carriage-drive up to the stately porch, which was now rotting down. There were great empty rooms, given over to spiders and mice, with the plaster falling overhead, and strips of paper dangling from the wall. A close, wild thicket had grown about the ruinous north wing. One or two of the outer doors were boarded up, and several of the windows had not been opened for years.

As the grand drive was fenced off, and the lawn divided into meadow lots, the old house now stood in the midst of fields. Every rain-storm sent rivulets through the roof, and

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every high wind brought down some of the stones from its tall chimneys.

It seemed almost fortunate that Madam Dillingham had gone blind and deaf, had failed and faded, just in proportion as the old house went to rack and ruin. She had been a proud woman in her strength, but she was humble enough in her weakness. Many times a day she was put straight in her chair, and the tears even were wiped from her cheeks, because her old hands shook perpetually with palsy. She could scarce have heard the last trump, Mahala said; but her sightless eyes turned wistfully, and her head inclined in an eager, listening attitude, when the trip of Dolly's feet sounded upon the floor.

There were hours when the old woman seemed to make long halts at some half-way house between sleep and waking. Then Dolly was free. She had a favorite nook, high up in the crazy garret, where the flooring trembled with every step, and cobwebs spun themselves down from the dusty rafters that met the head in unexpected places. Numbers of forlorn garments hung, like Blue-beard's wives, in a row; and there were quaint hair-covered trunks, studded with brass nails, the lids half off, and bulging with musty old papers, in which mice made a dismal rustle.

Dolly had placed an infirm arm-chair, with tags of faded brocade clinging about it, before the one dim window, and there she sat, looking down, like a swallow from its nest, on the woods and fields once owned by her forefathers, but of which she did not now possess as much as she could cover with her little palm.

Just over her head hung one of her aunt Janet's poke bonnets, trimmed with a bunch of feathers, which moths had long since consumed down to the very quills. There was a memory of Janet Dillingham's beauty and pride still lingering in the minds of aged people, who could recall when the old squire was the freest liver in the county, with real solid silver loading his table, and wine flowing like water. But Dolly had never been able to fancy the heiress Janet alive and young, with pulses beating like her own, until, one day, she fished out of an antique chest, from among theorem pictures, tambour-work, old music-books, and samplers, a packet of her great-aunt's love-letters, yellow and musty from age, and tied with a melancholy bit of green ribbon. They were written by George Boardman's uncle Hubert. Dolly had heard the story from the lips of old Mahala—the story of a poor young man stabbed to the heart by a proud woman's scorn. Hubert Boardman had died of a malignant fever; but there were plenty of people to believe that Janet Dillingham killed him.

The Boardmans were poor enough in those days, but they had steadily risen in the world as years went on, while the rich old family had as steadily gone down. All the grandeur left now clung in the form of a little tarnished gilding and a few tatters of brocade to Dolly's chair. Mould and lichens spotted the walls, and wild leeks and tufted grasses waved from the roof. The old house appeared to sink into the ground several inches a year; and well it might, for it was little more than a grave.

Besides the paralytic grandmother and Dolly, there was only Mahala Skinner, a lean, parchment-visaged old woman, who had grown decrepit in the service of the decayed family, and had as many aches in her bones as there were leaks in the roof.

Such surroundings, and so little joy in life, would have made some people dismal, but Dolly was proof against low spirits when bees were diving down into the honey-cells, and birds singing in the leafy lane. Summer held high carnival now, and self-sowed morning-glories were starring the wilderness of the garden, which had grown up to docks and tall mustard-trees. Slice after slice of the old place had been purchased by the Boardmans, until their line came under the windows of the ruined mansion-house, where sleek cows were cropping the rich herbage. Dolly knew that she and the poor old creatures in her care had consumed the proceeds of a wood lot, and one or two small fields, and she knew, what it was harder to know, that her reckless father had wasted the greater part of a fine fortune before dissipation carried him to the grave.

Dolly often sat in her perch with her aunt's musty love-letters lying loose in her lap, living the old story all over again in her fancy, and thinking with a tender pity of the young man who had let his heart waste in passion and longing, like a bit of incense burning before a cold white marble altar. It was natural, perhaps, that Dolly's thoughts should stray from the dead-and-gone uncle to George Boardman himself, who seemed as oblivious of her existence as if she had been a little wren twittering at the top of one of the elms down in the lane. He had been absent for years, either at school or with a relative living in a distant part of the country. But now he was at home busying himself with the farm, and the great factory, Boardman's Works, they called it, that smoked and rumbled all day and half the night down on the flat. Dolly could hear his step ring bluntly down the lane, and the short, positive orders he gave his men; and yet the words were always pleasant, though the tone might be a little imperious, showing he meant to be obeyed. The young man had a dark face, clear cut if not handsome, and a way with him, as Mahala expressed it, as if he thought he could make the sun rise t'other side by saying so. To the old wom-

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an it was sad and strange to see a Boardman ordering where the Dillinghams had so long had their will.

Mahala's dark kitchen, with its smoky walls and patched window-panes, resembled a cave, and the old woman, as she bent over her work at the fire, seemed to be brewing witches' broth. She was grimly religious, however, and had a habit of shrilling out warnings and admonitions in a high-pitched voice.

One morning Dolly walked into her den, and found Mahala, with arms akimbo, gazing sourly into the kneading-trough. "We've come to rye and Injun," said she, almost as if speaking to herself, "and it won't be long before we come to the bare boards."

"I like it," returned Dolly, cheerily. "It's healthier than white bread, and I shouldn't wonder, Mahala, if you grew fat on it. But we must scrape a little flour now and then to make grandma a white loaf."

"Oh yes," said Mahala, wrenching her shoulders; "it's allus scrapin' and connivin'." (She meant contriving.) "Oh, my bones! How long can human nature hold out?"

"But you know how helpless grandma is," coaxed Dolly. "It would be useless to try and make her understand things. She has always had a silver spoon and a china cup, and you have tended her as if there had been a mint of money to go to. You have been as good and kind and patient as an angel—you know you have, and you needn't try to deny it."

"Hush, child," said the old woman, with a sort of unlimbering of her shrill voice, which showed her heart had been reached. "Don't try to make a merit of what I have done. I'm a poor worm of the dust, vile and sinful too, unless helped by a higher power. But you take no more care than the flyin' swaller. You'd starve yourself, and slip the bit of meat back on the plate unbeknown, as if it wouldn't choke me to taste a mossel of what should go to nourish you. If the sun shines, you never realize that the vials of wrath are poured out, and there's a judgment hangin' over this house."

"I don't see the use of making myself miserable," said Dolly, a little dejected by having the duty pressed home upon her. "It wouldn't send us bread or meat."

"But it looks like flyin' in the face of Providence," piped Mahala, "for you to go singin' round like a lark when there ain't even potatoes for dinner. You don't heed the warnin's. This old house is doomed; and I've thought, many a night, when the wind was screechin' round the chimbleys, it wouldn't outlast my time, or the old Madam's. It don't sinnify about us, for we've both feet in the grave already; but you are young, and have got long to stay, and there's one thing you might do: make a good match for yourself, and get a husband to give you comfortable victuals and clothes."

"You talk as if I could make a match as you make a loaf of bread with milk risings," retorted Dolly. "Shall I go out in the road and ask somebody to marry me? No one has ever offered but the little lame schoolmaster down at the Corners, and I should have to nurse and take care of him. When I have got you and grandma already on my hands, I don't feel as if I could afford to support a husband. Girls are weak, useless creatures. Oh, I wish I were a great strong man, six feet tall, and with a beard! Don't mope, now, Mahala, and go about singing that dismal hymn:

> 'And are we wretches still alive,
> And do we yet rebel?'

See, it has cleared off beautifully, and the grass blades sparkle like diamonds. I am going out to pick strawberries on the interval, in spite of the notice Mr. Boardman has stuck up warning off trespassers."

"Your grandfather owned that medder lot," groaned Mahala, "when the Boardmans was as poor as Job's turkey, and now, child, you'll go there as a beggar. I've seen as much wasted in this house in a day as by good rights would last us a month; and if it hadn't been for them as forgot to keep the fear of the Lord before their eyes, and to do works meet for repentance, you would be wearin' your silks and satins, and beaux would come and hitch their horses to the gate, as they used to in old times, and there'd be plenty to praise your purty face."

"Oh, I am just as happy in a faded calico gown," responded the incorrigible Dolly. "It seems to me like a child's seesaw. First you go up, and then you go down. We are down now, but it's only our luck. If the heart is brave and cheery, what difference does it make whether we live like a little bird in its nest of sticks and straw, or like a king in his palace? For my part, I would rather be the little bird. I wake up in the night, Mahala, and think of that great Love that holds us—so grand and beautiful! It won't let us drop out of its arms any more than a mother will let her baby drop out of her bosom. Now cheer up, and don't preach any more;" and Dolly ran and gave her ancient handmaiden an embrace, though it was much like squeezing a bundle of fagots.

Then she took a tin bucket from the dresser shelf, and tied on her shabby hat; but something remained to be done. She must straighten up the old grandmother, who had fallen into a shapeless bundle, and shake her pillows, and pat her pathetic old hands, and coo some affectionate sounds into her deaf ear to bring a little gleam of joy to the withered face and sightless eyes.

Dolly was off, speeding like a bird, to the

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meadow. And such a meadow—broad and level, rosy-tipped with clover, and when the wind was still, standing tall and stout in grass between the walnut-trees on one side and the blue river on the other. In the midst grew a black cherry-tree that spread its branches like a tent, and about its roots the strawberries grew thick and fine.

Dolly's hat had fallen off, and the masses of her gold-colored hair unrolled and scattered themselves over her shoulders. From her little shelter in the grass she could peep out at the sky, and hear the wind singing glad psalms in the big tree. Bees came about smelling at clover tops, and butterflies fluttered their wings over her head, and pewits and bobolinks piped loud and clear. The berries were plenty, and Dolly's nimble fingers grew rosy as she made them rain on the bottom of her tin bucket. She had picked her steps carefully through the grass, but ere long there came a short fierce bark, and a great dog rushed upon her and trampled her gown.

"I warned you to keep out of my grass," said a wrathful voice; and Dolly looked up and saw the dark face and angry eyes of George Boardman.

She got upon her feet, the golden hair rippling down to her waist, a burning color flooding her cheeks, and her little rosy tell-tale hands clasped together.

For a moment George was quite dumb with astonishment. "Pardon me," he stammered; "I didn't dream of starting up a young lady, or, rather, a fairy. I thought I would let Nap frighten the lads from the mill cottages yonder. They come in here every day and trample my grass remorselessly. Nap is a rough fellow, full of play, but he wouldn't harm a fly."

"I am sorry if I have done mischief," said Dolly, penitently; "I only came after a few berries for my old grandmother."

"Like Little Red Riding-hood," returned George, with a smile; and when he smiled his eyes were very pleasant. "You must have thought Nap a big wolf that meant to eat you up."

"Oh, Nap knows me," said Dolly; "I wasn't afraid of him."

"But you were a little afraid of his master. He is a ferocious fellow, and inspires those who know him with terror. But Nap has decidedly the advantage of me if he has already made your acquaintance. Lucky dog, I quite envy him."

Nap was now rubbing his shaggy coat against Dolly's dress, and slavering and mouthing her hand with every sign of trust and affection. Dolly blushed, as she stooped down to pat him, and said, "Don't you know me? I am Dolly Dillingham, down there at the old house."

George looked in his surprise as if he would like to whistle, but he stood stock-still for a moment, as was his way. He had taken off his hat, and disclosed a compact head, covered with crisp curls of dark hair. "I can hardly credit it," he said at last. "When I went away you were only as high as my knee, and now you are an exquisite young woman—in a very shabby gown," he thought, but he did not utter the words aloud.

"I was a wild little thing in those days," responded Dolly, in the extremity of her embarrassment, hardly knowing what she was saying.

George hesitated a moment, and then said, very gently, as if alive to the delicacy of the theme he had ventured upon: "It would be a pity if this meadow should be barred against you. Not so very long ago it all belonged to your family. If you and I had lived only a few years back I might have come trespassing on your ground, and picking your berries. Do you think the rich Miss Dillingham would have been very hard on a poor fellow?"

"No," stammered Dolly, with a vivid blush, as she recalled her aunt Janet's love-letters. "I should never have put up a board warning people off the ground. I should even have let the mill children come in as often as they chose, for the poor things don't have much pleasure."

"But, you see, if I let every body into the meadow," responded George, "my grass would be spoiled, and I am rather a selfish fellow, apt to look sharply after my own interests. Still I must beg your pardon, and to show how sincerely I repent my rudeness, I am going down on my knees to help you fill your pail. Nap, in his rough play, has knocked over what you had already gathered."

In a moment George and Dolly were at work under the tree, with snowy clouds sailing overhead, and sending down vivid spots of light and shade, and the blue river murmuring softly over its pebbles. A strawberry patch is a good place to grow intimate and confidential on short notice. They were soon on easy terms, and two or three times George's brown hand happened to touch Dolly's rosy fingers as she was putting them into the pail, and she drew them back with a little flutter.

"Isn't it dreary living in that shell of a house," inquired George, "especially winter nights?"

"One gets used to the dreariness, and don't mind it," answered Dolly. "What some people would call hardship I scarcely heed at all, because it is such a blessed thing to feel young and well and alive all over. Not but what I have my troubles and worries;" and Dolly gave a little half sigh. "Mahala, the old woman who brought me up—that is, if I ever had any bringing up—is the best creature in the world; but she will sing dis-

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mal hymns, and talk about the day of judgment. And poor grandma is so helpless she must be fed and lifted like a baby. But I dare say there are many who have more vexations than I have, and I won't make myself miserable and borrow trouble before the time comes."

"I remember your grandmother," said George, his voice a little softened, "when she was a tall, grand-looking woman. Her foreign birth gave her the title of Madam among the country people, and her snow-white hair and piercing black eyes made a picture not easy to forget."

"She is deaf and blind now," said Dolly, "and her mind has almost faded out. She fancies things are unchanged, that the old servants who have been dead for years are still about her, and that she could ride in her coach if she chose. She was prouder than a born Dillingham, they say; but I don't believe I take after either side of the house. I could go and live like a little wren on a bush, or a gypsy under the trees."

Nothing was heard for a moment but the rustle of the wind in the grass and the lisp of the river. "If you ever do go for a gypsy," said George at last, "I wish you would let me go with you. How jolly it would be to pick berries together every day, and boil the kettle for our supper!"

Dolly jumped up and said the pail was full; and George got up too, looking not very happy to find his occupation gone. Together they breasted the waves of grass that came to Dolly's waist as far as the fence, which was high and stout, made of three-cornered rails. George vaulted over, and Dolly ran up the side like a squirrel, trying her best to hide her shoes, which were a degree shabbier than her gown. George held his arms, and she jumped lightly down, with her face one moment quite close to his. She released herself, blushing prettily. These were trifling incidents, but they strengthened the bond of amity which had been formed under the cherry-tree.

"You are a household of women, and we of men," said George, as they sauntered through the leafy lane side by side, "and that is the reason we have never met. My brother Sam is soon to bring a wife home to Beechwood, and then I think I shall build a nest of my own. You see that pretty hill yonder with a grassy slope down to the river, and trees dotted about. Won't that be a nice perch for a cottage smothered in roses and honeysuckles? But you must let me come and take a peep at that quaint old garret of yours, and my uncle Hubert's love-letters." The two had in some way got upon Aunt Janet's story. George knew it already, for there were people who believed the fall of Dillingham pride a natural sequence to that sad little romance.

"I wonder if my uncle was at all such a fellow as I am," said George, stealing a glance at Dolly's downcast face. "They say he was so heart-sore he never recovered from his disappointment; but I am too obstinate to die of love, though I suspect it might give any of us an ugly wound. But you must let me see the letters," he added, after a pause. "I may want to borrow them, for I shall be writing love missives myself some day, perhaps, and it will be well to take a few lessons."

"Oh," said Dolly, artlessly, "if you love some one with all your heart, you will not be at a loss for words to tell her so. It will say itself, just as a bluebird sings."

"Indeed," responded George; "and suppose I should marry that same lovely and charming somebody—for, of course, she will be lovely and charming—and take her to live in the cottage on the hill, will you come and visit us?"

"I may be going to work in the mills then," replied Dolly, evasively. "I shall go and engage there as soon as grandma gets so that she does not fret to have me long absent."

"Then you will see us in the evening, when you come home weary from your work, sitting up there in the cool, shaded piazza. Won't that be refreshing?"

There was something peculiar in the tone in which these words were uttered, and Dolly did not try to study her companion's face. She went down the turning of the lane, and nodded good-by. George strolled back, whistling low to himself an old love-song. Then he did what it was rather odd for such a practical, hard-headed young man to do—sat down in the grass at the lane's end, within sight of the ruinous old mansion-house, and pulling his hat over his eyes, thought of all the changes that had marked the spot, and linked it with his own fortunes, and dreamed of many things, until long shadows fell athwart the fields, and the cows came wending homeward.

Mahala was in the doorway, shading her bleared eyes from the low sun's rays, and when she saw Dolly come tripping along through the tangled and weed-grown garden, she lifted up her voice in its shrillest accents:

"What on 'arth has kep' you so late, child? When you hear what's happened I guess you'll take a realizin' sense of things, and not go on thinkin' you was born like a phœbe-bird on a bough. Why, the old cow has gone dry, and there is your grandma like a month-old baby dependin' on her drink of milk."

"Dear, dear!" said Dolly, in a distressed tone, sitting down among the nettles and burdocks about the door-step. "I wish she hadn't gone dry just at this time. I wish she had waited a little while, and kept on."

"Kep' on!" repeated Mahala, impatiently;

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"as if it was the old cow's choice to give milk or let it alone. You don't know any more about cow natur' than you do about human natur'. The poor old creetur has gone dry for lack of nourishment, like most every thing else on the place; and I want you to wake up to the fact that it looks as if we should all be trudgin' off to the poor-house, at least them as can hobble."

"What is the use of waking up," said Dolly, softly, as she sat with a far-away look in her eyes, and her chin dropped in the hollow of her hand. "Wouldn't the old cow have gone dry just the same if I had been ever so dismal?"

"Oh dear!" groaned Mahala; "a body might as well talk to that blush-rose blowing down there by the gate as try to make you realize what a world of sin and sorrer we've been born into."

Dolly did not sleep very soundly that night, in spite of her young light heart. She was up betimes to wait upon her aged grandmother. She washed her withered face, and gently combed her long white locks, with words of endearment. Mahala had set out the breakfast, the strawberries of Dolly's gathering, and a pitcher of fresh and foaming milk.

"Why, Mahala," she exclaimed, "I thought you said the old cow had gone dry. Where did this milk come from?"

"Mebbe it was a merrikle," replied the old woman, with a wry face. "Hain't you heard how in old times manny came down from heaven?"

"Yes," returned Dolly, "but I never knew that it rained milk even in those days."

Mahala maintained a dogged silence, until Dolly quite lost her temper. "I will know where you got the milk," she said at last. "You must remember I am mistress in this house."

"That's the real old Dillingham spirit," cried the old woman, her brown and wrinkled face lighting up. "There's a spark of it in you, after all; and I like it, child. It is the way Miss Janet used to queen it among her beaux, when Hubert Boardman was ready to get down and kiss the print of her shoe. But what's the use of making such a fuss about a taste of milk? I couldn't hear the old Madam go moaning for her sup; I couldn't do it so long as my old bones held together. And there's all them Boardman cows standing up to their knees in rich feed in that pasture ground that used to belong to the old squire, and was the same as flung away. I try to go by the rule of Scriptur', but I've never found any thing between the leds of the Bible that forbids to take back some of what was your own."

Dolly met the old serving-woman's sophistry with a look of amazement and horror.

"Oh, Mahala, you don't tell me you've been milking other people's cows? We have not come to stealing, I hope. I would sooner beg."

"That's all the thanks I get for standin' by till death," piped Mahala, as she flung out of the room. "I might break all the ten commandments, and my heart besides, to serve ungrateful folks, and get nothing but hard words for my pains;" and the poor old creature put her face into her apron and indulged in a hearty cry.

Dolly fed her grandmother the strawberries and milk with eager and tremulous haste, but ate nothing herself; and when the old madam was settled for the morning in a condition of senile repose, she sped away over the grass that let the dew into her leaky shoes, as far as the lane's end. There Dolly stopped and waited, leaning against a pendent elm that cast cool shadows, and looking down the way of the still fields, with glimpses of the blue river seen through the lacing of its silver willows.

She had not long to wait. There soon came the sound of Nap's short, eager bark, and of a quick step ringing against the flints, and a very musical male voice whistling *Annie Laurie*.

The tune suddenly dropped into silence, and was followed by "Good-morning," very pleasantly spoken. "I was just wondering if I should ever again come across a fairy in the daisies and clover as I did yesterday."

"I ran out on purpose to meet you," said Dolly, with her straightforward, innocent gaze, "and I have a confession to make."

"I am flattered that you should want to see me for any reason," said George, smiling, "but I didn't know that fairies ever had such disagreeable duties to perform as confession implies. I thought it was their business to dance and sing and lie in the cups of flowers and swing on long grasses."

Dolly half sighed, and then she told her little story in the simplest words, concealing as well as she could the depths of poverty to which she had come. George sat on a rail, and switched the white-weed with his stick, looking quite inscrutable, though something in the dark eyes seemed to say, "How unconsciously good and sweet you are!" The lights and shadows rippled over Dolly, and brought out golden gleams from her hair, and threw lovely tints upon her cheek and neck; but her eyes were cast down at the toe of her old boot, which was pushing itself into the clay path.

"I absolve you, my fairy," said George, when it came his turn to speak, "as absolutely as if I were your father confessor. And I must say, in my purely uninspired character, that I consider that old servant of yours a trump. Had I been in her place, I should have done just as she did, or worse; and I don't call myself a bad fellow. Look you, Miss Dillingham," he added, "suppose

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we do a stroke of business. Dispose of your cow to me. I am in need of just such an animal, to fatten for beef, and she will be worth a great deal—I can't pretend to say how much. I will turn her out to good pasture, and she will become immensely valuable; for besides the meat, there will be hide and horns. We won't fix the price, at present," George went on, in his masculine way of settling things according to his liking, "but I will have my Alderney driven around to your back-door every night and morning. Do you see the pretty dappled creature down there by the brook, with a wisp of clover hanging to her mouth? Don't think you are getting the best of me," he said, hurriedly, in answer to a doubt in Dolly's eyes. "By-and-by there will come a day of reckoning; for I am a selfish fellow, hard at a bargain, a regular Shylock, that will have things just as they are set down in the bond."

George had such an easy, off-hand way of disposing of things, Dolly knew not how to put in a protest. The bargain was struck that morning, and a change for the better gradually came over the old house. Various comforts, even luxuries, began to find their way thither. Now it was a basket of choice fruit, and now a pair of fowls, or a few bottles of wine, for the old Madam's use. Dolly was confused and overwhelmed, and her heart beat too fast to allow of her finding out whether she were glad or sad. She seemed sometimes to hear her aunt Janet's decayed finery up in the old chest rustle with scorn at the consciousness of what a Dillingham had come to. She was no longer the careless child, who could sing all day because the world is fair. A softer womanliness touched her cheek, and made her eyes dewy and tender. Dolly was living a sort of poem in those days, when the meadows were pied with hay-cocks, and the old garden overrun with roses, and the lane buried in dense foliage; and yet she thought far enough ahead to see that it might end in sobs and heart-break. From where she sat, curled up in her old chair in the garret, she could hear the strokes of workmen's hammers. They were building George Boardman's new house on the hill. He had asked her to go up there with him, and view the arrangements—his plan for a bay-window, looking eastward over a wide stretch of country, and the western piazza, that would have the sunset and the river and its willows. George had consulted Dolly about his flower garden, and where to build a summer-house and train vines. He had paid great heed to her opinions, but she went back to the old house, remembering what he had hinted about bringing a wife home at their first meeting.

It so chanced that George and Dolly were always encountering each other. She could not set foot in the garden, but what Nap's glad bark would ring out, and young Boardman would vault over the fence from his own ground, and be at her side in a moment. Mahala's face changed its curious wrinkles; and a sense of pleasantness and comfort, like the fragrance of hope, seemed to creep into the old Madam's shattered senses.

The young people strolled in the lane when moth-millers were flying through the brown dusk, and the summer moon rose large and red behind the hay-stacks and line of dark cedars, and the air was full of half-lights, and sweet, faint perfumes. They talked over the old story, that seemed to knit them together with a thread of romance, and the past and present were strangely mingled. If George Boardman had been the humble suitor gazing at the woman, like a star high above him, his eyes could not have been more adoring and love-lit than they now seemed while bent upon the young girl at his side.

Weeks passed away in a blessed dream, but at last Dolly awoke to the consciousness that August had come. The hay harvest was over, crickets chirped around the smooth-shaven meadows, and the pretty cottage on the hill was almost finished. A new habit of reflection had grown upon little Dolly, which was almost pathetic. She often sat musing up in the old garret, with her chin dropped in the hollow of her hand, and that far-away look growing and growing in her eyes. She had been thinking of all that might happen to her, and the result was that one morning she went out to seek her rich neighbor as she had gone before. It was a still, hot day, when the massed foliage of the lane seemed painted upon a gray sky. Dolly had seen George moving along the river-bank with his fishing-rod. It was there she found him, down on his knees, getting his bait ready. He looked up at sound of her footstep.

"I am glad you have come out-of-doors at last," said he, half petulantly. "I have been waiting and watching a whole hour, and was getting disconsolate and low-spirited. Not a window has been opened in the old house this whole morning. I had half a mind to storm it, for it looked like the palace of the Sleeping Beauty."

Dolly pulled a stalk of grass, and stood and twisted the leaves.

"I came about that business, you know," she began, in a low voice, while George on his knees stealthily studied her face. "You spoke of a day of reckoning once, and I think it is quite time for it now. I am sure we have had far more than the value of old Whiteface. You have been very generous and considerate, but—but—we couldn't live on charity."

George's dark eyes grew dim with some unexplained emotion, but his tone had a

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touch of sad impatience. He got upon his feet, and said,

"Would it be charity, Miss Dillingham, to take a few trifling presents from me? Does your pride revolt at that?"

"No," faltered Dolly, in her agitation plucking nervously at the grass again. "Pride has nothing to do with it." But she did not attempt to explain the feelings which were actuating her, only added, "Things must not go on so any longer. Try, Mr. Boardman, to put yourself in my place."

"I can't," responded George. "It is impossible for a gruff, bearded fellow like me to fancy himself in the place of a lovely young woman."

"Don't," said Dolly, softly, averting her face, and increasing the distance between them by a step or two. "You know what I mean. We must come to some sort of an understanding."

"Don't you understand me, Dolly?" He called her Dolly involuntarily, not knowing it. "Haven't I made every thing plain to your comprehension, and why can't you trust me? What is the good of a light-hearted, happy girl like you beginning to worry and borrow trouble, and look on the dark side—one who has been so brave and patient and cheery, too, under every sort of depressing influence? What has come over you, Dolly? I have told you that I am a hard man, not likely to allow any one to take advantage of me; but if I did not do all that is just and honest and true-hearted by you, Dolly, State-prison would be too good for me; I should be a scoundrel. There need be no money matters between you and me. If ever I have a wife, and live yonder on the hill, you shall settle it with her; and if she is exacting and unfair, I will refuse to love her."

Dolly's brain was in such a whirl that she seemed not to hear any thing but the end of the speech. George had delivered it with his face and eyes in quite an eloquent glow. "As I deal with you, so may God deal with me," she thought she heard him say; but the tones sounded cold to her fancy. She was not in a state to hear or heed his meanings.

Dolly walked away almost mechanically. She felt ill, and stopped by the bars that led into the lane, and supported herself against them for a moment, wondering, in a vague sort of way, how the birds and blue sky and growing things could ever have made her happy. There was a dull aching in her head, and the words went dizzily round and round in it, "Make terms with George Boardman's wife—humble yourself to George Boardman's wife."

Old Mahala complained less of her bones, and sang hymns a shade or two less dismal than ordinary.

"Do you know, child," said she, somewhat elated, as Dolly entered the room with a jaded step, "I've been thinkin' that though the old house has most rotted down, and the sleepers and under-pinnin' ain't no better nor touch-wood, and the loft over the kitchen part trembles when you put your foot into it like an ager fit—I've been a-turnin' of it over in my mind that the old house will last out another weddin'; and when that's over, it's best my old bones should be put away out of sight, and not cumber the top of the ground any longer. Sakes alive! to think of seein' a Boardman took into the family! But times have changed since Hubert Boardman used to go away through yon gate, haugin' his head, and lookin' like death. The shoe pinches on t'other foot now, and mebbe they think they're condescendin' to mate with us. But the young man is civil-tongued; and if ever I did see any body's eyes and heart set on winnin' a girl, it's him. He's got forecast and kalkerlation, I'll warrant, or he wouldn't have gone and built that cottage on the hill, that's Gothicker even than Sam Lawson's new house. Nothin' like havin' the cage ready afore you ketch the bird."

"You are mistaken," sighed Dolly, as she sat wearily down. "He has not thought of me at all as you suppose he has. Some one—I don't know who it is—will go up to the cottage one day as his wife. He has the same as told me so; and he only meant to be friendly and kind. Don't get notions into your head, Mahala;" and Dolly's voice faded out.

The old woman stopped ladling the soup over the fire in extreme astonishment.

"I may be a spavined old creetur," she piped, tremulously, "but I guess I've got sight and sense enough left to know the signs of love-makin' as plain as the symptoms of measles after they've broke out; and if he's been courtin' and promisin' somewhere else, he's a viper, and the Lord forgive me if I don't tell him so to his face. I took notice you was gettin' thin, and refusin' your victuals, and, thinks me, it's all along of the symptoms, and will come right in the end. Oh, the thief, to steal the heart of my lamb! I'd 'a throwed his dratted presents out o' winder if I'd guessed what he was about. It's hard to think the cloven foot was hid under his plausible ways. But he'll be punished as there's a righteous Judge that minds the fatherless and the widder. Oh, my birdie, I'd make a nest for ye in my old arms that was your first cradle!" and the old woman rocked herself back and forth in quite a passion of grief.

"He shall be paid all we owe him," said Dolly, in quite a firm voice. "But if you love me, you will never speak to him of my affairs. You know you have often preached to me, and told me I ought to be more serious-minded, and now I think I shall never

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seem the same frivolous, thoughtless girl I once was."

"I didn't mean it, child," cried Mahala. "I'm a cross, ugly, hectorin' old thing, and when the wind's contrary the smoke will blow down chimbley. I couldn't hold my temper with an angel—'deed I couldn't; and it was all the comfort I had to hear you go singin' and whistlin' round the old place."

She had taken the pretty drooped head in her arms, and pressed it to her withered bosom, and was crooning over it in some almost forgotten way, as if to soothe a grieving baby.

"My dove, my lamb," she murmured, "I'd pluck the heart out of my side to save you a pang; and woe be to him who has given you this hurt!"

That same afternoon the man from Boardman's arrived with a brace of ducks. Mahala sent him off as full-handed as he came, and with a bee in his bonnet. Dolly heard her high piping tones where she sat, listless and pale, with the packet of her aunt Janet's love-letters lying in her lap. One or two she had opened at the tender creases, and the faded letters seemed to throb and pulsate with new life. All the agony and hopelessness shed upon those drops of ink by a dead hand were alive and quivering in Dolly's heart. She thought in a vague way of the revenges of time, and wondered if Hubert Boardman, wherever he might be, knew and was glad that the old story had been relived, bringing heart-break to one of the old, proud, fallen race that wrought him such woe.

At noon of the same day George mounted his horse and rode away on a short journey. Dolly did not know this; how should she, poor child? She was listening unconsciously through the hot heavy silence for the sound of his voice or his step, or Nap's bark, in the lane. Her heart was hungry for a kind glance from his eyes, the touch of his fingers laid upon hers, the sound of his voice when he was in one of those gentle, playful humors that made him a delightful companion. Two days wore by, each more insupportable than the last. The nights were pulseless, without a breath of fresh air creeping through the trees. Dolly could not sleep. She flitted about those hollow rooms like a little, wan, sad, restless spirit while others slept. It was the third and last night, and while the old clock in the kitchen was on the stroke of twelve Dolly listened at her grandmother's door, and then crept up to the garret in the dark, and curled herself into her favorite seat, looking down the way of the night-shaded lane, where she had so often walked and talked with George in the gloaming. Then for the first time Dolly shed passionate tears, that must have relieved her overcharged heart. Worn out and exhausted, she fell into a heavy sleep. How long she slept she never knew, for she roused herself at last with a sense of suffocation. A deadly breeze was blowing upon her through the window, which was lit by a strange glare. She looked down at the grass blades glistening with a lurid light. There was a storm of smoke and cinders surging around the angle of the old house from the direction of the sheds. No one ever knew for certain how it happened, but it was conjectured afterward that Mahala had thrown hot embers upon her ash-heap, which communicated a flame to the straw and shavings scattered about, and thus set the old place on fire. Now a surf of flame was breaking against the wall of the extension, where the old Madam's room lay. It would soon get round the angle and cut off that part of the ruinous building from human aid. The glow was spreading out into the still fields, where groups of cattle stood, wild-eyed and motionless. Some one was running in the direction of the mills, calling fire!

Every fibre in Dolly's body was awake on the instant. She knew where the danger lay, and what was to be done. Surely she trod the boards above the false brick-work, and groped along the huge chimney jam and down the shackly staircase, and through the winding and crooked passage, where the air was thick with smoke and the floor growing hot, and the walls bulging and cracking, and the window-panes shivering into sharp splinters as the red tongues of flame licked them and danced along the wall. She knew the path through it all to her grandmother's door. She got it open, in spite of a great opaque cloud that obstructed the way. The poor old woman was white and motionless, lying in a cramped bundle upon her bed. She was almost gone from suffocation. Dolly shook her, and called into her deaf ear with a cry of agony. She lifted and strove with desperation to get her placed in her chair. She ran to the water-pitcher near by, and dashed its contents into the unconscious face. All around the fire snapped and crackled, and raged and roared like an angry sea. Then Dolly remembered Mahala, and shrieked out her name, and a weird figure struggled through the smoke, and together they worked like phantoms in a nightmare. They placed the unconscious old creature in her chair, and lifted and bore it through the smoke and flame, with the burning boards blistering her feet, and cinders and hot ashes falling upon their heads. The old rotten porch, dry as tinder, had gone down at the first blast. It lay now in a pile of burning fragments across the threshold. The flames singed Madam Dillingham's white locks and beat upon her blind eyeballs, until the sense of imminent peril forced from her a piteous cry.

Dolly fought the fire with her tender lit-

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tle hand. She struggled and contended, and strove to force a passage through that red sea of flame for those helpless old people. But there came the consciousness at last, as the waves of fire rushed upon them, that all three must perish before the open air was reached. In that great, solemn, last moment of consciousness, when hope seemed gone, some little happy spring opened in Dolly's heart that for days had been heavy with pain. She was glad to die. It was so much better than to live without her love.

There came a ringing shout of rescue. She knew it was George Boardman's voice, and then all sound and sense went from her. Dolly seemed suddenly to drop down an immeasurable gulf of darkness. When she awoke it was fair, sweet morning, with dew upon the grass, and the young light quivering over the trees. The old house had gone up proudly in its winding-sheet of smoke and flame, and there were only the smouldering walls and blackened tree trunks, and a low ring of fire to tell the story. The old Madam was not far off, propped in her chair. She was fast asleep, with the peaceful look of an aged infant upon her face. Dolly, as she raised her hand, touched something that lay hidden in her bosom. It was the packet of her aunt Janet's love-letters. That record of imperishable heart's love was all there was worth saving, perhaps, from the wreck of selfish passions which the destruction of the old house seemed to typify. As she glanced feebly up her eyes met the eyes of George Boardman.

"Dear, brave heart," he whispered, bending over her. His voice was husky and choked with tears. He took her head in his arms and pressed it against his breast, and made a little shelter for it, covering the pretty soft hair with kisses.

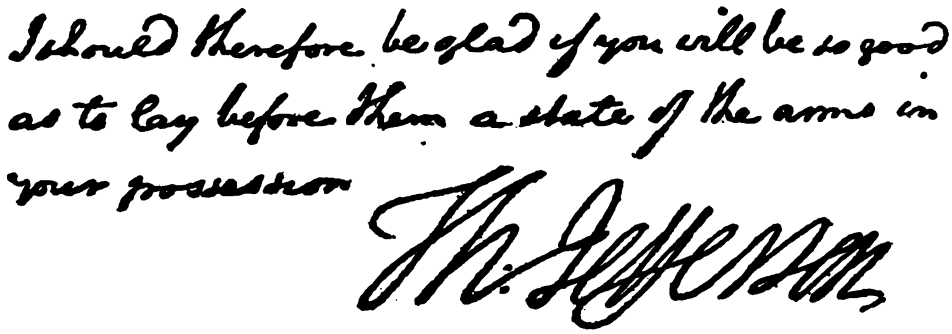
"Old Mahala has told me all," he said, when at last he could speak. "Can you forgive me for making you suffer? I thought you must know how entirely I love you. I thought you ought to trust me as I would trust you in life or in death. From the day I saw you first in the meadow I vowed you should be my wife, if wife I ever had. I was waiting until the cottage was finished to tell you that all I have, or ever shall have, is yours. The cottage is ready for you, my darling. Are all reckonings settled, all scores wiped out between us?"

The sunrise of a great happiness dawned in Dolly's eyes, and she smiled her answer up into his face.

SIGNERS OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

By BENSON J. LOSSING.

[Second Paper.]



THOMAS JEFFERSON.

THE "Author of the Declaration of American Independence, of the Statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom, and Father of the University of Virginia," as Thomas Jefferson wrote for his own epitaph, was a little more than thirty-three years of age when he signed that Declaration, and exactly fifty years afterward, to a day, he died. His history is too well known to all intelligent Americans to need further notice here.

As Governor of Virginia from 1779 to 1781, Mr. Jefferson, like Benjamin Harrison two or three years later, was much interested, privately and officially, in the settlements forming in the valleys beyond the mountains, in what is now Kentucky. The Indians in that region were then hostile and active, and were making it a "dark and bloody ground." The isolated settlers called for protection. The Legislature of Virginia responded by authorizing the raising of a battalion of troops for service in that region, and another for the Ohio region under General George Rogers Clarke. In relation to these troops Governor Jefferson wrote from his home in Albemarle, on the 7th of August, 1779, to Colonel William Fleming, one of the commissioners, as follows:

"The incloed order will explain to you the general plan adopted for regimenting, officering, and stationing the two Western battalions; and we are in hopes

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you will so far proceed in concert with the other commissioners as that the chain of posts to be recommended may form a complete Western defense, leaving no chasm in the middle. We wish you, when we report the stations proposed, to advise us also to what particular station it will be best for the men of each county respectively to go. As it will not be long before the men ought to be raised, according to the directions of the law, it will be proper for the convention to give immediate attention to the procuring arms and camp utensils for them. I should therefore be glad if you will be so good as to lay before them a state of the arms in your possession."

FRANCIS LIGHTFOOT LEE.

With his "gay good humor and pleasing wit," Francis Lightfoot Lee, brother of Arthur and Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, was a general favorite. When a little past thirty years of age he was a member of the Virginia House of Burgesses, and in 1775 he entered the Continental Congress, where he remained until 1779, active and useful. He signed the Declaration at the age of forty-two years.

There were other stirring events at about the time when the Declaration was adopted to which the serious attention of the Americans was called. Concerning these Mr. Lee wrote as follows to his brother Richard Henry on the 16th of July, 1776, giving him facts and criticisms freely:

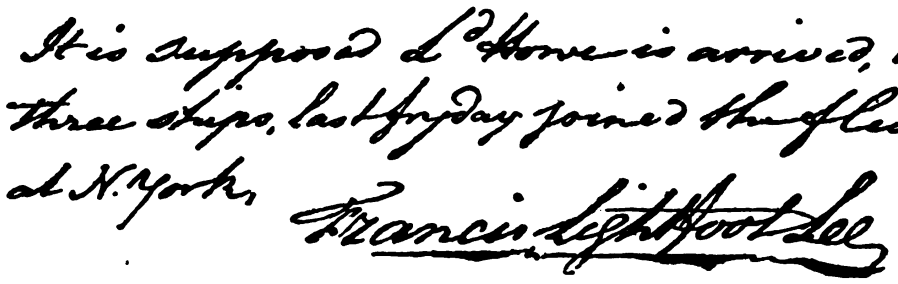
"I have written to you every post since you left this; if you have not received the letters, there must still be some villain in the post-office.

"It is supposed Lord Howe is arrived, as three ships last Friday joined the fleet at New York; one very large, with St. George's flag at the mast-head, which was saluted by the whole fleet. The rest of his myrmidons are not far behind, I suppose. Two men-of-war and three tenders have run by all our batteries, and got above Kingsbridge without any damage. It always appeared to me that our generals placed more confidence in their batteries than they deserved. It seems probable that Howe will land his army above Kingsbridge, and cut off all communication with New York by land, while the fleet does the same by sea, in which case our army must starve, or attack the enemy in their intrenchments. I fear such an event is not sufficiently attended to. The defenses of New York seem to engross all their thoughts."

Washington, with the bulk of the Continental army, was then in New York. General Howe and his army had recently landed on Staten Island. They had been brought in transports from Halifax. His brother, Admiral Sir Richard Howe, arrived with his fleet a few days later, and the *Eagle*, his flagship, was the one mentioned by Lee as the receiver of salutes. On the 12th of July the *Rose* and *Phenix* ships of war, with their decks guarded by sand-bags, passed the batteries, as mentioned, to a point above the mouth of the creek spanned by Kingsbridge, at the upper end of New York Island, and thence to Haverstraw Bay, thirty miles up the Hudson. It was the plan of the British (below alluded to) to seize New York, or pass it, and the country along the Hudson, and meeting Burgoyne, then coming up Lake Champlain from Canada, cut off New England from the rest of the Union. It was important to pay attention to the defenses of New York. Mr. Lee continues:

"Colonel W. Alleyn arrived yesterday from Crown Point [on Lake Champlain]; he left 600 men there [just driven out of Canada], half sick. By these last accounts from St. Johns, Burgoyne had 1000 there; no preparation of boats. It is said the Six Nations begin to be troublesome; indeed, from all appearances, we shall soon have the whole of the Indians to encounter.

"General Washington has as many men as he wants, and lest Howe should think fit to march into the Jerseys, we shall soon have 20,000 there to cope with him; but I think it is very improbable that he will give up the scheme of opening a communication with Canada by the North [Hudson] River."



Mr. Lee, expecting his brother to take his seat in Congress, continues:

"I have now got a very good house near the State-house, in which you may have choice of good rooms, well furnished, except with beds. As we have but one, it is necessary we should know as soon as possible when to expect you, that we may provide for you. We have this house certainly till the last of October, and a chance for the winter."

During one of the coldest winters ever experienced in Virginia, Mr. Lee and his wife caught a cold in Richmond, which terminated in pleurisy, and both died in that city, childless, within a few days of each other, in April, 1791.

RICHARD HENRY LEE.

The author of the resolution declaring the united colonies free and independent, signed his name to the pledge to support that resolve when he was forty-four years of age. He was an ardent and active patriot during the preliminary stages of the Revolution, and was a delegate to the First Continental Congress in 1774, wherein his tongue and pen, so free and eloquent, made him a lead-

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Congress has adopted the European plan in offering six Hessian field officers for Gen. Lee.

Richard Henry Lee

ing spirit. He wrote the splendid second address of Congress to the people of Great Britain. It is said that his speech when he introduced his famous resolution was one of the most brilliant specimens of oratory ever heard in our national council. He was in Congress when that body fled from Philadelphia to Baltimore, late in 1776, and from his seat there, on the 5th of January, 1777, wrote the following cheering letter to General Adam Stephen, of Virginia (afterward dismissed from the service for intoxication), immediately after the battles at Trenton and Princeton:

"Nothing could have appeared more opportunely than the drubbing you have given the Hessians at Trenton. God grant the blow may be followed up until you expel these robbers from the Jerseys at least! If they do not get a severe castigation for their last manœuvring in Jersey, they will sophisticate all Europe with lies. The *Genius of America* seems now to be awakened from profound sleep. Let the moment be improved for making a vigorous and decisive impression.

"We have had several valuable arrivals lately with powder, woolens, and arms. More are daily expected. But you seem now to have got into a shorter and surer method of obtaining these by stripping the enemy. I heartily approve the plan. I am still of the opinion that the spring torch will light up a general war in Europe; but still we should be prepared to receive the enemy in every quarter. Both in public and in private as little should rest upon externals as possible.....

Congress has adopted the European plan in offering six Hessian field-officers for General Lee. If it is not accepted, I hope a noble feud will take place between these foreigners and their British allies."

General Charles Lee had been captured by the British in New Jersey, three weeks before this letter was written, under suspicious circumstances. Facts which have since transpired respecting the double treason of Lee make it almost certain that he had invited capture.

Richard Henry Lee was chosen President of Congress in 1784, and in 1792 ill health compelled him to retire from public life, when he was United States Senator from Virginia. He died at his seat at Chantilly in 1794.

FRANCIS LEWIS.

One of the older members of Congress who signed the Declaration was Francis Lewis, of New York, who was then sixty-three years of age. He was a native of Llandaff, in the shire of Glamorgan, in South Wales, where he was born in 1713. He brought to New York nearly his whole fortune, in the shape of merchandise, when he had attained his majority, where he engaged extensively in navigation and foreign trade. In the French and Indian war he was a staff-officer, and

I have therefore directed Mr Ogden to continue the Shoemakers at work in Jersey and have also imployed others here.

Fra^s Lewis

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was sent to France as a prisoner after being captured at Oswego in 1757. He was a member of the "Stamp-act Congress" in 1765, and entered the Continental Congress ten years later, wherein he continued, as a representative of New York, until 1779. His commercial knowledge made him extremely serviceable to the commissary and quartermaster's departments. In connection with such business he wrote the following letter from New York on the 2d of May, 1776:

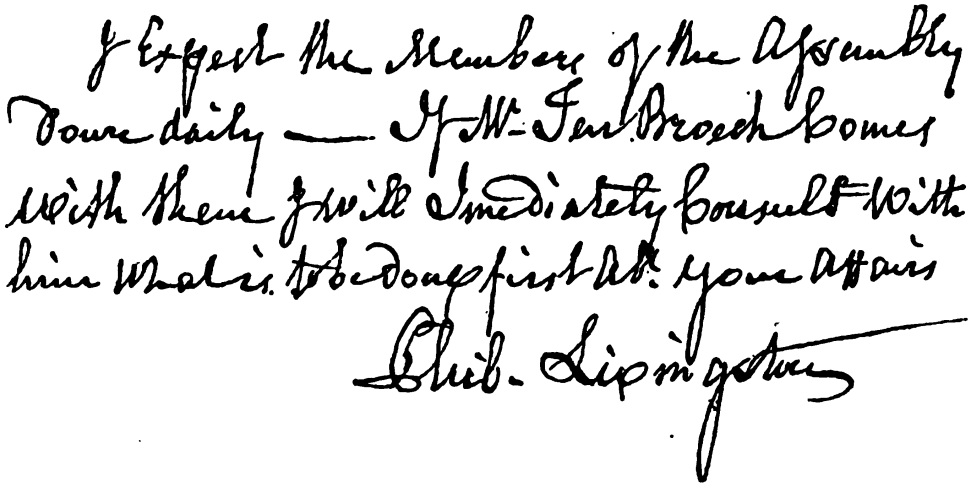
"I have been favored with your letter of the 20th ultimo, which I should have answered sooner, but waited for an opportunity of consulting Colonel Mifflin, Q.M.G., on the subject of shoes, who informs me that the full quantity, say 10,000 pair, ordered by Congress, will be wanted for the army. I have therefore directed Mr. Ogden to continue the shoe-makers at work in Jersey, and have also employed others here. Stockings are not to be procured in this city; they must be got at Philadelphia, and money must be sent to pay for shoes....As our election for delegates is to be on the 14th inst., I shall defer my return to Philadelphia till that is over."

Mr. Lewis suffered much from the cruelty of the Tories. They wasted his property on Long Island, and caused the death of his wife by confining her for several months in a close prison, without a bed or a change of clothing. Reduced from affluence to almost poverty, the patriot lingered until 1803, when he died at the age of ninety years.

PHILIP LIVINGSTON.

Another of the older members of Congress in 1776 was Philip Livingston, of New York, who was sixty years of age when he signed the Declaration. He was a native of Albany, and grandson of the original proprietor of the manor of Livingston, on the Hudson. As a merchant in the city of New York, he became distinguished for probity and enterprise; and he was equally distinguished as a patriot and member of the Provincial Assembly, of which he was chosen Speaker in 1768. He was a member of the First and Second Continental Congresses, and subsequently of the New York Provincial Congress, serving upon some of the most important committees with fidelity and zeal. He was also very active in various public duties in New York at the same time. Although his health was failing, in the spring of 1778 he accepted of a seat in Congress. On departing for Philadelphia he told his family it was doubtful if he returned alive. He died in June, a little more than a month after he took his seat in Independence Hall.

The only letter from this patriot's hand found in the collection before me was written to his daughter Catharine, mother of the Hon. Stephen Van Rensselaer, the last of the patroons of the State of New York. It is dated at New York on the 5th of January, 1772. The father wishes his daughter a "happy year, and many returns of the New-year," and that she might live to see her children grow up and be a comfort to her and she to them. After speaking of her eldest son, Stephen (the last patroon, then eight years of age), having been with his grandfather for a fortnight, he wrote: "I expect the members of the Assembly down daily,"



and alluded to Mr. (afterward General) Ten Broeck, being charged with some business for her, if he should come down.

THOMAS LYNCH, JUN.

An awful mystery hangs over the fate of Thomas Lynch, Jun., next to the youngest man who signed the Declaration, he being at that time only twenty-seven years of age. He was born on the banks of the North Santee River, in South Carolina, and was heir to a large fortune. He was educated at Eton School and the University of Cambridge, in England, returned to his home in 1772, and married. He was prepared for the profession of the law, but relinquished it and became a planter. He was made a captain in the First South Carolina regiment, raised in 1775, while his father, Thomas Lynch, was in Congress. With delicate health he entered upon military duties, but

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I fervently pray God to watch over your Excellency's life, & to make you as happy & successful as you are good & brave—

Thomas Lynch

was soon called to take the seat of his dying father in Congress in 1776. His own declining health compelled him to resign that seat not long after he signed the Declaration, and in 1779 he embarked for the island of St. Eustatia, in hopes of restoration. The vessel was never heard of afterward.

His letter in the collection before me is dated Charleston, July 5, 1777, and is addressed to General Washington. It is the only letter of the young patriot known to be in existence. It was written to introduce to the acquaintance of the commander-in-chief Colonel Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, with whom Lynch had been on recruiting service in North Carolina. Pinckney was then in command of the First South Carolina regiment, raised for the Continental service. Lynch spoke of his family as being as "respectable" as any in South Carolina, and of the young colonel as having "a fortune abundantly competent," and that "nothing but a passion for military glory and a zeal for the cause of his country could have led him into this matter.....As to principles," Lynch continued, "I am bold to say that no living man has a higher spirit, a nicer sense of honor, or a more incorruptible heart than he has." He strongly commends Pinckney to his excellency's favor, and adds, "I fervently pray God to watch over your excellency's life, and to make you as happy and successful as you are good and brave."

Pinckney fulfilled the expectations of his young friend, for he afterward acquired great distinction in the military and civil services. He became an aid to General Washington, and rose to the rank of brigadier-general. He assisted in forming the national Constitution, and was minister plenipotentiary at the court of France. He declined two prominent places in the cabinet of President Washington which were offered him.

ARTHUR MIDDLETON.

This accomplished South Carolinian was born near the banks of the Ashley River in

Our Delegates & the Continental Congress seem to approve your proceedings, in as much as they have assimilated theirs to them as much as measures—

Arthur Middleton

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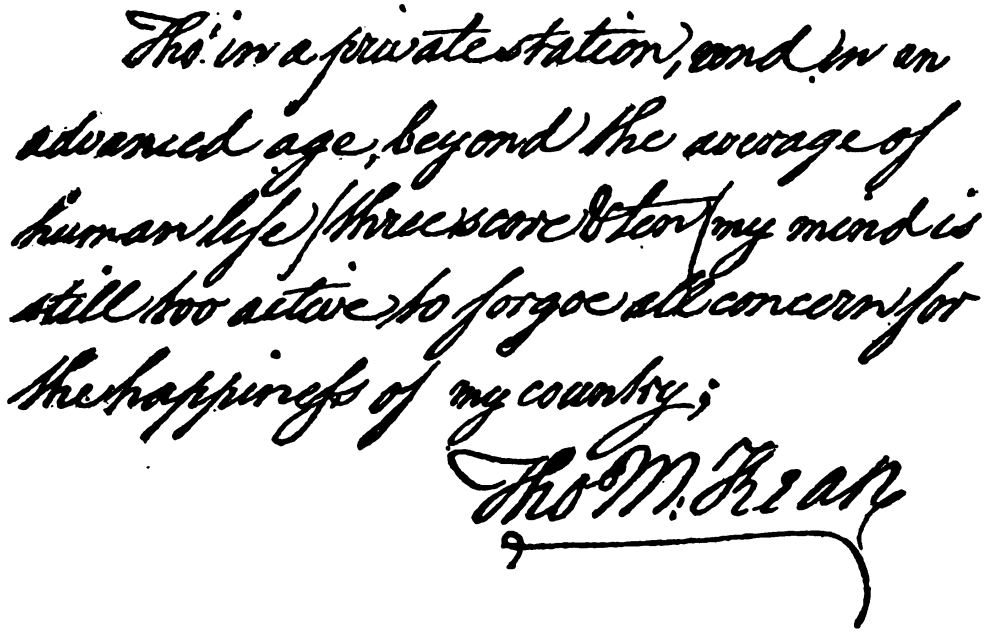
1743, with a large fortune in prospect. He was educated in England; was graduated at Cambridge University at the age of twenty-one years; married a daughter of Walter Izzard soon after his return home; made a tour of Europe with his bride during two years; espoused the cause of the patriots on his return, in 1773, and became an efficient member of the South Carolina Council of Safety. In a letter written from that council on the 5th of August, 1775, after alluding to the return of a person from Philadelphia with news respecting the grand council there, in which South Carolina was ably represented, and over which his father (Henry) had presided, he wrote: "Our delegates and the Continental Congress seem to approve of our proceedings, inasmuch as they have assimilated theirs to them in a good measure." Alluding to the fact that Congress had divided the continent into three Indian departments, he said the Southern one was to receive from the Continental treasury $10,000 for defraying the expenses of treaties with and presents to the Indians.

Alluding to the proposed augmentation of the military force, he said the estimated sum that South Carolina must raise toward defraying the expenses of that campaign would not be less than £75,000. "Some of the council stare!" he wrote. He alludes to a resolution of Congress (July 15, 1775) allowing the importation of gunpowder, saltpetre, and sulphur, under certain conditions, and the exportation of the productions of the country to the value of such imports, "the non-exportation agreement notwithstanding;" and adds, "We shall be driven into a sea war at last," and then copies the resolution of Congress (July 18) recommending each colony, "at their own expense," through provincial conventions or committees of safety, to make provision, "by armed vessels or otherwise, for the protection of their harbors, and navigation on their sea-coasts."

In July, 1776, Mr. Middleton was a delegate in Congress, and signed the Declaration; and he suffered much in estate by the ravages of the British invaders in 1779 and 1780, when he took up arms. He was made a prisoner at Charleston, and was confined at St. Augustine, and in the *Jersey* prison-ship at New York, until 1781. He again served in Congress, and died in 1788.

THOMAS M'KEAN.

The only member of the Continental Congress who served in that body without intermission during the whole period of the war was Thomas M'Kean, who represented



what is now the State of Delaware. He was forty-two years of age when he signed the Declaration. Mr. M'Kean was a lawyer, was a member of the "Stamp-act Congress" in 1765, and was a judge when he was chosen a delegate to Congress in 1774. He assisted in framing the first national government of the United States, in 1778, known as the "Confederation," and in 1781 was made President of Congress. He was also the first President of the State of Delaware.

Like others of the Signers, Mr. M'Kean was "hunted like a fox," as he expressed it, being compelled to move his family five times in a few months. From 1799 till 1808 he was Governor of Pennsylvania. Soon after leaving that station in February, 1810, he wrote a letter to President Madison, from Philadelphia (now before me), introducing Henry

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Pratt and his own daughter, Sophia Dorothea (the "only child" in his family), "to pay their respects to Mrs. Madison." After complimenting the President, he writes:

"Every occurrence hitherto in the government of the Union meets my approbation, though the observations of some members of Congress on different occasions have given me concern; and perhaps our national affairs might have been managed better; but my greatest surprise is that they have been managed so well. Tho' in a private station, and in an advanced age, beyond the average of human life (threescore-and-ten), my mind is still too active to forego all concern for the happiness of my country."

Governor M'Kean died in 1817, aged eighty-three years.

LEWIS MORRIS.

One of the wealthier members of Congress who signed the Declaration, and whose family had been distinguished for a long time, was Lewis Morris, born at Morrisania, New York, in 1726. He entered the Continental Congress in May, 1775, and served on some of the most important committees. When he signed the Declaration a large British army was within a few miles of his extensive estate, and three armed ships were within cannon-shot of his dwelling. That act made him a special mark for vengeance. His woodlands of a thousand acres were laid waste, and his whole estate was ravaged. Just before these devastations were begun he wrote to the chairman of the New York Committee of Safety (August 18, 1776) from New Rochelle:

"I have the pleasure to inform [you] that, agreeable to direction of Congress, the militia of the county have turned out with great cheerfulness. As there is no enemy in the [Long Island] Sound, and considering the present season to the farmer, I take the liberty to recommend the dismissing the militia for the present, ordering the captains to parade and discipline their men once a week, and that they hold themselves in readiness to march on the shortest notice. I am particularly inclined to this measure as the five days' provisions will be out to-morrow, and no commissary of provisions provided. The arms have been examined, the greater part in good repair, and such as wanted are put in the hands of armorers, so that I am in hopes the major part of the militia will be tolerably well armed."

Three days after this was written the battle on Long Island was fought, and the estate of Morris was speedily ravaged. He seems to have been in military command at that time, for he speaks of a court-martial, and says, "I am determined, while honored with the command, to use my best endeavors to preserve strict discipline." He left Congress in 1777; was elected a member of his State Senate, and was commissioned a major-general in his State militia. He died in 1798.

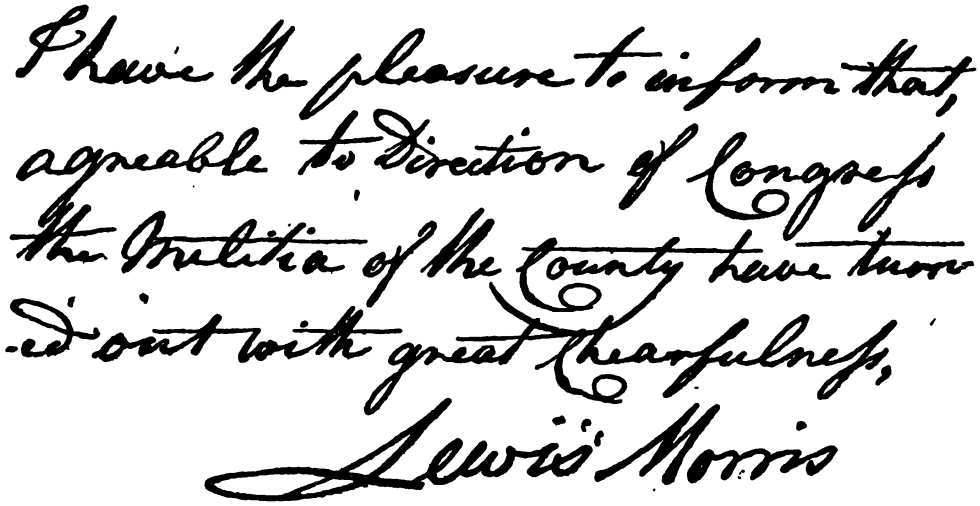
ROBERT MORRIS.

The career of the great financier of the Revolution is familiar to all intelligent Americans as a merchant whose personal credit was better than that of the Congress, and who, in after-years, actually suffered imprisonment for debt.

Mr. Morris entered Congress late in 1775, and was one of the most active members of the most important committees of that body, especially that of Ways and Means. His personal credit more than once saved the great cause from failure. He was vice-president of the Marine Committee when, on the 15th of May, 1776, he wrote the following letter to the Committee of Safety of Pennsylvania:

"Captain Wickes, of the ship *Reprisal*, now at Fort Island, represents he has seven or eight sick men on board, and desires us to procure him an order for their admittance into the hospital at the pest-house; and as the doctor thinks vegetables and milk will be the best physic for them, we hope you can indulge us with such an order without inconvenience. The bearer is captain of marines, and will wait your answer, and receive the order, if granted. Every expense that arises shall be paid by this committee."

By his own personal credit Mr. Morris raised funds to the amount of $1,400,000, which enabled Washington to prosecute the campaign which resulted in the capture of



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as the Doctor thinks Vegetables & Milk will be the best Physick for them we hope you can indulge us with such an order

Robt Morris, V.P.

Cornwallis and the independence of the United States. To the close of the war, and afterward, he sustained the public credit. Vast speculations in his old age impoverished him, and he was permitted to lie in a Philadelphia jail for debt. He died poor, at the age of seventy-three years.

JOHN MORTON.

At the age of forty-one years John Morton, a native of Chester, Pennsylvania, was a member of the "Stamp-act Congress," and eleven years later, as a member of the Continental Congress, he signed the Declaration. Intelligent, well-educated, and of irreproachable character, he was an honored servant of the public in the General Assembly of Pennsylvania, of which he was Speaker for three years. He was also high sheriff, and a justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania. The chief specimen of his writing in the collection before me is the following attestation:

"Sworn to before me, the subscriber, one of the justices of the Supreme Court of the Province of Pennsylvania, August the 1st, 1776."

Below this is a certificate signed by Dr. Franklin, president of the Provincial Convention, that Morton was such justice. The attestation of the latter is affixed to a deposition of Captain Jeremiah Duggen, that when he was about to depart from Quebec General Arnold urged him to denounce Major John Brown to Congress as a "damned rascal and a villain," a "plunderer of prisoners," etc.; that when Duggen suggested that the proper way would be for Arnold to write to Congress, the latter declined, saying, "You impeach him and I will enforce it;" and that he refused to carry any such message, unless it should be written by Arnold. Duggen further stated that there was (as he knew personally) "no officer serving in that country [Canada] with greater reputation than Brown."

Major Brown was a gallant and faithful officer, and was the victim of Arnold's ill-will, like other good men, such as Hazen, Bedel, Antil, etc.

Mr. Morton entered Congress in 1774, and continued to occupy a seat therein until his death, in April, 1777.

THOMAS NELSON, JUN.

While he was on his way home from Trinity College, in England, Thomas Nelson, Jun.,

Sworn before me the Subscriber one of the Justices of the Supream Court of the Province of Pennsylvania August the 1st 1776

John Morton

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I immediately ordered her back to the Ship Yard, because in my opinion it is risking too much, Thos Nelson jr. B. G.

then not quite twenty-one years of age, was elected a member of the Virginia House of Burgesses. His father was a leading man in the colony, and his family were influential. He entered Congress in 1775, and the following year he advocated and signed the Declaration of Independence. In 1777 he was appointed commander-in-chief of the Virginia militia. To pay the expenses of a force to expel a marauding party under General Mathews in 1779, a loan of $2,000,000 was called for, a greater portion of which Nelson obtained on his own personal security.

Early in 1781 the traitor Arnold was at the head of a British force depredating along the shores of the James River. General Nelson did all in his power to oppose him, and on the 9th of February he wrote the letter in this collection, concerning the use of a ship of the Virginia navy in an expedition against the enemy. She had been delivered for such use. Nelson wrote:

"I immediately ordered her back to the ship-yard, because, in my opinion, it is risking too much, and because she is particularly appropriated by act of Assembly, so that my powers do not extend to allotting her for any such enterprise. My idea was that he should have taken some old hulk that would not have been any loss to the State.... If, as he is gone so far, you choose he should prosecute his scheme, the *Dragon* shall be delivered to him again."

General Nelson rendered efficient service in the siege of Yorktown, and directed a bombardment of his own fine mansion there, for the purpose of driving Cornwallis out of it. With shattered health and fortune, he passed the remainder of his life in retirement, and died so poor that the remnant of his possessions were sold to pay his debts.

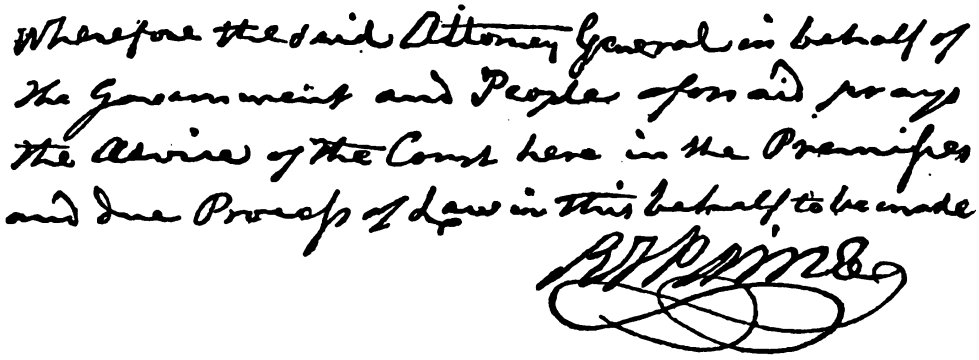
WILLIAM PACA.

The letter of William Paca, the distinguished Marylander, in this collection is purely a business one, in which he wrote to Aquilla Brown, on the 25th of August, 1776 (a little more than three weeks after he had signed the Declaration):

"The weather has been so very bad that I could only get out one floor of wheat to send this trip, amounting to about two hundred and forty bushels, which be pleased to dispose of to the best advantage."

The weather has been so very bad that I could only get out one floor of Wheat to send this Trip amounting to about two hundred & forty Bushels Wm Paca

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At that time wheat was threshed in the Southern States by the treading of horses in the open field, after the manner of the ancients. Washington, writing to Henry Lee from Philadelphia, in October, 1793, concerning the difficulties in teaching overseers to use new methods, said:

"I have one of the most convenient barns in this or perhaps any other country, where thirty hands may, with great ease, be employed in threshing. Half of the wheat of the farm was actually stowed in this barn, in the straw, by my order, for threshing; notwithstanding, when I came home about the middle of September, I found a treading-yard not thirty feet from the barn door, the wheat again brought out of the barn, and horses treading it out in an open exposure, liable to the vicissitudes of weather."

Mr. Paca was an ardent opposer of British taxation, in the Maryland Legislature and elsewhere, and an active member of the First Congress. Soon after signing the Declaration he was appointed State Senator. After that he was Chief Justice, Governor of Maryland, and United States District Judge, holding the latter office at the time of his death, in 1799.

ROBERT TREAT PAINE.

The writing of Robert Treat Paine in the collection is in the form of a complaint, as Attorney-General of Massachusetts, in January, 1780, against Theophilus Lillie, an absconded Tory, charging him with having "levied war and conspired to levy war against the government and people of that province," and without their consent had withdrawn from it, at the close of March, 1776, and had not returned; therefore he proposed to confiscate Lillie's property in Boston. To the Court of Common Pleas, to whom his complaint was addressed, he said:

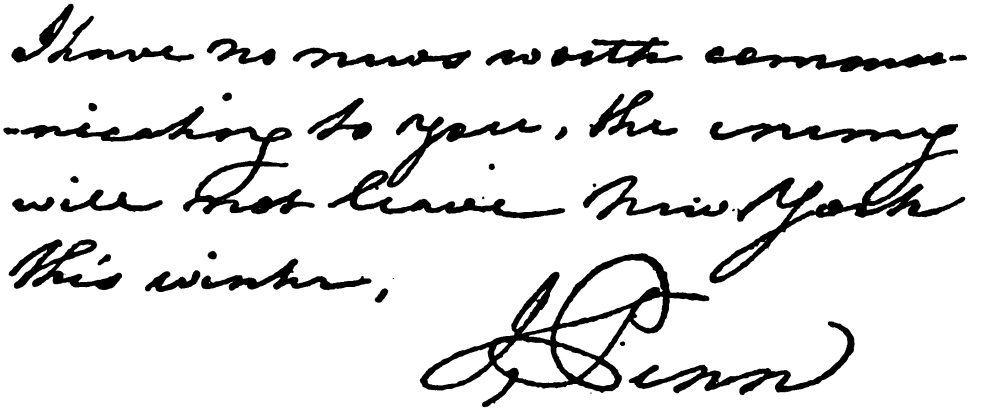
"Wherefore the said Attorney-General, in behalf of the government and people aforesaid, prays the advice of the court here in the premises, and due process of law in this behalf to be made."

Lillie, mentioned in this paper, was the Boston merchant who persisted in selling tea contrary to the public will, and had made himself conspicuously unpopular a few days before the "massacre," in 1770.

Mr. Paine was a native of Boston, studied theology, acted as chaplain to troops in the French and Indian war, but afterward studied law and made it his profession. He conducted with ability the prosecution against the soldiers engaged in the "Boston massacre," in 1770. His legal attainments became very great. Entering Congress in 1774, he played a conspicuous part in that body until 1778, when he was Attorney-General of Massachusetts. He left that office for the bench of the Supreme Court of his State, which he held until 1804, when he was seventy-four years of age. He died at the age of eighty-four.

JOHN PENN.

In the early autumn of 1775, John Penn succeeded Richard Caswell as representative of North Carolina in the Continental Congress. He had moved from his native



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Virginia to that State at the age of thirty-three, and was distinguished as an eloquent lawyer and ardent patriot. He signed the Declaration with alacrity, and was in Congress as late as 1780. When Cornwallis that year defeated Gates, and seemed to hold the Carolinas at his mercy, the people turned to Penn, and invested him with almost dictatorial powers, which he used with great discretion. At the close of the war he retired to private life, and died in 1788, in the forty-seventh year of his age.

In a letter to Jethro Sumner, a native of Virginia, who had lately become a citizen of North Carolina, Mr. Penn wrote on the 16th of January, 1777, acquainting him with the fact that Congress had appointed him a brigadier-general, and added:

"I have no news worth communicating to you; the enemy will not leave New York this winter. I suspect we shall have another campaign."

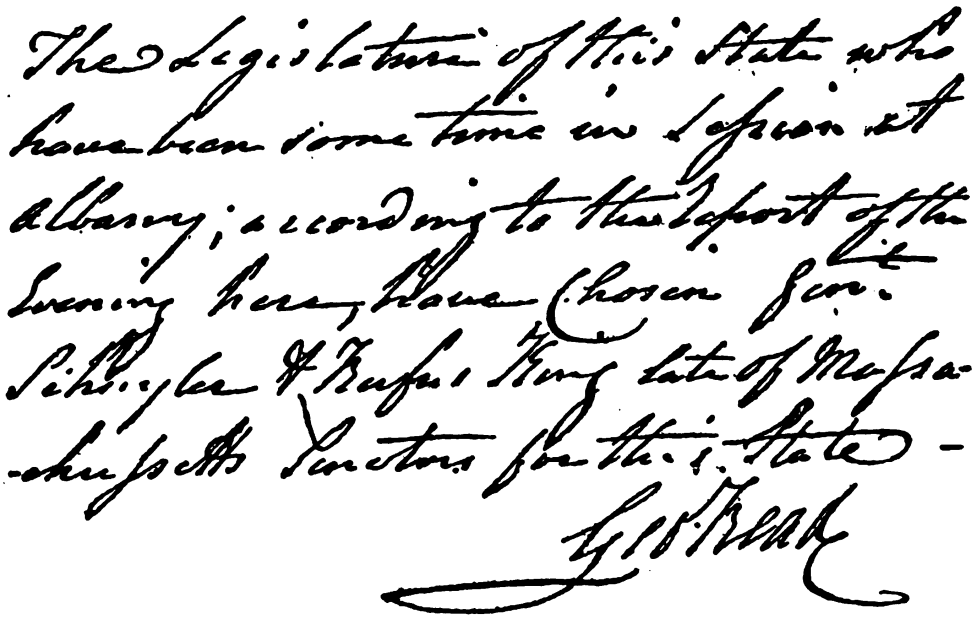
The British had taken possession of New York city about four months before. General Sumner was a very useful officer under General Greene in the Carolinas.

Vice-President of that commonwealth. He was raised to the bench, and was chosen one of the first United States Senators from Delaware. While in his seat as such, at New York, in the summer of 1789, he wrote to Colonel T. Rodney respecting a claim of the Pennsylvania battalion of the Flying Camp, of which General Mercer was the first commander. It was for money appropriated by Congress for their use, but which had never been paid.

Mr. Read, who wrote freely to Colonel Rodney concerning the proceedings of Congress, said that on the day he wrote (July 18), by the casting vote of the Vice-President, the President was invested with the sole power of removal from office. He concluded by writing:

"The Legislature of this State [New York], who have been some time in session at Albany, according to the report of the evening here, have chosen General Schuyler and Rufus King, late of Massachusetts, Senators for this State."

Mr. Read was Chief Justice of Delaware from 1793 until his death, in 1798. He was



GEORGE READ.

Of the six signers of the Declaration who were also framers and signers of the national Constitution, George Read was one. The six were Franklin, Clymer, Robert Morris, Read, Sherman, and Wilson. A native of Maryland but a citizen of Delaware, Mr. Read, who was a skillful lawyer, took an early and active part in the politics of the lower section of Pennsylvania, known as the Three Lower Counties, and was its representative in the First Congress. He wrote the constitution of Delaware on its organization as a State, in 1776, and in 1777 was elected forty-three years of age when he signed the Declaration.

CÆSAR RODNEY.

The father of Cæsar Rodney came to America with William Penn, and this son was born in Delaware at about the year 1730. He inherited his father's large landed estate, and first appears in public life as high sheriff, at the age of twenty-eight years. He was a member of the "Stamp-act Congress," and was for several years Speaker of the Assembly of Delaware. In 1774 he was a delegate in the Continental Congress, and the next year was commissioned a brigadier-

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I am persuaded you will do every thing in your power without the least delay, to answer his expectations.

Cæsar Rodney

general. He was the chief instrument in preparing the minds of the people of his State for independence, and labored hard in favor of the Declaration, which he signed. He served under Washington in New Jersey the next year, and in the autumn was elected to a seat in Congress again; but his appointment as Governor of Delaware caused him to decline it. He died in 1783. In the spring of 1780 there was distress and confusion and much disorder in the army, growing out of separate State action. Congress appointed a committee of three persons, composed of General Schuyler, John Matthews, and Nathaniel Peabody, clothed with extraordinary powers, to proceed to headquarters at Morristown, as Washington had requested, to confer with the commander-in-chief, and to join with him in effecting necessary changes and reforms in all the departments of the army. As the summer opened, distress and discontents in the army foreboded great mischief, and Washington appealed to the committee and to the State authorities for immediate action to avert the threatened evil. In this connection Governor Rodney wrote as follows to the Assembly of Maryland on the 17th of June, and at the same time put forth extraordinary exertions at home:

"Yesterday I received a letter from the Committee of Co-operation at Morristown, dated the 12th inst., together with copies of two letters from his Excellency General Washington to the committee, all of which I have directed the secretary to lay before your honors immediately; and as the general is very pressing, I am persuaded you will do every thing in your power, without the least delay, to answer his expectations."

GEORGE ROSS.

In the collection before me is only an order for the payment of money in the handwriting of George Ross. There is a letter of his in the possession of F. J. Dreer, of Philadelphia, dated in that city on the 23d of May, 1777, concerning a change in the government of Pennsylvania from a proprietary to a popular one. It was sent with copies of a circular letter or memorial to be directed to the several districts of the State.

"For God's sake and y^r country's," Ross wrote, "use all diligence, and get the memorials signed and sent to us by express. No time is to be lost."

George Ross was a native of Delaware, but in early life settled at Lancaster, in Pennsylvania, as a lawyer. He represented that district in the Pennsylvania Legislature; was a delegate in the Continental Congress in 1774; and in the Congress of 1776; at the age of forty-six years, he signed the Declaration. He was active both in the State and national councils until early in 1777, when ill health compelled him to leave Congress. He was a member of the convention which assembled in Philadelphia to discuss the dissolution of the proprietary government, and he prepared a declaration of rights. The

Please to Pay to Mr. Judah Foulk or Order Thirteen Pounds Ten Shillings and Oblige

Geo: Ross

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I have discovered the cause of the Opposition to your principles in the convention.

B Rush

Supreme Executive Council, under the new State constitution, assembled on the 4th of March, 1777, and appointed Thomas Wharton President or Governor of the commonwealth. Mr. Ross was raised to the bench in the spring of 1779, and died about three months afterward.

BENJAMIN RUSH.

At the age of thirty-one years Dr. Rush signed the Declaration. He was then an eminent physician in Philadelphia, where he had commenced the practice of medicine in 1769, after having studied the healing art in Philadelphia, Edinburgh, London, and Paris. An ardent patriot and energetic actor in the stirring scenes of the period, he was elected to Congress in time to allow him to sign the Declaration, and the same year he married a daughter of Richard Stockton, another of the Signers. He became Surgeon-General of the Middle Department in 1777, but resigned the next year. For many years he was a leading physician of the country, and enriched the literature of his profession by the labors of his pen. He was the recipient of royal recognitions of his excellence, and his numerous writings upon other topics than those of his profession have won for him a high place in American literature. Dr. Rush died in 1813; his widow lived until 1848.

James Wilson, one of the Signers, was a member of the convention which sat in Philadelphia in 1787 and framed the national Constitution. The following note addressed to him by Dr. Rush was probably written at that time. It is without date, excepting "Sunday, 2 o'clock:"

"I have discovered the *cause* of the opposition to your principles in the convention. It has been said that you have a plan of a constitution ready *cut and dry*, and that you intend to offer it without first showing it to any body. The charge against you is 'that you keep all your papers to yourself.' Do convince Mr. Lewis that he is mistaken! If you have any thing composed fit for the eyes of a second person, do put it into his hands. This act will put all things to rights. When I see you I will inform you how I obtained the above intelligence. It is *direct*, and may be *fully relied on*."

EDWARD RUTLEDGE.

The youngest signer of the Declaration was Edward Rutledge, of South Carolina, he being the junior of Lynch, of the same State, by a little more than three months.

The Congress having vested us with all their Powers we beg leave to repeat that we are and shall be ready at all Times to meet a Committee from your Board

Ed Rutledge.

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Vivacious, docile, and affectionate in his youth, he had won the love of all around him. Having perfected himself in law studies in England, he had entered upon its practice, and was rising into distinction when he was called to a seat in the First Congress. He was then less than twenty-five years of age. He was there still in 1776, when the Declaration was adopted, engaging with eloquence in the debate. He had already (in June, 1776) been appointed a member of the first Board of War, and from the "War-office, 2 o'clock P.M., Thursday, Nov. 21st, 1776," he wrote as follows to the Council of Safety of Pennsylvania:

"I did myself the honor of writing you about two hours since, informing your honorable body that the members of the board were very ready to confer and co-operate with you in any measure you should think necessary for the defense of this State. The Congress having vested us with all their powers, we beg leave to repeat that we are and shall be ready at all times to meet a committee from your board to consult upon such steps as may require our joint labors. Should you be inclined to hold a conference, you will be pleased to signify the same to me."

A little later Mr. Rutledge was one of a committee to confer with the British Commissioners, on Staten Island, concerning reconciliation. When actual war reached his State he took the field as commander of a company of artillery, and in 1780 was made a prisoner at Charleston, and suffered confinement for a year at St. Augustine, when he was sent to Philadelphia, with many other leading men of his State, and exchanged. He was in the Senate of the United States in 1794, in 1798 was elected Governor of South Carolina, and died at the beginning of the year 1800.

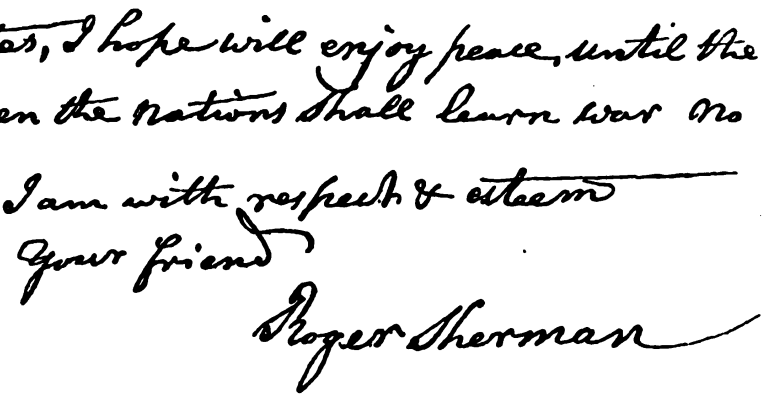
ROGER SHERMAN.

At the business of shoe-making Roger Sherman toiled with filial devotion to support his mother and her smaller children after his father's death, all the while studying hard to acquire knowledge, especially of the science of mathematics. He became surveyor of his county in Connecticut, and for several years furnished the astronomical calculations for an almanac published in New York. After a brief study of law he was admitted to the bar, and was soon in the General Assembly of his State, and a judge on the bench, which office he held nineteen consecutive years.

Judge Sherman was a member of the First Congress, was one of the committee to draft the Declaration of Independence, at the age of fifty-five years, and during the war served faithfully on important committees. He was elected to the Senate of the United States in 1791, wherein he strongly supported the financial schemes of Alexander Hamilton, especially the just one of the assumption of the State debts by the general government.

In a letter from New York in June, 1790, written to William Ellery, after congratulating the latter on his appointment to the office of Collector, and alluding to an interview with Rhode Island Senators, Mr. Sherman said:

"I hope there will be an agreement to provide for the State debts before Congress closes the present session. The matter of weights and measures and coinage was only taken up in Congress and referred to the Secretary of State [Mr. Jefferson]. He has not yet reported upon it, but he lately showed me a report which he had prepared, but I believe no law will be passed upon it this session."



In April, 1792, Congress passed a law for the establishment of a mint, but it was not put into full operation until the beginning of 1795.

After alluding to the French revolution, Mr. Sherman concludes by saying:

"I think it will be an important event to European nations in general, as well as to us. These States, I hope, will enjoy peace until the time when the nations shall learn war no more."

This man of sterling common-sense, whom Jefferson declared to have "never said a foolish thing in his life," and of whom John Adams said, "He was one of the most sensible men in the world—the clearest head and the steadiest heart"—died in New Haven in the summer of 1793.

JAMES SMITH.

A droll, humorous, witty, eccentric, convivial Irishman, of uncouth appearance and drawling words, was James Smith, one of

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P.S. Please to give my best respects to your good Lady Mr Dickinson & spouse & to accept of the same yourself

Pat Smith

the older signers of the Declaration, and who was the only lawyer in York, Pennsylvania, for many years before the Revolution. He was born in Ireland, at what time nobody knew, but probably about the year 1718. He was popular in his neighborhood. He raised the first volunteer company for the war, in Pennsylvania, in 1774, and in the convention of 1775 he resisted the "testimony" of the Quakers against fighting the British oppressors. He was not in Congress when the Declaration was adopted, but was there in time to sign it in August (when he was about sixty-four years of age), and retained a seat there until 1778. After he left that body he wrote the following note (without date) to Charles Thomson, their secretary:

"I sent my account for services in Congress, inclosed to Mr. Wilson, by the bearer, Francis Jones. I am informed you are to tax it, get it allowed by the President (or something, I know not what), and that then (and not otherwise) I will be paid by ye Provincial Treasurer, Dr. Rittenhouse. Be so kind as to do the needful for me."

Mr. Smith wrote an essay on the powers of Great Britain over the colonies, which gave the first strong impulse in favor of independence in Pennsylvania. He died in 1806, at the age of about ninety years.

RICHARD STOCKTON.

In the suburbs of Princeton, New Jersey, is a substantial house on the estate of "Morven," in which Richard Stockton lived and died. He was unrivaled at the bar when the fires of the Revolution were kindled, and in their blaze he suffered terribly in body and estate. After serving his native State, and ascending the bench of the Supreme Court, he was chosen a delegate in Congress in 1776, in time to participate in the debates on the resolution for independence, and to sign the Declaration, at the age of forty-six years.

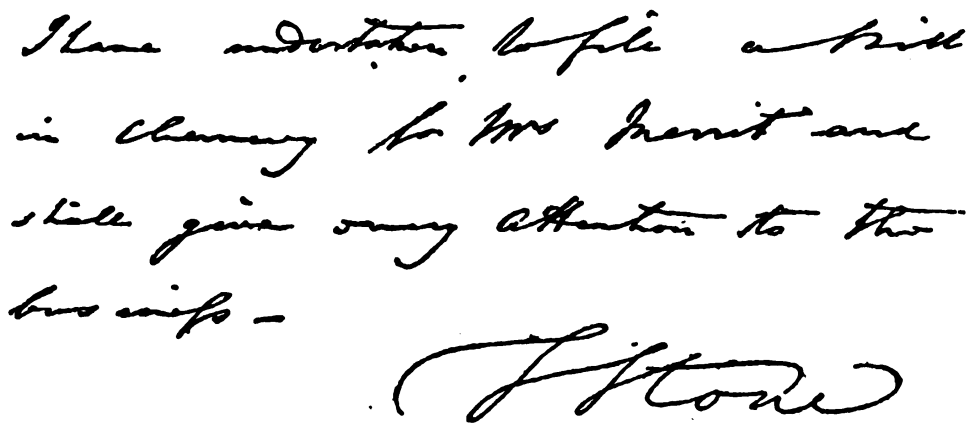
In the autumn of that year disasters befell the Northern Army on Lake Champlain, and Mr. Stockton was appointed one of a committee to inspect that army, and report its state to Congress. When they arrived at Ticonderoga, the head-quarters of General Gates, General Carleton was in possession of Crown Point, which he abandoned on the 3d of November. On the 10th Stockton wrote from Albany to the President of Congress, in behalf of the committee:

"Of this great event you will have received authentic accounts before this can reach you. We returned

This morning we rec^d^ from Genl Gates the ~~letter~~ inclosed Letter with a request that we would immediately forward it to you by express.

Richd Stockton

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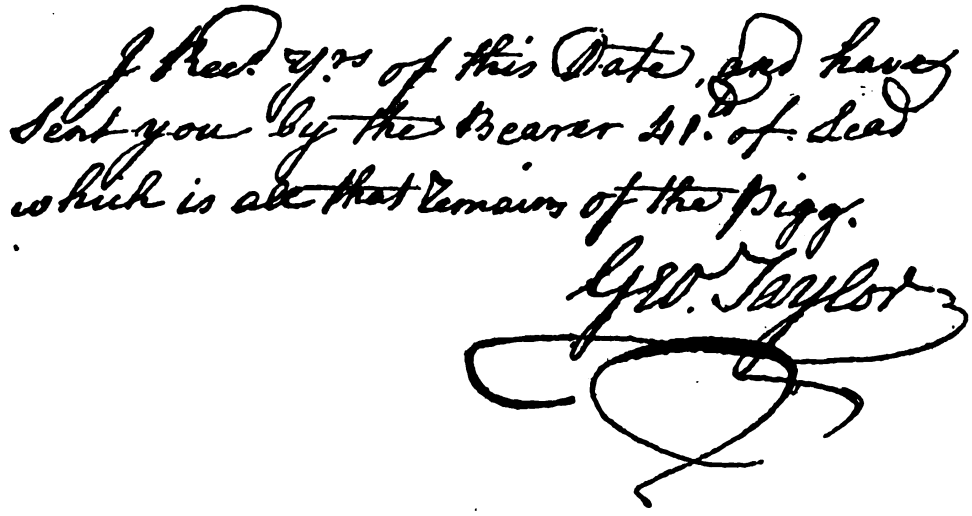
here the evening before the last, and this morning we received from General Gates the inclosed letter, with a request that we would immediately forward it to you by express. We are acquainted with all the contents of it, and had a conference with the commissioners from the Massachusetts Bay, in company with General Gates, before we left Ticonderoga. We did not fail to represent to them, in the strongest terms, our apprehension of the fatal consequences of the measure adopted by the General Court, and advised them by all means to suspend the declaration of these powers until Congress should be advised of this extraordinary step. We left them apparently undetermined, and as to what has followed, General Gates's letter will fully inform you."

The measure alluded to was the offer by the Assembly of Massachusetts of larger bounties for soldiers than Congress had offered. The subject had already excited a good deal of feeling in Congress, and on the day after the above letter was written that body passed a resolution deprecating that action, and expressing the opinion that if soldiers should be enlisted on terms "more advantageous than what are offered to other soldiers serving in the same army, it would much retard, if not totally impede, the enlistment of the latter, and produce discontent and murmurs, unless Congress should equally increase the pay of these," which, in their opinion, "would universally be reprobated as an immoderate expense, and complained of as a grievous burden by those who must bear it."

Immediately after his return to his home, Stockton was seized by some refugee loyalists, carried to New York, and treated with a severity amounting to absolute brutality, which laid the foundation of the disease which ended his life, in 1781. His fine estate was desolated by the enemy at the close of 1776.

THOMAS STONE.

Not a brilliant man, but a most correct, honorable, honest, and patriotic man, was Thomas Stone, of Maryland, a lawyer by profession, who entered Congress in May, 1775. He was descended from Governor Stone, who ruled Maryland in the time of Cromwell's Protectorate. In 1776 he was placed on the committee for devising a plan for a national government, and served diligently and intelligently. When he signed the Declaration he was thirty-three years of age. He was in Congress much of the time



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during the war; and then and afterward he served his State conspicuously in its Legislature.

The only letter of Mr. Stone in the collection before me is a purely business one, on private affairs, written at Annapolis, in November, 1786, in which occurs the sentence here engraved:

"I have undertaken to file a bill in Chancery for Mrs. Merrit, and shall give every attention to the business."

He died the next year.

GEORGE TAYLOR.

Arriving from Ireland penniless, at the age of twenty years, George Taylor commenced life in America as a common laborer in an iron-foundry at Durham, Pennsylvania, the proprietor of which had paid his passage over. He had a good education, and was soon promoted to the position of clerk. Finally he married the widow of his first employer, acquired a fortune, established iron-works on the Lehigh River, and became, in time, a prominent member of the Provincial Assembly. In 1770 he was county judge and colonel of the militia, and on the 20th of July, 1776, he was elected to a seat in Congress, where, eleven days afterward, he signed the Declaration, when he was sixty years of age. He retired from Congress in 1777, and removed to Delaware, but died at Easton in 1781. From that place he wrote a letter to a gentleman at Durham, in September, 1780, on business, in which occurs the sentence engraved:

"I received yours of this date, and have sent you, by the bearer, 41 lbs. of lead, which is all that remains of the pig."

MATTHEW THORNTON.

Equally brief is the autograph note of Matthew Thornton, of New Hampshire. It is simply an order to Colonel Nicholas Gilman, as follows, dated "In Committee of Safety, Exeter, January 20, 1775:"

"You are desired to deliver to Captain Benjamin Titcomb thirty pounds of gunpowder, for the use of his company, and take his receipt for the same."

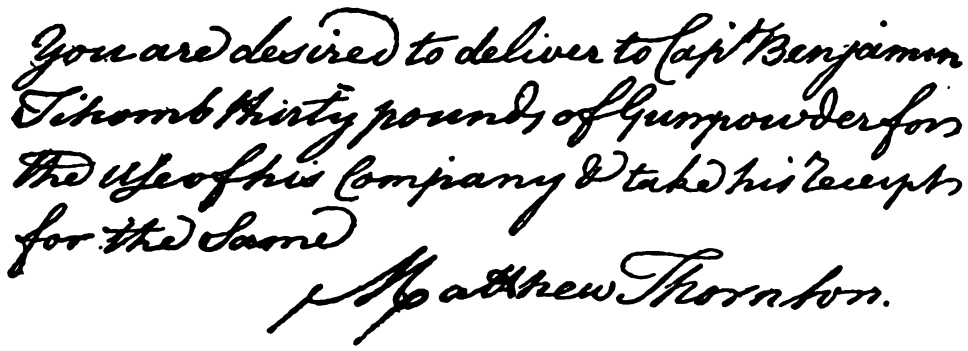
Thornton was also a native of Ireland, where he was born in 1714, and came to America at an early age. He received an academic education at Worcester, Massachusetts; studied medicine, and began its practice at Londonderry, in New Hampshire. He was a surgeon in the provincial army in 1745, and twenty years later presided over the convention which assumed the government of the colony. That was his position when he wrote the above order.

Dr. Thornton was only a short time in Congress, late in 1776, but was allowed to place his signature to the Declaration before the broadsides, mentioned at the beginning of these sketches, were printed. He was a judge of the Supreme Court of New Hampshire at near the close of the war, and served his State in its Legislature and Council. Dr. Thornton died in 1803, at the age of eighty-nine years. Over his grave lies a white marble slab, on which is the best of epitaphs—"AN HONEST MAN."

GEORGE WALTON.

With a hard master, George Walton, a Virginian, learned the trade of a carpenter. His education from books was exceedingly limited, but with a clear brain, good bodily health, and an indomitable will, he conquered obstacles, and rose to distinction. His master would not allow him the use of a candle for reading by, and he substituted pine knots; and at the age of thirty-four years he had completed law studies, and was admitted to the bar in Georgia, in which province he was then residing. He was active in promoting the Revolution in that region; and from February, 1776, until the autumn of 1781, he was a delegate in Congress. Mr. Walton was also in the military service in the defense of Savannah in 1778, where he was dangerously wounded, and was chosen Governor of the State in 1779, and again in 1789. Six times chosen a Representative in Congress, twice Governor of the State, once Senator of the United States, and four times Judge of the Superior Courts, attest the ability of Mr. Walton and the confidence of his fellow-citizens.

It was just after he was chosen Governor of the State by the Legislature at Augusta that Mr. Walton wrote the following letter



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I intend to go at the first opening of the spring; and, should you not go sooner, should be very happy if serving with you

Geo Walton.

to John Houstoun, then in South Carolina, dated at the then Georgia capital, on the 2d of December, 1779:

"The object of the inclosed resolve [of the Georgia Legislature] is to have the great seal in the State. I presume it is in your hands, and therefore request that you will transmit it.

"I am desired to inform you that it is hoped and expected that you will take your place in Congress as soon as possible. I intend to go at the first opening of the spring, and should you not go sooner, should be very happy in serving with you."

Houstoun had been a delegate in Congress, and Walton succeeded him as Governor of Georgia. Fleeing before the British invaders, Governor Houstoun had carried the great seal with him.

Walton was not abstemious in his habits, and living a rather sedentary life, he suffered from gout before he had reached his meridian, and died at the age of sixty-four years.

WILLIAM WHIPPLE.

A sailor in early life, William Whipple, a native of Maine, changed his vocation at the age of twenty-nine, and entered into mercantile business in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. Honest, patriotic, and zealous, he had the confidence of his neighbors when the storm of the Revolution was rising, and they looked to him as a safe pilot. They sent him as a delegate to Congress in 1776, when he was forty-six years of age, where he gladly voted for Lee's resolution, and signed the Declaration. He held a seat there until 1779. Meanwhile he accepted the commission of a brigadier-general, and commanded New Hampshire troops, under Gates, at the battle of Stillwater. He also took part in Sullivan's expedition on Rhode Island the following year. Just before joining that expedition he wrote from Portsmouth (August 2, 1778) to Josiah Bartlett the letter in this collection, which opens with some remarks about Captain Landais (Samuel Adams's friend, already mentioned), who was urging the government to build large ships of war. "These Frenchmen," Whipple wrote, "who are not perfectly acquainted with our language, have a very convenient way of getting over difficulties: when they can not answer your objections, they do not understand you." He felt sure, he said, "that experience would convince them all that this plan for 56-gun ships will never answer our purpose." He thanks Bartlett for his account of the French fleet, which he hoped might meet their ex-

You inclosed a letter directed to Joshua Brackett Esq[r] &c I wish you to recollect & inform me how you came by it —

W[m] Whipple

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pectations. "But," he said, "I am very apprehensive that unless they are very quick in their actions, a fleet from Britain will be alongside of them before they are ready to receive them." He alludes to a requisition lately made upon New Hampshire for troops by Sullivan, and the fact that the State was "drained of men," and declared that so many were in the public service and in privateering that there were "hardly any males left. If we send any more soldiers," he continued, "I believe they must be females. We may spare a considerable number of that sort, and have enough left for breeders." He concluded by saying, "You inclosed a letter directed to Joshua Baskett, Esq., etc.; I wish you could recollect and inform me how you came by it."

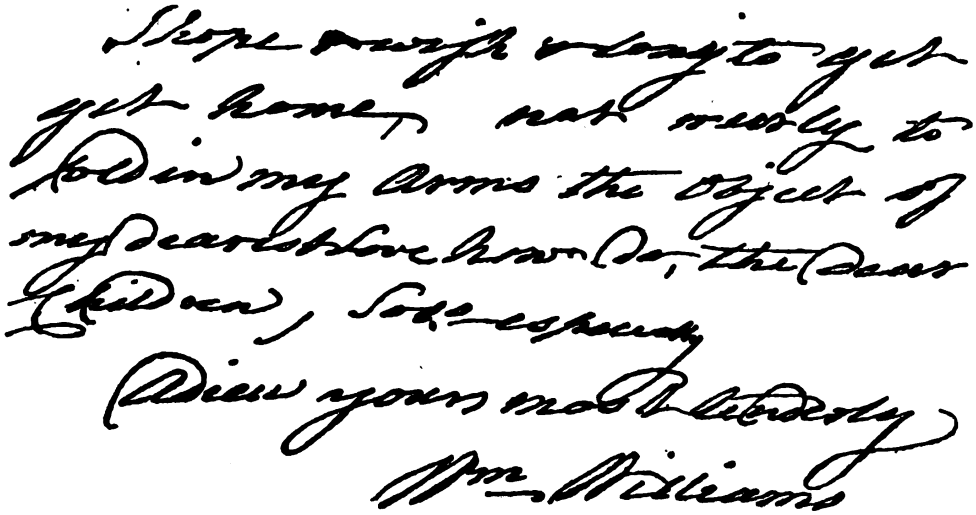
The French fleet alluded to was D'Estaing's, which had arrived off the harbor of Newport four or five days before this letter was written. A British squadron, under Howe, soon appeared. D'Estaing went out, and while both fleets were manœuvring for an advantage a gale came on, damaged nearly all the vessels, and the French were of no use to Sullivan.

ence, and helped the cause by well-written essays.

Mr. Williams served in the Legislature of his State through many terms. While he was so engaged, in May, 1783, he wrote to his wife (who was the second daughter of Governor Trumbull) from Hartford, chiefly on the subject of legislative proceedings, in which he referred to scolding about taxation, the ways and means for paying the public debts, and the extravagant sums as salaries paid by Congress. "But it signifies nothing to tell you," he said, "about disputes you are so little acquainted with;" and concluded with these words, "I hope and wish and long to get home, most sincerely to fold in my arms the object of my dearest love. Kiss, do, the dear children, sons especially!"

JAMES WILSON.

Powerful in mind and body was James Wilson, a Lowland Scotsman, who stood erect and dignified, six feet in height. He was educated in Glasgow and Edinburgh, and reached Philadelphia at the beginning of 1766, with excellent letters of recommendation, when he was chosen classical teacher

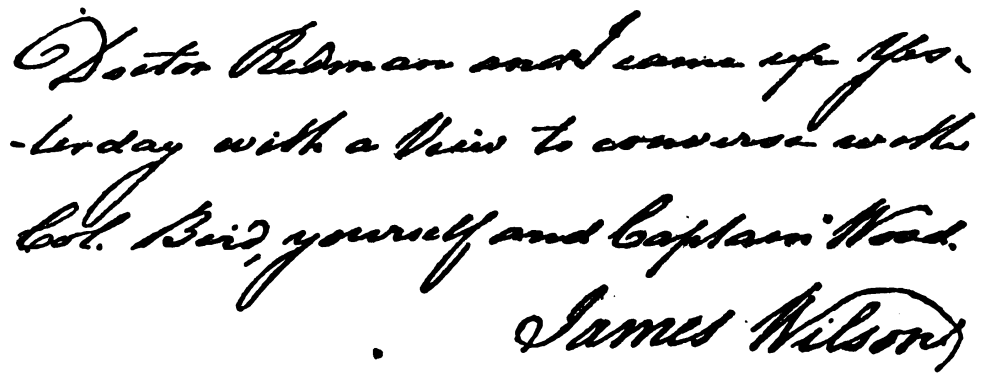


WILLIAM WILLIAMS.

On the staff of Colonel Ephraim Williams, who was killed in battle near Lake George in 1755, was William Williams, a handsome youth of middle stature, from Lebanon, Connecticut, where he was born, and where he died. At the age of twenty-five years he began a political career as town-clerk—a career which was untainted by selfishness. He worked ardently with fellow-patriots of his State in opposing the unrighteous measures of the British ministry, and was at one time Speaker of the Connecticut Assembly. As a member of the Continental Congress in 1776, he advocated with his powerful and persuasive voice the resolution for independ-

in the College of Philadelphia. He studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1768, when he was about twenty-six years of age. He wrote and published his sentiments freely concerning the contest with Great Britain, and took an active part in the opening scenes of the Revolution. Entering Congress in 1775, he took decided ground in favor of independence, and in opposition to most of his colleagues who represented Pennsylvania, Mr. Wilson voted for independence, and signed the Declaration. He served his country with distinction all through the war, and was one of the framers of the national Constitution. Two years later he was elevated to the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States, and in 1790 was appointed

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Professor of Law in the University of Pennsylvania.

Mr. Wilson's letter in the collection before me is a strictly private one, written at Belleville, New Jersey, in September, 1786, to William Little, in which occurs this sentence:

"Dr. Redman and I came up yesterday with a view to converse with Colonel Bird, yourself, and Captain Wood."

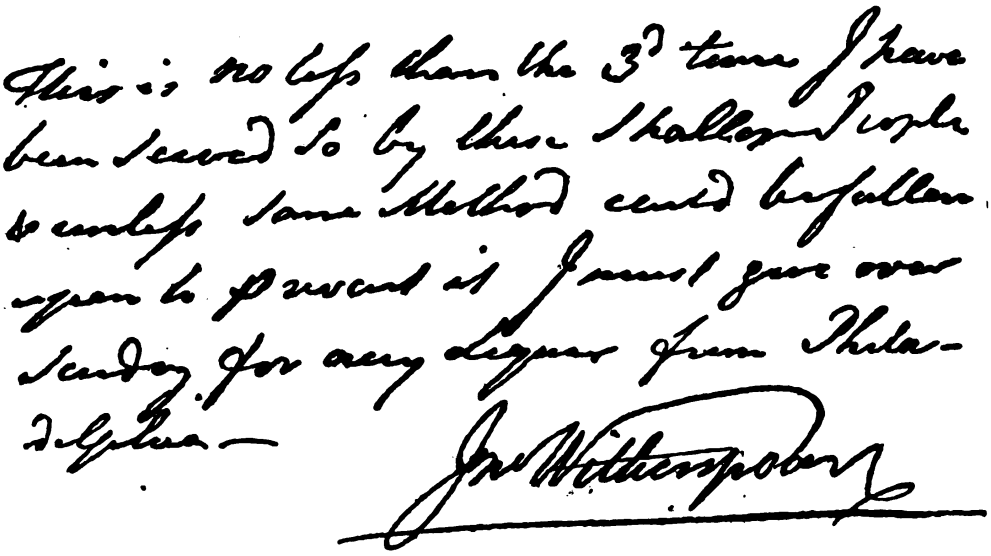
Dr. Redman was the first president of the College of Physicians, Philadelphia. Mr. Wilson was a man of strong convictions and indomitable will. His self-reliance was remarkable, and his persistence in acting in accordance with his convictions often involved him in the consequences of serious misunderstandings with colleagues and opponents.

JOHN WITHERSPOON.

Dr. Witherspoon's letter in this collection shows that the tall, dignified Scotsman, a doctor of divinity and then president of the College of New Jersey, suffered great tribulations in procuring liquor for his toddy, and reflects seriously upon the dealers in that commodity, or their agents, in the "Quaker City." Under date of "Princeton, March 9, 1770," he wrote to William Semple, a merchant in Philadelphia:

"I received yours of the 7th just now, and find that you sent the spirits away full, but they were very deficient when they came here; and I am likewise of opinion that if they were good, what remains have been greatly vitiated in quality. I wish I could know how to judge that certainly, by your sending a small quantity of the same spirits here safely. This is no less than the third time I have been served so by these shallop people, and unless some method could be fallen upon to prevent it, I must give over sending for any liquor from Philadelphia. The pens I have received. Let me know whose shallop the spirits were sent by. Whatever the event is, the quantity is large, and the gentlemen who are to take their part, I am afraid, will be disappointed."

Dr. Witherspoon was then nearly fifty years of age, having been born near Edinburgh in 1722, a lineal descendant of John Knox. After serving as chaplain under the young Pretender, suffering imprisonment until after the battle of Culloden, and officiating as a parish minister for a while, he was called to the presidency of the college at Princeton in 1767. He gave new life to that institution. The early and vigorous part which he took in the controversy with Great Britain made him a leading patriot in New Jersey, and he took a seat in Congress in time to sign the Declaration. In that



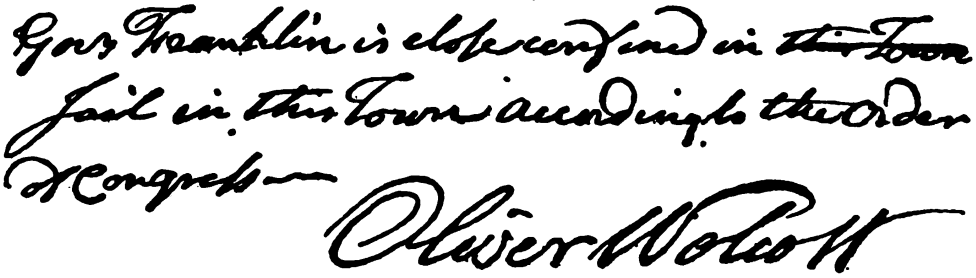
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Congress he served faithfully for six years, for the war had dispersed the students of his college. At the age of seventy he married a young lady of twenty-three, and two years afterward he died.

OLIVER WOLCOTT.

While he was employed at home collecting and sending men to the Northern Army in the late spring and summer of 1777, Oliver Wolcott wrote a long letter to William Ellery, of Rhode Island, in his rambling handwriting, and not always lucid style, in which he touched upon various current topics. It was written from Litchfield in May, and opens with the announcement that he had just returned from the Congress at Baltimore to his "country mansion," where he hoped "to enjoy a little respite from the noise and villainy of the world—the world, which is justly called the school of wrong, and he is regarded as a most idle proficient in it, who has not only been too severely instructed in its precepts, but has a mind so tutored as to be altogether inclined to distinguish himself by such low-lived roguery as will give him the reputation of a man of ability among the knaves of his own class."

Mr. Wolcott speaks of the "Danbury affair"—the destructive incursion of Governor Tryon—and says, "Governor Franklin is close confined in jail in this town, according to the order of Congress." He was a son of Dr. Franklin, royal Governor of New Jersey, and a bitter Tory.



Mr. Wolcott's remarks about rascality were prefatory to the main topic of his letter, which is occupied with the subject of a slander, the author of which he suspects was an officer of the Continental army, "whose malice and falsehood were never yet rivaled by any man." He seems by the context to point to Benedict Arnold.

Mr. Wolcott was then fifty years of age, a native of Connecticut, and son of Governor Roger Wolcott. He had been a captain in the French and Indian war, a judge of the Court of Common Pleas, and a Commissioner of Indian Affairs. Having entered Congress in 1776, he signed the Declaration with alacrity, for he was warmly in favor of the measure. In the autumn after the above letter was written he was at the head of Connecticut volunteers, assisting in the capture of Burgoyne. A year before his death, in 1797, he was elected Governor of his native State. In person he was tall and erect, with a sedate countenance, and his manners were gentle and polite.

GEORGE WYTHE.

Instructed by his mother, a woman of great strength of mind and singular attainments in learning, George Wythe received the rudiments of an education which was afterward neglected. But his powerful mind soon supplied this defect, and he became one of the most accomplished Latin and Greek scholars in the country. At a very early age his mind was stored with all kinds of useful knowledge, and not long after he entered upon the profession of the law he stood at the head of the bar in his section of his native Virginia. An early advocate of the rights of the people, he was made their representative in Congress in 1775, and with Jefferson (his pupil) and others he was appointed to revise the laws of Virginia soon after he had signed the Declaration. For full twenty years he was Chancellor of Virginia.

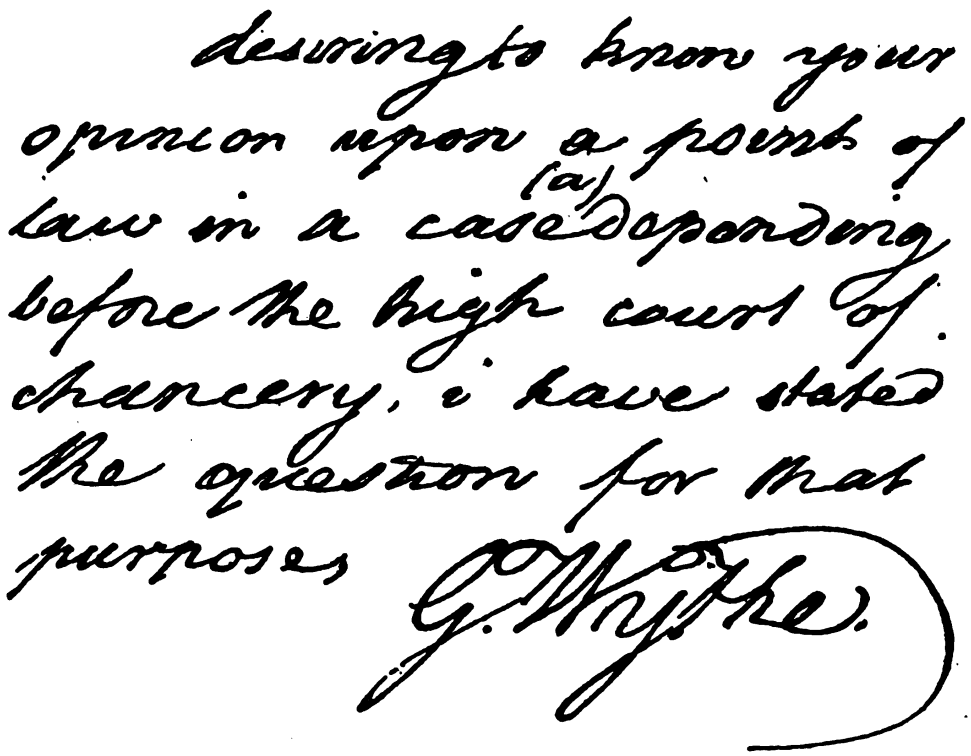
Mr. Wythe seldom used capital letters in writing, excepting at the beginning of sentences, and sometimes not even then. In this respect his habit was an exception to a common rule. He carried the matter so far as to use the small i in the first person, as seen in the following letter written to Chief Justice Mercer in June, 1789:

"desiring to know your opinion upon a point of law in a case depending before the high court of chancery, i have stated the question for that purpose, and directed the clerk of that court to wait on you with it. i am, with undissembled veneration," etc.

For several years in early manhood Mr. Wythe lived a life of extravagance and dissipation, but at the age of thirty he changed his course, and from that time until his death, in 1806, when he was eighty years old, his career was exemplary. He was poisoned. The person suspected of giving him the drug was tried and acquitted.

The signers of the Declaration of Independence were all natives of the American soil with the exception of eight. Sixteen of them were from the Eastern, or New England, colonies, fourteen from the Middle,

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and eighteen from the Southern colonies. One was a native of Maine, nine were natives of Massachusetts, two of Rhode Island, four of Connecticut, three of New Jersey, five of Pennsylvania, two of Delaware, five of Maryland, nine of Virginia, and four of South Carolina. Two were born in England, three in Ireland, two in Scotland, and one was born in Wales.

Twenty-seven of the Signers had been regularly graduated in colleges, or about one-half. Twenty others had received an academic education, and the remainder had each been taught at a plain school or at home. Of the fifty-six Signers twenty-five had studied the institutions of Great Britain while sojourning in that country. All had something to lose if the struggle should result in failure to them. Many of them were very wealthy, and, with very few exceptions, all of them were blessed with a competence.

Thirty-four of the Signers were lawyers, thirteen were planters or farmers, nine were merchants, five were physicians, two were mechanics, one was a clergyman, one a mason, and one a surveyor. The youngest member of Congress when the Declaration was signed (Rutledge) was twenty-seven years of age; the oldest one (Dr. Franklin) was seventy. Forty-two of the fifty-six were between thirty and fifty years of age; the average age of all was forty-three years and ten months.

Not one of the Signers ever fell from the high estate to which that great act had elevated him. It has been well said that "the annals of the world can present no political body the lives of whose members, minutely traced, exhibit so much of the zeal of the patriot, dignified and chastened by the virtues of the man."

IMPROVISATIONS.—VIII.

THOUGH thy constant love I share,
Yet its gift is rarer;
In my youth I thought thee fair;
Thou art older and fairer!

Full of more than young delight
Now day and night are;
For the presence, then so bright,
Is closer, brighter.

In the haste of youth we miss
Its best of blisses:
Sweeter than the stolen kiss
Are the granted kisses.

Dearer than the words that hide
The love abiding
Are the words that fondly chide
When love needs chiding.

Higher than the perfect song
For which love longeth
Is the tender fear of wrong
That never wrongeth.

She whom youth alone makes dear
May a while seem nearer:
Thou art mine so many a year,
The older, the dearer!

BAYARD TAYLOR.

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THE REPUBLICAN MOVEMENT IN EUROPE.

By EMILIO CASTELAR.

[Eighth Paper.]

III.—THE GERMANIC PEOPLES.—(*Continued.*)

CURRENTS of opposing ideas contested the reactionary power of the historic school. Against the system which converted man into a mere continuer of past life, into a slave of the ancient times and traditions, the rational and philosophical protest took ground, revindicating the human personality and its rights. However little we study the German movement, we observe these two great benefits rendered to science and to universal politics: the creation of the free and responsible personality, bearing the double seal of its divine origin and purpose; the scientific explanation of that interior law of right which claims as justly due to every man the full consecration of his faculties in the midst of society.

A distinguished diplomatist, philosopher, philologist, and historian, a man of universal aptitudes, brother of the naturalist Humboldt, the constant friend of kings, and devoted to the emancipation of the people—by one of those contradictions so frequent in Germany—a diplomate who had studied through a long series of close observations the revolution in France, the republic in Switzerland, liberty in England, art in Italy, history in Spain, which he had followed from the first words which escaped from the Basques on their cliffs to the last monuments left by the Arabs on the plains of Andalusia, in the light of all science he studied politics also, and denied that man is subjected to the traditions of his fathers as the stone is subjected to the laws of gravity. He recognizes in his soul the divine origin of conscience, and in his heart the human sentiment of liberty. He counsels him to establish himself in the strength of his sacred rights, and through this establishment of his sovereign will to educate himself by the inspirations of his own thought, seeking that native science which every man carries within himself, to expand with the development of all his faculties. For art, science, industry, politics, all good things—the *ensemble* of human purposes—are better attained if, in place of confiding the direction of life to governments which oppress and destroy his activity, and consequently the creative virtue of his labor, he trusts himself to his own natural spontaneity. Break the historical chain which binds man in arbitrary states; unite him through relations of law with other men. From our organism to our ideas, every thing in man needs society, which is the completion of his life through communication with his like. But the state, substituting its artificial laws for the laws of right, in place of strengthening, suppresses society. Therefore it is necessary to leave to the citizens the most complete liberty of action; to reduce the state to the simple duty of maintaining the general security; to prevent it from debauching religion and morals by converting them into police ordinances; to confine it within its sphere, so that it shall not transform the most laudable actions into mechanical routine, nor withdraw public education from its humane and universal ends to subject it to purely official ideas or interests.

It is true that Humboldt, after having thus defined the nature of the state, cares little for its organization. The forms of government are to him completely indifferent. But it did not escape his observation that every state reduced to the sole function of public security can only be well organized in the republican form. Give liberty, natural right, and emancipated conscience—the material of free societies—and you will see how promptly will come the organization of the republic. I have always execrated that indifference for forms which I consider the result of the greatest sophism of our time. Can a form be called indifferent when it is a revelation of all that is intelligible? I believe that the form represents in nature and in science the same which the Divine Word represents in religion—the first and most fundamental of all categories. You must reduce your thoughts to form, not only to communicate them to humanity, but to put them in order and divide them into classes; for the form belongs to the category of order; and from the point where order and form become indifferent to you you will be also indifferent to the series of the plants in botany, the zoological scale divided into species and families of diverse organisms, the heavenly space sown with constellations combined by the varying distances of the stars—all scientific systems which are reduced to a series of ideas. Social culture, the education of the human race, never could have been without this mysterious form of speech, articulated by the lips, caught by the vibrating air which bears on wings slighter than the transparent wings of the butterfly all ideas—that is to say, the whole weight of infinity. What is the difference between organic and inorganic matter? Difference of form. And would you say that the iron hid in the bowels of the earth is worth as much as the iron dissolved in the veins of man—the phosphorus decomposed into an *ignis fatuus* on battle-fields as that taken up by the growing grain and digested into nu-

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triment for the brain, the temple of human thought? A mere form separates the monstrous Indian idols in Oriental pagodas from the Venus of Milo, the loveliest of goddesses, on whose lips all nature smiles, in whose eyes sparkles the ideal, in whose breast are generations of poetry and art; and these two forms, the first the spawn of the materialist pantheism, the second the divine daughter of Greek individuality, represent to all ages and generations the almost divine transfiguration of the human spirit.

The ideas of form are to politics as essential as number and lines to mathematics; as time, space, force, and magnitude to astronomy. If there is no essential difference between the republic and the monarchy, between the supreme power designated by the people or transmitted by inheritance, there is also no difference between municipal councils chosen by the citizens or by a governor of the province; between a chamber elected by the voters or by kings; between tribunals of associate judges or of only one, movable or for life, composed of judges of law or of popular juries; and, from one indifference to another, we would become at last indifferent to liberty and justice. The republic is the whole political, social, legislative organism. For that reason the republic is a new substance, a new life. To ignore this is to ignore also the rudiments of political science. That, certainly, was not unnoticed by Humboldt, when he guarded with such care the manuscript of his essay on *The Limits of the State*, which did not appear until fifteen years after his death. He doubtless feared to displease his friends the kings, who would have deduced with more implacable logic its immediate consequence, that is to say, that this great natural liberty, and this state so arranged to respect it, could not exist, except in the bosom of the republic.

This period contributed to the rise of liberal ideas and a sense of liberty in Germany. Above the tendencies of the purely historic school to justify ancient institutions predominated the tendency of the purely philosophical school to elevate natural right in the conscience, which, transformed thereby, should incarnate it in reality. Goethe, who, in spite of his Olympian indifference, took a lively interest in the problems of his time, criticised the historical school sharply, and opposed it by the fundamental thought of the philosophical school, in one of the most interesting scenes of his poem, the dialogue of the student and Mephistopheles. Says the evil spirit, in his bitter criticism:

"All rights and laws are still transmitted,
Like an eternal sickness of the race,
From generation unto generation fitted,
And shifted round from place to place.
Reason becomes a shame, beneficence a worry;
Thou art a grandchild, therefore woe to thee!
The right born with us, ours in verity;
This to consider, there's, alas! no hurry."

The poet was right. Humanity can not live merely in history. It is vain to attempt to forget what man has been, but also vain to attempt to prevent new ideas from rapidly condensing into great institutions, and nature from recovering its rights. The critical individualist philosophy, nevertheless, exaggerates the personal right of man. A reaction of nature and society against this intrenchment of man within himself, which was a necessity of the historical period, but not a necessity of all times—for this quality is reserved solely to absolute truth—a reaction of nature must come against this egotheistic science. The representative of this reaction was called Jacobi, a philosopher with the style of a poet; a man of letters, inspired in philosophical abstractions; Protestant in sentiment and rationalist by profession; a thinker almost ascetic in his natural inclinations, and a merchant by trade; devoted to all the mysteries of faith, and borne on by all the audacity of speculation; a republican by his intellectual culture, through his intercourse with the ideas of Rousseau, yet a counselor of those feudal dukes of old Germany—Jacobi, who was thus drawn by so many forces opposed to the reality, was the philosopher destined to revindicate the science of reality, lifting sentiment to the rank of criterion.

In his opposition to Fichte, whom he made the Messiah of Idealism, of which he considered the great Kant merely the John Baptist—a judgment not confirmed by posterity—he proclaims the purest faith in the immediate conscience. Thus the speculative philosophy can never know any thing of God, for God is an object of faith, but not an object of reason or of science. All philosophy must concentrate itself in the inner thought, and recognize the spirit as the subject and object at once of science. But above philosophy is absolute truth—real truth separated from purely speculative science. We comprehend nothing but what we create. Things are not comprehensible until they are transformed into ideas, and enter as ideas into the mind. The human soul in itself is not comprehensible except as a mere notion. Transcendental philosophy has demonstrated the vanity of metaphysics, and has rendered the service of returning reason to faith, and of raising above the shadows formed by pure ideas the firm and solid ground of reality.

Jacobi exaggerated the ideas of Fichte and Kant to combat their systems, which, socially considered, gave to our consciousness the highest idea of its own dignity. But while he combated two systems of liberal tendencies, he also combated the Spinozism in which the individual is effaced as merely an attribute of the one primitive, immutable being, which is revealed in its two essential forms—sensation and thought.

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At the same time he combated that system which Proudhon attempted later to justify in his subtle treatise *Of Peace and of War* —that system of desolate despotism which considered man as given up to the necessity of perpetual struggle, like the beasts in the forests, and needing the iron hand of despotism to enable them to live in peace.

And after having combated these systems contrary to human liberty, he establishes political principles which may serve as the soul of all true democracy. It is true that the historical circumstances in which he published these opinions led him into some errors. It was the second half of the last century. Kings had succeeded in founding their absolute authority above the ruins of the Church which had consecrated them and nourished them in its cradle. The tragic scene of the dissolution of the Templars was reproduced in the dissolution of the Jesuits. Monarchs conspired, like the ancient Cæsars, to be emperors, generals, and high-priests—concentrating the human and Divine forces in their own authority. The philosopher, pained by this spectacle, and fearing a despotism which could uproot even the freedom of the human conscience, declared himself for ultramontanism against the regalists—for the popes against the kings. But the philosopher was not right in his preference. It is true that the European theocracy gave suck to modern civilization. The Church is the nurse of our spirit. But when it had fulfilled its transitory destiny of beginning the education of modern society, the Church ought to have disappeared as a political authority, and military feudalism should be considered as a progress—as an advance upon theocracy. And how much more should modern civil monarchies be so considered! Theocracy tyrannizes the will, the thought, the conscience, the state, the home, and its tyranny does not even pause at the gates of the tomb. It is wonderful that men of intelligence do not see the results of social transformations. The philosophic kings of the last century went forward against their will to offer their homage at the cradle of liberty—as the royal magi of the Gospel at the cradle of the Saviour.

Apart from these historical errors, the principles of Jacobi—although they have more of a moral than a political character —are essentially liberal, and even republican. Instinct finds means to maintain the society of animals in peace, he says; and shall not reason find means to maintain in peace the society of men? Order should be allied with liberty. Society can not exist without order, nor man without liberty. The world should be ruled by impersonal and inviolable justice. The state does engender right, and should be restricted to the function of taking care of the public security. The mechanism of society has its own forces and natural laws, like that of the universe. This natural mechanism of society should not be deranged by the artificial regulations of governments. Natural laws conserve and arbitrary laws limit liberty. Sovereignty resides in the living will of the people. Despotism is injurious even when it forces men to virtue; for virtue ceases to be such when it is not the conscientious work of the human will. Force should never be employed but to restrain disturbing passions. Man, given up to his liberty, will succeed in conforming his social life to the eternal reason.

Great efforts were made by the philosopher of sentiment to produce a reaction against the abstract philosophy and the exaggerated individualism of Fichte, but the greatest effort and the greatest impulse were to come from another savant—from Schelling. He was at once an original philosopher, an inspired poet, and eloquent orator. His speeches, warmed by a glowing fancy, shone red-hot before his auditory, at times dazzled and at times ecstatic, but always admiring. The former philosophy seemed like those lofty regions of the air, desolate, solitary, where sound is extinguished in the rarefied atmosphere, and the human body sweats blood. It was necessary for thought to descend to reality, to the earth, to live in the warmth of universal life, to bathe itself in the ether; to unbend, like the ancient fauns, its spirit in the fields, and celebrate once more its nuptials with nature. Such a science is partly poetry; such a philosopher needs something of the prophet. The ancient eloquence was born anew in his speech. His lips seemed perfumed by the honey of Hybla, and fresh from Platonic colloquies in Attic academies. That artistic genius which wandered in the gardens of Florence in the times of the Renaissance, which impelled the chisels of the sculptors, and mixed the colors on those magic palettes—that vivifying genius animated the eloquence of this priest and interpreter of nature. The time was prepared for a reaction toward real life. The retorts of the chemists were decomposing into gases the pure elements of Aristotle; electricity was sparkling tamely in our hands, which, armed with the recently discovered galvanism, were striving to lend movement to inert matter, life to dead bodies; and the magnetic fluid revealed in the midst of fables, of enchantments, brought new magic into the midst of the universe, as if the planet were about to bloom with more exuberant life, and to enter into more splendid heavens. Among these revelations of matter there appeared this genius of mystic tendencies, of Platonic accent, the manner of an Oriental seer, a Gnostic, like those who composed philters for the conscience from the residuum of all systems and the

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fragments of all ideas. He came to raise above experience, above reason, above the mathematical standard of criticism, the half-divine intuition, the criterion which had believed itself supernatural, the property of angels, because they alone might sound the depths of being in itself, and embrace the infinite and rich variety in the absolute unity of the universe.

All knowledge supposes two terms—the object, known in itself, and the representation of the object in the intelligence. Knowledge in general is the result of the terms of contact between intelligible things and the human understanding. The sciences of observation investigate what is most intellectual, nearest the spirit in nature. Thus the universe is idealized. The sciences of pure investigation tend to the contrary, making the internal laws of the spirit exterior, making the soul objective in creation. Metaphysical science, the experimental sciences, demonstrate that the laws of the universe are also laws of the consciousness, and the reverse. Common-sense never could comprehend that the exterior world issues from spirit; and spirit, in turn, could never condescend to recognize that it proceeds from the exterior world, that it issues from nature as a river from the mountain. But there is a principle which contains these two principles—the absolute. There is a philosophy capable of conciliating these opposites—the philosophy of identity. The absolute contains in itself knowledge and existence, the subjective and the objective, the soul and nature, the real and the ideal. The power of the absolute creates, in the real, matter with its gravitation; and in the ideal, science with its principles: in the real, light and movement; in the ideal, religion and faith: in the real, life with its organisms; and in the ideal, art with its inspirations. By its real power the absolute produces that ensemble of things bound and fettered by law, that whole, which is called the universe; and by its ideal power the absolute produces that other ensemble of arts, of sciences, of religions, and of states, called history. After constant exertions, uninterrupted combats, successive elaborations, the real produces that existence which comprehends in itself all others, the crown of human nature—Man; and after wars, conflicts, Titanic labors, in which that eternal Prometheus, the human race, now rises to heaven, now falls enchained, the ideal produces that superior organism which contains in itself all social organisms—the State. After having produced in the sphere of reality man, and in the sphere of ideality the state, the absolute is reconcentrated in itself, and arrives at full consciousness of itself through reason and through philosophy.

The absolute is the total. Every contingent existence possesses relative totality. In the beginning was ether, and nothing besides. Within the ether was the potentiality of every thing. Then the Divine Word sounded in the infinite space. The molecules awakened. The force of expansion disseminated them in whirlwinds, and another force of attraction condensed them in bodies. Matter came forth, and, subject to divers conditions, took on different forms. The force of repulsion launched the worlds far from the centre; another force of attraction recalled them to the centre. Without attraction, the world would have returned to the void; without repulsion, to chaos. The primitive forces of nature are the fluids, electric, magnetic, caloric, and luminous. All the fluids bear within themselves an opposition, an antithesis. The various fluids are, after all, identical, being various manifestations of the forces of the same fluid. But the opposition is universal. Oxygen is the gas of life, and carbonic acid the gas of death. There is this contradiction in the air, like that of the positive and negative fluids in electricity. The great office of the celestial mechanism is to maintain the equilibrium of the stars—the equilibrium between repulsion and attraction. The great office of the earth is to maintain equilibrium in the atmosphere between oxygen, azote, and carbonic acid. To this end contribute storms and rains. The vegetable world is the great laboratory of gas. Organisms are divided in their turn into two opposite organisms through the two sexes. Life, which spreads itself invisibly through immensity, is revealed in organisms, as the dew, invisible in the air, is condensed in liquid brilliancy on the leaves of the tree, the calyx of the flower. Organisms are subjected to the laws of the homogeneous and the heterogeneous, as the cosmos to continual creation and continual destruction. But life rises continually, becomes ethereal, and attains to the mind of man. It sleeps in the stone, dreams in the animal, wakes and thinks in the spirit. The primitive unity reappears. But that unity which was the unformed ether in desert space is, in the plenitude of life, the spirit and its conscience.

The real is developed in the universe, the ideal in history. These two spheres of the development of the absolute at first view are dissimilar. In the universe, human forces do not control; every thing subjects itself to inevitable laws: but in history, on the contrary, every fact proceeds from the will. In the universe, phases of life succeed each other normally; animals are born and die; plants spring forth, grow, fructify; the seasons are repeated at the same periods: in history, on the other hand, ideas shine forth and are extinguished; passions are loosened and restrained; combats are undertaken and concluded; institutions are born and die; the luminous works of art, of science,

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of heroism, appear and disappear; and no understanding can comprehend the mysterious laws of all these events, sprinkled by our will in the four corners of the horizon.

The universe is the region of necessity, and history is the region of liberty. Every idea is a sun in its own centre, but depending from another distant sun, toward which it gravitates—God. Every will is sovereign, but subjected to moral laws whose fulfillment can not be so necessary on the part of men as the fulfillment of the natural law among things. While the infinite is concentrated in beings, in individuals, in the finite, the concrete, within the universe; in history the finite and the limited, the individual, tends to the infinite, to the absolute, to the eternal; and thus in all the spheres of life is felt the universal aspiration for the supreme good and perfect beauty.

But the religious, the moral life is not all. There is also the public, social life. The state is a living image animated by reason, an organism where the two fundamental laws of the ideal and the real are conjoined —the liberty of history and the necessity of nature. The human will, the resultant of individual wills, does not create the state, which would then be solely an agglomeration of individuals, and which might be dissolved at the will of the citizens. The pact, the convention, far from creating the state, only disturb it or make it impossible. The state is an organism, and, like every organism, has its purpose within itself. It exists independent of the human will, and it unites the social and the individual life, the public and the private life, as it unites liberty and necessity. The state, as it is the incarnation of public reason, passes through grades of various forms till it attains the limit of perfection, which it can never pass.

Art is the permanent revelation of God. To reveal himself God chooses his prophets, the true kings by divine right—the geniuses who make the infinite visible and palpable, and incarnate it in all consciences, communicate it to all generations; knowing by superhuman intuition how to touch the mind and heart, to unite sentiment and reason, to speak to men of superior mind and to the blind multitude, to found and establish the divine religion of the ideal beauty. But if art is the permanent revelation of God, history is the permanent and successive realization of right, of the notion which most contributes to human perfection. History is progressive, and passes from necessity to fatality, from fatality to Providence; and the measure of progress is found in the grade of perfection which is reached by the notion and the realization of right. The human race goes slowly but surely to the attainment of right, and no generation can break the course of this idea, which has been indicated beforehand in the march of human progress. At the point of departure of humanity is found the notion of right, and at the end its realization. The union of all peoples in one people, of all states in one state, natural law for the only code, justice for king, good for the purpose of life—this is the ideal completely and fully realized. But man is not the absolute master of himself, because laws foreign to him, superior to him, control him. Intoxicated with liberty, satisfied with himself, believing himself the numerator and the measure of all things, counting upon his sovereignty in nature, he goes forward as if to extend his hand over the universe, until implacable necessity, seated above the worlds, assigns to him his limit, as to the star its orbit, and its bed to the ocean. Every individual has an exclusive vocation. He enters the world as if he were alone in it, uses his liberty as if it were sovereign, makes of his desires the universal aspiration of all created things, and of his interests the interests of man, until the relation of men with each other obliges him, if he would not attract a necessary punishment, to unite his life with the entire social life, and harmonize his particular will with the public will. As two forces sustain the universe, two forces sustain humanity. In the former they are called attraction and repulsion; in the latter they are called liberty and Providence. Under these necessary laws man will realize in gradual succession his rights.

And is this philosophy reactionary? Could this philosophy, whose fundamental points we have exposed, be considered in Germany a philosophy of retrogression? Among peoples accustomed to the intolerance of the Catholic Church, would not a system of the identity between the laws of the universe and the laws of the spirit pass for a system of rationalism? This alone would prove the supremacy of Germany over other peoples in scientific liberty, in respect to the thought of her savants. But there is no doubt that the philosophy of Schelling is reactionary. The republic which Kant presents as assuring perpetual peace is succeeded by the proscription of the general will and of democracy. The republican form is offered as presiding over a period of historic fatality, the monarchy as presiding over the period of Providence. The individual liberty of Fichte, which elevates the conscience so far as to heat it in the fire of divinity, which dignifies human thought so far as to make it the soul of every thing, which strengthens the will in the heroism of sovereign independence, which protests against the tyranny of facts in its impatience to realize justice, is succeeded by this idea of necessity, called forth untimely to remind the sovereign man, exalted by this new life of liberty, of his sad dependence upon nature and history. Then this same idea of progress in

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such vigorous gradations, such closely linked series, requires that generations shall not pass from one stage of right to another without the general enlightenment of the reason and public will. What has become of the old, generous impatience for the realization of good? But, further, this idea of the state existing for itself requires that the citizens, instead of realizing their purpose with free and divine volition, shall be content to realize the end preconceived by the state. This state has a species of divine character like the ancient monarchies. It elevates itself in history to the same region as humanity in the universe. It rejects the general will, democracy, and confounds it with despotism. It resolves itself into a universal monarchy. It is confounded with society at large, and there is no greater error than this, because the state thus attributes to itself the power to regulate all the manifestations of life from religion to labor, whereas the human ends of justice can not be fulfilled except by the human means of liberty.

The German monarchies, with that instinct of self-preservation possessed by old and worn-out institutions, took possession of Schelling, to make of him a philosopher of authority. The King of Bavaria took him from the University of Jena, where he had taught with such brilliancy, to the University of Würzburg. From this university he passed to Munich, the second capital of German Catholicism and of reaction, which had their first capital in Vienna. The teachings of Schelling there took on every day an aspect more religious and mystic—less rational and human. During the time when the true philosophy of progress—the philosophy of Hegel—dominated in Germany, Schelling was silent for a series of years. At first the fellow-student of Hegel, and afterward his master, the philosopher of nature confessed that his fundamental thought lived in the doctrines of the pupil, though changed by successive developments and various applications. At the death of Hegel, who during all his life had concealed the transcendence of his ideas by great concessions to the Prussian monarchy, Schelling was called from Munich to Berlin, that he might with all his power and authority oppose the revolutionary and realist perturbations caused among the youth by the philosophy of the absolute. From that moment he was no more than the priest of a religious, political, scientific reaction. There was in his doctrine and in his eloquence something of the neo-pagan disorder, its magic, and its mythology; of that endeavor to check the necessary transformations of the human conscience by an appeal to the voice of nature invested with a mystic fantasy, and by an artificial revival of the genius of the gods devoured by the progress of science. As if free thought could have any other object than the truth in itself, he wished to restrict it to a commentary upon the official doctrines of religion—no more nor less than the old scholastics. Not content with this, he loses himself in the abyss of fancy, applying to magic, like the ancient Gnostics. Full of a mysticism which would have excited the envy of a Böhm or a Swedenborg, he recognized that there are in the universe theogonic forces beyond those of nature, and that those forces in their intimate relations with the human spirit and the human conscience have produced mythologies, a product also of the continual evolution of theologic thought, until one day the purification of this thought of the human spirit and the virtue of these forces bring in the only true, definite, absolute religion—Christianity—whose dogmas of Redemption, of Grace, of the Trinity, may be deduced from pure reason, and may be learned in the eternal poem of nature. All these theories had no other purpose than to satisfy the pride and please the prejudices of the crowned protector who had given Schelling but one charge—to combat the theories of Hegel. He had such regard for public opinion that he prohibited all publication of his lectures in Berlin. A treacherous disciple succeeded in collecting his lectures, putting them in order, and sending them to Dr. Paulus, who published them under the title of *The Philosophy of Revolution Revealed*—pursuing their author with vigorous argument and violent satires. Strauss, the celebrated author of the *Life of Jesus*, published a pamphlet calling the king who patronized Schelling "Julian the Apostate."

Observing the sectaries of this doctrine, the mind is the more persuaded of the reactionary consequences embraced in it, which were successively developed and extended. Eschenmayer divided history into four periods: first, the period of nature, or the despotism of the strongest; second, the period of slavery, of tyranny; third, the period of liberty, as it was understood in the old republics; fourth, the period of monarchies, which end in resolving themselves into a universal monarchy, in the manner in which the feudal lords, who were true monarchs, were lost and consolidated in the national monarchies. The very error of the Philosophy of History of Vico reappeared in these systems, distorted to give arbitrary laws to history, to represent as necessary the passage from the republic to the monarchy.

But Juan Bautista Vico confined his historic laws to the ancient world, where, it is true, the Greek republics became the monarchy of Alexander, and the Roman republic the monarchy of Augustus. But both of these monarchies destroyed these great peoples; and at the present time modern nations, with their activity and progress, do

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not perish with the monarchies, but give to their living spirit the organization of the republic.

And yet the reaction went further. If Eschenmayer proclaimed the monarchy as an evident advance upon the republic, Görres proclaimed theocracy as, in turn, an advance upon monarchy. The modern world was thus going backward; the modern thought was losing itself in the fogs of the Middle Ages. Men began to doubt if there were any benefit to humanity in the employment of printing, which destroyed the slavery of ignorance. Over the Renaissance, over the Reformation, over the dawn of the modern spirit, rose a poet of Cyclopean imagination, a writer of tropical style, seeking under the marble arches of Rome the august genius of the papacy to give to the restless modern spirit, tormented by continual doubts, which resolved themselves into negations, that faith which belonged to the primitive times, that obedience of the Asiatic tribes, sleeping in peace in the shadow of their temples, in the lap of an Eden-like nature. In this desire, this magician, who had given his whole soul to the reaction, called up from their hieratic sepulchres the faith which animated the crusades, the patriarchate of Rome over the kings, the magnetic slumber of servile peoples, and even the devil, the angel fallen from light to darkness, who had filled with his temptations and his enchantments all the Middle Ages, and to whose absence from nature and history was due a loss of poetry greater than that experienced when the pagan gods breathed their last sigh beneath the ruins of the ancient world and the altar of the new dogmas. The state, for this great reactionist, was a tree in which the plebeians were to be the roots, fastened always to the earth, while the theocratic aristocracies were to be flowers painted and fruits ripened by the sun, and by the warmth of the light emanating from heaven.

Steffens proclaimed the barbarous social principle of castes, which resembled the principle of the Oriental theogonies—certain men destined perpetually to labor without enjoyment, and others destined to enjoyment without labor. Adam Müller taught that the fatalism of the cosmic laws had destined men from eternity to be as a flock, and kings to be their shepherds and leaders—theories inconceivable in this age, which has seen so many tyrannies destroyed, and liberty and right arising by the superhuman efforts of so many sublime and redeeming spirits, even to the field of the peasant and the slave-pen of the negro.

Schelling was born for communication with nature. In the serenity and constant uniformity of his life he found the peace which is rarely encountered in the sublime and giddy heights of the spirit. But when he studied society and the soul his exalted imagination spread the falsest fancies over both. Even in the very bosom of nature he appeared to return to magic, to alchemy, and to miracle. But in truth his thought listened attentively to the harmonies of nature, and found in them a universal poem. Impassible to human sorrows, indifferent to social problems, he lost himself in the universal life. In this way he arrived at a very advanced age, and died in peace in the arms of his cherishing mother, nature. Over his mortal remains the two systems of worship into which Christianity is divided mingled their prayers. In the valleys of Switzerland, by the banks of the new-born Rhine, in the midst of those dark pine forests, by the verdant pastures, near the picturesque chalets, the body of the philosopher rests in peace, in a monument erected by the piety of one of his royal pupils, and illuminated by the reflection of day on the eternal snows of the Alps—as if nature had wished to enchant with all these marvels the eternal sleep of her inspired interpreter and priest.

A VOYAGE TO THE FORTUNATE ISLES.

THE FABLE OF A HOUSEHOLD.

"Yes, but I fear to leave the shore.
So fierce, so shadowy, so cold,
Deserts of water lie before,
Whose secrets night has never told,
Save in close whispers to the dead.
I fear," one vaguely said.

One answered: "Will you waver here?
As wild and lonesome as the things
Which hold their wet nests year by year
In these poor rocks are we. Their wings
Grow restless—wherefore not our feet?
That which is strange is sweet."

"That which we know is sweeter yet.
Do we not love the near Earth more
Than the far Heaven? Does not Regret
Walk with us, always, from the door
That shuts behind us, though we leave
Not much to make us grieve?"

"Why fret me longer, when you know
Our hands with thorny toil are torn?
Scant bread and bitter, heat and snow,
Rude garments, souls too blind and worn
To climb to Christ for comfort: these
Are here. And there—the Seas.

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"True, our great Lord will let us drink
At some wild springs, and even take
A few slight dew-flowers. But, I think,
He cares not how our hearts may ache.
He comes not to the peasant's hut
To learn—the door is shut.

"Oh, He is a hard Master. Still
In His rough fields, for piteous hire,
To break dry clods is not my will.
I thank Him that my arms can tire.
Let thistles henceforth grow, like grain,
To mock His sun and rain.

"Others He lifts to high estate—
Others, no peers of yours or mine.
He folds them in a silken fate,
Casts pearls before them—oh, the swine!
Drugs them with wine, veils them with lace;
And gives us this mean place."

"Well. May there not be butterflies
That lift, with weary wings, the air;
That loathe the foreign sun, which lies
On all their colors like despair;
That glitter, homesick for the form
And lost sleep of the worm?"

"Hush—see the ship. It comes at last,"
She whispered, through forlornest smiles:
"How brave it is! It sails so fast.
It takes us to the Fortunate Isles.
Come." Then the heart's great silence drew
Like Death around the Two.

Death-like it was—through pain and doubt
To leave their world at once and go,
Pale, mute, and even unconscious, out
Through dimness toward some distant Glow,
That might be but Illusion caught
In the fine net of Thought.

As ghosts, led by a ghostly sleep—
Followed by Life, a breathless dream—
Out in eternal dusk, that keep
Their way somewhere, these Two did seem,
Till the sea-moon climbed to her place
And looked in each still face.

"The worm," she waking said, "must long
To put on beauty and to fly,
But"—coming toward them, sad and strong,
There was a little double cry.
"What hurts the children? They should rest,
In such a floating nest."

"Oh, Mother, look—we all are gone.
Our house is swimming in the sea.
It will not stop. It keeps right on.
How far away we all must be!
The wind has blown it from the cliff.
It rocks us like a skiff.

"We all will drown but Baby. He
Is in his pretty grave so far.
He has to sleep till Judgment. We
Must sink where all the sailors are,
Who used to die, when storms would come,
Away off from their home."

"Lie still, you foolish yellow heads.
This is a ship. We're sailing." "Where?"
"Go nestle in your little beds.
Be quiet. We shall soon be there."
"Where?" "Why, it is not many miles."
"Where?" "To the Fortunate Isles."

"Home is the best. Oh, what a light!
God must be looking in the sea.
It is His glass. He makes it bright
All over with His face. And He
Is angry. He is talking loud
Out of that broken cloud.

"The men all hear Him, in the ropes:
He's telling them the ship must go.
They'd better climb to Him." Pale Hopes
Looked from each wretched breast, to know
If somewhere, through the shattered night,
One sail could be in sight.

And Two, who waited, dying slow,
Said, clinging to their desperate calm:
"We had not thought such wind could blow
Out of the warm leaves of the palm.
Strange, with the Fortunate Isles so nigh—
Strange, cruel, thus to die."

"The Fortunate Isles?" one other cried;
"You knew we were not sailing there?
They lie far back across the tide.
Their cliffs are gray and wet and bare;
And quiet people in their soil
Are still content to toil.

"Toward shining snakes, toward fair dumb birds,
Toward Fever hiding in the spice,
We voyaged." But his tropic words
Dropped icy upon hearts of ice.
The lonesome gulf to which they passed
Had shown the Truth at last.

That wavering glare the drowning see,
With phantoms of their life therein,
Flashed on them both. Yet mostly she
Felt all her sorrow, all her sin,
And learned, most bitterly, how dear
Their crags and valleys were.

Their home, whose dim wet windows stared
Through drops of brine, like eyes through tears;
The blue ground-blossoms that had cared
To creep about their feet for years;
And their one grave so deep, so small—
Sinking, they saw them all!

To leave the Fortunate Isles, away
On the other side of the world, and sail
Still farther from them, day by day,
Dreaming to find them; and to fail
In knowing, till the very last,
They held one's own sweet Past:

Such lot was theirs. Such lot will be,
Ah, much I fear me, yours and mine.
Because our air is cold, and we
See Summer in some mirage shine,
We leave the Fortunate Isles behind,
The Fortunate Isles to find.

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Editor's Easy Chair.*

WE Americans have no great reason to boast over our recent doings at Vienna, and somebody has blundered, if not done much worse, and brought scandal upon our good name. Yet, before the grand show there is over, we may be quite sure that Brother Jonathan will be on his feet again with his irrepressible smile, and it will be seen that he has had as much to do as any of his crowned associates with bringing on that congress of the arts and that festival of industry. We need not be ashamed of what our people have done to enrich labor by invention, and to breathe a generous spirit into the relations of capital and work. Our America has a pretty broad look as well as territory, and Bayard Taylor spoke for us as well as for himself when he said, at the meeting of editors and commissioners in Vienna, that a new word, "Weltgemüthlichkeit," is needed to express the best sentiment of modern life at these majestic world reunions. The word is not exactly translatable, but it means that provincialism, sect, and even nationality, are no longer to have things their own way, and a heart cosmopolitanism, a genial humanity, is now showing itself every where, and, in the language of the old song, we wish to be "all good fellows together." There is too much scolding and fighting still on earth, yet the earth as a whole is at peace; the conspicuous feuds are local, not universal; and when great companies of men of all nations meet together, they have a great common ground to stand upon, and a vast common capital of knowledge and art and enjoyment to make themselves merry over. Russia and Sweden, Germany and Italy, Persia and Egypt, China and Japan, America and England, ride and work with the same steam-power, correspond by the same telegraphs, may foot up their bills in the same numerals, and hear with pleasure the same military bands, if not probably read the same newspapers or hear them read. They can all drink, if they can not all eat, together; and while we ourselves have no personal knowledge upon the subject, it is said that Brother Jonathan has risen to a certain cosmopolitan catholicity in his social cup, and has beverages in which the Russian and the Turk, the German and the Frank, may forget their feuds and be one.

Certain men have led the way in the new and rising sentiment of humanity, and these men are not to lose their power with their lives. This assurance is a comfort for us all in these late years, and especially during these late months, that have taken away so many conspicuous persons who belong eminently to what is called the *newness*, and who have fallen before that oldest of potentates, who brings all crowned heads at last to his feet and to his dust. Maurice, Thackeray, Dickens, Bulwer, and others have carried with them to the grave the fresh interest and affection of young England; and while our America has been paying her tribute to our most emphatic champions of civil justice, Seward and Chase, word comes to us that the most pronounced leader of the new social science, John Stuart Mill, has gone with them. It is too soon to undertake to define exactly what each of these men has done, but it is safe to say that they have added something to the common treasure of mankind, and done much toward a more generous tone of thought and feeling, especially to help on that broad, comprehensive spirit of reconciliation which probably marks our time above previous ages of exclusive power or of destructive revolution. Perhaps no recent philosophical name unites so many nations, classes, and persons in its interest and influence as that of John Stuart Mill. We have no space or disposition now to analyze his system or his intellect, for we only look at him as a power in modern society. Without doubt his excellent personal character has done much to set him up among the people as a sort of father of the new times, and gathered about him enthusiastic followers of all classes and dispositions. Putting into a sentence what is said in his praise, we may say that he is looked upon as the keen and practical Francis Bacon of the new social science, while it is claimed for him that he was a Philip Sidney in generous courtesy, and a Thomas More in the sweep of his philanthropic vision. For ourselves we fancy little his dry mechanical philosophy; we find more wisdom and inspiration in many a sentence of old Richard Hooker or of Joseph Butler than in all his sensuous metaphysics and his utilitarian ethics. Yet who does not know that a good man's opinions are far from being the whole man or his character, and that one may chop logic and correct policies with Paley and Bentham and yet be full of ideal intuitions and inspirations in his life. Mr. Mill, in his theory, made short work with what the best thinkers call history, and he absurdly denied the inherence and transmission of ideal and spiritual forces in the race. Yet he himself was a noble historical force, and much of the best heart and mind of old England beat in his veins and spoke in his word, in spite of boasted radicalism and individuality.

He has certainly done his part toward the reign of good-will among men. Champion of universal liberty, as he was, he was as dead set against the tyranny of the many as of the few; and while he believed that free nations ought to intervene for the relief of all oppressed people, he was equally clear that every private man has inalienable rights that no majorities can justly abridge or take away. He becomes thus a prophet of modern society to an extent much larger than the measure of his social schemes, and his humane temper as well as his social amenity makes his name a household word, now that bolder and more dogmatic leaders have taken more hold of public opinion. There is something about the place and the circumstances of his death that gives this radical reformer a certain charm of romance and the prestige of history. This stout political reformer died at Avignon, in the south of France, in an old house there situated among thick groves full of nightingales, whose notes disguised the malaria of the vicinity, and made music for him in his daily pilgrimage to his cherished wife's tomb. What more could Petrarch have done four hundred years before—Petrarch, the movement mind of Italy then, the lover of

* Contributed by Dr. Samuel Osgood.

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Laura, that blonde belle of that very Avignon where the English radical lived so long and loved and died?

It is a somewhat suggestive and stirring question, where the dominant fatherhood in modern culture now lives, and who are the teachers and leaders who are bequeathing to us the best heritage. Many of us who do not care to bow to the rule of the old celibate fathers are quite as little ready to follow the lead of the new positivists in their dominant tendency to let down what our faith and civilization have most proved into the dust, and to resolve nature and man into the mechanical play of atoms. It is pleasant to think that the choice is not between these two, and that the best culture of our time, our best literature, art, science, and education, follow a more generous faith and breathe a more exalted atmosphere. The true fatherly and motherly mind is coming up and showing the best life and thought of our time. It is talked of less than the old priesthood or the new radicalism, but it is more full of inspiration and promise, and has the best prospect of the new social empire. Parentage is itself the most memorable fact that we know, and the love that presides over true generation ought to be most interested in knowing and using the truths and powers of regeneration. Parentage carries with it the heritage and inspiration of the race, and now commands the best wisdom of the schools and ministry of letters and art. Probably, on the whole, the celibate literature of our age is of comparatively little worth, and the great reason of the inferiority of the education of the Latin nations lies in the fact that their children have been trained so much under the old ghostly formalism, and have had so little of the liberty and the life of the new age. The enlightened and earnest fathers and mothers of Northern Europe and America submit to no such rule for themselves or for their children, and with little disposition to treat their boys and girls as little paragons of perfection, they ask for them the best helps of nature and inspirations of literature, art, and life.

The more generous system has worked best; and even masters of language affirm that the Jesuits, with all their incessant rule, have turned out but few first-rate Latin scholars, and that the tongue of Rome has found its best interpreters not from their ranks, but from Northern schools. It seems odd that they repress so much of the spontaneity that seems so irrepressible in the Italian and the French. Walk through old Rome on some pleasant Sundays, and what a contrast between the stir in the streets and squares and the drill and routine of the schools! See that fellow who is strutting about with a great turkey before him, and calling heaven and earth to bear witness to the gobbler's perfections. What does he mean by all those cries and gesticulations? Is he going to sacrifice the fowl to Æsculapius, or to offer it to the garden of some brotherhood or sisterhood? No. He is asking people to take tickets in the raffle for this fat candidate for the trencher, and he is bringing to his task lungs and grimace enough to supply a company of actors for a whole week's performance. Now go on a little further, and you meet a different specimen of Italian character. There is a teacher promenading the public places, and probably meaning to end the walk at St. Peter's with his school. Like master, like boy. All are arrayed in the same regulation stove-pipe hats, and the same long blue cloth cloaks, all patterns of etiquette and pinks of propriety. In that dress they can do nothing that manly nerve and muscle and blood prompt youth to do. They must march in state, rather than walk with ease; and as to a run, it would trip them up as surely as if they were girls in flowing petticoats. Compare this starched-up troupe with a set of German or English or American school-boys or students, and what a contrast! Disgusting as is the blatant rowdyism of Oxford on Commemoration-day, where John Bull's boys bellow like bull calves indeed, there is promise of better things in that manly vigor, and our Harvard and Yale boys show the manhood with comparatively little of the rowdyism.

Switzerland has led off in the true culture of the faculties through Pestalozzi; and Germany, through Fröbel, has developed the scientific method of Pestalozzi in his effective and winning educational art. The Kindergarten is a great fact and a far greater promise. It is a sign of the new education that is to train our boys and girls for the science and the art of common life. It means to restore the old paradise and to keep the devil out. Look in upon that company of twenty or thirty boys and girls who are under the guidance of an accomplished pupil of Fröbel with her assistants. You find them at their lunch around two tables, and laughing and talking as merrily as birds hop and chatter. Glance at the spacious and airy rooms and you see little that looks like keeping school. There are flowers and pictures and birds, and every thing pleasant and enlivening. Examine the cabinet of apparatus and the specimens of work. You find no books, but here are geometric blocks of many kinds, paper and sticks for various tasks of the ready fingers and the restless fancy. Here are balls of all sizes for study and play, and the whole aim evidently is to lead the child to see nature and life for himself, and learn to know real objects instead of mere words. Now lunch is over, and a basket is brought in which holds what looks like a lump of ice covered with cloth. The cloth is taken off, and there is a large piece of clay for modeling. Squares of board are distributed to the scholars, and the clay is divided among them in due proportion, with modeling sticks of the simplest form. The teacher asks of the scholars, in turn, what they propose making, and they reply at once. One says, "I will make a plate;" another, "a basket;" another, "a house;" another, "a snake;" another, "some fowls;" another, "a bird's nest;" another, "a basket of flowers;" another, "a cake," and so on to the last scholar. To work merrily they go, breaking out now and then in a cheery song, until, with quite different degrees of success, their work is done. The bird's nest and the basket of flowers and a few other things are quite pretty, while the house and the hens may need some help from imagination to interpret their construction. But all are wide awake, and senses and fingers and thought and fancy are all astir. It is substantial education, and the foundation of wholesome labor and artistic training. This is an exercise that comes only once a week. This over, it is time to rise from

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the work-bench and go to the more open room for more stirring movements, and for plays, with motions and songs that represent the farm, or garden, or workshop, and carry joy and good-will into every gesture and tone. Soon school is done, for it lasts only three hours, and the merry, rosy girls and boys come to you, as they go out, and take your hand and give you a graceful courtesy or bow that is worth more than any stately etiquette of courts.

This is a glance at the Kindergarten on Fröbel's plan, and it is evidently a method of training that allows of the utmost variety of adaptation, and invites both loving enterprise and artistic originality without limit. If Fröbel had, as some say, more ingenuity and vivacity than inspiration and depth, and if too much of his song is doggerel, and his views smack too much of materialism, these failings do not belong to the principle, but to the man, and he has started a movement which is likely wholly to revolutionize the education of children, and to tell strongly upon all ages of study. Our young people must see things as they are, and learn to observe, compare, judge, and act for themselves, or they will be a set of imbecile pedants in a world that is now calling them to have their eyes open and their hands ready, or go to the wall. If the true method is carried out, there is no danger of losing either high inspiration or solid utility. If we open our senses to nature and life, and stir ourselves bravely in all needed play and exercise, the intuitive and spontaneous faculties of the reason and will are sure to report themselves, and good healthy affections will give heart and glee to our movement. So, too, the best working training comes, and health and intelligence and good-will that start from right principles go forward bravely to their life work. All this we need, for never before were men called upon to judge and act upon such great principles and interests as now, and civil justice and social science are submitted to our judgment and vote.

This Kindergarten culture bears closely upon what is a great, perhaps the great, practical question of our time, the education of our farmers and the destiny of the land and its masters. Thomas Wright calls the working-men "our new masters," meaning, for the most part, mechanics and their helpers. It is folly to despise or disparage the working-men in this limited sense, and no wise or good man can fail to wish them all substantial emancipation and welfare. But the largest and most important class of workers are the farming class and their associates. The land is our great heritage, and the true use of it is our most essential need. Our people ought to be trained for this more thoroughly, and there are signs all over the world of the awakening of the farming interest to its rights and its duties. The mechanics have made more mark upon public opinion, perhaps, because they hang together more closely, and live in towns and cities, where they readily combine with money and fellow-feeling, and have access to the press and public agitation. The mechanics have done a great work for modern liberty, and their guilds have been for ages mighty powers in the struggle against the old feudalism. Some of the associations formed by them still alarm the organs of despotism, and the ultramontane papers speak with anxiety of the warfare of the trowel against the cross, and some sober moralists share their solicitude. They that use the plow and the pruning-hook can not tend to any such warfare; and so far as we have read the proceedings of the granges of husbandry that are rising by thousands among our farmers, they promise well for the future of the tillers of the ground and for the nation at large. It is well for them to guard themselves against the grasping policy of the middle-men, who come between them and the markets, and take more than their share of the farmer's profits, and exact more than their due for the manufacturer's products. It is well that they seek to take their crops more readily and cheaply to the market, or to bring the market nearer to their crops. What, perhaps, is the most remarkable feature in their present movement is their eagerness for more fellowship, more connection with each other and with the press, and all the helps and incentives of society, art, and literature. It is a great thing for those who own and till the soil to bring true soul to their work, and even in the symbols and costumes of their associations to show their respect for themselves and for their calling. It is well that women as well as men join in this movement, and out of all this ceremonial of the crook and pruning-hook, the sash and pouch, some substantial gain for agriculture in ideal dignity and social refinement will be won. Who knows how much the Ceres, Flora, and Pomona of the grange may do to give woman a style of dress that is good for something besides mere show, and which may join use with beauty in the future of the sex? The farm surely has all the elements of the beautiful if they are only sought out, and orchards, groves, lawns, flowers, brooks, rocks, hills, lakes, offer charms that need only good taste and social sympathy to exalt them into agencies of culture and festivals of joy. How wise it is to give the farmers the dressing of the church once a year, as is sometimes done, and what harvest-homes our America would show next November if every farming village would do its best to adorn its temple with the fruits that crown the year! But this is a great matter, and we have only a passing word for it now.

The beautiful arts are making constant advances among our people. Just now the antiquities of centuries before Christ are presenting their rich form and color to us in the Di Cesnola collection, and the charming Bethesda fountain is pouring out its waters in the Central Park in presence of thousands, who rejoice in the thrilling music and the sparkling streams. We have had the kings and queens of song to delight us, and the cry is still they come. This is well. But the great thing is to give beauty to our daily life, and throw an ideal charm over our common lot. If every potato has beauty in its blossom, and every lamb and kid has grace and glee in its movement, we who are God's nearer children should not be awkward, ugly, stupid, and dull; and we insist upon it that the coming culture should do something to lift up and set off our common lot. Idleness has had its own way too much with the arts of beauty; and the lounging soldier and the loafing courtier have borne themselves as if the farmer and the mechanic were created to make wealth and to eat dirt in their service. What is called *dress* by eminence is a relic of court etiquette; and

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the wonder of our time is that while men are so democratic in their attire, and do not parade often their dignity in their clothes, women every where follow the mode of the court, and even in republican America they continue the old bondage of Versailles, and mistress and maid are eager to wear the same courtly patterns. This is an odd aspect of our time, and it has provoked a bright German author to say, naughtily, that the greatest proof of Darwinism and our descent from monkeys is our absurd aping of the modes, and that he hopes that one of these days common-sense will be the fashion, and the only effective social force, the mode, will accept its sway—a hope in which we heartily join, for the good of man as well as of woman.

If we could send to Vienna a model farm-house, with farming men and women, true specimens of our best intelligence, energy, and taste, and with character and costume as characteristic as our crops, it would be well worth the while, and would do much to save us from our sad discomfiture there. But we can not be put down either there or at home, and our essential American ideas are making their mark where blunderers can not cover them up or throw them into contempt.

We are not ashamed to let our best men and women appear abroad as specimens of what we have to show; and no man who has ever gone from us abroad has carried more original thinking and exquisite diction than the quiet poet and philosopher who has returned from Europe to keep his seventieth birthday in his Concord home among admiring and friendly neighbors. He does not belong to the old or the new hopes, but he is willing to think for himself, and to encourage others in the same freedom. As full of wit and as free from prejudice and pretension as old Montaigne, he rises with Fichte to the peaks of intellectual vision, and he is perhaps by eminence the prophet of individualism—a lonely bird who yet gathers about him a great company of loving listeners. He has about a score of remarkable disciples or associates who have made their mark in art and science, poetry, philosophy, and letters—a set as choice and as influential in their way as any living author can show. We may sometimes quarrel with him for being what he is, and not thinking and writing as others do; we may wish that he were less severely a Greek in his temper and judgment, and insisted less upon a perfection of mind and body which most of us can not have, and which Heaven itself does not ask of those who crave its grace; but, take him for all in all, he is a noble man, and broader and gentler, more loving to the household, the flag, and the race as the years roll on, more ripe and large-hearted now than when he returned from Europe over twenty years ago.

We have Ralph Waldo Emerson home now, and we add our cordial word to the greeting of his neighbors and friends. We need men like him, who never sacrifice self-respect to the tyranny of numbers, and who never forget that no gold, or power, or pleasure is worth sacrificing in its behalf whatever is true and good and trustful.

Editor's Literary Record.

RECENT ENGLISH PUBLICATIONS.

THE death of JOHN STUART MILL removes from English literature one of its clearest and ablest thinkers—one who has provoked by his thoughts more discussion, and awakened more thought in others, than any other purely philosophical writer of the present century. His autobiography has been left, it is said, nearly ready for the press, and will soon be published. Among his latest works was a new edition of his *System of Logic*, the eighth, a reprint of which the Harpers have in preparation. It is not necessary for us to enter here into any estimate of his philosophy; to attempt to do so in a paragraph would, indeed, be quite idle. It is enough for us to say that Mr. Mill has not materially modified his system; but he has availed himself of the criticism to which it has been subjected to modify some of his statements, he has replied in considerable detail to some others, and he has called to his service illustrations from modern scientific discoveries, thus bringing his book up in its thought to the latest phase of scientific development. He discusses with remarkable acumen the relations of the new theory of the correlation and conservation of forces to the doctrine of causation (Book III., ch. v., § 10), and argues with vigor against the doctrine revived in modern theology in opposition to materialism, viz., that personal will is the only efficient cause, and consciousness the only adequate evidence, of causation (§ 11); he devotes a chapter to a discussion of the doctrine of chance (Book III., ch. xviii.), and another to a consideration of the objections made to his doctrine of causation from the standpoint of free moral agency (Book IX., ch. xi.). These, with some answers in detail to special criticisms, are the most important alterations in this edition: they bring it down to the latest point in time, and add materially also, especially in illustration, to the value of the work.

The name of the author, rather than the character of the book, gives interest to the *History of the Christian Religion*, by JOHN, Earl RUSSELL. It professes to trace the rise and history of Christianity to the end of the Council of Trent. The principal aim of the author appears to be to show the simplicity of the religion of Jesus Christ in contrast with the elaborate ritualism of Rome, and the elaborate doctrinal systems which are the products of the attempts of the schoolmen to adapt the dialectics of Aristotle to the Christian system, or rather, to speak with greater accuracy, to adapt the precepts and principles of Jesus Christ to the dialectics of Aristotle. It is, nevertheless, theological in its tone, and its author would probably be classed among the Arians, though he avoids all scholastic phraseology. But the work shows very little evidence, in subject-matter or in style, of being

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the product of either an erudite scholarship or of profound original thought. The quotations, which are numerous, from other authors who have traversed the same ground, present the appearance of being gleaned from a somewhat narrow field of reading, and the whole work leaves the impression upon the reader that the author has been a busy man, whose life has been immersed in other affairs, but whose active mind has concerned itself, with no inconsiderable vigor, upon some of the religious problems of the age, and who has put together in this volume the result of reflections which were begotten of leisure hours and of desultory studies. Thus, for example, the statement on page 14 that the object of Jesus Christ was to restrain the passions of love between the sexes and of resentment, if intended as a comprehensive statement of his mission, is one which is almost ludicrously inadequate; and the intimation on page 102 that the abuses respecting papal patronage were the cause of the Reformation is indicative of a scarcely less superficial view of religious history. As a brief, compact, and not uninteresting history of Christianity, the work will be useful; as an attempt to set forth the simplicity of the religion of Jesus, freed from modern additions and refinements of doctrine, discipline, and ritual, it is commendable, though not always successful; as a true disclosure of the philosophy of the history of Christianity, it is remarkable alike for its suggestive thoughts and for its singularly superficial and inadequate interpretations of events.

PHILOSOPHY.

ANY discussion of the metaphysics of HERBERT SPENCER would carry us far beyond our prescribed limits. No criticism confined to a paragraph could do him or his subject justice. We must therefore confine ourselves to stating that what is in form a new edition of an old book, but is in fact a new work, *Principles of Psychology* (D. Appleton and Co.), is now completed by the publication of the second volume, and to intimating in a few sentences the character of the work. Mr. Herbert Spencer unhappily not only deals with abstruse themes, but writes upon them in a style so abstruse that not merely the public, but also the best critics, appear perpetually to misapprehend his meaning. He is ranked among the skeptical writers, but the chief object of this volume appears to be to overturn the skepticism of Berkeley and Hume, and to establish on a strong foundation belief in the reality of things, and the truth of the testimony of perception and consciousness. He is accused of atheism. He sums up the conclusion of his two volumes in the following words: "Once more we are brought round to the conclusion, repeatedly reached by other routes, that behind all manifestations, inner and outer, there is a Power manifested. Here, as before, it has become clear that while the nature of this Power can not be known, while we lack the faculty of framing even the dimmest conception of it, yet its universal presence is the absolute fact, without which there can be no relative facts." He is ranked with the rationalists. He declares with his accustomed vigor that "by extinguishing other superstitions Reason makes itself the final object of superstition. In minds freed by its help from unwarrantable belief it becomes that to which an unwarranted amount of belief is given." We do not undertake to defend, nor yet to criticise, nor hardly to define the philosophy of Herbert Spencer, but so far as this volume interprets it that philosophy is pantheistic rather than atheistic, intuitive rather than rationalistic, and realistic rather than, in the philosophical sense, skeptical.

Physics and Politics, by WALTER BAGEHOT (D. Appleton and Co.), is the second volume in the International Scientific Series. The author addresses himself to a discussion of the problems of human progress, and the conditions which produce and those which retard or prevent it. His explanation of human development is, in brief, the application of the principles of "natural selection" and "inheritance" to the social organism. In the struggle for existence the nation which acquires elements of strength has the advantage of its neighbor. Certain individuals in the nation happen to hit upon an improvement in thinking, in acting, in literature, art, government, sociology; the principle of imitation, the same principle which makes the unthinking crowd cheer first the liberal, and then the conservative orator, leads the nation to follow its leader; if the idea really makes for the strength of the nation, it endures; if not, it perishes. Thus the freedom with which the community is permitted to follow the impulse, and so try the thoughts of its leaders, is the condition of success. There is no progress in China because there is no freedom. If the freedom and the readiness to imitate be too great, stability is wanting, and so no permanent progress is assured. How it is that the genius *happens* to hit upon the element which is to add strength to the nation does not appear, this modern theory in this as in most of its applications being content to carry us back to chance as the inspiration of growth, and leave us there. Mr. Bagehot's treatise is purely theoretical; he makes no attempt even to consider what, in our social and national life, we are to do to secure a healthy and permanent progress. In style he is exceedingly clear, and his illustrations, some of which are of a very homely and plain character, make his book both lucid and entertaining.

Dr. I. RAY'S *Contributions to Mental Pathology* (Little, Brown, and Co.) consist for the most part of papers previously printed in American periodicals, chiefly, we believe, the *American Journal of Insanity* and the *American Law Review*. This fact gives to the whole book a fragmentary aspect, which seriously detracts from its value. Some of the papers are discussions of particular cases in which the mental soundness of an accused was in question, but which have passed wholly from the public mind, and are of interest only as they illustrate some principle, or present in a striking manner some question for consideration. We find the same criticism recurring to our minds in reading this mosaic of treatises which the author applies to the judicial decision of Chief Justice Shaw: "He returns again and again to qualify what he has said, or to add some condition for the purpose of enlarging or restricting the range of its application. As might be supposed, his ideas lack precision and lucid arrangement, and the reader is not always sure of his exact meaning." A still more serious defect grows out of what would be perhaps at first regarded as the

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author's peculiar qualification for his task. Mental pathology is a specialty with Dr. Ray; and, like most specialists, he sees his specialty so clearly that he fails to apprehend its relations to other cognate subjects. The popular view regards insanity as a definite mental condition, always capable of being clearly defined, and if sufficient opportunity of investigation be afforded, certainly adjudged. But science recognizes the truth that sanity melts into insanity as health does into disease. In the popular sense of the term, insane persons are rare. In truth, perfectly sane persons are the exception; the number who are perfectly healthy in mind and moral impulses being probably quite as few as those who are perfectly healthy in all their bodily organs. This Dr. Ray perceives very clearly, and brings out, though indirectly, very forcibly; but when he attempts to lay down the principles upon which society should determine how much and what kind of mental or moral disease renders its victim irresponsible for his acts, his special knowledge of mental unsoundness absolutely unfits him for his task. He sees lunacy in every mental disorder, and finds palliation for crime in every perturbation of the nature. If courts were to adopt *his* principles we should presently do away with State-prisons altogether, and have nothing but lunatic asylums. If, as he appears to claim, a crime committed without an apparent motive is of itself adequate proof of insanity and irresponsibility, then, by a parity of reasoning, a crime committed with inadequate motives should also constitute such evidence, which would do away with all punishment, and leave us no crime to be punished, only "moral insanity" to be cured. On the whole, we judge Dr. Ray's book to be useful rather for its suggestions than for its conclusions, and rather for its criticisms on current opinions than for any clear elucidation of legal or moral principles for the determination of the delicate and difficult question of personal moral responsibility.

RELIGIOUS.

The fifth volume of M'Clintock and Strong's *Cyclopedia of Biblical, Theological, and Ecclesiastical Literature* (Harper and Brothers) lies before us. It includes the letters K and L and a part of M. We have had occasion to speak of this work so frequently that it seems hardly necessary to do more than announce the appearance of this volume. It is nevertheless due to the editors to say that their work appears to be improving in quality as it progresses. When, as in the article "Matthew, Gospel of," opposing views are referred to, the contrast between them is clearly recognized, and the two views are succinctly given. The list of American authors in the preface confirms the impression of originality made by the work itself; and the fact that the denominational articles are contributed by leaders in the respective denominations gives evidence both of accuracy and of catholicity in the theological department. We observe among the contributions to this single volume the names of representative men in the Methodist, Lutheran, Episcopal, Dutch Reformed, Congregational, Presbyterian, and Baptist denominations. This commingling of Christian men of all sects in a common endeavor not only to extend their common faith, but to give to the people accurate and trustworthy information concerning doctrinal and ecclesiastical systems from which they dissent, is a characteristic and significant indication of the spirit of the age; and the fact that this work is under the charge of men who are so heartily in sympathy with that spirit renders it, as a dictionary of ecclesiastical and theological topics, without a peer. In fact, there is in these departments no work in the English language which can even be compared with it.

There are laid upon our table, from the press of Scribner, Armstrong, and Co., three commentaries on Matthew—one by Dr. Owen, one by Dr. Alexander, and one by Dr. J. P. Lange, edited by Professor Schaff. Each is entitled "Sunday-school Edition," and this circumstance, coupled with the fact that when this number of the Magazine reaches our readers not a few of them will be engaged throughout the various Sunday-schools of the country in a course of lessons upon the Gospel of Matthew, leads us to group here in a compact form some information respecting the Sabbath-school helps for their benefit.

Why the volumes now before us should be entitled Sunday-school editions we find it difficult to surmise. They are unmistakably printed from the old plates; if there is any difference in the edition, it is simply in paper and binding.—Lange's *Commentary*, which, when completed, will cover the whole Bible, and comprise over twenty-five large volumes, is of eminent value to scholars; but for practical use by Christian workers, whether lay or clerical, it would have been vastly more serviceable if it had been adapted to the American wants by a process of selection and condensation. It exhausts the student as well as the subject, and mixes so much of sound scholarship with so much of profitless conjecture or profitless discussion that one who possesses it is equally unwilling to use it or to leave it unused. Thus, for example, to an ordinary reader of the account of the temptation of Christ, the elaborate classification of the various theories which have been propounded by different scholars will be more confusing than helpful, and the elaborate attempt to analyze the Lord's Prayer and educe from it a body of divinity does far more to deprive it of its beauty of simplicity than to help to a clear and spiritual apprehension of its meaning.—Dr. Alexander's *Commentary on Matthew* is not equal to that on Mark by the same author, and the fact that it comes to an abrupt conclusion at chapter xvi., while it adds to the interest of the volume as a memorial, seriously impairs its value as a practical help to the Bible student.—Dr. Owen's *Commentary* is in size and style patterned very much after that of Mr. Barnes, but does not equal the original model, and does not indicate as wide, patient, and painstaking a research. It is, however, somewhat more concise than Barnes's, and occasionally considers important difficulties which the latter passes by in silence, as the question of the true interpretation of the temptation of our Lord.—Alford's *New Testament for English Readers* is an adaptation of the author's *Greek Testament;* it was prepared by Dean Alford himself, or under his supervision. It is an exceedingly useful book, both for its scholarship and its spiritual suggestiveness; but it falls so far short of the original work that it

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is a perpetual disappointment, at least to one who is accustomed to the use of the latter. It was a sad mistake to omit the quotations from the ancient fathers; they should have been retained, but translated. The best part of Dean Alford's commentary is the volume on the Gospels, and of the commentaries on the Gospels that on Matthew is the fullest. Whether the volumes are published separately or not we do not know. The Greek Gospels are published in one volume by the Harpers.—Of JANNESSEN FAUSSETT and BROWN'S *Commentary on the Bible*, volume fifth, on the four Gospels, is perhaps the most satisfactory. Dr. Brown's notes on Matthew are admirable, less perhaps for any erudition, though that is not wanting, than for a certain spiritual appreciation of the significance of Christ's words, which is quite remarkable.

BARNES'S *Notes on the Gospels*, of which a new and illustrated edition has been recently issued by the Harpers, is confessedly without a superior as a Sabbath-school help. It exhibits, indeed, a denominational bias in the discussion of some questions, but it is never unfair or unpleasantly controversial. It passes by some questions with inadequate explanations, but it does not pretend to solve them by flinging epithets at others who are perplexed by them. As a source of information concerning Jewish manners and customs it has no equal, and its practical suggestions and reflections, though not always strikingly new or fresh, are never mystical; they are always, in truth, both comprehensive and practical.

Dr. ADAM CLARKE'S *Commentary* needs no commendation from us. It is a misfortune that the Methodist Book Concern does not issue an edition in a more compact and convenient form. Dr. Clarke is not always a safe guide, but he is an honest, impartial expositor, who studies only to get at the meaning of the sacred writers, and who in that endeavor is impeded less by his prepossessions than almost any commentator with whom we are acquainted, unless it be Dean Alford. Of other commentaries more or less distinctly denominational our space does not allow us to speak, even if our inclination prompted us to do so. There are, however, other helps to the study of the Gospel of Matthew which deserve at least mention. Among the most important of these are *Trench on the Miracles* and *Trench on the Parables*, which constitute a wonderful thesaurus of information on the topics of which they respectively treat, and are especially valuable to mature students; ABBOTT'S *Jesus of Nazareth*, which, of all the various lives of Christ, is the fullest in historical information and in descriptions of contemporaneous social and moral life; HANNA'S *Life of Christ*, which is the warmest and richest in devotional feeling; Dr. SMITH'S *New Testament History*, which contains a connected narrative, in chronological order, of the entire New Testament history, and embodies in notes a great deal of valuable information not readily to be found elsewhere. It only remains to be added that of all the various editions of the Bible to aid the student there are none superior to Bagster's editions, of which there are several in different forms, some containing maps than which nothing finer in sacred geography is published.

NOVELS.

A Fair Saxon, by JUSTIN M'CARTHY (Sheldon and Co.), produces the impression on the mind of being the production of one who has observed much, but read more, and who combines in his pages the culture which comes of casual reading of many novels, and casual observation of much life. It is not, in the highest sense of the term, an original novel. It bears no evidence of containing any deliberate plagiarisms, but it constantly reminds us, alike in incident, character, and description, of what we have read elsewhere, though so vaguely that we never fully identify the likeness. The plot turns on an impossible will, which gives a faint suggestion of the plot of the *Wandering Jew*. There is a large amount of plotting and counterplotting, and yet the story is not vexatiously intricate. There is enough of connection with recent events to give it a certain timely interest, but not enough of either strong characterization, or suggestive thought, or true pathos to endow it with permanent life.

Those readers and critics who suppose it to be the exclusive function of fiction to hold up the mirror to life, and who therefore judge that any novel to be good must be above all things "natural," will find abundant cause to criticise Mrs. A. D. T. WHITNEY'S last story, *Other Girls* (J. R. Osgood and Co.). It is intended not to describe society as it is, but to picture it as Mrs. Whitney thinks it should be; not to tell us what we are, but to incite us to nobler aims and life by introducing to the imagination a social millennium—if not the full day, at least the early dawn of it. It is, therefore, characteristically an ideal story, almost as truly so as the Prodigal Son, whose father certainly did not act according to the common principle of fathers under similar provocation. It is full of religious thought, pure, warm, healthful, in which, indeed, there is intermixed a certain measure of Swedenborgian mysticism, but as the poetry rather than as the theological doctrine of religion, always in spirit so tenderly and lovingly Christian that he must be a very perverse critic who could object to it on denominational or theological grounds. Its chief fault is the introduction of too many characters, and the weaving together of too many threads; not less than four separate love affairs run through the pattern, and yet love is in truth rather an incident than the essence of the story. It is a mistake, too, to introduce characters from previous books with the assumption that the reader will know them already. Its chief merit is not the skill with which many of the characters are drawn and some of them gradually developed, nor the sparkling thoughts with which it abounds, nor the ideal pictures of social life which it presents, nor the direct religious truths it inculcates, but the wholesome, cheerful, bright-hued views of life, and the warm, devout, sincere, and wholly unconventional Christian spirit which pervades all its pages, and makes it as healthful as it is delightful.

A Chance Acquaintance, Mr. W. D. HOWELL'S first novel (J. R. Osgood and Co.) is almost a good novel. Of course it is delightfully written, with that easy and indescribable grace which gave to so very commonplace a theme as "Their Wedding Journey" a character such as no other American writer could have imparted to so sim-

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ple a narrative. But, besides that, the characters, especially the two leading personages, Kitty and Mr. Arbuton, are exceedingly well drawn, though we protest that the latter is but a sorry representative of a Boston aristocrat, or, indeed, of an aristocrat of any locality. Yet the story comes to such an untimely end, and so provokingly withal, that it is impossible to come to any other conclusion than that Mr. Howell wrote his novel experimentally, to see if he could write a novel if he were to try, and having written far enough to satisfy himself on that point, dropped it, that he might make a new beginning with one more carefully framed. If this hypothesis be the correct one, we hope the next novel may be soon forthcoming: this experiment justifies great expectations as to the success of any well-considered work of the same sort.

Rouge et Noir, by EDMOND ABOUT (Claxton, Remsen, and Haffelfinger), is a clever French vaudeville which one reads through without difficulty at a sitting, and dismisses from his thought when he turns the last page. There are only three characters in the story; the rest are mere supernumeraries, though they perform their parts very nicely. We should not recommend it as a tract to the cautious father who wished to guard his son against gambling, or his daughter against romantic love engagements with mysterious strangers. However, if one will shut his eyes to whatever moral the story may contain—and there is not much to see if he scans it ever so closely—he may get a good deal of innocent entertainment out of it, and be neither wiser nor worse for the hour he has devoted to it.

The Hour and the Man, by HARRIET MARTINEAU, (Harper and Brothers), is aptly described on its title-page as "a historical romance." The hour is that of the St. Domingo revolution; the man, Toussaint L'Ouverture. The history of that revolution is itself a romance, one of the wildest and fullest of surprises of any furnished by history. The danger in a historical novel founded on such an epoch is that of falling short of the actual romance of events, or of taking that proverbially short but dangerous step which leads from the sublime to the ridiculous, by an attempt to color a scene whose contrasts need no heightening. Miss Martineau has fallen into neither extreme; the simplicity of her narrative imparts to it such an air of realism that only one thoroughly versed in the history of the great African leader can tell what is truly the work of the historian and what the addition of the novelist. From the opening chapter, which describes the first uprising of the negroes, to the end, the cruel treatment of the noble African by the ignoble Frenchman, himself to become in time a captive, the story never halts and the interest never flags.

POETRY.

Red Cotton Night-cap Country (J. R. Osgood and Co.) is the somewhat enigmatical title of Mr. BROWNING'S last very enigmatical poem. It is a volume of over two hundred pages, and is quite as mystical in its pseudo-philosophy and quite as obscure and perplexing in its twisted and tortured sentences as any thing he has ever written; nor does it contain in any large measure the flashes of his peculiar genius. It is, or to the great majority will be, an intolerably wearisome book, and we venture the assertion that even of the critics who write glowing eulogies upon it only a very small minority will ever read it through. There are some books which are condemned by the critics, but read by the people; there are others which are applauded by the critics, but read by nobody. *Red Cotton Night-cap Country* belongs to the latter category. It may be readily imagined that we have not read it through; nor have we: it is not necessary to traverse every square mile of the Great Desert to know that its scenery is tame. We have read enough to know both the story and the manner in which it is told, and to enter our strong protest against the endeavor to glorify an illicit love with one who had been in succession a profligate woman and an unfaithful wife. The very abstruse and scarcely comprehensible moral which is tacked on at the close does not save the story from its essential spirit of immorality. Neither does the pseudo-satire on Romanism relieve it in any wise. It can only be characterized as harmless because the class of people who would be liable to be harmed by it will not understand nor even read it.

A Fo'c's'le Yarn (Macmillan and Co.) originally appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine*. It is a poem in dialect, the dialect being, we believe, intended to represent that of the Isle of Man. As to the accuracy of the representation we can not speak, but the yarn is of a kind with which we judge the "fo'c's'le" is not very often acquainted. It is a story of love, of rivalry, of a broken heart; a story which gives abundant opportunity for foul innuendo, but which is as pure in sentiment as it is rough in language. Even the occasional profanity is redeemed from vulgarity. If *Red Cotton Night-cap Country* is a parlor poem, and *Betsey Lee* a "fo'c's'le" yarn, the sooner the parlor gets rid of its own literature and borrows a substitute from the "fo'c's'le" the better.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ONE who has spent a quarter of a century in close personal and political affiliation and companionship with the public men of the nation, and then sits down to talk of what he has seen of them, to gossip of them and their doings, must necessarily be somewhat egotistical in his gossip. If the "I" were left out the personal interest in the narrative would vanish. Mr. JOHN W. FORNEY'S *Anecdotes of Public Men* (Harper and Brothers) are not more egotistical nor more gossipy than the reader likes to have them for his own enjoyment. There is no order or continuity of narrative. The book will be one of peculiar interest as one of reminiscences to those who have known the men and events of which it treats. It will be hardly less entertaining to younger readers as a memorial of men who were influential in their day, and as a history of measures and questions which once agitated the whole country, but are now well-nigh forgotten. Mr. Forney is emphatically a "newspaper man;" his repute is that of one who knew with peculiar intimacy the secrets of political life, the members and the conferences of the "kitchen cabinet," and he has used the literary aptitude acquired in the one position to gossip in a very entertaining manner about the facts of which he became cognizant in the other.

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Editor's Scientific Record.

SUMMARY OF SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS.

THE month of May has not passed without its contribution to the annals of *Astronomy*. The return of the second comet of 1867 has added another to the list of periodical bodies of this nature; and Professor Peters, of Hamilton College, announces the discovery, on the 20th, of the 131st asteroid. The valuable discussion of the respective merits of Halley's and of Delisle's methods of observing the approaching transit of Venus has been continued by Airy and Proctor, and is now probably definitively settled, since it seems that it is important to provide for putting both methods into execution. The extensive preparations being made by the Russian government for this great international work are suggested by the statement that twenty-four stations will be occupied by her astronomers, and her navy will carry out a special geographical expedition in connection with the work. In the matter of the improvement of our means of observation, it is worthy of note that Dr. Gould has succeeded in so repairing his photographic telescope that it is confidently hoped we may soon have valuable photographs of the stars of the southern hemisphere, such as Bond and Rutherford have given us for the northern skies. The laborious and thorough examination by Dembowski of the micrometer with which for twenty years his admirable double-star measurements have been made has shown the existence of errors in that refined instrument that have been hitherto unsuspected, and will serve to arouse attention to the necessity of improvement; at this juncture possibly some will turn to the very simple and quite different construction just proposed by Noel as an improvement on the double-image micrometer, in which the micrometer *screw* is quite dispensed with. As our instruments improve, our knowledge of the heavens keeps equal pace. After the first brilliant discovery of the companion of Sirius, made with the Chicago refractor before Mr. Clark had finished its construction, it was hoped that the new and far superior telescope now being made by him for the Washington Observatory would have already been distinguished by the discovery of the companion of Procyon, whose existence was theoretically demonstrated some years ago. In this, however, Americans have been, by a few months, anticipated by the activity of the eminent director of the Imperial Russian Observatory at Pultowa, who announces that after a long search the star has been found and observed by himself and his assistants during the month of March. This brilliant result of Struve's labors must be considered as one of the most gratifying indications of the value of the observations and calculations of the many astronomers who have busied themselves with this subject. It is noted with much satisfaction that in America an occasional amateur astronomer is found busy with his telescope, and the catalogue of eighty-one new double stars by Mr. Burnham, of Chicago, is a promise of still better things. A highly interesting contribution has been made by S. W. Williams, the secretary of the Royal Astronomical Society of London, and himself an able scholar of the Chinese language and literature, in that he has compiled a list of the sun-spots observed since the year 206 by the astronomers of that empire. The works from which Mr. Williams's list is compiled were published in China before the application by Galileo of the telescope to astronomy. Mr. Williams has also in his work on Chinese comets given many cases of their observations of meteors and other remarkable stars, so that the accumulating materials promise at no distant future to form a very complete history of astronomy. The application of the resources of astronomical observatories to the wide distribution of accurate standard public time continues to attract the general attention. Through the Western Union Telegraph Company the city of New York will soon be specially favored in this respect. At present the government buildings at Washington—that is, the War, Navy, and Treasury departments—as well as some others, are provided with Hamblett's electric clocks, which are controlled by continuous currents from the standard clock at the National Observatory. In the more difficult departments of astronomy we have a review by Wagner of Secchi's supposed discovery of a periodical variation in the diameter of the sun. Wagner shows that nearly twenty years of the most accurate modern observations do not justify Secchi's conclusions. Leverrier has presented to the Paris Academy of Sciences his complete mathematical formula for the motion of Jupiter about the sun. A theoretical investigation of the motion and nature of the rings of the planet Saturn has been published by Hirn, and is said to be a valuable work. His conclusion that the rings must be composed of small fragments in close juxtaposition does not seem to differ from the results of the studies of Pierce and Maxwell.

In *Terrestrial Physics and Meteorology* we chronicle the recent establishment by the Army Signal-office of an observing station on Mount Mitchell, in North Carolina, and the promise of another on the summit of Pike's Peak, Colorado. A new theory is proposed by Tarry, accounting for the sand-showers of Southern Europe by the action of oscillating cyclones. The annual report of the Canadian system of storm warnings shows that over a hundred observing stations are doing good work gratuitously in that Dominion. A tornado passed over Iowa on the 23d of the month which was one of the most destructive on record in that region; very many lives were lost. Brown continues his researches, and announces a twenty-six day period connecting the fluctuations of the barometer and the magnetic needle. A very unexpected announcement is made by Muhry that the researches of Meissner show that clouds would not be produced in our atmosphere were it not for the presence of oxygen. Jelinek has, like many others, given some time to the investigation of the solar-spot period in the rainfall which was recently announced by Lockyer, but can find no convincing proof of the existence of any connection of this sort. On the origin of atmospheric electricity Muhry has contributed somewhat by way of a paper on the geographical distribution of the electrical phenomena. Marchand has given the results of four years of observation with an actinometer of original con-

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struction, by which he arrives at the power of the solar rays to effect the decomposition of carbon compounds.

In the department of *Electricity* we notice an excellent article by Boboulieff, giving as his results, after careful observation, that the dispersion of electricity depends on the temperature and pressure of the surrounding gas, as well as on its nature. The important question of the magnetism of iron ships has received a great addition in the elaborate memoir of Professor Harkness, just published by the Smithsonian Institution.

The death of Professor Hansteen on the 15th of April, in his eighty-ninth year, removes from us one of the founders of the modern science of terrestrial magnetism.

In *Chemistry* Violette announces that he has succeeded in fusing fifty grams of platinum in an ordinary wind furnace, though, as he used coke for fuel, it is suggested that the fusing-point of the metal may have been lowered by the formation of compounds of carbon, silicon, or even sulphur with the platinum. Debray shows that the purple of Cassius is only a lake formed by the mixture of finely divided gold with tin hydrate. He has succeeded in forming a similar color with alumina. The character of hydrogen when in a state of occlusion by palladium has been investigated by Roberts and Wright. They conclude from its specific heat that the compound body is not an alloy, as Graham had supposed, but that it is a chemical compound; that, moreover, since palladium and hydrogen may unite in any proportion, each several charge must be regarded as giving rise to a distinct compound. The atomic weight of thallium has been redetermined with great care by Crookes, and found to be 204.008. Berthelot has continued his valuable researches in thermo-chemistry, and has announced the following law concerning the mutual decomposition of salts in solution: That salt whose production evolves most heat is the salt which is formed in solution whenever the salts from which it can be formed are present in the state of partial decomposition in the liquid. This state of partial decomposition in presence of water, Berthelot shows to be the fact with most salts. The above law concerning salts in solution he generalizes as follows: Every chemical change effected without the agency of external energy tends to produce that body, or that group of bodies, in whose formation most heat is set free. Gautier has given some experiments to prove that elemental allotropism—a fact hitherto regarded as a consequence only of elemental molecular condition, and hence not capable of existing in combination—does actually exist in compound substances. His results were obtained with phosphorus, and he cites some of its compounds in which he believes allotropic phosphorus to exist.

In *Technical Chemistry* Crace Calvert has experimentally classified antiseptics. He finds cresol to be the only substance examined which destroys vibriones at once, and also prevents their reappearance. Phenol, which prevents their formation, does not destroy them completely after they are formed. Sulphuric acid, on the other hand, destroys them completely, but does not prevent their subsequent development. Zinc sulphophenate does both. Corrosive sublimate destroys them partially, but favors the development of the remainder; originally added, however, it prevents their formation. Jacquez has proposed borax as an antiseptic. A note sealed by him in 1857, and recently opened by the French Academy, contains experiments proving the efficiency of borax in preserving animal matters. Pieces of meat placed in a five per cent. solution of borax in August were withdrawn in a perfect state of preservation a month afterward. On exposure to the air, they dried without putrefying. The bodies of rabbits injected with a solution containing five per cent. of borax and ten per cent. of ammonium borate were perfectly preserved for months, the color and consistence of the tissues being unaltered. The author recommends borax as a preserving agent in taxidermy. It is proposed to render paper impermeable to water by a brief immersion in ammonio-cupric sulphate solution, and subsequent pressing and drying. By uniting several sheets while still wet by passing them between rollers, they form a hard, firm mass of great strength. The advantages of toilet soaps made by the cold process over those in which heat is used are fully recognized, and are due to the retention of the glycerine in the soap in the former process. But these cold soaps are objectionable because they contain an excess of caustic alkali. Mialhe proposes to make such soaps neutral by cutting them fine and exposing them to carbonic gas. A neutral, emollient soap is thus obtained of excellent quality. It is a common impression that coal exposed to the air immediately after mining loses essentially in valuable constituents, this loss having been stated as high as fifty per cent. of their combustible value. Kolb has tested the question by exposing four coals in this way for two months. In one of the coals the total loss was 4.8 per cent., but in the others it scarcely exceeded two per cent. of the combustible value. Exposed for a month to a stove heat of 90° C., one coal lost 5.5 per cent., another only 0.7 per cent. in value. A sample of coal mined at Nœux ten years previously was shown by analysis not to have deteriorated appreciably in value. White-lead made by the Dutch process has been found to have occasionally a red color, which has been attributed to the presence of foreign metals in the lead employed. Lorscheid, however, shows that this color is due to the presence of lead peroxide, and that it is produced when the carbonic gas is insufficient to convert the lead completely into carbonate. In proof of this he states that the red pigment submitted a second time to the action of the carbonic gas is converted into the white carbonate. Another common opinion in science, that animal or vegetable charcoal mixed with animal matters acted to facilitate their oxidation, has been rectified. Stanford has proved that lean beef mixed with an equal weight of wood, sea-weed, or bone charcoal, and freely exposed to the air for a period of twenty-one months, lost none of its nitrogen, and, moreover, that no nitrates were produced. The mixture was nearly inodorous, and he recommends it as a convenient one for utilizing animal offal as a fertilizer. In Le Blanc's process there is a loss of soda. This process, as is well known, consists in converting salt into sodium sulphate by sulphuric acid, and in heating this sodium

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sulphate with limestone and coal to convert it into sodium carbonate. Scheurer-Kestner has shown that the loss in soda is due to the formation of insoluble sodium compounds which remain in the waste, and that this result depends on the excess of limestone which is employed. In the Bessemer steel process Kessler has proved by his analyses that the carbon of the cast iron does not burn until all the silicon has been removed. He also states that the combustion of the iron causes the percentage of the phosphorus in the metal continually to increase. Harcourt points out that carbon disulphide may be almost entirely removed from coal gas by passing it rapidly over red-hot iron, and this, too, without depositing any of its carbon or impairing its illuminating power. Indeed, in case the tube be heated to bright redness, an actual increase in illuminating power may be observed, owing to the production of more condensed hydrocarbons. Drinking-waters are generally filtered, if filtered at all, through carbon filters. Müller allowed some water to become stagnant, and then filtered it into a globe free from air through a carbon filter. In a few days the vegetable scum reappeared, though after boiling the water remained clear. It seems, therefore, that carbon filters can not remove vegetable germs from water, and that they are useful only to separate mechanical impurities, as sand, etc. Some experiments tried in Berlin prove that so small a quantity of coal gas as twenty-five cubic feet a day distributed in 144 square feet of soil four feet deep will kill all the trees in that area in a short time.

In *Botany* there has appeared a monograph of the *Ebenaceæ*, by W. P. Hiern, from the Transactions of the Cambridge Philosophical Society, England, giving in complete detail the relations and characteristics of the order, and including fossil as well as recent species. The five genera are represented by about 260 recent species, besides the forty reputed species which are extinct. The only known species of North America are a single *Maba* in Lower California, and our persimmons, *Diospyros texana* and *virginiana*, the latter very closely allied to *D. lotus* of Northern and Western Asia and *D. kaki* of Japan. Three fossil species are also reported from the miocene of Alaska and Nebraska.

A translation from the Danish into the German has been made by Grisebach and Reinke of the recent work by Oersted upon fungi, lichens, and algæ, the translators adding frequently to the original. It is well and largely illustrated, and gives in moderate compass, and in a quite popular though still scientific form, descriptions of the genera and of many of the more common species. A similar work in English would doubtless be appreciated.

An interesting contribution upon the relations of geography, climate, and vegetation has been made by Dr. F. C. Schübeler, Professor of Botany in the university at Christiania, in his *Vegetable Life in Norway* (*Die Pflanzenwelt Norwegens*), the introductory portion of which, with charts and illustrations, has just been issued. The physical characteristics of the region make his conclusions especially valuable.

Professor Müller, of Lippstadt, in a volume of no ordinary interest and value, upon the fertilization of the flower by insect agency, gives a compend of all the observations hitherto made within his knowledge upon the mutual adaptation of the structure of flowers and insects to secure the fertilization of the plant. He brings together the observations of Sprengel, Hildebrand, Darwin, Delpino, Axell, and others, and many made by the author himself, including not only the contrivances shown in the flower, but what has received much less attention, and has more of novelty, the special structural adaptations of insects for the same end—the whole illustrated with numerous well-executed drawings. The theories of Darwin as to the origin of species are fully adopted and enforced.

In our own journals Professor T. D. Biscoe gives in the *American Naturalist* for May a microscopic study of the winter state of the common duck-weed. The same journal contains descriptions of a score and more of new plants from the Arizona region, collected by the government expedition during the last season; and Professor D. C. Eaton describes in the Torrey Bulletin several new species of ferns.

In our last summary, under the head of *Geography*, we referred to the rescue of a portion of the crew of Captain Hall's steamer, the *Polaris*, by a vessel engaged in sealing on the coast of Labrador. Since then this party, nineteen in number, have reached Washington, the United States steamer *Frolic* having been dispatched to St. Johns by the Navy Department for that purpose. They arrived in good health, and have been subjected to a critical examination on the part of the Secretary of the Navy with a view of ascertaining as accurately as possible the events of the cruise. As the result, much important information has been gathered, tending to show that the steamer sailed as far north as 82° 16′, in what Captain Hall called Robeson Channel, and went into winter-quarters at the head of Polaris Bay, in what was called by him "Thank-God Harbor," in latitude 81° 38′, early in September. On the 8th of October Captain Hall started on a sledge journey to the northward, and returning on the 24th, after an absence of two weeks, he was almost immediately taken sick, and died on the 8th of November. The vessel remained in its winter-quarters until the 12th of August, 1872, when Captain Buddington started for home. On the 15th they encountered ice in latitude 80° 2′, and the vessel was fastened to a large floe by cables and ice-anchors, and drifted along with it as far south as Northumberland Island, in latitude 77° 35′, when, on the 15th of October, a heavy southwest gale came on. The impression that the vessel was in danger of being capsized or crushed caused her crew to throw overboard a large amount of provisions and supplies upon the ice; and while some of the men were engaged in removing these farther up on the floe, the *Polaris* broke away from her moorings in consequence of insecure fastening. For some reason the steamer could not, or at least did not, recover the portion of the crew thus cast away on the ice, and the floe drifted off with them. They thus remained, experiencing various adventures, from the 15th of October until the 30th of April, when they were picked up by the crew of the British steamer *Tigress* off the Labrador coast, as stated. When the result of the examination is published, we shall doubtless have occasion to recount some of the more interesting particulars.

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Of the arctic expeditions for the present season, the only one recorded as under way is that of Mr. Leigh Smith to Spitzbergen. This gentleman started in Mr. Lamont's steam-yacht, the *Diana*, with the hope of reaching a high latitude, his own yacht also proceeding to Spitzbergen as a tender, or a relief vessel, if necessary.

All the government expeditions to the West are in the field, and are likely to do good service in the cause of science. The parties are those of Lieutenant Wheeler and Professor Hayden, already referred to; that of Major Powell, on the Colorado; that of Archibald Campbell, Esq., in the Northern Boundary Survey, with Dr. Coues as naturalist; and that of Mr. Dall, in the Aleutian Islands. In addition to these, another large expedition has started out for the protection of the constructors and surveyors of the Northern Pacific Railroad. This is accompanied by a number of scientific men, including Mr. J. A. Allen as naturalist; C. W. Bennett, assistant naturalist; Dr. L. R. Nettre as geologist and mineralogist; Mr. Konopicky, artist; and Mr. William Pywell as photographer. Much is hoped from this expedition, as it passes through a comparatively little known region of North America.

Commander Selfridge has returned from the Isthmus of Darien, bringing gratifying news in regard to the feasibility of an interoceanic ship-canal, the expense of its construction being now placed at a sum considerably less than the original estimate.

News has been received from Sir Samuel Baker, tending to prove his safety, in contradiction of the report of his death.

Dr. Nachtigal furnishes the results of an exploration to the northeast of Lake Tchad.

Mr. Smith, of the British Museum, who proceeded to Assyria, under the patronage of the London *Daily Telegraph*, to make ethnological explorations, has succeeded beyond his most sanguine expectations, and among other treasures has secured the portion of the deluge tablet which was missing from the one now in the Museum.

The *Challenger* has continued at work since our last, having carried a line of soundings and dredgings first from St. Thomas to Bermuda, then from Bermuda to Sandy Hook, thence to Halifax, and again from there to Bermuda. Her observations have, it is said, proved the entire practicability of laying a submarine cable between Bermuda and New York.

A French deep-sea expedition is now engaged in making explorations along the coast of the Mediterranean, and will be accompanied by M. Lacaze-Duthiers, an eminent French zoologist.

Under the head of *Ethnology* an interesting announcement is that of the discovery of stone implements and other prehistoric remains in Iceland, antedating certainly the period of its first discovery by Europeans. Among other facts brought to light by the voyage of the *Polaris* is the detection of the remains of at least sixteen Esquimaux huts on Newman's Bay, as far north as 81° 38′, right opposite the winter-quarters of the *Polaris*. In their vicinity were found spear-heads made of the teeth of the walrus, and other bone implements, but none of stone.

It is not within the province of the Record to chronicle the general progress of *Agriculture*; for this, reference must be made to the journals especially devoted to that subject. Among other points of general interest, however, we note the announcement of a method of greatly accelerating the ripening and of improving the quality of fruit, by removing a considerable portion of the superincumbent earth from over the roots of the tree to which this belongs. A German specialist maintains the failure of sewage irrigation as a matter of economy and of general expediency, the cost being much greater than the results will warrant, which in themselves are of very little moment.

We have from France the announcement of a new breed of ash-colored turkeys of remarkable excellence, far more prolific than the ordinary turkey, characterized, indeed, by a tendency to lay eggs throughout the year, like the domestic hen.

The record of *Pisciculture*, as might be expected, is very full. The States of Michigan, Pennsylvania, and Ohio have all passed more or less desirable laws regulating the subject of fisheries, and have appointed commissioners for their execution, as also to take measures for increasing the stock of useful food fishes within their limits.

The salmon eggs obtained at the hatching establishment of Mr. Atkins, of Bucksport, and distributed in part by the United States Commissioner, have all been hatched out with very little loss, and planted in a number of rivers and streams tributary to the Atlantic coast and the great lakes.

Shad planting has been conducted during the season by the United States Commissioner, under the general direction of Seth Green, in the Savannah River at Augusta, in the Neuse at Newbern, in the Roanoke at Weldon, the Potomac at Washington, and in the Susquehanna and Delaware; and numbers of young fish have been introduced into these waters respectively, as well as transported westward. The propriety of conducting such measures is well shown by the fact that young shad of two years old have recently been taken at the mouth of the Sacramento in California and near the mouth of the Genesee River in Lake Ontario—these being the results of experiments prosecuted by Seth Green in planting young shad in these localities in the spring of 1871.

Mr. Holton, a member of one of Seth Green's parties, succeeded in hatching out the eggs of the striped bass, or rock-fish, and, as a consequence, it is hoped that this species, one of the most valuable of those native to America, can be greatly multiplied in our rivers, and restored to those from which it has been for a long time absent.

The United States Signal-office has added to its other labors an inquiry which will be of great service to pisciculture—namely, that of determining the surface and bottom temperatures of the rivers and harbors of the United States. This will furnish the means, *a priori*, of determining whether it will be practicable to introduce particular species in a given locality.

Under the head of *Domestic Economy*, the most important announcement is that of the practicability and economy of the acetate of soda process of preserving meat and vegetables for a long time, as lately reported by Dr. Sacc, of Geneva. This substance, in his opinion, is

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far superior to common salt, and will preserve the various objects in a condition much more akin to that of the fresh article.

An improved method of preparing glue from all kinds of refuse is also announced; while the startling intimation is given by a prominent chemist of the possibility of preparing alcohol from flint and quartz.

In the *Materia Medica*, trimethylamine, or propylamine, is presented and warmly indorsed as a remedy for acute articular rheumatism, the results of its application in numerous instances being quite extraordinary.

The use of large and continuous doses of chloral hydrate has also been strongly urged, as warranted by experiment, for a remedy in gout.

Our *Necrological* list for the month embraces some eminent names in science—the more prominent being those of Baron Justus von Liebig and Professor Christian Hansteen. To these are to be added Amédée Thierry, the historian; John Arrowsmith, the geographer; Dr. Henry Bence Jones, the physiologist and chemist; and the wives of Professor Lyell and Professor Owen.

RECENT DISCOVERIES IN ACOUSTICS.

In the March number of the *American Journal of Science* Dr. A. M. Mayer published his fourth paper of original investigations in acoustics. The first paper of this series describes simple and effective experiments with tuning-forks, showing that when a sounding body is *moved* the motion shortens the sonorous waves in those portions of the air toward which the sounding body moves, and lengthens the waves in those portions of the air from which it recedes.

This result, first indicated by Doppler in 1841, Professor Mayer makes evident as follows: If two forks are in unison, and one of them is sounded, while the other, placed at a distance, has touching one of its prongs a suspended ball of varnished cork, then the vibrations of the sounding fork will be communicated through the air to the other fork, and having been thus set in vibration it will project from its prong the suspended ball. Now if the prongs of the sounding fork are weighted its vibrations will be slower, and therefore the waves which it produces in the surrounding air are longer than they were in the first experiment, and not being *in time* with the vibrations of the other fork, the latter is not affected by them, and the cork ball remains at rest. But if we now move the weighted fork *toward* the other with the proper velocity, then these longer waves will be *shortened*, and will equal those given by the stationary fork, which now enters into vibration and projects the cork ball. The same results are obtained when a fork which gives too many vibrations, and therefore wave lengths, is moved away from the stationary fork.

These experiments are easily repeated, and can be shown to a large audience by projecting on a screen by means of a lantern the magnified images of the fork and its suspended ball. The experiments beautifully illustrate the well-known method of determining the motions of the heavenly bodies from an examination of the displacement of the fixed lines in their spectra.

In the second paper Professor Mayer gives his discovery of a method of detecting the phases of vibration in the air surrounding a sounding body, and thereby measuring *directly in the air* the lengths of its waves, and exploring *the form* of its wave surface. To detect the direction of the swinging particles of air, and to describe around a sounding body the form of its wave surface, at first seems beyond the reach of experiment, and it was first accomplished by the physicist in the following manner: An organ-pipe has a hole cut in its side; this hole is then covered with a delicate membrane; over this membrane is placed a small wooden cup. A gum tube leads into this cup a current of gas, which flows out by another tube, terminated by a small gas jet. When the organ-pipe sounds, this gas flame will jump up and down as the membrane closing the mouth of the cup vibrates outward and inward. If we now view this vibrating flame in a revolving mirror, it will appear as a band of light, with its upper border cut into teeth like those of a mill-saw, each tooth corresponding to an upward jump of the flame, and each space between two contiguous teeth corresponding to a downward jump of the flame. This method of observing the vibrations of air in an organ-pipe is due to König, of Paris.

If we then take a hollow sphere of brass of the proper size, with a circular opening in one side and with a small tubular opening in the opposite side (known as a Helmholtz resonator), and attach to the latter a gum tube leading to another membrane and box, whose gas jet is placed exactly below the jet of the organ-pipe, and hold the opening of this sphere near the pipe, we will see in the revolving mirror *two* series of serrations, with the teeth of one series exactly over the teeth of the other series. Now if we gradually move the sphere away from the pipe, we will see the serrations corresponding to the vibrating sphere of air gradually slide along those produced by the vibrating air in the organ-pipe, and when we have removed the sphere to such a distance that the serrations again appear exactly over each other, we will have moved the sphere from its first position by *the length of a sonorous wave* corresponding to the note given by the pipe. Furthermore, if when the sphere is placed at any distance from the pipe, so that the serrations of one flame are exactly over those of the other, we move the sphere around the pipe in all directions, so that in every position the serrations remain stationary, then we will have described in space *the wave surface of the vibrating air;* for from all parts of that surface described by the mouth of the sphere we have taken into the sphere the same phases of vibration. Professor Mayer thus found that the wave surface of an open organ-pipe was an ellipsoid, with its foci at the top and bottom of the pipe.

In his third paper Professor Mayer describes his method of measuring, with precision, the wave lengths of sound traversing tubes filled with air or any gas, and makes an important practical application of this method in an invention which he designates as an "Acoustic Pyrometer," which instrument consists of a coil of tubing formed of a material resisting very high heats, placed in the furnace whose temperature we would measure.

A sound is sent through this tube, and the length of the sonorous wave corresponding to this sound is measured by means of the vibrating flames. These waves will increase in length with the rise of temperature of the air in the tube,

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and these wave lengths can be determined with such great precision that a temperature of even 2000° centigrade can be measured accurately to 10°.

The subject of the last paper of Professor Mayer's acoustical researches is "on the experimental determination of the relative intensities of sounds, and on the measurement of the powers of various substances to reflect and to transmit sonorous vibrations." The above measures are also made by means of König's vibrating flames. The following will convey a general idea of the method: Two of Helmholtz's resonators, vibrating to the note given by the two bodies, are placed near the bodies the relative intensities of whose sounds we would estimate. To each of these resonators is attached a gum tube; these tubes lead to a forked tube of metal, at the confluence of whose branches is placed one of König's membranes with its gas jet. One of these gum tubes has a piece cut out of it equal in length to a half wave of the note given by the two bodies, and this piece is replaced by an equal length of telescoping tube made of one tube of glass sliding inside of another. Both bodies are sounded. The vibrations proceeding from them impinge on the open mouths of the resonators, and the impulses of the vibrating air in these resonators are sent through the gum tubes to the membrane. Now by drawing out or pushing in the telescope tube, vibrations in opposite directions are caused to reach the membrane, and then, *if the intensities* of these vibrations are equal, the membrane must necessarily remain at rest, and the flame, viewed in the revolving mirror, will appear as a band of light with a smooth unruffled top border. The distances of the resonators from the sources of sound are now measured, and the ratio of the squares of the distances will give the relative intensities of the two sounds.

After Professor Mayer had succeeded in measuring the intensities of the vibrations of the air at certain distances from the sounding bodies, he measured the powers of various substances to transmit, absorb, and to reflect sonorous vibrations. To accomplish this he placed one of the sounding bodies in the focus of a parabolic reflector, and brought the two resonators at such distances from their sounding bodies that the intensities of the pulses traversing their respective tubes were equal. He then placed in front of, but not too near, the mouth of the resonator, in front of the reflector, the plane surface of the substance whose transmitting and reflecting powers he would determine. Serrations now appeared in the flame, because part of the force of the pulses which previously sounded the resonator are now reflected from the interposed substance. The resonator which has not the reflecting surface in front of it is now gradually drawn away from its sounding body, and at each successive point of remove the pulses propagated through the two resonator tubes are brought to opposition of phase on reaching the membrane by means of the glass telescoping tube. Equality of impulses having been obtained, we measure the distance of the resonator which has not the reflecting substance in front of it from the origin of its sounding body, and this measure, together with the known previous distance of this resonator, when equality was attained before the interposition of the reflecting surface, gives the data for the computation of the intensity of the *transmitted* vibration. This number subtracted from the measure of the intensity when the substance was not before the resonator, taken as unity, gives the reflecting power of the substance plus its absorbing power.

NOVEL RELATIONS AMONG THE PLANETS.

At the recent meeting of the National Academy of Science, at Washington, a most eloquent and elaborate essay was read by Professor Stephen Alexander, the astronomer, of Princeton, New Jersey. Some twenty years ago Professor Alexander communicated to the scientific world an original classification of the nebulæ, in which, among other things, but by a different process of reasoning, he anticipated the recent conclusion of Proctor that our Milky Way is a spiral nebula. Since then Professor Alexander has been busily engaged on the plans and the erection of the magnificent observatory at Princeton, which the college owes to the munificence and scientific interest of General Halsted. Notwithstanding the heavy duties imposed upon him as a teacher, however, Alexander, who is now the oldest of living American astronomers, has found time to engage in the laborious numerical computations incident to one of the most difficult problems that offer themselves to the consideration of astronomers, while at the same time it is by far the grandest. This is nothing less than the discovery of those laws which governed the original formation of the universe, and especially of our planetary system. To this investigation Kepler gave many years of patient toil, and though he honestly threw away as too artificial the many curious laws that he at one time thought he had discovered, yet there remained the so-called "Three Laws of Kepler" to challenge a Newton to find out their hidden meaning, and to reveal to him the truth of the law of gravitation. Next Bode found the famous relation between the radii of the planetary orbits, which contributed so much to the discovery of the planet Neptune, and of the group of asteroids between Mars and Jupiter. Since Bode's day Kirkwood and Chase have worked with some success upon the planetary harmonics; but, outstripping both in the exactness of his results, comes the veteran Alexander. It would be impossible here to give even a small portion of the innumerable remarkable coincidences and verifications that have been revealed to the professor —we say "revealed" advisedly, although it is evident that he has pursued a strictly logical, and in many cases a purely inductive, method— in the discovery of the wonderful ratios that he has shown to exist not only between the planetary motions, but also between those of the satellites.

Among the twenty-five classes of facts supporting his theories, perhaps the explanation of the tilting of the planes of the orbits of Uranus's satellites, and of the axis of revolution of Venus, may be considered most surprising. If we consider these new ratios and novel relations to be the direct results of the physical forces that were active in the original formation of the planetary system, then certainly the elaborate work of Alexander, in so far as it brings these ratios to our attention, must be considered as the most

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valuable step that has yet been made toward the discovery of the underlying physical laws. We can indeed most fully sympathize with the eloquence with which he said: "I have not troubled you with the repetition of many, and perhaps foolish, things that the discoverer of these laws did and said, but when he saw this result" (alluding to the relations between Mercury and Venus) "there was a raising of the eyes to Heaven and a clasping of the hands together, while the lips uttered, 'Glory!'"

INFLUENCING THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.

Professor De Candolle has lately published a work relating to the statistics of men of science, in which he takes into consideration those who have been not merely learned, but who have given a powerful impulse to the advancement of science, limiting his attention, however, to those whose labors have been in the line of mathematical, physical, and natural sciences. He takes for the basis of his inquiry the three great academies of Europe, namely, the Royal Society of London and the Academies of Science of Paris and Berlin, and makes a comparison between the number of scientific leaders developed in the several countries in connection with these institutions, and inquires into the causes which may have produced the differences which he narrates. The influences which he finds to be most powerful in advancing science, by increasing the number of those who prosecute it in a proper spirit, are, first, a well-organized system of instruction, independent of parties, tending to awaken research and to assist young persons devoting themselves to science; second, abundant and well-organized material means for scientific work—libraries, observatories, laboratories, collections, etc.; third, freedom of utterance and publication of any opinion on scientific subjects without grave inconvenience; fourth, the habitual use of one of the three principal languages, English, German, or French, and the extensive knowledge of these languages among the educated classes.

DISCORDANCE IN ARCTIC TEMPERATURES.

Mr. Dove has lately laid before the Berlin Academy the result of his investigations of the variability of the temperature of the regions bordering on the arctic zone. He states that as yet we have had opportunities for studying the question only through the observations of the arctic expeditions and through those made at the few fixed stations in Siberia, but the recent publication of longer series of observations made at stations in Greenland and in Iceland affords new and valuable material, with which he has combined all the temperature observations hitherto published by the Smithsonian Institution, and especially those made by Professor Cleaveland at Brunswick, Maine. Mr. Dove finds an astonishing discordance in abnormal seasons between Greenland and Iceland. For instance, the very cold year 1863 in Greenland had nothing analogous in Iceland; and so, inversely, the cold spring of 1866 in Iceland was accompanied by a warm spring in West Greenland. This strong contrast of the temperatures in two countries so near together seems to him to partly account for the very severe storms that have been generally reported from that region, and particularly those noted by Koldewey in his recent expedition.

Mr. Dove then seeks to find something similar in the contrasts of monthly temperatures in the northern portions of the United States, but the result is such that he concludes "that the arctic zone possesses a peculiar meteorological system." He also very distinctly asserts that we can only think of applying corrections to the monthly means of temperatures observed during north polar expeditions and other short periods, in order thus to obtain normal annual means, when we have primarily determined, at least approximately, the form of the isothermal lines for the epoch of the observations.

In connection with the preceding, Mr. Dove has made a study of the cold days of February, the so-called February minimum, for a number of European stations, and has shown that this, in Europe as in America, probably results from a cold polar current of air.

THE VARIABLE SIZE OF THE SUN.

Secchi, the astronomer of Rome, has concluded, from certain observations made during the past year, that he is justified in affirming that there is a periodic variability in the size of the sun. The many startling revelations of science during the past ten years have prepared the way for the acceptance of even this conclusion, though the observations on which Secchi founds his belief are as yet so few as to still leave room for some possible doubt on the subject. It would seem that the outer surface of the sun—the photosphere as seen by us—is a gaseous envelope in a state of continual and perhaps periodic change, such that the diameter of the solar orb, as measured by the aid of the telescope, is least in the region of the greatest spot activity—that is, the solar equatorial belt does not bulge out as does that of the earth, but, on the contrary, the solar polar axis is the longest diameter of that body. The excess of the polar over the equatorial diameter is, however, a very small quantity, and may be referred either to tides in the photosphere or to the influence of the solar spots themselves.

THE ORIGIN OF METEORS AND COMETS.

Proctor has recently advanced an idea as to the origin of comets and meteors that may seem to be but the revival of an old opinion, and one supposed to have been exploded. The researches of Schiaparelli and Newton and others, in that they showed the meteors to be regular members of the solar system, seem to have temporarily satisfied the inquiry as to the remote origin of these bodies. The former astronomer assumes them to exist generally throughout the interstellar spaces, and to be successively drawn to one and then to another sun, while Proctor reasons that these bodies are now found to travel in groups or streams, that it is difficult to conceive how our sun could draw a connected stream of meteors to itself at any given epoch, and that if these bodies were ejected from the self-luminous stars, we may with equal plausibility suppose similar bodies to have been ejected from the planets of our own system when they were in a molten condition. He accordingly shows the very moderate degree of force required to eject a meteor from the surfaces of the outer planets, and ex-

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amines the orbits of such periodical comets and meteors as are at present known. In accordance with the suggestion of A. S. Herschel, he deduces the interesting conclusion that the comets expelled from Jupiter would mostly have a direct motion, or one in the same direction as his own, while those ejected from Neptune would be as likely to have a retrograde as a direct motion. Proctor concludes that many comets have sprung from Jupiter and Neptune, and at least one from Uranus—the latter being the well-known November meteor stream, or the Leonides, which Hind has shown to be connected with Tempel's comet.

ARTIFICIAL RESPIRATION IN ASPHYXIA AND IN SNAKE BITE.

According to Gréhaut, carbonic acid which has entered the lungs from without may be eliminated again by means of artificial respiration without having been changed or undergone any combustion. In cases of apparent death from asphyxia caused by charcoal vapors the employment of artificial respiration has, it is said, resulted in finally restoring the patient to life. According to Dr. Fayrer, artificial respiration is the best method of counteracting the effect of snake bites, and in his opinion it is the only method that gives the slightest promise of enabling a patient to overcome the effect of the poison. A bitten rabbit has been kept alive for several hours by artificial respiration, whereas under the usual operation of the poison it would have survived but a few minutes.

MAYNARD ON THE MAMMALS OF FLORIDA.

A catalogue of the mammals of Florida, with notes on their habits, distribution, etc., by C. J. Maynard, has been published in the Bulletin of the Essex Institute of Salem. From this we learn that the panther and the wolf are still quite common in that State. The little striped skunk (*Mephitis bicolor*) is very abundant in certain sections, and was first detected by Mr. Maynard as occurring east of the Mississippi River. It is confined to the narrow strip of land between Indian River and Turnbull Swamp, as far north as New Smyrna, and as far south as Jupiter Inlet.

The manatee is mentioned as still occurring in large numbers about the inlets of Indian River, and also on the west coast, between Tampa Bay and Cape Sable. Several species of bats are also mentioned not hitherto found in this State. An interesting paragraph is given in regard to the domestic hog, which appears to have run wild, and to be very numerous. They are generally black, and furnish an interesting illustration, according to Professor Wyman, of the idea of natural selection, and the survival of the fittest. The light-colored hogs, according to his statement, contract a disease by eating a plant called the paint-root, which causes their hoofs to drop off, whereas the black ones are not affected by it. Mr. Maynard finds, however, that it is only the hogs with black hoofs that can safely eat the paint-root, the black hogs with white hoofs being made lame. The mere existence of a certain plant causes the hogs of a certain section to assume a dark color, since, if the hoofs are dark, the whole animal is usually so, and at the same time it is found that in some sections of the State, where this plant does not grow, white hogs are as plenty as the black.

In addition to this matter of natural selection, the settlers prefer hogs of a dark color, since they stand a better chance of escape from the bears by night, being much less conspicuous. Mr. Maynard finds, however, that a protective color is assumed by the hogs, and that those that have lived for generations in the piny woods are of a reddish hue, corresponding exactly with the color of the fallen pine leaves.

A NEW RELATION BETWEEN ELECTRICITY AND HEAT.

Dr. Guthrie, in a paper read before the Royal Society of London, gives the results of his study of a new and possibly important relation between electricity and heat. He finds that when an electrified insulated body is presented to a heated body (especially when the latter is in communication with the earth), the latter has the power of completely discharging the former of its electricity. The discharging power of a heated body diminishes with distance and increases with its temperature, and specially depends upon the heat rays of high intensity. The discharging power of a small white-hot platinum wire exceeds that of a large cannon-ball heated to the temperature of boiling water. This power does not depend upon the temperature of the electrified body. Negative electricity is always discharged more easily than positive, but the difference in this respect diminishes (with certain variations) as the temperature increases. Similar effects are obtained whether we use galvanic or static electricity. As hot iron discharges electricity most easily, so, on the other hand, a ball of white-hot iron refuses to be charged. As the white-hot ball cools it becomes first possible to charge it with negative, and subsequently, as it grows cooler, with positive electricity.

RAIN-FALL IN JERUSALEM.

Dr. James Chaplin, who is at present residing in Jerusalem, corrects a statement that the rain-fall there for 1863–64 amounted to but 8.84 inches, the actual quantity being something over 19 inches. The error arose from the use of an imperfect rain-gauge, and has been corrected from other observations.

In reference to the sirocco, he remarks that this is one of the most frequent evils, being especially prevalent in the month of May, and again in September, October, and November, just before the setting in of the rains. Its peculiarly depressing effect he considers to be due to the entire absence of ozone, the most careful observation both of dry paper and that which had been moistened failing to indicate any discoloration of the ozone paper.

UPPER COAL MEASURES WEST OF THE ALLEGHANIES.

In a recent paper on the "Upper Coal Measures west of the Alleghanies" (or the group of strata including the Pittsburg coal and the beds above it), Professor J. J. Stevenson holds that during their period the general condition was one of subsidence, interrupted by longer or shorter intervals of repose. During subsidence the great marsh, now appearing as the Pittsburg coal bed, crept up the shore; but in each of the longer intervals of repose it pushed out, seaward, upon the advancing land of the eastern shore of the

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inland sea, and thus gave rise to the successive beds above it. The Appalachian coal-field and that of Indiana and Illinois were probably never united, and the bituminous trough of the former west of the Alleghanies did not owe its basin shape primarily to the action of forces concerned in producing the Alleghany Mountains.

SPONTANEOUS ELECTRIC CURRENTS.

The studies of Count du Moncel upon the electric currents found on telegraph lines will go far toward explaining the origin of the so-called "ground currents." He states that he finds strong currents on a line of wire having one end hanging free in the air, and that these vary with the moisture and the temperature. He has shown that they are not due to atmospheric electricity, because they never exist when the line is perfectly well insulated; and on such a line only a thunder-storm has any effect. Du Moncel considers the observed electricity to originate in couples formed by the suspended wire on the one hand, and the earth plate on the other, the earth itself and the telegraph poles forming the moist intermediate medium. He explains why the observed currents are, in fine, clear weather, positive during the day and negative during the night, but the reverse in rainy weather; and he elucidates the phenomena observed by Matteucci in a series of very careful experiments made on the plains of Lombardy.

RESULT OF SUPPRESSING EXCRETIONS OF THE SKIN.

Experiments have been tried by Socoloff as to the effect of suppressing the excretions of the skin, by shaving rabbits and painting the skin over with some material impervious to the passage of vapor. It was found that this always, sooner or later, produced fatal results, the animals a few hours before death exhibiting intermittent cramps and convulsions, while the temperature in the rectum fell to a considerable extent. Even wrapping the animal in cotton failed to produce any material increase of the temperature of the intestines or to delay death. The inhalation of oxygen was equally powerless in preserving life. Ulcers, arising from deep-seated extravasations, were found in the stomach. Albumen made its appearance in the urine shortly after the animal had been varnished. Whatever the substance used for coating the animal, whether simply a gelatine, gum, or regular varnish, inflammation of the kidneys was the result, sometimes accompanied by enlargement of the cell elements, and sometimes by their fatty degeneration.

ANALYSIS OF A FLASH OF LIGHTNING.

The duration and complex character of flashes of lightning form the subject of a very interesting and valuable contribution by Professor Rood, of Columbia College. To a certain extent his conclusions had been anticipated in a too little known work of Professor Henry on electricity, and also by other observers; but Professor Rood has, in other respects, penetrated further into the secrets of this phenomenon. By means of a rapidly revolving disk, Rood has shown that "the nature of the lightning discharge is more complicated than has generally been supposed. It is usually, if not always, multiple in character, and the duration of the isolated constituents varies very much, ranging from intervals of time shorter than one one-thousandth of a second up to others at least as great as one-twentieth of a second; and, what is singular, a variety of this kind may sometimes be found in the components of a single flash." The sparks from an ordinary electric machine or Leyden-jar are shown by Rood to be much shorter and far more nearly instantaneous, and he failed in several attempts to artificially reproduce the longer discharges of the lightning flash by passing sparks through watery vapor or spray. According to the analysis by Dr. Vögel of the spectrum of the lightning discharge, quoted by Professor Rood, some flashes give spectra of bright lines on a dark background, while others give bright lines on a less bright continuous spectrum as a background, and, finally, some give a continuous spectrum destitute of lines. Rood thinks it probable that the continuous spectrum corresponds to the prolonged constituents of the flash, and that the normal spectra of bright lines on a dark ground were produced by flashes more nearly instantaneous.

BECQUEREL'S ELECTRO-CAPILLARY PILE.

At a late meeting of the Paris Academy, Becquerel described a novel galvanic battery, or electro-capillary pile, as he terms it. The action of the porous diaphragms used in many galvanic batteries has been carefully studied by him since his invention thereof in 1829, and he states that in them, as in his new battery, the principle is the same—*i. e.*, the property possessed by liquids adhering to the surface of solids in capillary tubes or spaces of conducting electricity like a metal or solid conductor at the same time that the liquids are decomposed. It results from this that when two solutions of proper chemicals are in contact in a capillary tube, there is produced an electric current along its length in a direction the inverse of what would take place if the space were not capillary.

THE FRENCH ASTRONOMICAL COUNCIL.

Astronomical matters seem to be very systematically arranged in France, if we may judge from five decrees recently issued by the French government. According to these decrees, the government astronomers are divided into the three classes of "titular," "associate," and "assistant," the directors of the various observatories belonging, we presume, to the first of these classes, probably as the senior members of that rank. To each observatory will be assigned as many astronomers as the respective needs and resources demand. The directors and the titular astronomers are appointed by the President of the republic. To the Paris Observatory, as being the most important, is assigned the very handsome complement of twenty astronomers, including six titulars and ten associates, to whom must be added the director and various subordinates. This force is seen to be larger than that at any other existing observatory—as at Greenwich there are but eight, at Pultowa seven, and at Washington four astronomers.

As the new director of the reorganized observatory at Paris, Leverrier is reappointed to the position he formerly held. Marie Davy is director at Montsouris, and Stephan at Marseilles.

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Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record closes on the 24th of June.—The New York Legislature was adjourned on the 30th of May, after a session of 142 days. A new Local Option Prohibition bill, framed to obviate the objections made by the Governor to the former bill, was defeated in the Assembly, May 27, receiving only fifty votes. A Civil Damages bill (framed after the Ohio act), making liquor dealers and landlords responsible for damages committed by intoxicated persons, was passed by both Houses, and signed by the Governor. The bill in behalf of the Industrial Exhibition Company of New York city has been passed by the Legislature and signed by the Governor. It authorizes the issue by New York city of bonds to the extent of $2,500,000, to be secured by a first mortgage on the property of the company.

Some of the most important amendments reported by the New York Constitutional Commission have been rejected by the Legislature. The Commission limited special legislation by excluding laws regulating the internal affairs of towns and cities. This limitation the Legislature has abrogated. It also struck out the articles providing against hasty legislation and the introduction of bills of a private or local nature after sixty days from the beginning of a session. The new apportionment of Senatorial districts recommended by the Commission was rejected. The members did not, however, reject the amendment giving them a salary of $1500.

Among the important bills rejected by the last New York Legislature were the following: To exempt bonds and mortgages from taxation; to abolish the usury laws; to regulate the sale of gas, and to appoint inspectors; to provide for valuation of life-insurance policies; relative to forfeiture of life-insurance policies; to enable husband and wife to be a witness, either of them, for or against the other; for the protection of factory children; to regulate railway leases. The enumeration is a very suggestive one, since it includes some of the most popular and essentially important bills which were introduced during the session. But what was to be expected from a Legislature the Lower House of which on the last day of the session, while actually engaged in the passage of bills for the government of the State, could conduct itself after a fashion which would make the rudest of school-boys blush for shame?

The distribution of the $125,000 raised by the one-sixteenth of a mill tax for the benefit of sectarian institutions in the State of New York is very unequal. New York County pays one-half of the entire tax, but receives nothing in return; Albany County pays $3016, and receives only $103; Dutchess pays $2105, and receives nothing; Kings pays $12,196, and receives $4814; Westchester receives nothing, but pays $3748. More than three-fourths of the entire tax is a gratuitous contribution from a few counties for the benefit of all the others.

The Professional Thieves act recently passed by the New York Legislature has received judicial sanction, but is necessarily so interpreted as to be applicable only to such criminals as have been previously convicted of the crimes mentioned in the act. This latter provision is not included in the Pennsylvania statute of a similar import.

A few years since a commission was established in New York in imitation of the Massachusetts State Board of Charities. Until recently it has had simply an advisory power; but this board has been newly constituted, and its scope has been enlarged. Two acts of the last Legislature give this board extraordinary powers in reforming the poor-law administration of the State. One of these empowers the board to designate three or more persons in any county to act as "visitors" of the poor-houses and other public institutions. The other act empowers the secretary of the board to remove the insane paupers in the almshouses to the State asylums for the insane, and to reform the condition of the pauper children in the almshouses. Under the provisions of this act the pauper child may be transferred to an orphan asylum, or may be bound out during the remaining years of minority.

During the past two years the Prison Association of New York has organized a most practical method of dealing with convicts discharged or about to be released from the State and county prisons. The last annual report of the association shows that its officers have a good understanding with the State-prison inspectors and wardens, and that every convict has ample opportunity before release to confer with and be advised by the society's representative. By this means a large proportion of the younger convicts are provided with good employment, away from the cities, and with suitable employers, from the day of their discharge. The following facts relating to this subject have recently appeared in a memorandum issued by the Prison Association of New York:

"At each of the State-prisons, and at some of the penitentiaries, the association has established a definite system of personal effort to induce and prepare the convicts about to be liberated to enter upon a course of honest industry and prudent living; and to all such as will do so definite offers of employment and friendly protection, in suitable localities, are extended by the agents of this association. Upward of eighty convicts are liberated monthly from the three State-prisons, and of these *more than eighty per cent.* go directly to good employers, under direction of the association. Experience shows that the greater portion of these discharged prisoners try to do well. The penitentiaries discharge *upward of six hundred* prisoners monthly, and for many of them the association finds employment, and extends such aid and counsel as they need. In the sixty-seven county jails this system of duty has become in some measure established, and, by local agencies, each one is visited weekly.

"Upward of 300 employers of organized labor and trade industries are now aiding this effort for the benefit of discharged prisoners and for the repression of crime in all parts of the State. The known results of these efforts are remarkable. For example: at the Sing Sing prison these duties commenced on the 14th of August last, and from that date until May 1, a period of eight and a half months, out of the entire number (245) of prisoners discharged, *only three* have been resentenced to the prison; and at Auburn prison, out of 243 prisoners discharged during the nine months ending May 1, *only one* has been returned to the prison, and he was a man who persisted in his old habits of inebriety, and had not accepted the offer of employment. At Clinton prison *only one* of the discharged prisoners of the same nine months' period was returned to the prison during that time."

The Illinois farmers have succeeded in elect-

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ing their candidate, Mr. A. M. Craig, as judge of the Supreme Court, by a majority of between 2000 and 3000. This election has been denounced in some quarters as if it in some way impaired the sanctity of the judiciary in that State. But where an office is to be filled by popular election, it is certainly as fair that popular as that partisan interests should enter into and determine the result. It seems now probable that the Western farmers will even go so far as to consider their own interests in the elections hereafter to be held to fill State and Federal offices. Possibly they may attempt to consecrate the ballot-box entirely and without reserve to popular interests, and realize for the first time on this planet a democratic form of government.

A meeting of gentlemen representing various commercial interests was held in New York city June 18, having for its object the alliance of business men with the American Cheap Transportation Association, organized by the Producers' Convention at the Astor House in May. In a statement entitled "Commercial Interests of New York as related to our System of Transportation," the promoters of the organization favor freight roads to the West, built and owned (but not operated) by the government, and advise that merchants should combine in the same manner as has always been done by the transportation companies.

Governor Straw, of New Hampshire, inaugurated June 5, in his message to the State Legislature recommended a local option law as the best method of restraining intemperance.

The State Republican Convention of Maine, at Bangor, June 19, nominated Nelson Dingley, Jun., for Governor.

Susan B. Anthony was tried June 17 at Canandaigua, New York, for voting last November. The case came before the United States Circuit Court, and was decided against the defendant, who was fined $100 and costs. The inspectors who registered Miss Anthony's name and received her vote were also convicted, and fined $25 each and costs.

Prince Edward Island has been annexed to the new Dominion of Canada. Newfoundland alone of the British Provinces now remains out of the union.

The new French government, May 26, was constituted as follows: *Minister of Foreign Affairs*, Duc de Broglie; of *Justice*, M. Ernoul; of the *Interior*, M. Beulé; of *Finance*, M. Pierre Magne; of *War*, General Du Barail; of *Marine*, Admiral Dompierre d'Hornoy; of *Public Instruction and Worship*, M. Batbie; of *Public Works*, M. Deseilligny; of *Agriculture and Commerce*, M. De Labouillerie. The Bonapartists have a majority in the ministry.

The French Assembly, June 10, by a vote of 389 to 315, sustained the action of M. Beulé, Minister of the Interior, in his policy for the subsidizing of the provincial press. On the 15th M. Beulé was succeeded by M. Goulard.

The Spanish Constituent Cortes assembled May 31. Señor Orense was chosen President of that body. On the 7th of June President Figueras announced to the Cortes his determination to give back to Parliament the powers with which he had been invested as President of the provisional republic. He moved a project for the proclamation of a federal republic. Señor Pi y Margall was chosen, by a vote of 142 to 50, to form a new cabinet. On the 8th the resolution proclaiming the federal republic was passed, 210 to 2. Señor Pi y Margall presented the following constitution of the government: *President of the Council and Minister of the Interior*, Señor Pi y Margall; *Minister of State*, Señor Cervera; of *Justice*, Señor J. Predical; of *War*, Señor Estavanez; of *Colonies*, Señor Sorni; of *Finance*, Señor Carvajal; of *Marine*, Señor Oreiro; of *Public Works*, Señor Palanca. This was not approved. Subsequently Señor Figueras was appointed to form a cabinet. He reported his inability to do this, and was requested to carry on the government with his former ministry. On the 12th the resignation of this cabinet was accepted, and Pi y Margall's cabinet reconstituted, retaining its head and the ministers of War and the Colonies, but constituting Señor Muzo, *Minister of Foreign Affairs;* Señor Aurich, *Minister of Marine;* Señor Ladus, *Minister of Finance;* Señor Benot, *Minister of Public Works;* and Señor Gonzalez, *Minister of Justice.* On the 13th the ministerial statement of policy was made, involving the speedy demarkation of the federal states, the liberty of the Antilles, and the suppression of slavery.

The Italian Chamber of Deputies, May 27, finally passed the bill abolishing religious corporations. In our last Record we indicated the provisions of the bill. It passed the Senate, June 17, by a vote of 58 to 20.

The Emperor of Brazil recommends minority representation.

The Turkish Sultan has granted a firman to the Viceroy of Egypt conceding to the latter an independent government, and power to augment the army and to conclude treaties with foreign governments.

The Sultan of Zanzibar has signed the treaty with Great Britain for the suppression of the slave-trade.

A telegram from St. Petersburg of June 18 reports the junction of two of the columns advancing on Khiva, May 26, before Khojaili, and a victory over the Khivans, who made a stand at that position. The Khivans were pursued to the fortress of Mangit, when they were again defeated, June 1, and the fortress captured.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Captain Jack, the Modoc chief, after having been deserted by nearly all his warriors, who were either killed or captured, was taken by Colonel D. Perry's cavalry squadron June 1. Those of the Modoc captives who were engaged in the assassination of General Canby are to be tried by court-martial.

The lease of the New York and Harlem to the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company for 401 years was effected May 26.

Major George Forsyth, of General Sheridan's command, returned toward the last of May from his trip up the Yellow Stone. He reported the navigability of that stream from its mouth to Powder River. The Yellow Stone is full of small islands, and is well wooded along the banks. The valley is from two to twelve miles wide, and much of the soil is susceptible of cultivation.

The quantity of beer consumed in the United States is twenty-five quarts per head per annum,

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while in Northern Germany the consumption is only twenty-one quarts.

An estimate has been made from the census of 1870, concerning fifty cities in the United States, in the order of their rank by population, showing the number of families in each, the number of dwellings, and the number of persons to each dwelling. The following table is the result:

City.	Rank.	Families.	Dwellings.	Persons to a Dwelling.
New York	1	185,789	64,944	14.72
Philadelphia	2	127,746	112,366	6.01
Brooklyn	3	80,066	45,834	8.64
St. Louis	4	59,431	39,675	7.84
Chicago	5	59,497	48,620	6.70
Baltimore	6	49,929	40,350	6.68
Boston	7	48,188	29,623	8.46
Cincinnati	8	42,037	24,550	8.81
New Orleans	9	39,139	33,656	5.69
San Francisco	10	30,553	25,905	5.77
Buffalo	11	22,325	18,205	6.44
Washington	12	21,343	19,545	5.59
Newark	13	21,631	14,350	7.38
Louisville	14	19,177	14,670	6.87
Cleveland	15	18,411	16,693	5.56
Pittsburg	16	16,182	14,224	6.05
Jersey City	17	15,687	9,867	8.37
Detroit	18	15,636	14,658	5.42
Milwaukee	19	14,226	13,048	5.48
Albany	20	14,105	8,748	7.94
Providence	21	14,775	9,227	7.46
Rochester	22	12,213	14,649	5.36
Alleghany	23	10,147	8,347	6.37
Richmond	24	9,796	8,033	6.35
New Haven	25	10,482	8,100	6.28
Charleston	26	9,098	6,861	7.14
Indianapolis	27	9,200	7,820	6.17
Troy	28	9,362	5,893	7.88
Syracuse	29	8,677	7,068	6.07
Worcester	30	8,658	4,922	8.35
Lowell	31	7,649	6,362	6.43
Memphis	32	7,824	6,408	6.28
Cambridge	33	7,897	6,348	6.24
Hartford	34	7,427	6,688	5.56
Scranton	35	6,642	5,646	6.31
Reading	36	6,932	6,294	5.89
Paterson	37	7,048	4,608	7.22
Kansas City, Mo.	38	5,585	5,424	5.95
Mobile	39	6,804	5,734	5.58
Toledo	40	6,457	6,096	5.20
Portland, Maine	41	6,632	4,836	6.50
Columbus, Ohio	42	5,790	5,001	6.24
Wilmington, Del.	43	5,808	5,898	5.71
Dayton	44	6,109	5,601	5.43
Lawrence, Mass.	45	5,287	3,443	8.40
Utica	46	5,793	4,799	6.00
Charlestown, M.	47	6,055	4,396	6.44
Savannah	48	5,013	4,561	6.19
Lynn	49	6,100	4,625	6.10
Fall River	50	5,216	2,687	9.96

It will be seen that Philadelphia, though having a much smaller population than New York, has nearly twice as many dwelling-houses. As shown by other tables, Philadelphia averages almost a house to a family; New York averages 5.07 persons to a family, 14.72 persons to a dwelling; Philadelphia 5.28 persons to a family, and 6.01 persons to a dwelling. The reasons for this difference are well understood. New York is crowded with large residences, and Philadelphia has miles in three directions to expand within her city limits. Land being cheap, buildings are small and rents within a mechanic's reach. Brooklyn has about an even race with Chicago in the number of dwellings, but Brooklyn residences average greater value and much larger size. It is somewhat strange that the cities of Brooklyn and Chicago should each be ahead of St. Louis in the number of dwellings. Land is very much cheaper in St. Louis than in Brooklyn. These figures were taken before the Chicago fire, but Chicago has more dwellings now than she had then, and the comparison still holds good.

From this table it would appear that the crowded cities are New York, Fall River, Cincinnati, Brooklyn, Boston, Lawrence, Jersey City, and Worcester. In a table giving the number of dwellings in States, New York is accredited with the largest number, 688,559; Pennsylvania, 635,680; while no other State has half a million. The average number of people to a dwelling is, New York, 6.37; Pennsylvania, 5.54.

The Court of Appeals, June 10, decided to grant Edward S. Stokes a third trial for the murder of James Fisk, Jun.

A French steamer arrived at Havana, June 17, with 500 Chinamen on board. During the passage there were 175 deaths.

The Persian Shah is making a rapid tour. He arrived at Berlin May 31. He was in London June 18.

It is believed that the Russian imperial government assents to the proposition of Ferdinand de Lesseps for the construction of a complete line of railway communication running across Central Asia from St. Petersburg, and connecting with the English railways in India, to Calcutta.

The tenant-farmers of England have organized an association to defeat the Agricultural Laborers' Union. The members of the association refuse to employ Union men, and by the last of May there were 2000 laborers "locked out" in this manner. The Union was suffering from a lack of funds.

According to the London *Daily Telegraph* the statistics of the Roman Catholic Church in England show an archbishop and twelve bishops; thirteen cathedral chapters, consisting each of a provost and ten canons; thirteen dioceses, with 1621 clergy and 1016 public churches and chapels; six greater colleges, ten lesser colleges, 200 schools for the middle class and the poor in London, and 800 in the rest of England; ten convents for the contemplative life. The number of Catholics in England and Wales is set down at about 1,500,000, and in Scotland at between 400,000 and 500,000. In Ireland the hierarchy consists of four archbishops—two of them primates—and twenty-four bishops. There are twenty-eight dioceses, with 1080 parishes and 3440 priests; 2349 public churches and chapels, one university, twenty-five colleges, and about 7000 primary schools. According to the census of 1871, there were 4,141,933 Catholics in that country.

DISASTERS.

May 30.—Boston suffered from a second destructive conflagration. The destruction of property is estimated at $1,291,000; insurance, $763,000. Among the buildings destroyed were the Globe Theatre, Chickering's buildings, the International Hotel, and the Boston Library. The fire covered four acres, bounded by Hayward Place, Bumstead Place, the eastern side of Essex and Boylston streets to Head Place, and thence by a line diagonally to Hayward Place. Five men were killed and one injured.

June 10.—Fire-damp explosion in the Henry Clay Colliery of Shamokin, Pennsylvania. There were thirty-five men in the mine. Ten of these were taken out dead.

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May 28.—Boiler explosion at Brussels, Belgium. Fourteen lives lost.

May 31.—Explosion in a colliery near Wigan, England. Six lives lost.

June 9.—Alexandra Palace, at Muswell Hill, a northern suburb of London, was destroyed by fire. It was a place of popular resort, like the Crystal Palace, only not so large, and contained a fine collection of pictures and statuary. It was first opened May 24. Loss, $3,000,000.

OBITUARY.

June 5.—In New York, Mansfield Tracy Walworth, author, aged forty-three years. Shot by his son.

June 16.—At Roselle, New Jersey, the Rev. Isaac Ferris, D.D., late Chancellor Emeritus of the University of New York, aged seventy-five years.

June 18.—In New York city, Horace F. Clark, aged fifty-eight years.

June 19.—In New York city, John A. Kennedy, ex-Superintendent of Police, aged seventy years.

June 21.—In Brooklyn, Lewis Tappan, the veteran abolitionist, aged eighty-five years.

June 1.—At Halifax, Nova Scotia, the Hon. Joseph Howe, the newly appointed Lieutenant-Governor of that province.

June 5.—At Frosinone, Italy, Urbano Ratazzi, the Italian statesman, aged sixty-five years.

June 6.—At Carlsbad, in Bohemia, William Adalbert, Prince of Prussia, aged sixty-two years. He married (morganatically) the sister of Fanny Ellsler, the danseuse.

June 14.—At Berlin, Frederick Louis George von Raumer, the historian, aged ninety-two years.

Editor's Drawer.

THE part performed by our colored brother during the rebellion was a peculiar one, and in that, as in almost every thing in which he is a participant, the comic side of his character will display itself. In the winter of '63, Colonel T. W. Higginson, whose *Army Life in a Black Regiment* is one of the most interesting works brought out by the war, was steaming up the St. Mary's River, Florida, and overheard the following remarks made to a little knot of sable brothers by Corporal Adams Allston, one of the most gifted prophets of those parts, whose influence over the men was unbounded:

"When I heard," he said, "de bomb-shell a-screamin' troo de woods like de judgment-day, I said to myself, 'If my head was took off to-night, dey couldn't put my soul in de torments, perceps [except] God was my enemy!' And when de rifle-bullets came whizzin' across de deck, I cried aloud, '*God help my congregation! Boys, load and fire!*'"

THE freedman, by-the-way, is never more in his element at the South than when attending camp-meeting. They have a peculiar intonation when they hold forth, which is enhanced by the addition of the syllable "er" to the end of almost every word. A story is told of an old colored minister who, in expatiating upon the horrors of everlasting condemnation, which those near the close of their terrestrial journey must expect, pointed to his own aged father, exclaiming,

"Look at that ole man-er, with one foot in the grave-er, and the other all but-er!"

THE courtesy of the "gentlemanly conductor" on American railways, especially to women traveling without male escort, has a fresh and pleasing illustration in the following, from a lady:

The conductor, who had taken me as a stranger under his special protection, was quite astonished to see that I did not, like my fellow-travelers, devour all the food set before me during the "ten minutes for refreshment" that was allowed to appease our hunger at the station where we were to "dine." He expressed his feelings in the following characteristic manner:

"Well, ma'am, I declare *you don't eat enough to keep a single-action cockroach going!* I kinder thought you were hungry when you asked for the refreshment-room;" then, pointing to the untasted dishes, "I guess you could manage to worry that down, *with a drink*, ma'am!"

Americans, as a general thing, do prefer their "game" in a separate course; hence the "single-action" dish was probably declined.

APROPOS of the tornado that recently swept over Keokuk and Washington counties, Iowa, by which so many lives were lost and so much property destroyed, we observe that one journal has in a single sentence summed up its terrific force: "It was a wind that just sat up on its hind-legs and howled!"

IN a certain town in Vermont several instances have lately occurred where husbands who have lost their wives have married again within six to twelve weeks; hence a good deal of neighborhood gossip, particularly among some of those women who "still live." One of these, Mrs. B——, at a quilting the other day, said, "I do hope I may be spared till summer, for then I may have tombstones over my grave *before my man gets tied up again!*"

THE latest addition to our advertising vocabulary comes from Philadelphia, informing us that an actor in that city will on a certain evening "tragediate."

THIS comes from a lady of high degree in England, who lately made a little run through America—she did it in a couple of months—stopping long enough in New York to see something of the way in which educated people get on hereabouts, and to enjoy a few dinners at which Bret Harte, John Hay, and other poets and such, assisted. She writes of barbers: "I have been told, 'by those who know,' that the occu-

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pation of barber in the United States has been brought to the perfection of a science; that is probably why our cousins complain so bitterly of the tortures they have to endure at the hands of even the best Parisian *coiffeur*, and also why it strikes you that the meanest laborer looks so cleanly and neat for his calling. A Neapolitan gentleman once remarked to me, with the most enthusiastic rapture, on the performance of a certain colored barber, to whose mercies he abandoned himself every morning, 'Ah!' said he, 'it is just like the exquisite touch of a young girl's hand!'"

Possibly this barber may have been that artist whose pole points heavenward in Albany, and over whose door reads the following sign, "TONSORIAL OPERATOR AND CAPILLARY REGENERATOR."

AN officer of our army, stationed at Fort Laramie, Wyoming Territory, writes as follows: "Being on my return from the East, at North Platte, three hundred miles west of Omaha, I was conversing with some friends in the reception-room of the railroad hotel, when a gentleman entered the room, and addressing one of the matrons of the party, said, "Mrs. ——, I hev composed a song ballid, and would like your daughter to larn it by harte, and sing it on the pyanner." The "song ballid" is as follows, t'wit:

THE LOST CHILDE SONG BALLID.

Come men and madens fare and near
Come Listen to my song
I will in Shore it is all write
there is nary word thats Rong
of an axdent that was taken Place
in the neighbor hood A Round
A Little Childe Bout 2 years old
was Lost But now its found.

It Started to a neigh bours house
So as I had Been tolde
twas in the fall-time of the year
and the Wether verry cold
its Parents they ware So Distreesd
Concerning of ther Childe
Saying shorely if it isnt Ded
it Certains going wilde

the Peopple Gethered from fare & near
A hunting Evry way
there was no more Seede of the Little Childe
Un till the 7venth Day
one cavning tha Re turnd at Late
Just a Bout the clothes of Day
from hunting of the Little Childe
A Looking Evry Way

They saw the Buzzards flying Up
as they ware Looking Down
and ther the Little infant Lay
A victum on the Ground
ther was no one ther to Close its Eyes
nor Bolnde its Little head
twas in A Bunch of Baren Grass
it made its Dying Bed

o Lord you know wher the infant Lay
and toock its Breath a way
I make no Dout But it will Shout
in one Eternal Day
its Bid Sin and Sorrow all a Due
and that we all Doe Know
its Pade the Debt it had to Pay
the Justly Debt it owd.

THE END.

A FEW miles from this city, in the town of New Rochelle, Westchester County, stands the monument of Thomas Paine, where it may be seen from the road as the traveler passes by. It stands on land that was formerly a part of the Devoe estate. It is not generally remembered that the State of Pennsylvania gave him $3000, and that the State of New York bought and presented to him the farm of three hundred acres above alluded to for services rendered by him to the general government. And these two instances are believed to be the only two in the history of the country where money and land were given to an individual for the efforts of his pen. In the latter part of his life Paine became very intemperate. In 1809 he died. In 1819 William Cobbett violated the grave, and took his bones to England.

By a late steamer from England we learn that the following epigram, written by Peter Pindar on a blank leaf of Paine's *Age of Reason*, is now first published:

Tommy Paine wrote this book to prove that the Bible
Was an old woman's dream of fancies most idle;
That Solomon's proverbs were made by low livers;
That prophets were fellows who sang semiquavers;
That religion and miracles all were a jest,
And the *Devil in Torment* a tale of the priest.
Though Beelzebub's absence from hell I'll maintain,
Yet we all must allow that the *Devil's in Paine.*

IN the very interesting biography of Robert Chambers, the author-publisher of Edinburgh, mention is made of a visit paid to him by the Rev. Sydney Smith. "My reverend and facetious visitor," says Chambers, "made some little inquiry about my own early efforts, and laughed when I reminded him of a saying of his own about studying on a little oatmeal, for that would have applied literally to my brother and myself.

"'Ah, *labora, labora*,' he said, sententiously; 'how that word expresses the character of your country!'

"'Well, we do sometimes work pretty hard,' I observed; 'but, for all that, we can relish a pleasantry as much as our neighbors. You must have seen that the Scotch have a considerable fund of humor.'

"'Oh, by all means!' replied my visitor. 'You are an immensely funny people; but you need a little operating upon to let the fun out. I know no instrument so effectual for the purpose as a *corkscrew*.'"

THE city of B——, a town on the Big Muddy, in Missouri, has among its principal citizens Captain M'V——, a man who "knows how to keep a hotel," and who says sharp things on current events. Just before the breaking out of the late "unpleasantness" a young lady of B—— was married to a rising physician. He joined his fortunes with the Confederates, and soon after was killed in battle. Afterward the lady married a merchant of St. Louis, who was carried off by the cholera in 1866. Returning to her former home, she met a young man of fine address and entertaining manners, but who had a greater social than business reputation. He was not rich, and had, apparently, little prospect of becoming so. Under these circumstances the engagement of the twain was looked upon as any thing but desirable by the friends of the lady, who, notwithstanding her double widowhood, was still young and attractive. But in this case, as in innumerable others, love triumphed over prospective poverty. One evening while Captain M'V—— and some of his guests were sitting on the porch, enjoying the cool breeze of the Big Muddy, the couple above referred to strolled by.

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After they had passed, the captain exclaimed, "What terrible sin can that woman have committed that she should be thus visited by all the curses in the calendar? She has had *war*, she has had *pestilence*, and now she is threatened with *famine!*" He might have gone on and added, "battle, murder, and sudden death." Fortunately the last marriage has proved as "happy as they make them."

THE simplicity of legal proceedings is one of the felicitous peculiarities of Washington Territory, though the law, so far as divorce is concerned, is not quite so limber as it is in Indiana. We have from the Territory of Washington a letter from a young man who seems to have suffered a little from the pangs of matrimony, and wishes to obtain a "deviorce." For that purpose he puts himself on paper to a justice of the peace of that region, supposing him to have the requisite dissolving power; and his way of doing it is so simple and candid as to command our admiration. Thus:

April 11, 1873.

Justice Snyder:

DEAR SIR,—I believe one year ago last September you married me to a girl by the name of either Mrs. Rosa Kayser or Miss Rosa Heis. She left me about three months ago. now I wish to get a Deviorce. how will I come about it? I wish for you to inform me and what way I shal pay you for your trouble. pleas answer right off and you will oblige

NEWTON SWINEFORD.

Poste Scrapt.—If you can't do what I want can't you send me some other girl that will do better for me and wont leave me. *That will do.* N. S.

A HUMOROUS instance of the coolness of the freedman under fire—perhaps a better one than the average—occurred in Colonel Higginson's regiment during a little fight in Florida. "My soldiers," he says, "in turn fired rapidly—too rapidly, being yet beginners—and it was evident that, dim as it was, both sides had opportunity to do some execution. I could hardly tell whether the fight had lasted ten minutes or an hour, when, as the enemy's fire had evidently ceased or slackened, I gave the order to cease firing. But it was very difficult at first to make them desist: the taste of gunpowder was too intoxicating. One of them was heard to mutter, indignantly, "Why de cunnel order *cease firin'*, when de secesh blazin' away *at de rate ob ten dollars a day?*"

THE youngsters—we don't mean the very little ones—will appreciate the probable accuracy of the following incident, sent to us by a lady in Gallipolis, Ohio: "Not long ago our Charlie was one of the pall-bearers at a little boy's funeral, and felt the importance of the position. Child-like, however, he could not realize the sadness of the occasion as he started at the appointed hour. When he came home he said, 'I and the other three boys rode home on the hearse. Will and I sat with the driver, Harry and Dick got on behind, and *we just come down a-sailing!*"

To impart an idea of eternity is certainly one of the most difficult of tasks, yet the effort was made recently by a preacher, who exclaimed, "Eternity! why, don't you know the meaning of that word? Nor I either, hardly. It is for ever and ever and five or six everlastings atop of that. You might place a row of figures from here to sunset, and cipher them all up, and it wouldn't begin to tell how many ages long eternity is. Why, my friends, after millions and billions of years had rolled away in eternity it would be a hundred thousand years to breakfast-time."

THE little ones are often homilists of the pithiest and directest sort. From Pontiac, Michigan, we have a notelet which tells of a little girl who, after a day which had been peculiarly trying to her mother, went to her room, and before going to bed knelt down, as was her wont, to say the nightly prayer. The first sentence, slightly altered from the usual form, was this: "I pray God to bless papa and mamma, and make them a comfort to each other; but I don't think He can, *mamma is so cross to papa.*" There is much doubt abroad about many "pops" as well as mammas; noticed, too, by elders as well as by babes.

To those who thirty years ago were familiar with the leading officials of the Post-office Department at Washington, it may be pleasant to read the following, written by a gentleman, then one of the most popular and efficient officers of the department, and who still survives, in good health, to enjoy

"That which should accompany old age—
Honor, love, obedience, troops of friends:"

POETRY SUBLIME!

I sing of what we have and what we've not,
In this our bright and ever-favored spot;
And to begin (I'm not a "ring-tail roarer!"):
If we've no bores, who'll say we've not a *Boherer?*
Now some may think that I am but a dolt
To say if we've no horses, we've a *Colt.**
But what care I? I'm guided by the "gunter:"
If we've no hounds, all know we have a *Hunter;*
And some may deem it not a little droll
That, though we have no mill, we still take *Towle;*
And yet more queer (allow me to repeat)
That we've no flour, though blest with first-rate *Wheat.**
So, if we've hickory none, we have good *Beach;**
If "suckers" none, a sound and well-tried *Leech;**
And what is more (this none will take in dudgeon),
If we've no perch, we have a prime live *Sturgeon.**
Nor would we pause, or in our duty falter;
We are not led, though you may see our *Halter.*
We love our country, as we've daily shown her;
And if not slaves, we surely have an *Owner.*
What's our religion? Let our *actions* tell:
Though we've no church, who has not heard our *Bell?*
Here let me stop, though "much remains unsung;"
If we're not old, alas! we're not all *Young.**
So now good-by! excuse this trifling thing:
The humblest of us is himself a *King.*

POST-OFFICE DEPARTMENT, *April* 8, 1846.

IT was in Harrodsburg, Kentucky, the other day, that a colored woman, gorgeous in yellow calico and a flowered Dolly Varden, and evidently not familiar with the town, came down the street, inquiring at every store if that was the place where they kept letters for the people, until finally, arriving at her destination, the following dialogue occurred:

WOMAN. "Has Sary Lewis sent any thing here for me from Lexington?"

P. M. "For whom?"

WOMAN. "Me."

P. M. "But what name?"

WOMAN. "Well, my name's Nancy Scott. They sometimes calls me Lucy Williams; but

* Dead.

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since I got married last month I've changed my name to Harriet Gray."

Notwithstanding this explicit reply to his interrogatory, Mr. Mailbags was unable to ferret out the desiderated screed from "Sary Lewis."

In Lord Houghton's newly published volume of *Monographs* there appears a new and characteristic anecdote of Sydney Smith and a little clerical fun in Yorkshire: "He willingly assisted his neighbors in their clerical duties, and an anecdote of one of these occasions is still current in the district. He dined with the incumbent on the preceding Saturday, and the evening passed in great hilarity, the squire, by name Kershaw, being conspicuous for his loud enjoyment of the stranger's jokes. 'I am very glad that I have amused you,' said Mr. Sydney Smith at parting; 'but you must not laugh at my sermon to-morrow.' 'I should hope I know the difference between being here or at church,' remarked the gentleman, with some sharpness. 'I am not so sure of that,' replied the visitor. 'I'll bet you a guinea on it,' said the squire. 'Take you,' replied the divine. The preacher ascended the steps of the pulpit apparently suffering from a severe cold, with his handkerchief to his face, and at once *sneezed* out the name 'Ker-shaw' several times in various intonations. This ingenious assumption of the readiness with which a man would recognize his own name in sounds imperceptible to the ears of others proved accurate. The poor gentleman burst into a guffaw, to the scandal of the congregation; and the minister, after looking at him with stern reproach, proceeded with his discourse, and won the bet."

From a book a million of years old, more or less, we quote the following homily, not more for the good sense pervading it than for the quaintness of its style and orthography. We believe it is its "first appearance" in America:

To lyve at home in housewyverye,
To order well my famylye,
To see they lyve not idillye,
To bryng upe Children vertuoslye,
To relyeve poure foulkes willinglye,
This ys my care with modestye,
To leade my Lyfe in honestye.
Then serve we God duely i engage,
Not willing our owne Wil, but just willing hys;
Obeying our Howsbands in what lawful ys.
Who housewivelye taketh daily joy in thys,
Well may be called good Matron or Maistris.

The style of persuasion that obtains in the outlying settlements of our beloved country may be inferred from the following scene that occurred recently at the Union Railway ticket-office at Denver. A rough-looking man purchased through mistake a ticket for New York *via* the Kansas Pacific line when he wanted to go over the Union Pacific. He did not discover the mistake until after the ticket had been paid for, and on asking the agent to change it the latter refused to do so.

"You won't change this ticket, then, won't you?"

"No," replied the agent; "you have your ticket, and I have the money for it, and if you want a ticket over the other route you will have to buy it."

Very quietly the stranger twisted his ticket into a small roll, very serenely drew from under his coat tail a six-shooter, coolly stuck the twisted ticket into the muzzle thereof, and sticking the pleasant-looking thing through the little square window of the ticket-office almost in the agent's face, and speaking in a tone that left no doubt of his determination, said, "Stranger, thar's that ticket; take it yourself and change it, or by the great horn spoon I'll blow it clean through you." It was changed with cheerful alacrity, and the traveler per Union Pacific walked away, saying, quietly, "I jest thought I could induce him to change his mind *a little*."

The late Rev. Dr. Guthrie was one of the ablest and noblest men whom modern Scotland has produced, and to whom, with Drs. Chalmers, Cunningham, and Candlish, the Scottish people are more indebted than to any other four for the result of that controversy which led to the formation of the Free Church in 1843. Like all characters truly great, the good doctor was one of the simplest and most lovable of men, as one may infer from these lines written by him:

I live for those that love me,
For those that love me true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And waits my coming too;

For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrongs that need resistance,
For the future in the distance—
For the good that I can do.

There are few better sermons than that. And how nicely summed up in the last line!

OUR LONDON SCRAP-BOOK.

THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL.



IN that quarter of London which lies upon the eastern boundaries of Bloomsbury stand a considerable number of mansions which were at one time the residences of the great, but which in the course of years have changed proprietorship and condition, and are now tenanted by owners of boarding-houses, or marked off into lawyers' chambers, or sublet to shop-keepers. Up and down the massive stone staircase,

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at one time the passage of a Lord Chancellor, the impecunious lodger now moves. The big houses have outlived their time. An air of gentle melancholy pervades the dirty bricks. The extinguishers at the doors, in which the link-boys of a former age were wont to stick their flambeaux, have become anachronisms. The whole region speaks of faded respectability, and does not even make a pretense of clinging to the memory of a glorious past. In the midst of this quarter stands the Foundling Hospital. A long stretch of iron railing—at each end of which is a still longer stretch of brick wall with thick and sombre foliage rustling over it—shuts the establishment in from the outer world. Near the centre of the iron railing stands a high pedestal, on which is a statue of good old Captain Coram, the founder. He smiles benignly on every passer-by. Behind the railing is an extensive carriage drive with flagged footways leading to a large dull brick building—the hospital itself.

It is Sunday morning; the hour about eleven. A number of fashionably dressed people are entering the iron gates and proceeding along the flagged footways. A gorgeous functionary at the gate-house, brilliant in gold and scarlet, surveys the stream of humanity as it slowly meanders past. A sleepy and unmusical bell invites us, and we also will enter the gates, and pass the stolid beadle, and tread the flagged footway. There is a wonderful sense of quiet and repose and security in this inclosure. The sensation is similar to that which one experiences in wandering through the still quadrangles of an old university, or in pacing the solemn spaces of an abbey, or in exploring the mysterious surroundings of a convent. We have arrived at the doors of the hospital, and ascertain that morning service is about to be "performed" in the chapel of the institution. A gentleman stands at the door holding a silver plate. Tacitly he invites subscriptions. The gentleman holding the silver plate does not care how large your subscription is. But you observe that he has a constitutional objection to widows' mites. Poor woman! She may be but ill able to afford the sixpence which she drops on to the other coins when the gentleman with the silver plate declines to accept her penny, and possibly she is drawn to the building by tender and irresistible— There! one would rather not have noticed that incident at the porch of a house of worship.

The chapel, which is commodious, is a portion of the main building. It is surrounded by galleries. The seats are high and narrow, the windows suitably stained. Behind the communion-table stands Benjamin West's celebrated picture, "Christ blessing little Children"—a touching comment on the nature of the institution. We will take our place in one of the side galleries, where we may obtain a full view of the foundlings. They are seated in the back gallery, facing the communion-table and the picture. The boys are ranged on one side of the organ, the girls on the other. There are about a hundred of each, the very young ones sitting in the front rows. The boys are dressed in plain brown tunics fastened with belts, and surmounted by clean linen collars. The girls present a sight more picturesque than any other in this big metropolis. Their pure white aprons, descending from the throat to the skirt of the dress, the pretty Normandy caps (seen now only in Reynolds's pictures), the intelligent white faces, the always devout attitude, give to these children, clustered in shining rows, and held here from contact with a too rough world, a beauty indescribable. Born in shame and destined to misery, but snatched by a kindly intervention and placed in circumstances of security and peace, as one gazes upon their sweet and upturned faces the fancy—not easily smothered—presents itself that here is a congregation, not altogether mortal, practicing on earth for the enjoyments of heaven, learning gentle movements and kind looks, and attuning their fresh voices for everlasting anthems: a harmless fancy, and all too ruthlessly destroyed by reflecting on the probable future of these possible angels.

The clergyman has mounted the reading-desk. He commences intoning the Church service—"When the wicked man"—and all the children rise. How sweetly their young voices sound in the responses! It is a good place for a man engaged all week in the tough combat for life to visit now and then. He will be conscious of sensations unusual but not ungrateful. We plead guilty to the experience of a strange and unaccountable feeling as we heard the curate read out, in dry, unfeeling tones, "Honor thy father and thy mother," and as the poor children, so literally bereft of parentage, responded in clear, musical chorus, "Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law." The incident revealed to us the full meaning of the word *irony*, till then but partially appreciated. After the service an anthem was sung by the children, led by half a dozen professional vocalists of some note. After the anthem the preacher entered the pulpit and preached. George Eliot has warned us to be at all times very slow in finding fault with the utterances of the minister of the Gospel, because it may so happen that while we are passing our criticisms upon the literary merits of his discourse he may be "shedding hot tears in secret because he can not find the light or the strength to say the right word or do the difficult deed." Yes, but the sermon at the Foundling chapel was so utterly the *wrong* word, and was so clearly a perfunctory performance, that one has no qualms in recording a very decided opinion about it. It was a long doctrinal discourse, not badly composed, full of theological technicalities and abstruse arguments. It was not ill suited to an adult and thoughtful congregation. From a Caledonian pulpit it would have sounded appropriately. It would not have been out of place in the class-room of a college of divinity. But from beginning to end there was not a sentence—a syllable—directed to the children or suited to their capacity, and the very little ones in the front row evinced painful signs of weariness, dropping off to sleep one by one, falling forward at times with a sudden motion, and caught by the watchful and bigger ones behind. Milton recorded it as a calamitous circumstance that the hungry sheep looked up and were not fed. But what is to be said of those who to the hungry lambs deny their sustenance?

At the end of the service the entire building is thrown open to the inspection of the public. The clean and lofty dormitories, the spacious

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"LORD, HAVE MERCY UPON US, AND INCLINE OUR HEARTS TO KEEP THIS LAW."

school-rooms, the kitchens at the basement, wide as catacombs, but cheerfuler. The visitors explore every nook and corner. A yellow kid glove lifts the shining cover of a kitchen copper, and a face surrounded by lustrous curls looks smilingly into the cavity. A bevy of bright maidens, under the control of a mother in spreading silks, examine with the eyes and hands of amateurs the texture of the bedclothes. Grave-looking professional men and vacuous-looking dandies walk about circumspectly, as if they had got into the wrong place. The reception and committee rooms contain many works of great interest. Here, indeed, we see the accidental influence which led to the founding of the Royal Academy. Here was the first collection of new and original works of art exhibited in London. When the building was completed it was thought desirable to adorn the walls with pictures, but for this adornment the charity could not afford to pay. Reynolds, Wilson, Ramsay, Hayman, and Rysbrack contributed works gratuitously. Above all, Hogarth painted his "March of the Guards to Finchley," a painting which is worth a pilgrimage to see. Old Will Hogarth was very fond of the institution, and helped it in a hundred ways. And in the same room that contains his likeness of Captain Coram stands a glass case where you will find his punch-bowl religiously preserved—a strange and characteristic relic of that ferocious satirist and kindly man. There are several other glass cases ranged along the walls, containing autographs and documents more or less interesting as connected with the history of the institution and the memory of celebrated men departed. Among others is a letter from Charles Dickens to the trustees of the Foundling. The author of *Oliver Twist* had a pew in the chapel when he resided at Tavistock House, near Russell Square. He made use of his knowledge of the establishment, as readers will remember, in *No Thoroughfare*, a Christmas story afterward dramatized and produced at the Adelphi. A cartoon, or a portion of a cartoon, by Raphael, "The Murder of the Innocents," and "The Adoption of Moses by Pharaoh's Daughter," a painting by Hogarth, are the only other objects of note. As we are looking at the latter we hear in some adjacent hall or corridor the "tramp, tramp" of many feet. We hasten in the direction of the sound.

The children are marching to dinner. We happen first upon the boys' dining-room. The lads stand at long tables. At a signal their hands are folded and their eyes closed. At a second signal the brass-band at the remotest ta-

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SINGING GRACE.

ble, composed of some of the boys themselves, performs a bar. Then all join in a hymn of blessing. We can not catch the words; the music is Gregorian—simple and plaintive. It has a pleasing effect sung by these boys with closed eyes and devotional attitude. Another signal is given, and they sit down on the forms, and proceed to devour a very admirable dinner of bread and meat and potatoes. We leave them thus profitably engaged, and proceed to the dining-room of the girls. It is in every respect similar to that which we have just left. The children are already dining diligently. The elder girls move about and assist the younger ones, cut their meat into small portions, help them to fresh supplies of potato; for not in vain does Oliver ask for more in this charitable retreat. Some of these elder girls are seemingly not unconscious of the glances of undisguised admiration with which many of the visitors regard them. In a room adjoining the girls' dining-hall are seated the lambs of the flock—children of from four to six years of age. These are the mites of humanity who found the theology of the preacher somewhat oppressive. They don't seem to have quite got over it yet, but make a very creditable effort to masticate the solids placed before them. In this room are both boys and girls. The *bona fide* infants—the babies—are kept at an establishment in the country till they have arrived at a sufficiently advanced age to justify their removal to the gay metropolis.

It may not be out of place to remark that there are various rumors afloat as to the administration of this charity by the trustees. Unquestionably the design of the founder is not carried out by them. Captain Coram ordered a box to be left at the door, so arranged that an unfortunate mother might deposit her child silently and secretly. The present trustees make it the first condition of admission that the mother of a child shall make personal application to the board—a test which few would care to encounter. Not only is this so, but it is freely stated that no child is admitted save and except a considerable sum of money be paid with it. Considering that the charity is immensely wealthy—having acquired a large portion of adjoining properties—it is to be regretted that the administrators do not possess the will to carry out the dying wishes of the good old man from whom they inherit the trust. It is perhaps also matter for regret that the place should be turned into a show to the extent it is for the mere purpose of adding to revenues already far more than sufficient to meet the expenses.

But as we leave the place we dismiss all uncomfortable reflections, and let our memories dwell only on the evident good that is being wrought for the little boys in the brown tunics and the sweet-faced girls in the white Normandy caps.



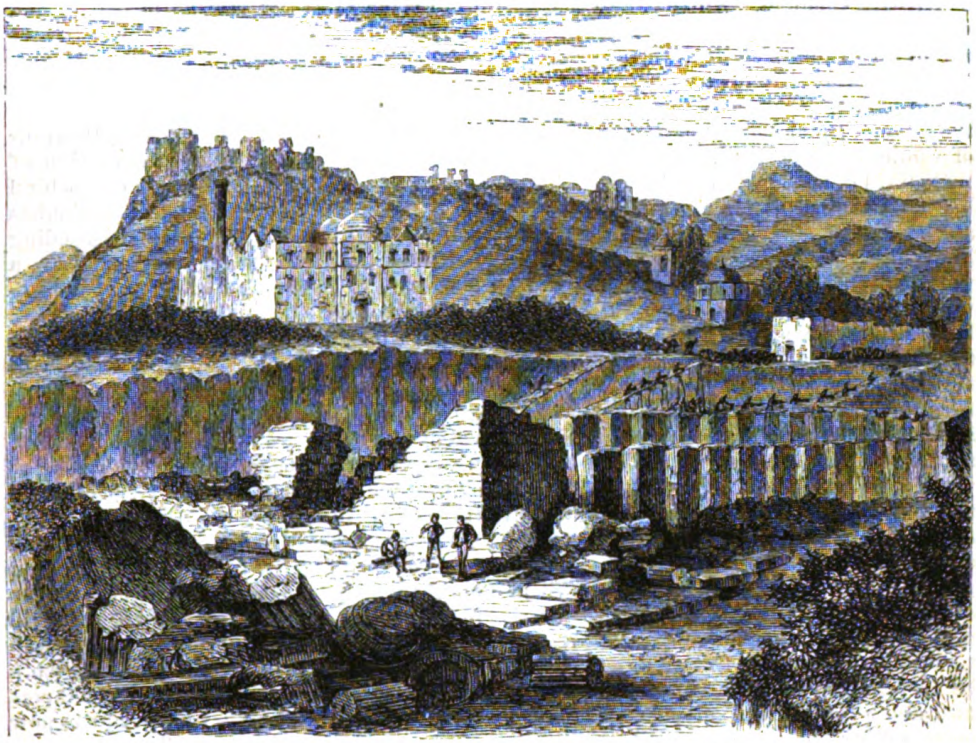
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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCLXXX.—SEPTEMBER, 1873.—Vol. XLVII.

GENERAL SHERMAN IN EUROPE AND THE EAST.

[Second Paper.]



EXCAVATIONS AT EPHESUS ON THE SITE OF THE TEMPLE OF DIANA.

THE morning after leaving Alexandria broke clear and pleasant. There were few cabin passengers, but there were many third class returning from the pilgrimage to Mecca and the shops of Cairo. These people —men, women, and children—carried their own edibles and bedding, the latter consisting in some cases of a species of mattress, with coverlets, in others simply of blankets, which were spread upon the deck, and upon which they lay night and day, black and white being very near neighbors. Upon one side of the vessel, in the interval between the cabins, which were on the upper deck, and the side of the ship, were collected most of the women, and reaching from the roof of the cabin was stretched an awning, which in part protected them from the rain which fell as we approached the Dardanelles. Most of the time was taken up in sleeping, but occasionally some would wake up to sing (?) or gamble; the favorite game being one often seen about Rome, and consisted in throwing out the fingers on the part of one man, while the others would guess at the number. On the whole, they were a peaceable set, but very dirty. Among them was a character described by Mark Twain under the name of "Far-Away-Moses." The knowledge of his reputation in America had already reached him, and he carried his card, with "Far-Away-Moses" inscribed upon it, as well as the number of the page in the *Innocents Abroad* wherein his fame has been

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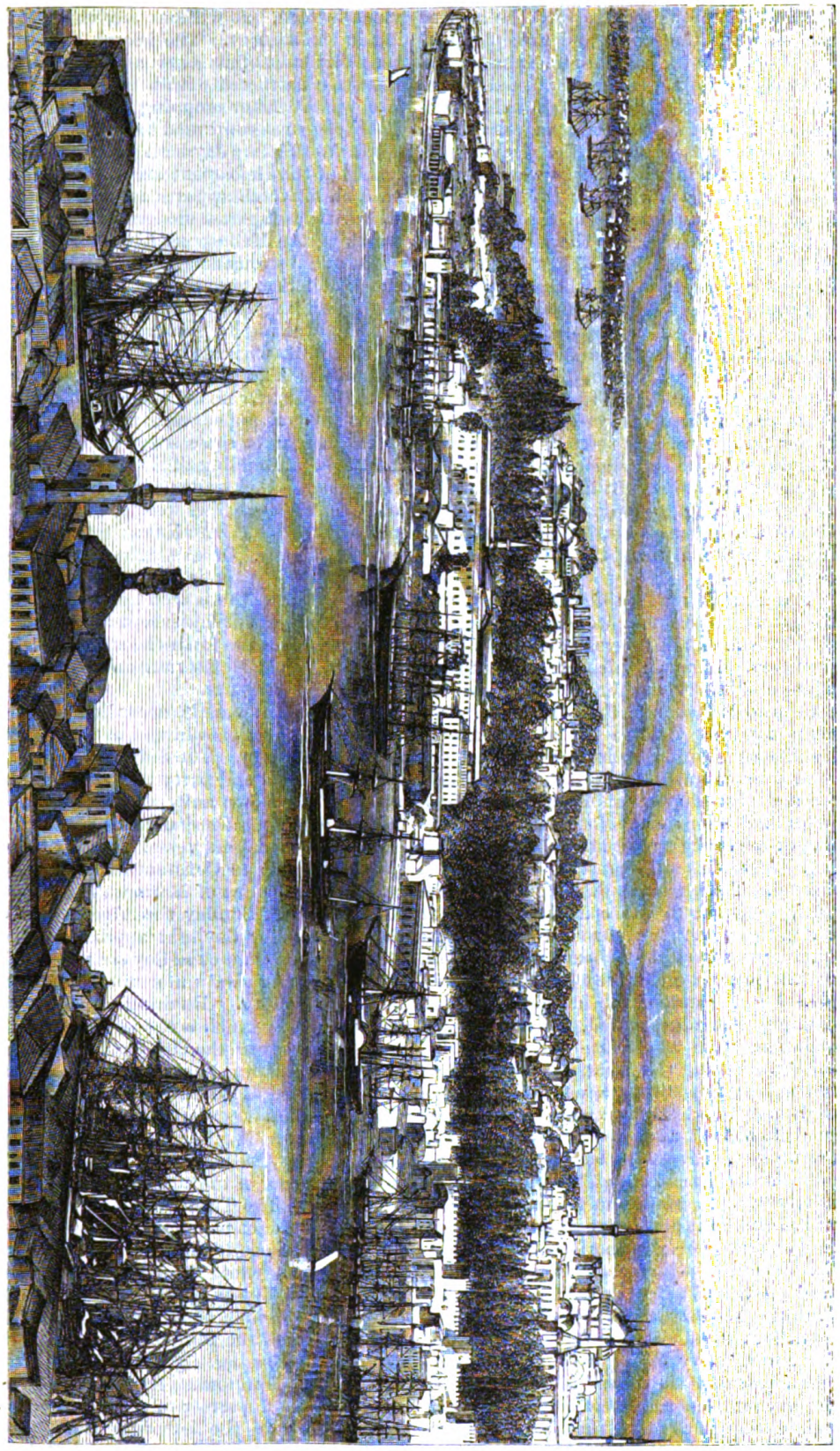
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noted. His honesty was about as high in standard as that of the rest of his people, and by the sale of shawls, blankets, and such small goods as are to be found in the bazars of Cairo and Constantinople he gained his daily bread. On Thursday morning the *Minerva* came abreast of the Isle of Rhodes, which was on the right hand, while on the left was Scarpanto. Patmos and Samos were also passed. These islands seemed treeless; their color was of a bright green, as it was early spring, and their general appearance much like that of the islands on the coast of California, reminding one of the passage in Santa Barbara Channel. All that day the vessel steamed along in view of various islands, and at about four o'clock in the evening anchor was cast in front of the island of Scio, which looked very pretty from the deck, as the steamer lay at a distance of three-fourths of a mile from the shore.

On Friday morning the *Minerva* anchored before the town of Smyrna. This city lies at the foot of a very deep bay inclosed by high hills. At their different anchorages were many vessels, but the only man-of-war was the Austrian iron-clad ship *Llissa*. Back of the town, upon a high hill, stand the ruins of an ancient fortification, and the view from there over the city—the bay with the vessels riding at anchor on the one side, and on the other the cultivated fields and fruit trees—is particularly beautiful. As the vessel was to remain there till about noon the next day, most of the passengers went ashore. General Sherman and party, taking a small boat, landed about sunrise, under the guidance of "Far-Away-Moses," who seemed to have the responsibility of the party's pleasure resting upon his shoulders. By him they were conducted through the narrow, badly paved streets, with houses of two and two and a half stories on each side, to the office of Mr. Smithers, the United States consul at that place. The consul lived six miles beyond Smyrna, and had not yet come in. The "cavass" in charge promised to telegraph to him, and the party in the mean while took up "the line of march" in search of a breakfast. Down a narrow passage-way the hotel was reached, and the order for the morning meal given. While awaiting its preparation a traveling acquaintance was made with four Englishmen just arrived from Greece, and from them it was learned that they were about starting on an excursion to Ephesus. Upon their invitation General Sherman and party joined them, and after breakfast they started for the railway station in the outskirts of the town. The party consisted of the general and his companions, four Englishmen, and two Russians. The railroad ran through a very pretty country of mountain and valley. The soil was not cultivated, but there were many flocks of goats and sheep grazing. We saw also some camels, and, scattered about, the black tents of their Bedouin owners. Riding thus for forty miles we reached Yasalouk, where the horses were awaiting the arrival of the train. Their saddles and bridles would have added to the rustiness of an old junk shop. Near the station some parts of the aqueduct were still standing, and upon these, as upon the ancient tombs, many storks had built their nests, from which they flew as the party rode by, breaking the stillness with their shrill cries. An Englishman, who had a drinking saloon near the station, was engaged as guide. Near his shop were some pieces of marble boxed up and marked "British Museum, London." These were parts of the Temple of Ephesus. Mounting the horses, a ride was taken across the flat country toward an insular hill of about 1500 feet in height, around whose base lay the ruins of the ancient city. There was no sign of a road, and the horses followed, one behind the other, the bridle-path other excursionists had made. Reaching the hill, and ascending half-way through the growing hemlock, a place said to be the cave of the Seven Sleepers was pointed out by the guide. This cave was a kind of chapel, in which a lamp was burning. This, however, is not the real cave, the latter being close by—a mere hole filled with dirt and bushes. Leaving the valley and going around the base of the hill, we soon found masses of marble and huge stones, which had evidently formed structures of great size and beauty.

Passing around the hill, we came to the ruins of the great theatre in which St. Paul fought with wild beasts. It is semicircular in form; the marble is of good quality, and the stones that are still standing were very well laid, and at one time it must have shown a fine architectural appearance. The old port of Ephesus was plainly visible, but is now grown up with bulrushes. The river near by, once capable of floating a vessel drawing ten feet of water, could not now float one drawing more than four or five. The ruins of the Treasury were also visited. They stand out from the base of the hill; but no one can now tell why these particular ruins are so called, unless it be from the massive stones that compose them. Beyond these ruins is a high point, upon which stands the remains of a stone building, said to be once the prison of St. Paul. Most likely it was built as a look-out, for from it there is a magnificent view of the sea. The town was built about and in front of the hill which stands detached from the mountain chain. In front spreads the plain through which the stream meandered, and up which the vessels from the sea came to take refuge in the lake now filled up. Old columns of marble lay about in every direction, and their beauty showed how great the magnificence of Ephesus must once have been. Ruins of dwellings

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SERAGLIO POINT, CONSTANTINOPLE.

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were every where seen along the faces of the hill and on the plateau toward the ancient harbor, while the tombs and sarcophagi of marble encircle the base. From Ephesus, and crossing the plain, the party returned toward the railway station, near which and the village of Yasalouk they saw an excavation about twenty feet deep in the alluvial soil, where about a hundred Turks were at work under the charge of a sergeant of the English army, detailed to superintend the excavation of the Temple of Diana in the interest of the British Museum. They had got down to the base of one single pillar, whose proportions were really gigantic, and whose finish was very beautiful. It is supposed to be one of many that are left of the great Temple of Diana, one of the seven wonders of the world. From appearances $100,000 must have been expended in these excavations. And later in our travels we saw some of these stones of Ephesus in the British Museum in London, which had been brought in an English frigate. Returning to Smyrna, we found the United States consul awaiting us at the station, with whom we spent the night at his country-seat.

The next day was a Greek holiday, and the streets of Smyrna were full of people, all of whom stared in great curiosity at the strangers. It was a pleasant sight to see white and uncovered faces, as well as children who looked like those at home. We made a formal visit to the governor, who had his guard under arms in our honor, and after a few minutes' conversation caused coffee and pipes to be handed about. These pipes had stems some four feet long, the mouth-piece being of large beads of amber. After this some preserves were passed around. Taking leave of the governor, the party returned to the consulate, where at 2 P.M. the governor returned the visit. At 4 P.M. we returned on board the *Minerva*, which soon got under way for Constantinople. Passing out of the harbor before the daylight had disappeared, we had a good opportunity to appreciate its remarkable beauty. During the night the ship touched at the island of Mitylene, which was on the right hand, and the next morning, Sunday, at eight o'clock, anchored in what is called Besika Bay. There is no bay to be seen, however, though the island of Tenedos is on one side, with a channel from four to five miles wide between it and the main-land. A ship may anchor there with perfect safety. It is the same point which the Greeks must have used in the old Trojan war, and recently was the rendezvous of the English and French in the Crimean war. The site of the ancient city of Troy is on the main-land abreast of the island of Tenedos. To the eye of General Sherman the country looked very much like that back of Benicia, in California, the hills having no trees upon them, while the russet color of the vines is seen, but without any thing striking in the scenery. The island of Tenedos has a fort built of masonry, and appearing as though constructed within the last twenty-five years. After stopping about an hour, the voyage was continued toward the Hellespont. With a fair day both points at the entrance of the Hellespont are distinctly seen, on each of which appears a great tower, of very little use against modern artillery. The width of the Hellespont here is about five miles, and a strong current always runs from the Black Sea toward the Mediterranean. Several sailing ships were anchored in Besika Bay, waiting to go through, which can only be done with the aid of a strong leading wind. The course of the vessel was along the north shore, which still retained its general appearance, rising gradually to the height of some seven or eight hundred feet. Ascending the Dardanelles about twelve miles, the straits narrow to about one and a half miles. Here were the old "Sestos and Abydos," and here Xerxes passed on his bridge of boats. On the right-hand side of the narrowest part is the town of Dardanelles, and more life is seen here than at any other point in Turkey except at Constantinople. Within the town the streets are like those of other Mediterranean towns, very narrow and irregular.

All merchant vessels, according to existing treaties, can pass in and out freely, but no vessels of war. The Sultan was expecting the general and party to arrive in a war vessel of their own navy, and had arranged to receive them at Dardanelles. But as they came in a merchant vessel they continued in her right up to Constantinople. At the entrance to the Sea of Marmora is Gallipoli. At sundown of Sunday the *Minerva* entered this sea, and by daylight approached Constantinople. On a clear day the view of the city is beautiful, but unfortunately a heavy rain was falling. Running close by the Seven Towers, which is the left flank of the wall which covers the city on the land side, Seraglio Point was passed, and anchor cast in the Golden Horn, in the midst of about three hundred vessels, steamers and ships, of all nations. They were chiefly propellers, the Austrians, Italians, and English seeming to have control of the commerce of the Mediterranean. The Turks had many flags flying, and no doubt have much commerce, but for some reason do not seem to be a sea-loving people, while the Greeks, Austrians, Italians, and English take to the sea naturally. The Golden Horn is an inlet at the western end of the Bosphorus, which is the deep channel connecting the Black Sea with the Sea of Marmora. After passing the straits about a quarter of a mile there is a sudden turn to the left into the Golden Horn, when Stamboul is on the left hand

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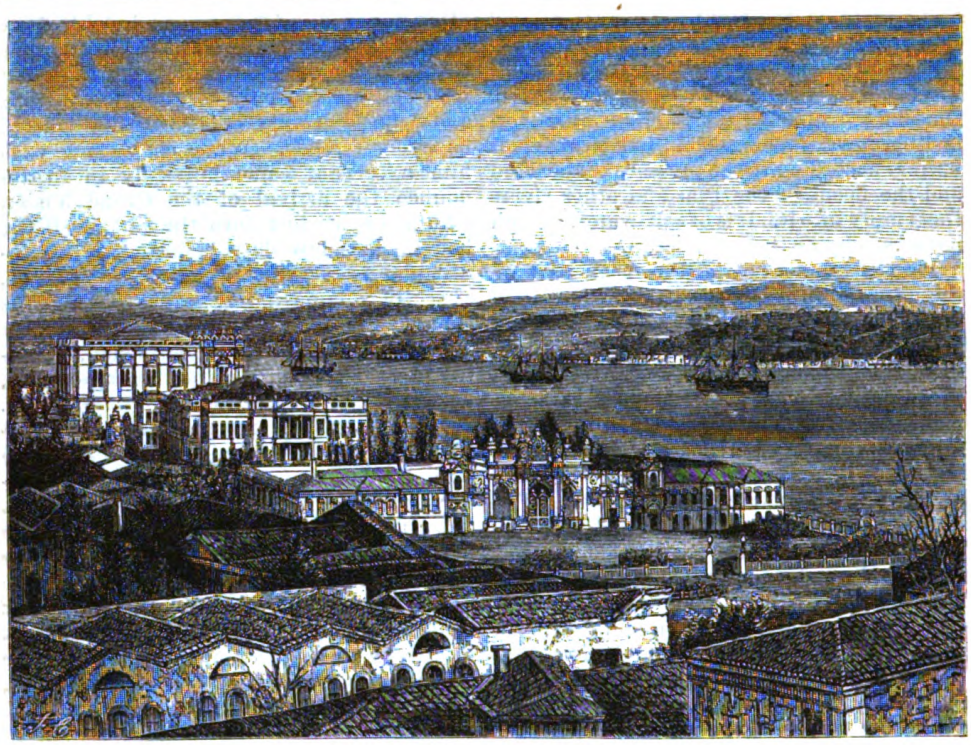
and Galata on the right. There is a good bridge about a mile ahead, which bounds the usual anchorage for merchant vessels. The Golden Horn is the harbor proper. From the Black Sea comes a strong current, everlasting, never flowing back, but stronger or weaker according to the pressure of the wind and the floods of the Don and other rivers that empty into it. It is of salt-water, though not so strong as the open ocean.

Pera is known as the European part of the city, and in it the streets are wider than in the other parts, and there the Europeans mostly dwell, having stores as one would find in any Christian city. Scutari is on the Asiatic side, while Stamboul is what was once old Constantinople. In it are the mosques, Sublime Porte, War-office, bazars, and old residence of the sultans, now deserted for the more modern palace in Pera. The streets are narrow, dirty, and badly paved. The houses vary in shape and size, and are mostly of wood, so that when a fire occurs much damage is done. Not long before General Sherman's arrival a fire had destroyed many of them. One or two more conflagrations would greatly improve the city. The principal living production after the people seems to be dogs, and these infest the streets in all sizes and shapes, and make night hideous with their fighting, barking, and growling.

Soon after the *Minerva* came to an anchorage Mr. Brown, the dragoman, or interpreter of the United States legation at Constantinople, came on board, accompanied by a Mr. Oscanyan, the Turkish consul at New York, who was then on leave of absence. They informed the general that the Sultan had sent one of his own boats to take him and his party to the shore. Passing down the steps, at the bottom were two handsomely gilded caïques (or boats), rowed by a dozen stalwart Turks each, whose livery consisted of silk jackets, bag trowsers, and the turban. Every one could easily recognize these boats as belonging to the Sultan. We were landed at the arsenal dock in Galata, a suburb of the city, founded by the Genoese, at the foot of the hill upon the summit of which Pera is built, in which port, as before mentioned, all the foreigners or Europeans usually reside. When the party reached the shore they found there a guard of some thirty Turkish soldiers, who presented arms. Outside the arsenal gates were two handsome carriages, with footmen and coachmen, from the Sultan's stables, into which the party got and were driven up the hill to the small hotel back of the English embassy, where apartments had been secured for them. The object which most attracted attention as the hill was ascended was the American street railway there in use. The cars were divided into two compartments, one for the use of women, the other for men. After a good breakfast we went to the Byzantium Hotel to call upon the American minister, Mr. George H. Boker, who had arrived only a few weeks before, and who was very courteous, and offered us every facility. While conversing with him a servant came hurriedly in to announce the arrival of the Grand Vizier, who had come to return the call Mr. Boker had made a few days before. As this individual is a great personage in Turkey, every one immediately prepared for the event. The door was thrown open, and in walked a short, stout old gentleman, defective in one eye, and blowing like a porpoise, since he had climbed two flights of stairs. He did not remain many minutes; but notwithstanding this, coffee was of course served. The amount drank of this beverage during the days of calling must be great. After the Grand Vizier had taken his leave the party called on General Ignatief, the Russian minister, who, having been in the country some time, and being able to speak English, General Sherman wished to consult in regard to the best way of visiting the Caucasus. General Ignatief was very polite, introducing them all to his wife, who had been a Princess Gallitzen.

Tuesday was a clear and pleasant day, and about noon three carriages, fine open English barouches, drawn by two fine horses each, and belonging to the Sultan's stables, came for the party. Upon the box sat coachmen and footmen attired in the royal livery, which consisted of flowing trowsers to the knee (where they were met by top-boots), gold-embroidered jackets and vests. Upon the head was the red fez, and wrapped around the waist were long sashes embroidered with gold-thread. Besides these, there were also several outriders, all wearing the same livery. In advance of the arrival of the carriages came a major of the Turkish army, who reported to the general for duty. The party being in full uniform, seated themselves in the carriages, and preceded by the outriders, who cleared the narrow streets, started for the Byzantium Hotel, where they took up Mr. Boker and his son, and then continued on toward the palace at which the presentation was to be held, crowds of Turks, foreigners, and others lining the sides of the streets through curiosity to see the "great Americans." Following along the top of the hill, the road then descended to the water-side. At a point above where the party had landed on their arrival in Constantinople was situated the chief palace of the Sultan, called Dolma Backté. This is a very beautiful building, and is inclosed on the main front and land side by a high wall, the entrance through which is by a very elaborate and handsome gateway. The water side is inclosed by a light and elegant iron railing, and occasionally there are flights of

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DOLMA BACKTÉ PALACE.

steps, by means of which there is an easy access to the caïques. Once inside the gateway, one finds himself in quite a large garden or court-yard. The palace is divided into two parts, the front, the part with the turret roof, as seen in the illustration, being occupied by the Sultan, the other, or back part, being devoted to his harem; and in order to thwart the eyes of the curious, the windows of this part are inclosed by a lattice-work. Indeed, it is very common to see this inclosure in the meanest-looking houses in the city. Upon the beautiful marble steps which gave access to the first floor stood the Minister of Foreign Affairs for Turkey, Servia Pasha, surrounded by several ushers, among them Hamdy Bey, whom the party frequently saw during their visit to Constantinople. Mounting the steps, we entered the palace, where there was a long hall or corridor, quite wide, and upon both sides of which were stationed the officers of the royal household, all being in full uniform.

When the party had once entered the hall the order of precedence was announced to them by Servia Pasha through Mr. Brown, the dragoman. Only at that moment was it discovered that Lieutenant Grant was to go first, and, as the son of the President of the United States, be received as a prince royal. It was too late to do any thing by way of explanation, and though "Fred" went forward very reluctantly, he accepted the situation, and, followed in order by General Sherman, Mr. Boker, and the rest of the party, approached the staircase, where, on the landing at which it divided, was standing Abdul Assiz, Sultan of Turkey, who, shaking Lieutenant Grant by the hand, turned, motioned him to continue up the stairway, and walked by his side, without paying any attention to the rest of the party. The Sultan conducted them into a very handsome room, which looked out upon a most beautiful scene, embracing the Bosphorus, Golden Horn, and city of Stamboul. After entering the room the Sultan received General Sherman very courteously, and seating himself, motioned the party to do likewise. After a short pause he began the conversation in Turkish, which was translated by Mr. Brown. Mr. Boker made a short speech recounting the history of the visitors. The interview lasted about fifteen minutes, and at its termination the Sultan accompanied the party to the head of the staircase, where he shook hands with Lieutenant Grant and the general, simply inclining his head to the rest. Abdul Assiz is rather stout, about five feet eight inches in height, has large dark eyes, grayish hair and beard. He was dressed in loose snuff-colored pantaloons, black coat, cut like that of an Episcopal minister, and patent-leather shoes. Under his coat he wore a white flannel shirt, on his head the fez, and on the little finger of his right hand an immense ruby ring. He assured the general and party that they should have access to every object of interest. Having regained

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their carriages, the party was driven across the pontoon-bridge to Stamboul to call upon the Grand Vizier, who received them cordially, and after a few minutes' conversation in Turkish, caused pipes and coffee to be passed about. There was nothing in his appearance to fill one with awe. From there they called upon the President of the Council, who is the head of the Legislative Council, or civil branch of the government, where coffee was again drunk out of small cups, and tobacco smoked from pipes with long stems and large amber mouth-pieces. The next call was upon Servia Pasha, Minister of Foreign Affairs, who had been with them at the palace. This man spoke French fluently, had been educated in France, and was very agreeable — without doubt the most agreeable they met, since he laid aside the rigid formalities that surrounded each of the authorities of the court, and chatted away like any European. Here cigars gave place to pipes, and coffee was not handed about. For all that, when the Minister of Foreign Affairs came into the presence of the Sultan, he was a very insignificant person, who sat with his arms folded across his breast and his head cast down. This finished the formal visits, and a drive was taken, where practicable, through the old city. The Church of St. Sophia, once a Christian church, but now converted into a mosque, was visited, and to enter its sacred portals the feet had to be covered with slippers.

The palmy days of Seraglio Point have passed away since the Sultan has fixed his residence across the harbor, on the Pera side, and with one or two exceptions the foreign legations are also established there. What was once the ancient palace is now converted into a museum, called the Treasury, in which are placed the jewels belonging to the Sultan. The display is a magnificent one, and the eyes are dilated in wonder examining the diamonds, emeralds, rubies, and pearls there exposed to view. Some of these are very large and beautiful. There are swords whose hilts are thickly inlaid with diamonds; exquisite decorations for the turban, composed of diamonds, emeralds, and pearls; saddle-cloths, martingales, and bridles, inlaid with pearls, turquoises, and other jewels; drinking cups, vases, silver pitchers for wine, all rich in their embellishments; while a throne of one of the early sultans is almost one mass of inlaid ivory, pearls, and other jewels. The collection must be one of very great value. A sharp eye was kept upon the party, notwithstanding the high auspices under which they came. Before entering the building a seal which was upon the lock was broken and carried to a place of deposit, where it is kept as a voucher for the occasion which caused the door to be unlocked. After the visit was over this lock was again sealed up. In the same inclosure are the buildings in which are the throne-rooms, library, and arsenal, in the latter of which are stored away a large number of muskets of American manufacture. On the floor above are a number of effigies, representing the various phases in Turkish costume, and among these are those of the janizaries. Near this building is a small museum, containing some curiosities from Egypt. Leaving the Seraglio, and passing out of the gate, near which is the spot at which many unfortunates have lost their heads, we visited one of the sultans' tombs, and then went to the place once used as a reservoir. Descending many steps into the ground, one comes to a large cavern in which water was once kept. The ceilings are very lofty, and the whole is supported by about one thousand columns. This place was, at the time of the visit, greatly dilapidated, and used by cordwainers, who were busily engaged at work.

Old Stamboul must be thoroughly visited in order to be understood. The streets are narrow, wretchedly paved, and very dirty. The old wall still incloses it, and runs from the Bosphorus on one side around to the Golden Horn on the other. The usual manner of wending one's way through these streets is by horseback, and the animals used are very fine, and stand at the street corners for hire, as the hacks do in the cities of the United States. The day being hot, however, General Sherman and companions went in the carriages they had hired in Pera, and they had a rough ride. Reaching the wall by the fortification called the "Seven Towers," they passed through the gateway, and followed along outside toward the Golden Horn. This wall is very thick, and at intervals of about every one hundred and fifty yards has a tower. Its preservation shows how well it was built. The road was heavy with mud, and along the left-hand side was one continuous cemetery, through the broken-down tombstones and cypress-trees of which the wind howled mournfully. The country was desolate in the extreme. No cultivation, no roads, nothing but a long extent of unproductive land, looking as though it might never have been visited by civilized man. Surrounding the three towns which constitute Constantinople the same condition of things exists, and to travel over the country, which is rolling and picturesque, one must go on horseback, and follow the paths made by the goats. There are a few exceptions as to roads, one being in favor of that to the "Sweet Waters of Europe," the other of that from Pera to Therapia, the summer resort on the Bosphorus. Every thing about a visit to this city is different from what one experiences in any other part of Europe. The houses of Pera are, in the new quarter,

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CEMETERY, OLD STAMBOUL.

of stone, but the rest, and in Stamboul, of wood; and the stores in this last-named place are bazars, which are simply covered streets. Here are met the Christian, the Jew, and the Mohammedan, and the goods exposed for sale are as varied and curious as are the persons who expose them. People of almost all nations pretending to any civilization here meet. Each portion has its particular articles, and the entire thing is an immense curiosity shop. The stores, six or eight feet by twelve, do not seem large enough to contain much goods; but this one finds is not the case when the shop-keeper begins to unload his shelves. The jewels are tempting, and are sold in various forms. From underneath the garment of some greasy-looking Arab may come some of the finest diamonds. The women come here to sell the jewels probably received in their first years of harem life. Walking through these streets one may be accosted by an

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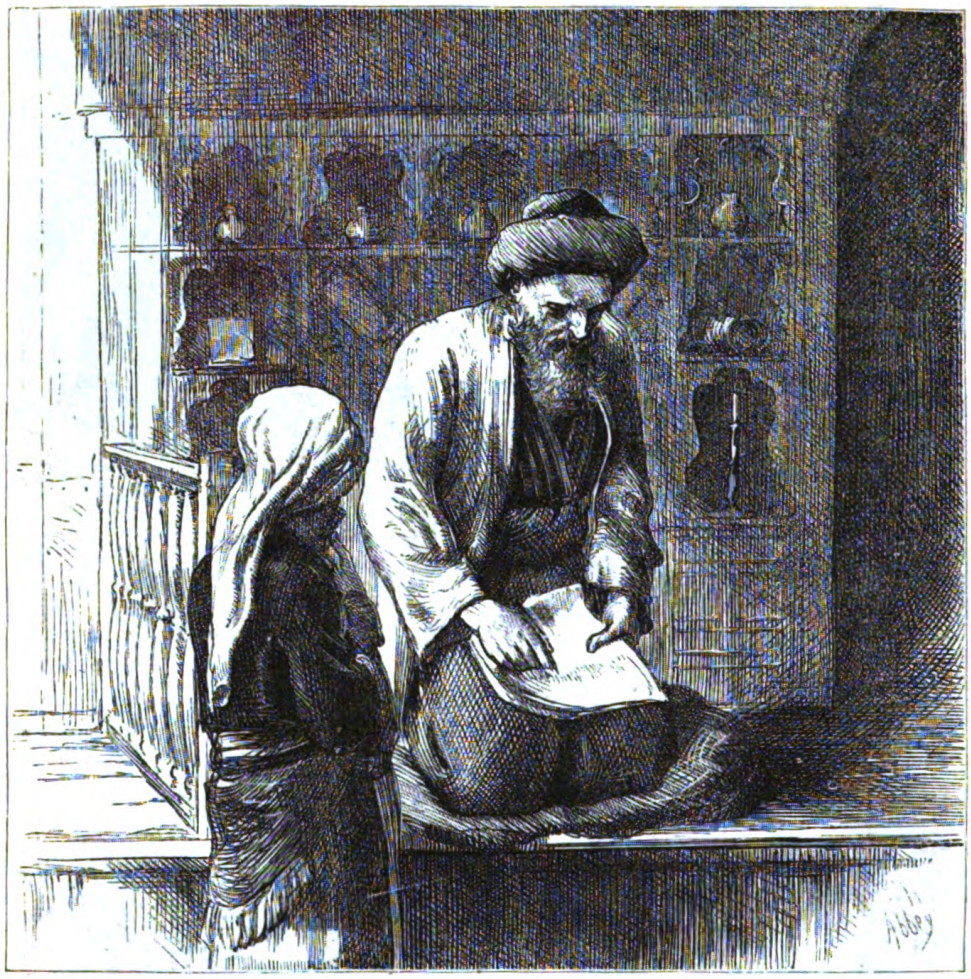


BAZAR, CONSTANTINOPLE.

Arab, who will offer for sale a diamond ring or breastpin. He has offered this same article to others, and stores away in his memory the price each one has bid. His mind has been made up as to how much he will take, and the highest bidder generally carries off the jewel. To many of the shops are little box-rooms in which one can sit while bargaining, and often the shop-keeper offers his customer coffee. Such things as are fancied are placed to one side, and when the selection is complete, the process of securing the lowest price is gone through with, which often ends in getting the article for about one-half what was first asked.

In Stamboul is the Post-office, and by the side of this sit the scribes, reminding one of the early Christian characters. With paper all ready, they wait the customer, and whether it be a love-letter or one on business, to them it is all the same, for each is a living "ready letter-writer." In the mean time buying and selling go on about them. In the midst of the noise and confusion of these crowded streets a voice will be heard from the minaret of some neighboring mosque, when the shop-keeper will cease his sales, the scribe will drop his pen, and upon their knees they fall. This is not a universal custom, but a very general one.

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A SCRIBE.

The day after the presentation to the Sultan the party called on the Minister of War, whose office was in Stamboul. The War-office is an old palace, having in its front a large parade ground for manœuvring troops, and which ground, as well as the palace, is inclosed by a very high iron railing, the entrance to which is had by a very handsome gateway. The same carriages used the day before were sent to the general, though the coachmen and footmen wore a more quiet livery. In full uniform, the party started, and crossing to Stamboul by the pontoon-bridge, reached the gateway to the palace ground, and passing through, saw about 3500 troops waiting to receive them. These consisted of six battalions of infantry on the right hand, in two lines of battle; on the left hand were two batteries of artillery, two battalions of cavalry, and two battalions of lancers. As the carriages passed along the front of these lines to the palace the troops presented arms, and there was music. Passing into the porte cochère, they were received by the Secretary of War, a large old man, very kindly in his manner, who had passed some years in Germany, and could speak German. He was surrounded by his officials, general officers, and others, all in full uniform. Taking Lieutenant Grant by the hand, he led him up a wide staircase, the rest of the party following, and conducted us into a large and very handsome room, the floor of which was covered with a heavy Turkey carpet, and in which the furniture was gilded, the seats and backs being covered with red embroidered satin.

Pipes were handed about with long stems and amber mouth-pieces. Each mouth-piece was encircled with a ring set in diamonds, not one ring of which could have been of less value than four or five thousand dollars. The "pipe of peace" having been smoked, the party were conducted down stairs to the front of the palace. At that moment a carriage drawn by four horses and surrounded by outriders came dashing up, and, having halted, from it descended a youth of about fourteen years of age, small and delicate-looking. This was the eldest son of the

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Sultan, but not the heir to the throne, since to this the oldest male in the royal family succeeds, which in this case is a cousin. The Sultan is very anxious, however, to break this law of succession. This prince is a major-general in the army, and during the visit of General Sherman to Turkey was placed in command of the household troops, and on the completion of his fifteenth year was presented by his grandmother, according to the papers, with a beautiful female slave. To him the party were presented, and the troops were then marched by in review. Their appearance was very creditable. The infantry were strong-looking men, wearing a Zouave jacket, pantaloons very baggy in the seat and gathered at the knee, shoes of russet leather laced up the side, and for arms carried Enfield muskets, changed by the Schneider system. The cavalry had small but strong horses, and carried revolvers, Winchester carbines, and sabres. The horses of the artillery were European, the guns of steel, six to each battery, one battery being composed of Armstrong guns.

After the review we breakfasted in the palace, after which General Sherman and his companions visited the iron-clad fleet of his majesty, consisting of thirteen vessels. We went on board the flag-ship, named *Abdul Assiz*, where we were courteously received by the admiral, who spoke very good English. The moment the party stepped on board the ships were dressed with flags and the rigging was manned. The day was bright, and the sight was very beautiful. The admiral conducted us over the ship, and had the crew called to quarters and exercised at the guns. The discipline and drill displayed were exceedingly good. After coffee, leave was taken of the admiral, and the party, resuming their caïques, left the vessel's side, from which directly afterward came a salute of twenty-one guns. Crossing the Bosphorus to the Galata side, they landed at the new palace of the Sultan, Tcherigan, which was just being finished. The style is a combination of the Moorish and Turkish, and the whole building is exquisitely beautiful. Standing at one end, there is a long vista through the rooms to the other. The walls and ceilings are in stucco-work, beautifully painted. The part devoted to the harem contains a large hall on the first floor, from which open various little parlors. By ascending an elegant wide staircase one comes to a very handsome large hall or room, which is that of the mother Sultana. On the same floor is another larger hall, which is the assembling-room of the ladies of the harem, and that is furnished in lounges covered with very elaborately worked satin covers, while four pure silver candelabra, some twelve feet high, give light to the apartment. The windows are of heavy plate-glass, and covered on the outside by a lattice-work of wood. There were separate bath-rooms for the Sultana mother—who is



GRAND REVIEW IN TURKEY.

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THE SULTAN AT THE MOSQUE.

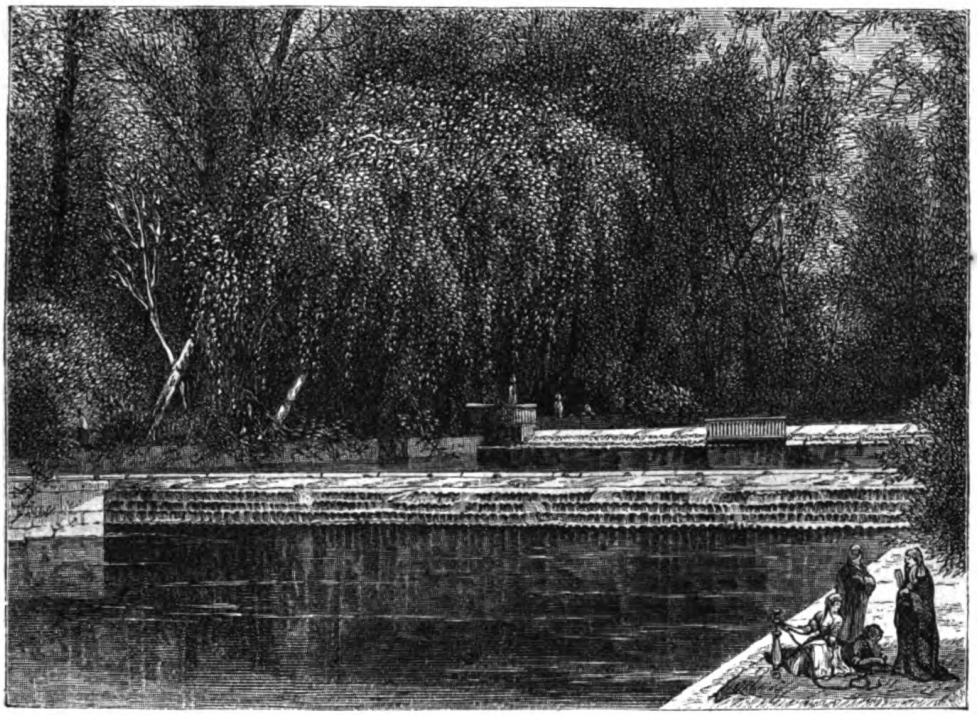
a woman of much influence—and for the ladies of the harem.

At the other end of the palace were the apartments of the Sultan, which were even more beautifully arranged than those of the harem. In the centre of the audience-chamber was a fountain. The bath-room was quite large, and divided into two compartments, the ceiling, walls, and floor being of handsome milk-white marble. The heating apparatus was under the floor. Along the water front is a beautiful esplanade, with fountains, and at one end of the garden is a little gem of a summer-house. On the hill-side is quite an extensive park, in which are many peacocks, and twelve very large tigers, in cages. This palace being unoccupied, a very good opportunity was afforded for seeing the harem arrangements. The Sultan never marries, but has slaves. The first seven which bear him children become his wives, and it may be that the mother of the heir to the throne was once a peasant woman of Georgia or Circassia. The slave-marts have been abolished, and this is not at all agreeable to those people who once disposed of their daughters, who, in many cases, became the wives and mothers of persons high in authority, which enabled them to improve the conditions of the homes from which they came.

The Sultan seems to be very fond of building palaces, and there is a story that he believes that if he should stop building he would die.

Friday is the Turkish Sabbath, and upon that day the Sultan goes to some one of the numerous mosques to say his prayers. This is a ceremony attended with much pomp. The mosque selected during one of the Fridays of General Sherman's visit was on the Bosphorus, on the Pera side. Hearing that General Sherman and party were desirous of witnessing this ceremony, his majesty caused to be placed at their disposal his kiosk, which was near the mosque he proposed visiting, a small house, beautifully furnished, from which he usually witnessed manœuvres of the troops on the parade ground near by. When the party reached the kiosk

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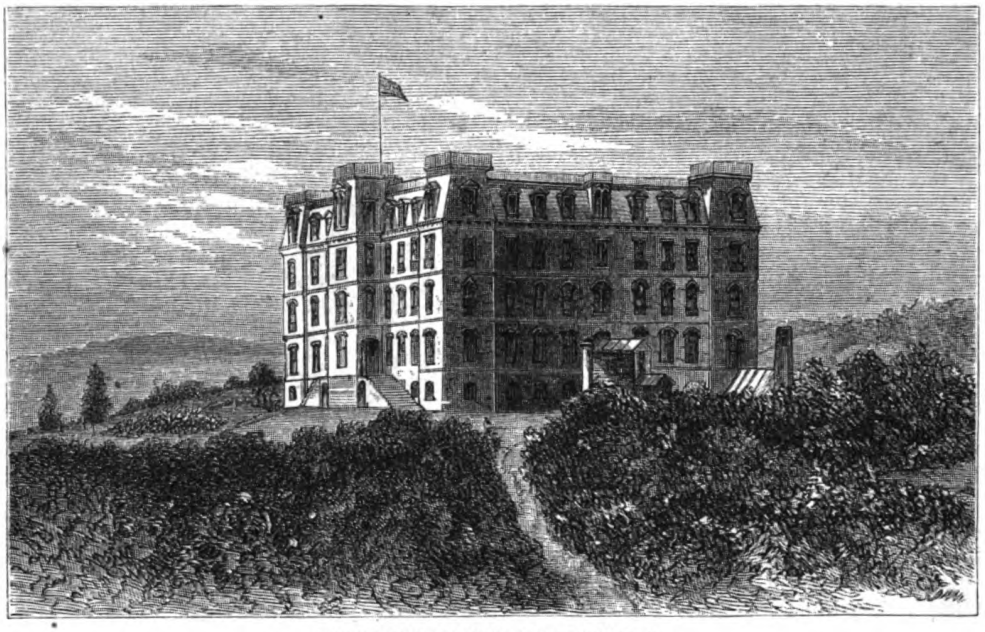
"SWEET WATERS OF EUROPE."

they found drawn up in two lines, facing inward, about two thousand infantry and the officers of the imperial household, all in full uniform, awaiting the Sultan's arrival, who was to come from his palace in one of his caïques. The steps of the mosque were covered with carpet, as was also the landing by the water. At noon a gun gave the signal of the Sultan's departure from the palace, and as the procession approached the ships of war in the harbor they fired salutes, so that the noise of the artillery became deafening, and echoed and re-echoed along the hills of the Bosphorus. First appeared around the turn a caïque rowed by about twenty oarsmen, in which sat an official, who jumped quickly from the caïque on the landing, and the boat then passed on. This was followed by another in like order, and then came the Sultan, who sat under a handsomely embroidered velvet canopy surmounted by the crescent. His caïque was rowed by about thirty oarsmen, who were dressed in white clothing, made out of a very pretty material seen at Constantinople. Their arms were bare from the elbows, as were their legs from the knees. In rowing they rose from their seats in reaching to the stroke, took one step forward, and at the moment of pulling bowed very low, settling into their seats as the stroke became exhausted. The caïques were white, with gilt ornamentation.

As soon as the Sultan's caïque appeared the troops presented arms, and remained in that position. As he landed the officers of the household all stooped, placing the right hand to the ground, then on their lips, then on the top of their heads—thus indicating that they picked up the dirt. The Sultan was in uniform, and on his breast wore his orders. As he passed by the troops they cheered, and while holding the musket at a present in the left hand, saluted with the right. As the Sultan came near the kiosk he looked up at the windows where were the general and party, and after he had entered the mosque, sent his Lord Chancellor to inquire if they were comfortable. Passing into the mosque, the troops and the attendants awaited him outside. Some of these attendants wore green gold-embroidered liveries, others purple.

The second Friday of our visit was a very lovely day, and an excursion was made to the "Sweet Waters of Europe." Coming from the hills beyond Constantinople is a small stream which gradually swells to greater proportions, and finally empties into the Bosphorus through the curve which is called the Golden Horn. The water is fresh, hence, compared to that of the Bosphorus, is sweet. Into the Bosphorus comes from the Asiatic hills another stream, which has along its banks beautiful shade trees like those of its mate on the European shore. To distinguish these streams the one from the other, the one is called the "Sweet Waters of Europe," the other the "Sweet Waters of Asia." From Pera to the first-named, by water, is about four miles, and this distance is passed over in caïques. There is a good

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THE ROBERT COLLEGE, CONSTANTINOPLE.

carriage-road over the hills, the distance being about the same. The party made the excursion on horseback, and on reaching the "Sweet Waters," found a great crowd collected. Caïques and one-horse carriages appeared in the greatest numbers. The ladies from the harems come there with their luncheons, and spreading upon the ground near the stream such rugs as they have brought, sit there during most of the afternoon, chattering away like magpies. Turks, Armenians, and Christians are there, and the different costumes displayed make a scene seldom rivaled. The eunuch marches up and down near his charge, and resents the too near approach of the curious stranger. The women, compared to the natives, are pretty. The white "yashmak" or veil they wear is so arranged as to permit the eyes to be seen, and these are generally dark and large. The veil is just thin enough to admit of the contour of the face being seen, and as the complexion of the women is very good by reason of the in-door life they lead, many of them, as seen in their carriages, are very pretty. When they walk, however, one loses somewhat of his admiration, for they are stout and generally clumsy. Dressed in loose pantaloons, Zouave jacket, etc., they wear around this when out of the house a silk cloak, which covers the entire dress. These cloaks are of one color, but each wearer chooses the color most to her fancy, and when many of them are together, as of a Friday afternoon, the effect is very beautiful. They do not object to flirting, and the pocket-handkerchief is as readily used for this purpose in Constantinople as in Paris.

At this Sabbath (Turkish) resort is a palace of the Sultan, round which are beautiful grounds. The stream has been dammed by blocks of marble, cut into the form of shells with scalloped edges, down which the water pours in a beautiful cascade.

During the general's visit an excursion was made to a farm of the Sultan's, where there is a beautiful small palace, handsomely painted and furnished. The farm kiosk is a little gem of a house. The stables are built about a court, and in them were some sixty or seventy Egyptian cows, very pretty to look at, but not very good milch cows. There is a pleasant summer-house built on the border of a small lake. By a very picturesque drive we reached the "Sweet Waters," and then returned to town. Another trip was made to the Military School, which was commanded by Selim Pasha. The school is established in an old building, once used as a hospital, and is all under one roof. The cadets have but one dormitory, where they each have an iron bedstead, mattress, blanket, sheet, and coverlet. A chest of drawers stands by each bed. The cadets lack "setting up." Their shoes and boots —for there seemed to be no uniformity— were covered with mud; and while some wore check shirts, others had on white. In the higher or finishing school—for there is a preparatory one in Constantinople as well as one to each *corps d'armée*—there were five hundred cadets, the minimum age being fourteen years. The course of instruction occupies five years, and the graduates enter particular arms of the service, the most proficient being appointed to the staff corps. Those only are taught riding who are intended for the cavalry and artillery, while French,

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Persian, and Arabic are equally taught to all. From this school the preparatory one was visited; here, also, were five hundred cadets, whose term of instruction is five years. Some of these cadets were not more than eight years old. Those who pass the final examination enter the main school; those who fail remain one year longer, at the end of which time they must either pass successfully, refund the money expended by the government in their education, or enter the army as privates.

On the Bosphorus, about six miles from the city, is situated an American college, which was founded by a Mr. Christopher Robert, of New York, and is known as the Robert College. The building is a very handsome one, and situated on a beautiful site. In a heavy rain-storm, and along roads which could almost take the prize for badness, this institution was visited. Boys of all religious sects are admitted, who for their education pay £40 a year. There were two hundred boys at the time of the visit who spoke English.

Sunday morning was beautifully clear, and by eleven o'clock, by means of the carriages and caïques of the royal household, the party reached the favorite yacht of the Sultan, called the *Sultanieh*, which had been presented to him by the Viceroy of Egypt. At noon this yacht, which was to convey General Sherman to Odessa, was loosened from her moorings, and began steaming up the Bosphorus toward the Black Sea. The Sultan stood at one of the windows of his palace watching the departure of his American guests, while they in turn, from the top of the wheel-house, waved him their final adieux. As the yacht passed the iron-clad fleet their rigging was manned and the vessels dressed with flags. The day was lovely, and minaret and tower reflected back from their polished tops the rays of the sun. As the flag-ship, *Abdul Assiz*, was passed, from its sides a salute of twenty-one guns thundered forth, and ere the echoes had ceased resounding among the hills of the Bosphorus the *Sultanieh* was under full steam, bound for Sebastopol.

THE NIGHT-SONG.

KNOWN only, only to God, and the night, and the stars, and me:
Prophetic, jubilant song,
Smiting the rock-bound hours till the waters of life flow free,
And a soul, on pinion strong,
Flieth afar, and hovers over the infinite sea
Of Love and of Melody;
While the blind fates weave their nets,
And the world in sleep forgets.

Known only, only to me, and the night, and the stars, and God:
Song, from a burning breast,
Of a land of perfected delights, which the foot of man ne'er trod,
Like a foaming wine expressed
From passionate fruits that glowed 'mid the boughs of the Eden lost,
Ere sin was born, and frost;
Song wild with desires and regrets,
While the world in sleep forgets.

Known only, only to God, and me, and the night, and the stars:
The beacon-fire of song,
Flaming for guidance and hope while the storm-winds wage their wars;
Balm for the ancient wrong,
Dropping from healing wings on the wounds of the heart and the brain,
Quenching their ancient pain;
Love-star that rises and sets,
While the world in sleep forgets.

Known only, only to me, and God, and the stars, and the night:
Dove that returns to my ark,
Murmuring of grief-flood falling, of light beyond all light;
Voice that cleaveth the dark,
Singing of earth growing heaven, of distant hands that bless,
Though they may not caress;
And, blessing, pay love's old debts,
While the world in sleep forgets.

ALFRED H. LOUIS.

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TEN DAYS WITH THE DEAF AND DUMB.



NEW YORK INSTITUTION FOR THE INSTRUCTION OF THE DEAF AND DUMB.

ON the eastern bank of the Hudson, in that part of Manhattan Island known as Washington Heights, stands the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb. This school, now in its fifty-fourth year, has grown to be the largest and probably the most complete establishment of its kind in the world.

Leaving the city by way train on the Hudson River Railroad from Thirtieth Street, we stop at the station in One Hundred and Fifty-second Street, which is also called Carmansville. A pleasant drive of half a mile brings us to the eastern entrance of the grounds. It is now some nineteen years since the school was removed from its former location in Fiftieth Street to this spot. With prudent forethought, ample grounds were then secured at a comparatively small expense, thirty-seven and a half acres having been purchased for not much over one hundred thousand dollars. Since that time the value of real estate in the upper part of the island has advanced so much that nine and a half acres of this land were sold in May, 1870, for two hundred and sixty-three thousand dollars. The sum thus realized frees the institution from debt, and enables it to make certain long-desired improvements.

As we drive along the pleasant winding avenue after entering the grounds, we soon discover through the trees some of the buildings of the establishment. Passing the mansion of Dr. Harvey L. Peet, the late venerated principal *emeritus*—the home also of his son, the present principal—we come in sight of the workshops, standing apart in the rear of the main building, and also of the school-house, which is joined to it by covered corridors. Here we observe groups of the children playing merrily about the doors, some jumping rope, and some busy with various other sports. And now, having passed the south wing and turned northward, we pause in front of the main edifice.

We must delay a moment before entering to notice the magnificent view. The beautiful Hudson, here a mile and a half wide, is, of course, the first and the finest thing we see. We are just opposite the southern extremity of the Palisades, whose rugged outlines and wood-crowned summit are perfectly reflected in the still blue water below. White sails dot the surface of the broad tranquil river, while here and there the trailing smoke and the shining wake of some steamer catch the eye. Yet the river lies far below us; it is not less than one hundred and twenty feet perpendicularly from the spot where we stand to the water's edge. Even the track of the railway, which runs

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along a terrace of the precipitous bank, is away down out of sight. And now, turning away from the broad sunny lawn that stretches before the building and the groups of noble forest trees that surround it, let us go in.

The general appearance of the edifice is stately and imposing. The main building fronts west; it is about one hundred and fifty feet in length, and fifty or more in width. The two principal wings stand at right angles with it at the north and south ends respectively, and are joined to the central edifice by towers at the corners. There are three stories above the basement. The material is chiefly brick, with granite finishings.

We enter a fine lofty hall, some twenty feet by thirty-five, which intersects a corridor running lengthwise of the building. Just beyond the intersection, in an octagonal space which, like the hall itself, is lined with glass cases containing a fine cabinet, rises the central staircase. The reception-room, which is also the library, is at the left hand of the entrance; the parlor is upon the right. The private apartments of the superintendent and some other officers occupy the southern portion of this floor, while the northern is devoted to offices. Upon the second floor are the teachers' apartments and the guest-chambers; the third floor is used for an infirmary.

The south wing is occupied by the girls, the north by the boys. On the first floor of each there is an immense room more than a hundred feet long and forty-five feet wide, where the pupils study or play in the evenings, or whenever they are not occupied elsewhere. In the girls' room there are sewing-machines; and as the girls are there taught at certain times to do their mending, the apartment is often called the sewing-room. At the east end of these apartments are passages leading to the school-rooms, and also communicating with the dining-room, as well as stairs leading to the dormitories above.

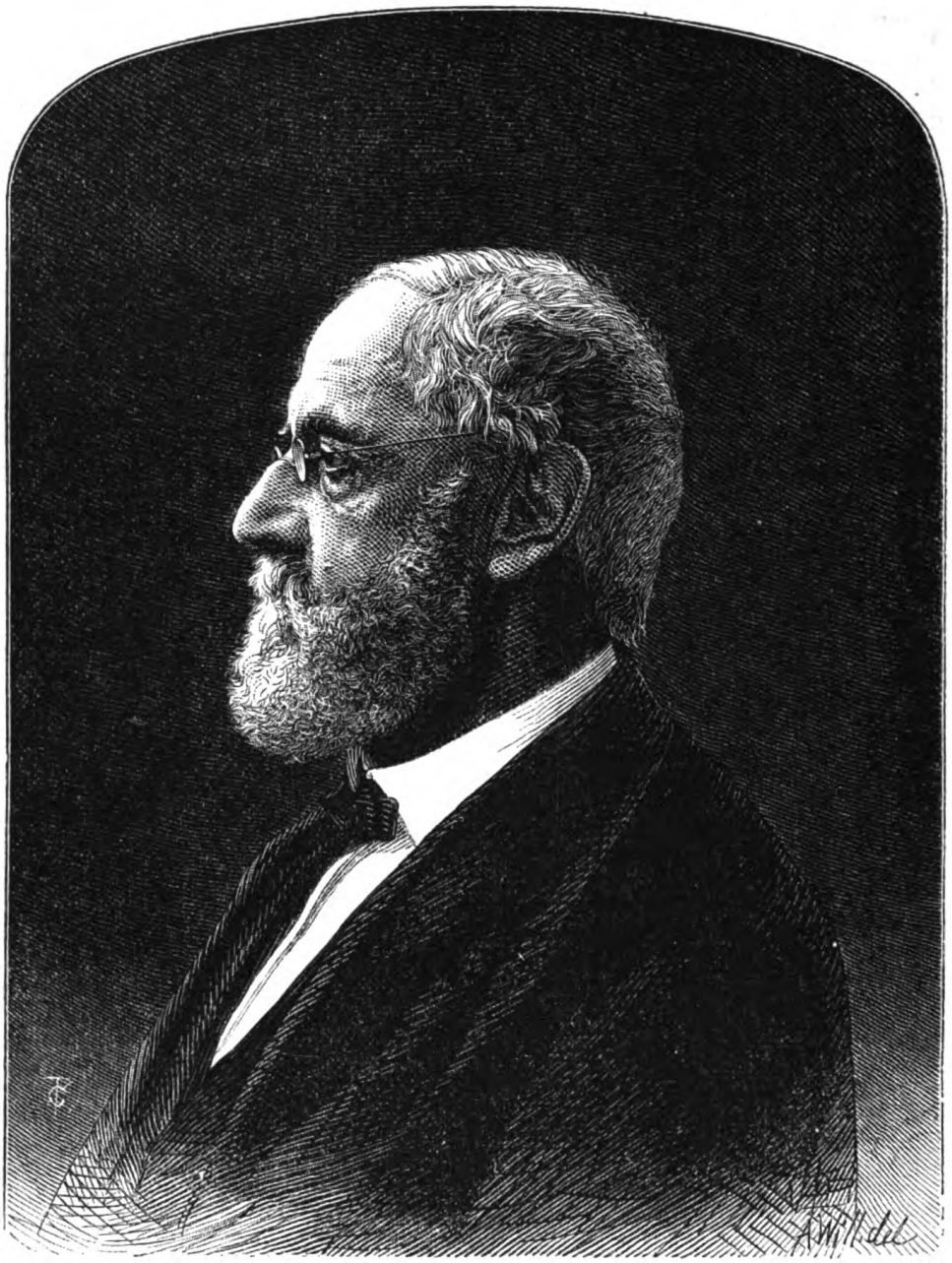
Besides the two wings already described, there is a third, extending into the court from the centre of the main building, to which it is joined by a sort of isthmus. In the first story of this central wing, and directly above the kitchen, is the pupils' dining-room, which is about seventy feet in length by sixty in breadth. On the floor above is the chapel. Having thus glanced at the general plan of the establishment, and finding ourselves attracted to further investigations by the universal air of neatness and good taste, let us set about learning precisely what the State of New York does to educate her deaf-mutes.

There are generally about five hundred and fifty pupils here, and thirty teachers. Of the latter, some twelve or fifteen are themselves deaf-mutes, educated here, and possessing, of course, certain special qualifications for their work. Most of those who instruct the advanced classes are hearing persons, and several are gentlemen of liberal education, who are called professors. The head of the educational department, Professor Isaac Lewis Peet, is a gentleman of fine culture and eminent skill in the difficult work to which he has devoted his life. He is said to be the most accomplished master of sign language in the world. His honored father, the late Dr. Harvey L. Peet, was one of the pioneers in deaf-mute instruction in the United States, having been appointed principal of this school as early as 1831. His earnest appeals to the Legislature in behalf of indigent mutes secured the liberal appropriations now bestowed upon this unfortunate class. The text-books used in their instruction almost every where in this country were prepared by him. He died last New-Year's Day, and his funeral services were held in the chapel of the institution.

The superintendent, who has the oversight of all business affairs, family arrangements, and sanitary matters, is Dr. Samuel D. Brooks, a gentleman of eminent ability and long experience in the management of large institutions. Previous to his acceptance of this position, in April, 1871, he had been for twelve years the superintendent of the New York Juvenile Asylum; and, still earlier, was for five years at the head of the State Almshouse at Monson, Massachusetts. Under his skillful supervision important improvements in the heating, ventilation, and sewerage of the establishment have been made; and the most careful attention is bestowed upon every thing relating to the health and comfort of the household.

The ordinary course of instruction occupies five years, during which the pupil gains enough knowledge of language to express himself intelligibly in writing, acquires something of arithmetic and geography, and is taught the great truths of religion in which all Christians agree, together with an outline of Scripture history. At the close of this period as many as two-thirds of the pupils enter upon a further course of three years, during which special attention is paid to the more difficult forms of the English language, to history, higher geography, higher arithmetic, and select portions of the Bible. Still further opportunities are afforded in what is called "the high class" for pupils who are unusually bright and industrious. Its course occupies three years more; and pupils who complete it, in addition to a more extended acquaintance with studies previously commenced, obtain some knowledge of algebra, physiology, chemistry, natural philosophy, logic, rhetoric, and moral science.

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DR. HARVEY L. PEET.

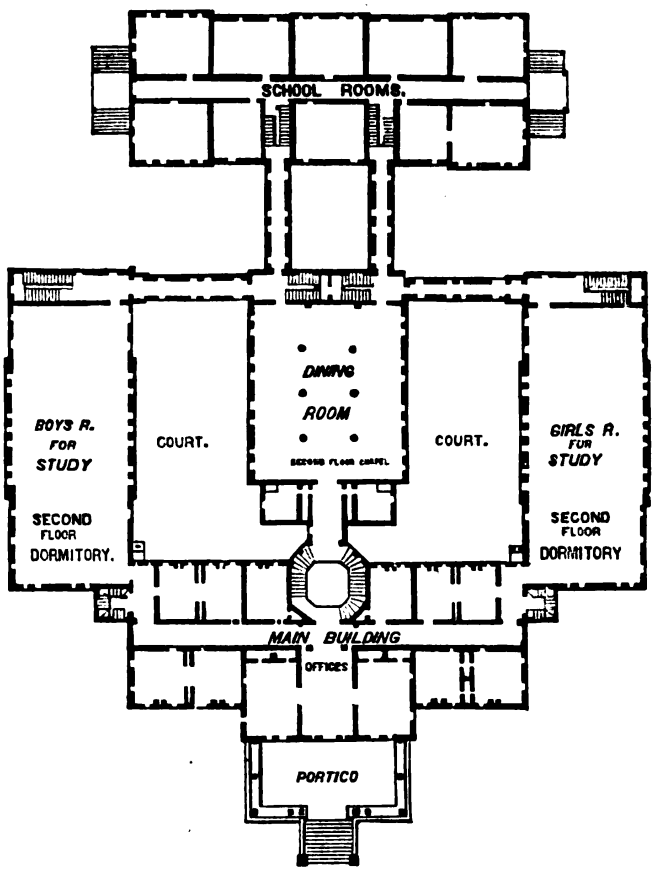
A very large majority of the pupils are beneficiaries of the State, which provides for the education of all her deaf-mutes between the ages of twelve and twenty-five, if they need her aid. Deaf-mute children between the ages of six and twelve, also, if already a charge for maintenance upon any county or town, may be sent to the institution at the expense of such county or town. The fifty-third annual report shows that of the five hundred and thirty-four pupils in school September 30, 1871, three hundred and forty-seven were supported by the State of New York, one hundred and thirty-eight by the counties to which they belonged, thirty-two by the State of New Jersey, and less than twenty by their friends.

We must not infer, however, that almost all of these pupils come from homes of poverty. Many of them belong to respectable families who could provide comfortably for the needs of ordinary children at home, though they are not able to pay out the sums required to keep them at school for a long course of years. It costs here about three hundred dollars a year for each pupil, besides

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clothing and traveling expenses. This, however, includes medical attendance, medicine, and nursing in sickness, as well as books and stationery. If desired, clothing is also furnished, at an additional charge of fifty dollars a year.

The school-house is of the same dimensions as the central edifice, and stands directly in the rear of it, at the distance of nine or ten rods. In approaching it we pass through the corridors forming a communication between the eastern extremities of the three wings into similar corridors running at right angles with these, which lead to the school-rooms. The three floors all have the same plan, a hall running lengthwise through the centre, with five class-rooms on each side. The French-roof, which, like the third story, has been recently added, affords an additional dormitory, accommodating one hundred and fifty boys. And, by-the-way, it appears that the boys here commonly outnumber the girls in the proportion of three to two. This disparity is not found among congenital mutes, about as many girls as boys being born deaf. The predominance of boys among those made deaf by sickness or accident, who compose nearly half the entire number, is supposed to be due to their greater exposure, and perhaps to a greater liability in infancy to certain forms of disease.



GROUND-PLAN OF THE NEW YORK INSTITUTION.

So much individual instruction is needed by deaf-mute pupils that it is not expedient to have a large number in one class. We shall seldom find more than twenty in a room; and if we watch the process of instructing them, we shall be satisfied that twenty such pupils are quite enough.

In describing how they are taught, perhaps I can not do better than simply to relate what I observed in some of my own visits to various classes while spending a week or two in the institution. If I had thought of it beforehand, I might have attempted a systematic visitation, beginning where the new-comers begin. But as it happened, no programme was marked out for me; and so, without much idea of what I was about to see, I found myself one bright morning in the class-room of Miss ——, a deaf-mute teacher. On being presented to her by my friend, Mrs. Brooks, I was received with great cordiality, and a very kind greeting was written upon the pocket-slate which educated mutes usually keep at hand.

A curious sense of personal imbecility comes over one who knows nothing of the sign language, nor even of the manual alphabet, in witnessing the animated conversations that are so mysteriously carried on by these accomplished fingers. One's hands fairly blush at their own incompetency, and are fain to hide out of sight.

While the teacher proceeded to introduce me to her young pupils, probably spelling my name, and adding whatever else she thought proper, I had plenty of time to survey them in my turn. This is a slight consolation to benighted visitors who do not know the manual A, B, C. While they are supposed to be announcing your name and residence, according to the customary formula, you may cogitate at your leisure; and while they are spelling out a sentence or two about you, you can think a page about them, if you like.

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I found this school-room much like other well-appointed school-rooms, neatly furnished, light, and airy. It had its rows of little desks and chairs, occupied by boys and girls perhaps twelve or thirteen years old, who looked much like other children. But there is one peculiar feature about all these school-rooms which I must not fail to name. Three sides of the apartment are invariably furnished with immense slates, serving the purpose of blackboards, but far better and more durable. In size they are, perhaps, four feet by three, and they are firmly mounted in a substantial frame-work which supports them at a slight angle with the wall, and at a convenient height from the floor. Every scholar has his wall-slate; for whatever he learns, whether by signs or by finger-spelling, must be put in writing as well. A double slate for the teacher's use stands upon the remaining side of the room.

By this time our little friends were ready to say something to their visitors. A dozen or fifteen crayons were set in motion, and as many mammoth slates quickly displayed the words, "*We are happy to see Mrs. Brooks and her friend.*" Afterward they wrote their own names and ages, the day of the week, the day of the month and year, and other items which I do not recall.

The text-book used during the first half dozen years of their education is Dr. Peet's *Course of Instruction for the Deaf and Dumb.* This manual embodies the results of a very extensive and successful experience in teaching language to deaf-mutes, and is the text-book of most similar schools. Any body who has a propensity for digging after the roots of things in general will find it a real curiosity in the philological line, possibly in the psychological line too. Philosophers have debated a good deal whether primeval man developed his nouns first or his interjections, but unluckily none of them were there to see, and so nobody can say whether the "Bow-wow theory" or the "Pooh-pooh theory" is right. But in educating these thousands of human beings, to whom there is no vernacular among all the languages under the sun, it would seem that some little light must have been thrown upon the subject—enough to suggest fresh speculations, if nothing more.

The next day it happened that there was an examination of several primary classes in the chapel. It was not a public occasion, but merely an exercise designed to test the progress made, and to accustom the young pupils to be questioned in presence of the whole school. Several of the classes least advanced had been thus examined the preceding week, and these came next in order.

At eleven o'clock we seated ourselves in front of the platform which occupies the east end of the spacious chapel. The seats rise one above another from the front to the rear, being constructed with special care to secure for each of the spectators—we can not say *audience*—an unobstructed view of the platform and the array of wall-slates behind it. The principal was present to conduct the examination, and also the various professors and teachers.

The primary department embraces pupils who are in Part First of the *Course of Instruction.* This portion of the course requires from two to three years. The ages of the pupils examined ranged from nine or ten years up to fourteen. Each instructor furnished a brief report of the ground that had been gone over by his class.

In order to give some idea of their advancement, I quote one or two statements of a similar nature from the annual report for 1870. They refer to classes of about the same standing with these. Here is an outline of the attainments of a class two years in school: "They have learned between three and four hundred words, embracing names of familiar objects, qualities, and actions, and can use them in many simple sentences; .....have been taught the singular and plural of nouns, the actual and habitual present tenses of the verb, a few adverbs, and the conjunction *and*;.....can count and write numbers to 100;.....have committed to memory the first section of Scripture Lessons [on the attributes of God], and the Lord's Prayer."

Another, further advanced, had studied "Elementary Lessons from 139th to 213th, embracing the definite article; the tenses of the substantive verb, *is, has been, will be,* etc.; classification of names according to sex; pronouns, with their cases and numbers; the preposition *of*, denoting property, parts of a whole, etc.; the verb *to have*, in the two senses of property and possession; impersonal verbs; auxiliaries *can, may, must;* the infinitive mood, and the conjunction *that.* .....Elementary geography from a map, without text-book, and elementary arithmetic. They write letters to their friends about once a month, besides writing little narratives, etc. .....Scripture Lessons, sections 5th to 7th."

Various interesting exercises were written upon the wall-slates by successive classes, only one of which I will detail as a specimen. It was a lesson on certain forms of verbs. The teacher, a deaf-mute gentleman, wrote upon a wall-slate, in a fine, bold hand, the rather startling direction, "Go and ask Mr. Cooke if he likes apple-pie." Possibly the little folks standing upon the platform, beneath the gaze of five hundred pairs of eyes, were somewhat embarrassed by this unexpected command; and a little girl who was dispatched to put the question to the professor, made a mistake in changing its form from indirect to direct. Upon this, a bright boy named Eckhard, leaving the platform, approached Professor Cooke, and

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spelled with his fingers, "Do you like apple-pie?"

The professor having responded by certain lively gesticulations which appeared to convey a decided negative, the teacher wrote upon the slate, "What did Eckhard do?" The answer, it will be observed, involves a good deal in the grammatical line; but most of the class were equal to it, and presently replied in writing, "He went and asked Mr. Cooke if he liked apple-pie." One little girl who had been corrected for leaving some of her verbs in the present, now put it, "He went and asked *Mr. Cooked*," etc., upon which that gentleman protested that he had never been in the past tense before. One more process finished the apple-pie affair. "What did Mr. Cooke say?" wrote the teacher. "He said he did not like apple-pie," replied most of the pupils; but one, with nice discrimination, observed, "He said he hated apple-pie."

Remarking the almost invariably correct orthography of these pupils, I was told that when deaf-mutes do misspell, it is in a fashion of their own. Children who hear, if they misspell, are wont to substitute something that sounds right, while deaf-mutes always choose something that looks right, writing *l* for *b*, perhaps, or *q* for *g*. This remarkable correctness in spelling, like every thing else the pupils acquire, costs the teacher infinite painstaking. The more I saw of the schools, the more I admired the patience, the ingenuity, the enthusiasm, manifested by those who instruct. Why not attach a deaf-mute department to our normal schools, on purpose to give our future teachers a "special course" in these "higher branches" of the profession?

There are about fifty pupils whose education is carried on according to the articulative method. Many of these are "semi-mutes." This term is applied to individuals who were not born deaf, and had learned to talk, possibly also to read, before the loss of hearing. Such, of course, have an immense advantage over the deaf-born in respect to mental development. Though the power of speech is very apt to be subsequently lost through disuse, proper exertions on the part of friends will generally secure its preservation; and the ability to understand others by watching their lips can be acquired so as to make oral conversation practicable. The articulative department includes also some pupils who are not totally deaf, as well as a few congenital mutes of uncommonly bright intellect.

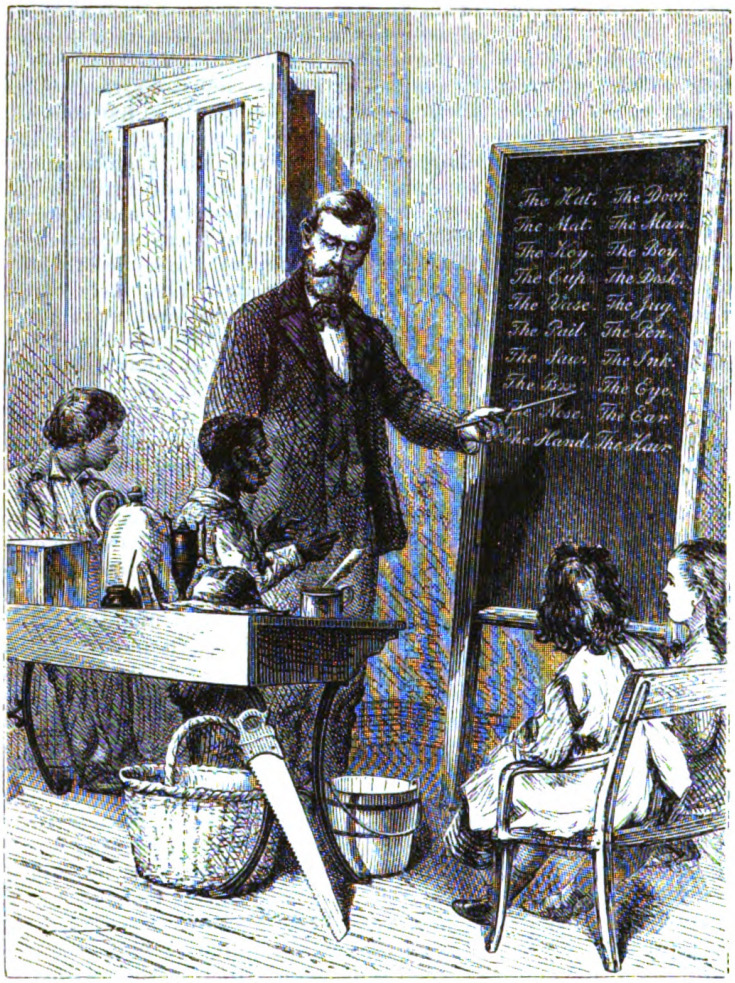
The position of the New York institution in regard to the articulative method is clearly defined in its annual reports. While it gives to all the opportunity to learn articulation and lip-reading as useful auxiliaries to their intercourse with society, it does not make this mode of communication the basis of instruction, except in cases such as those already described. This plan, now known as the combined method, has been extensively adopted in Europe, and the hitherto conflicting systems have thus been harmonized.

The articulative department is in the charge of Professor Bernhard Engelsmann, a superior teacher, who was educated for his difficult work in the institution at Vienna. While in his class-room I was interested in the recitations of several boys, one of whom was a congenital mute. They were orally questioned in geography and arithmetic, and readily replied, speaking quite intelligibly. "Do you understand what I say?" I inquired, taking care to speak slowly and distinctly. "Yes, I do," responded one of the boys, with evident satisfaction. I then asked, "Is it difficult to read the lips?" to which they replied, "It is very difficult." Indeed, if the speaker enunciates carelessly or too rapidly, it is impossible. On the other hand, it requires close attention to comprehend some of the utterances of the deaf. Their voices are somewhat unnatural, and their pronunciation is often imperfect. A total loss of hearing, even at the age of six or eight, produces a decided indisposition to use the vocal organs, which the ear can no longer guide. There was present a boy in his fourteenth year, who did not become deaf until three years before; but his voice and enunciation had already been greatly impaired, and but for careful training would doubtless have been altogether lost. The articulative department would be worth while, were it only for cases like this.

One of the accomplished lady teachers told me something of their methods in teaching congenital mutes to speak. At first their efforts to use the vocal organs are very laborious, if not absolutely painful. How can they judge what kind of sounds they are making, or even comprehend what they ought to make? Accordingly various expedients are employed to convey some idea of the respective powers of the letters. For example, after they have been shown how to put the lips in position to utter *f* or *v*, it must be explained that the former is a mere breathing, while the latter is a sound. So the teacher holds a shred of cotton or paper close to her own lips, and lets them see it blown from her fingers as she enunciates *f*, while in uttering the sound of *v* a vibration is produced which the mute readily perceives by placing his hand upon the speaker's head.

Deaf-mutes are very sensitive to all vibrations that are perceptible to the touch. Sometimes they appear to enjoy a sensation of this kind, as if it conveyed some faint idea of what it would be to hear. I was amused at noticing that one of the advanced pupils had recorded in the daily journal which he kept as an exercise in composition,

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THE FIRST STEP.

"Last night the boys in our dormitory made *an awful noise*." The professor explained this as meaning that the writer felt the jarring of the floor and furniture, and was annoyed by it. It is said that in the performance of ordinary acts the deaf usually make more noise than people who hear. Of course it could hardly be otherwise. How could one walk softly, knock gently, or shut doors noiselessly without that sense by which, consciously or unconsciously, we regulate all our movements?

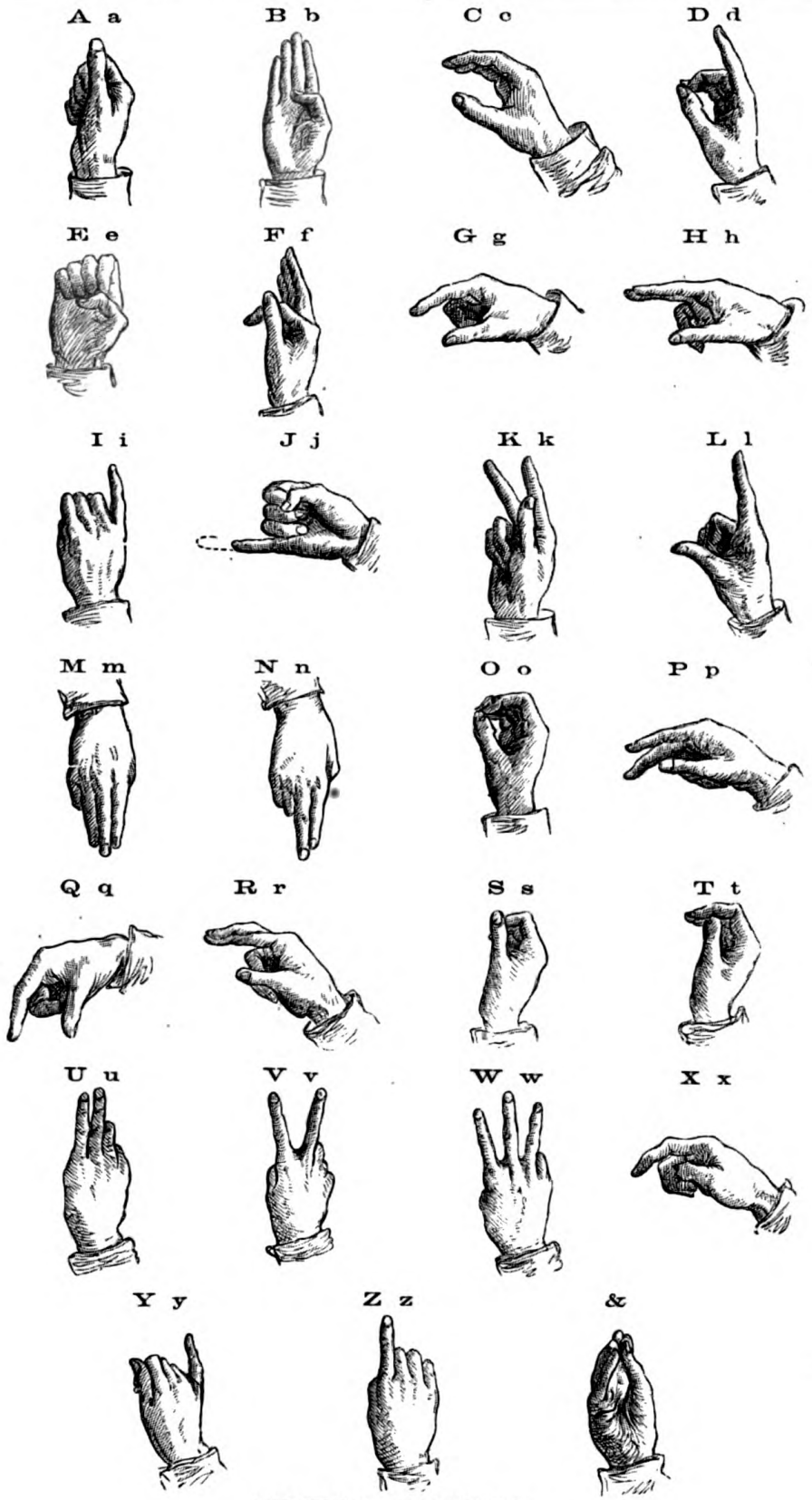
There is a division known as the supplemental class, in which I became greatly interested. It embraces those members of the "high class" who have made such attainments as to warrant their attempting some branches of a collegiate course, and also includes some of the deaf-mute teachers who wish to prosecute their studies still farther. The professors give instruction in Latin, Greek, and several modern languages, as well as in the natural sciences, higher mathematics, and mental and moral philosophy. While the regular school-hours close at 1 P.M., the supplemental class and its teachers voluntarily devote to these studies additional hours of the afternoon.

At my first visit, after the professor had given the customary introduction, the young ladies and gentlemen turned to their wall-slates, and with great readiness wrote each a polite and appropriate welcome. Unfortunately their neat and graceful paragraphs were almost immediately erased to make room for succeeding exercises, so that I am unable to quote a specimen. I might have imagined that, being often called upon to address visitors, they kept a supply of well-turned salutatories constantly on hand, had not these contained so many allusions to individual circumstances—for example, the region from which I had come, or the school with which I was connected. The excellence of their handwriting, as well as the correctness and good taste of their expressions, would have done credit to pupils any where.

Let me here remark that while grammar as an art is constantly pursued from the beginning to the end of the course, it is not studied as a science until the pupils are far advanced. When taken abstractly, it is one of the most difficult studies for them to comprehend. Yet by dint of endless painstaking they often acquire a degree of skill in the use of language which is surprising.

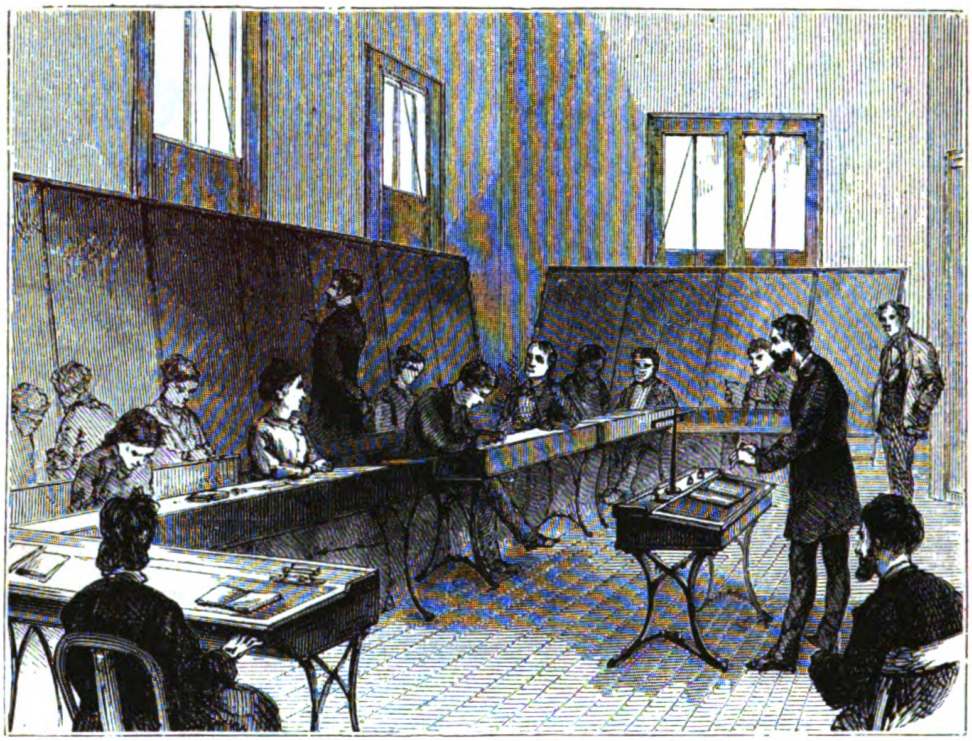
One of the exercises in the supplemental class that day was a recitation in Cæsar. The teacher—Professor Jenkins—assigned a portion of the text to each pupil, and correct translations were promptly written. Afterward a few English sentences were given them, which they rendered into Latin. Having once learned English, it is said that deaf-mutes find no especial difficulty in other languages. Indeed, one would fancy that French or Latin might be easier for them than English, since the arrangement of words in the

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ALPHABET OF THE DEAF AND DUMB.

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THE GRADUATING CLASS.

former corresponds better to the order followed in the sign language.

At another time I was present when Professor Cooke gave the supplemental class an unexpected examination in the elements of moral science, which they had pursued several months before. Definitions of law, moral law, conscience, and the like, were promptly given, and practical questions answered by the class, in a manner that showed a good understanding of the subject. In the high class proper I also witnessed commendable recitations in algebra and various other studies.

By this time, having seen so much achieved in the education of the deaf and dumb, I was full of curiosity to know how they begin it. Accordingly, my friend took me to a school-room where were the youngest and most backward of all. My wish having been mentioned, the gentlemanly teacher—himself a mute—beckoned to his side a little dumb child, who had but just entered school. Very kindly and patiently he taught her a single word—to her the beginning of all that language has to reveal. I gazed with a feeling akin to awe. It is but a slender thread that he has thrown across the dark gulf beyond which, helpless and alone, lies the imprisoned soul. But, little by little, he will bridge the chasm, and blessings will go and come for evermore.

It seems a trifle to learn one word, but it involves a good deal. There are three steps in the process. The word being, for example, "pen," a picture of the object, or the pen itself, is exhibited, and the sign for it is made, which consists in moving the fingers of the right hand over the palm of the left, as if writing. Next, the word "pen" is spelled by the fingers, and the little pupil learns to do the same. Finally, the teacher, taking a crayon, writes the word upon the wall-slate, and shows the child how to copy that also. Great care is constantly taken to associate the object with its sign or name, and many repetitions are needful in order to fix the lesson in the undisciplined memory. Not until the child can make the sign at sight of the object or its picture, can spell its name with the fingers, and write it upon the slate, is the word considered to have been learned.

I had not spent many days in the institution before I awoke to the fact that the sign language is an exceedingly curious and attractive matter to study. Though I had elsewhere witnessed some slight exhibitions of its pantomimic story-telling, and had even been taught a few of its terms—if I may call them so—it was rather startling to discover here a complete language, adequate to all sorts of ideas, with which words have nothing to do. It is no more English than it is Chinese. Its signs represent objects, actions, qualities, and whatever else words express; but they do not represent words. Many people fancy it to be merely a shorthand way of talking, signs being interspersed here and there just to save the

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THE WORKSHOP.

trouble of spelling out all the words. Doubtless it does save trouble; but that is not the main thing. Signs can make their way where words can not. They go before words; they prepare the way for them; they rouse the unconscious soul; they bring candles into its dungeon; it bestirs itself at last, and cries for the light of day. When words begin to be admitted, signs introduce them; and not until the expanding intellect has grown beyond its childhood does the sign language at length withdraw from the scene, and give place to the language of words.

At table I used to notice the lively conversations carried on by the mute teachers between themselves. Some of them scarcely needed interpreting, since the expression of the face supplied a key. The grand principle of signs being resemblance, they are not very difficult to comprehend when they refer to visible objects and acts, or to simple emotions. Beyond this the uninitiated are apt to find themselves in the dark, unless there is somebody to interpret. For example, the sign for "Quaker" is made by twirling the thumbs about each other, the fingers being loosely interlaced. "Humbug" is intimated by extending the right hand upon the back and extended fingers of the left, while the thumbs are wagged—sarcastically, no doubt—upon either side. If you wish to allude to what is called "courting," you interlace the fingers so that their tips are toward you, and the tips of your bent thumbs about an inch apart; then wag the thumbs slightly, as if the happy pair were nodding and chattering in a cozy *tête-à-tête*, and you will be struck with the aptness of the representation.

One day, happening to inquire whether it were possible to express in sign language the grammatical modifications of mode, tense, etc., Professor Cooke did me the favor to summon a very intelligent pupil in the collegiate department, named Jones, to give illustrations. He immediately represented various forms of a given verb, in each instance naming the mode, tense, person, and number with great precision. I am sorry that I can not recollect how to make, for instance, the third person singular, pluperfect subjunctive, of the verb *to write*, in sign language; but I was glad to learn that upon a pinch the thing can be done. In point of fact, however, I presume it is not always done.* Some of these grammatical accidents may very well be left for the imagination to supply.

After having exhibited the signs representing various animals and other objects, the young man gave us some specimens of pantomime, in which he excels. To see how he would succeed with something entirely new, the teacher related to the class the

* See an article on "The Sign Language," in the *New Englander* for April, 1871, by Rev. J. R. Keep, of Hartford.

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well-known anecdote of Henry Clay's adventure with the goat. All eyes were intently fixed upon the rapidly moving fingers as they spelled word after word; and no sooner was the story finished than Jones proceeded to dramatize it in the most amusing fashion that can be imagined. We saw the great Senator taking his dignified "constitutional" in the streets of Washington, the little ragamuffins maliciously teasing the long-bearded goat, the benevolent interference of Mr. Clay in behalf of the unhappy animal, the ungrateful attack of the goat upon his deliverer, the glee of the rascally little spectators, and finally the ignominious retreat of the great statesman when he was forced to "let go and run like blazes." Of course it was ten times funnier in pantomime than in words.

Another member of the high class has shown a decided taste for chemistry in some of its practical applications. The annual report for 1871 says of him: "He is already a good photographer, and can operate the magnetic telegraph with considerable skill. .....This young man became deaf at the age of two years, and when he entered the institution did not know a word of any language. He has been under instruction nine years."

As school-hours end at dinner, other employments are provided for the afternoon. The boys are taught cabinet-making, shoemaking, or tailoring in the shops belonging to the institution, where they work three hours a day under skillful superintendence. Other branches of industry are to be introduced, especially printing and the arts of design. The girls learn sewing and mending, and some of them work in the tailors' shop. Before school in the morning the larger girls also do sweeping and dusting. The training received in these various employments is, of course, of great value in enabling the pupils to gain their livelihood after leaving school.

The religious exercises of the institution form an important part of its system of education, although every thing sectarian is carefully avoided. The course of "Scripture Lessons" has already been mentioned. There are regular Sabbath services in the chapel, and also a daily devotional exercise at eight o'clock in the morning, at both of which Professor Peet officiates. There is also a Sabbath-school, in which the various professors and teachers assist. I attended prayers in the chapel one morning, the teacher at my side interpreting, so that I might be able to follow the course of the exercises. The Scripture portion was the story of Jesus healing the man with the withered hand, which was related and commented upon by Professor Peet. He used the sign language chiefly, as the younger pupils could not otherwise have understood him. At the close of the service all stood up and repeated together in signs the sacred petitions of the Lord's Prayer. It was touching to witness the dumb pleading of those hands silently uplifted to "Our Father."

Many other matters which interested me must be omitted in this brief sketch. In closing I will only add that if any body has the least doubt that the institution is doing a great work, and doing it well, he ought to go there and see.

PULPIT FLOWERS.

I LOVE the flowers. I love their tints and graces,
Their radiant beauty, and their odors sweet;
And every where I look on their bright faces,
I hold their presence sweet.

Poor is the home, though grand, that has no garden,
Where Spring's first breath in the pale snow-drop blows;
And where the perfect June to its fair warden
Pays fief in blushing rose.

Dear to my sight are blossoms at Love's altar,
That drop their fragrance on the timid bride—
White seals of faith, too strong and pure to falter,
Whatever lot betide.

Nor welcome less pale flowers before the chancel
That quivering hands upon the coffin spread,
Where their celestial beauty seems to cancel
The dust-doom of the dead.

Oh, beautiful alike in joy and sadness,
To crown the pallid bride of Love or Death:
Earth has no gloom beyond the spell of gladness
In their dear bloom and breath.

And so my heart falls not out with the fashion
That lifts the rose and lily to the place
Where reverent eyes gaze dimly on Christ's passion,
And faint hearts seek Christ's grace.

On either side the consecrated preacher—
Like priests of old that Moses' hands sustained—
These pulpit flowers recall the perfect Teacher,
By His own hand ordained.

With tearful eyes the lilies I consider,
Sweet symbols of my Father's love for me,
That make the world beside a false, vain bidder,
My end and crown to be.

The odors that are poured from each rare chalice
My ardent soul makes incense clouds, that rise
Beneath my prayers up to my King's fair palace,
In heaven's unfathomed skies.

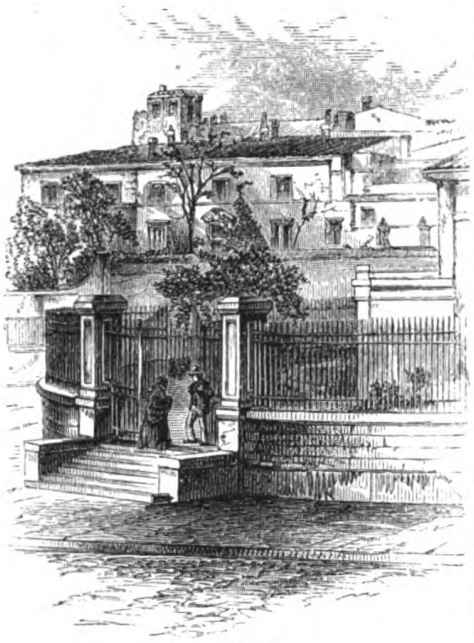
Each perfect crest and crown of floral beauty,
By faith translated to my soul, becomes
A blossom on the barren rod of duty,
And covers it with blooms.

And if, than empty speech, I choose them rather,
Their sweet, dumb lips to eloquence shall break;
And from the lilies of my Lord I'll gather
Sweet lessons for His sake.

So, for the pulpit flowers that bloom on Sunday,
To whose sweet thought provides them, thanks and love:
I pray their hands twine brighter garlands one day,
In Paradise above.

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THE PROTESTANT CEMETERY AT FLORENCE.



THE GATEWAY.

AMONG the many Meccas of pilgrimage that will attract the footsteps of the traveler in Italy, he of the pilgrim's staff and scallop shell will often turn aside, it may be, to muse amidst the sacred precincts of Santa Croce, in the "City of Flowers." But not Santa Croce, with its wealth of centuries, its sepulchral slabs and eloquent marbles, that speak of Alfieri and Michael Angelo, of Machiavel, Aretino, and Galileo; nor yet the colossal cenotaph, "something more than a monument, something less than a grave," the tardy tribute of his ungrateful Florence to the great high-priest of Italian song, who still sleeps upon the sea-shore at Ravenna—not all these will lead the English or American tourist to forget the humbler claims of a sweeter though less classic spot just outside of the Porta Pinti.

The Protestant cemetery at Florence can boast of nothing grand but nature and its sainted dead. No pyramid of Caius Cestius, carrying us back to the days of Augustus, casts its sombre shadow athwart its simple monuments; but beneath its daisied turf are sleeping some whose names were not "writ in water," and overhead is the same tenderly blue sky that endomes the final resting-place of Keats and Shelley in the Protestant burial-ground at Rome. In truth, it can scarcely be said to have a history, and furnishes but scanty materials for even a hasty sketch.

As already intimated, the cemetery is situate a short distance outside the Porta Pinti, upon a slight eminence, with a gentle slope toward the main entrance. The grounds were purchased by voluntary subscription, and laid out under the auspices of the Reformed Swiss Church in 1828. They are now under the direction of a committee composed of Swiss, German, and English Protestants. In consequence of the removal of the mediæval walls, the cemetery is now embraced within the city limits, and further interments are forbidden by law, or only permitted by sufferance. It is still, however, preserved as a public square, for the inclosing and beautifying of which, in its present elliptical form, the municipality of Florence is said to have contributed the liberal sum of eighty thousand francs. You enter, from the east, through a spacious arched gateway into an inner court, in the rear of which is the sexton's lodge, and from thence you pass by a side entrance into the cemetery.

There is a local tradition that the son of one of the members of the original committee who laid out the grounds one day accompanied his father as he repaired thither with a view of giving directions to the workmen. Charmed by the beauty of the spot and its still more beautiful surroundings, he suddenly turned to his father, and said, "If I die, I wish to be buried *here*," accompanying the request by a significant gesture with his foot. On returning home, as if stricken with the beauty of his new-found gates to Paradise, he sickened and died, and within fifteen days was buried in the precise spot he had selected but a fortnight before. Whether the tradition be authentic or not, you instinctively feel that it deserves to be true, as you repeat mentally, if not audibly, what Keats said of its sister cemetery at Rome, that "it would make one in love with death to be buried in so sweet a place."

Among the monuments, the most prominent feature is the beautiful marble column, surmounted by a cross of the same material, occupying the summit of the grounds. It was the gift of Frederick William of Prussia, who, passing through Florence and visiting the cemetery in 1857, caused it to be erected in the place of the black wooden cross that formerly notified the passer-by that this was a sleeping-place for the dead. From this point you catch fugitive glimpses of the surrounding scenery, which is charming. On the west are the stately palaces of the princely quarter of Principe Amedeo; on the north the heights of Fiesole, with their beautiful gardens, and elegant villas, and monastery-crowned summit; while to the south lies the city of Florence, with its churches and convents, its belfries and towers, over and above which looms up the

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MRS. BROWNING'S TOMB.

famous Campanile of Giotto, and, as the crowning glory of them all, the wondrous dome of Brunelleschi. The column bears the following appropriate inscription:

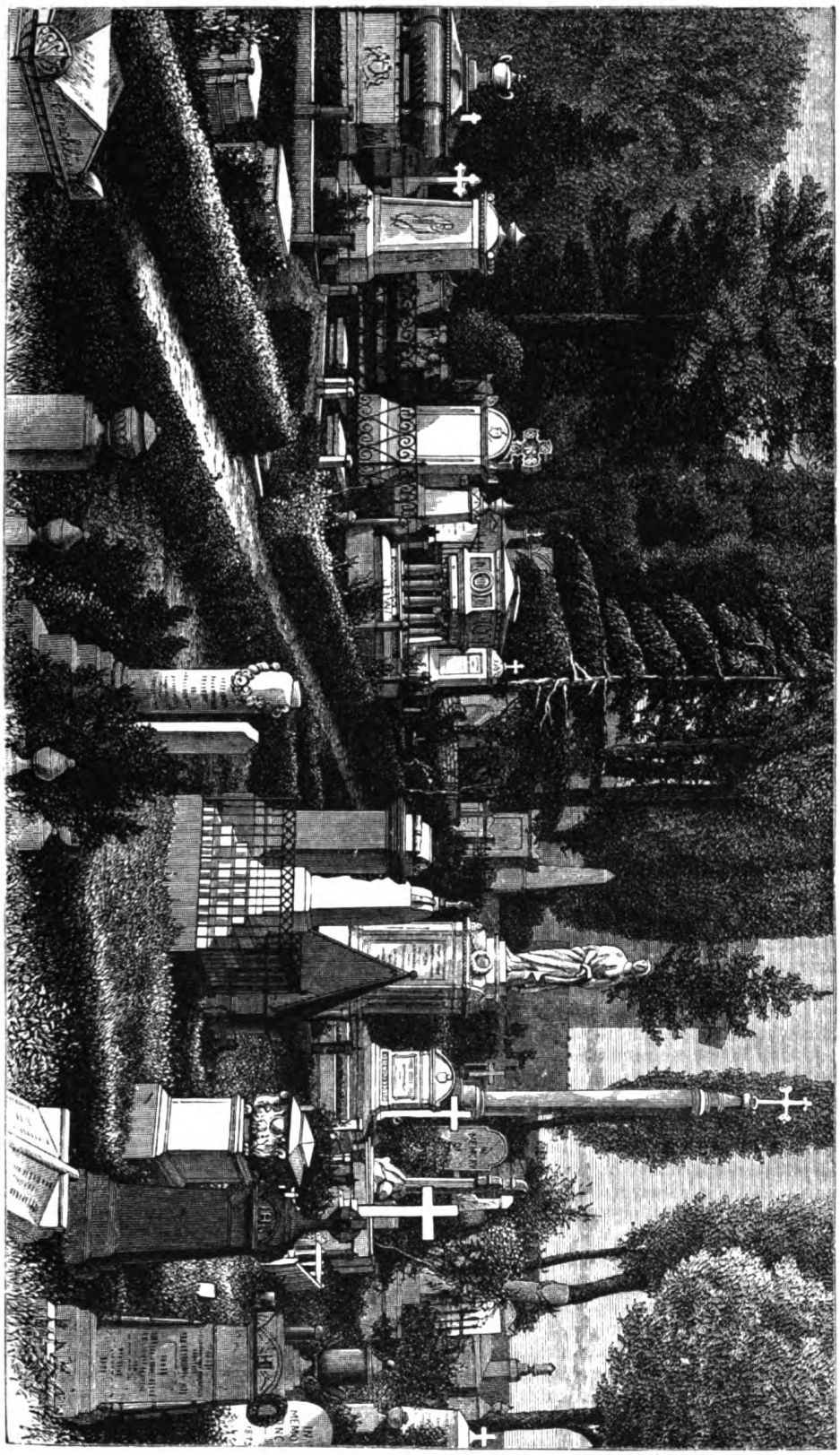
> "Je suis la Résurrection et la Vie:
> Celui qui croit en moi
> Vivra, quand même il serait mort."
> —*St. Jean*, xi. 25.

In the radiant light of that luminous sentence the silent city of the dead is so transfigured that it requires not the fervid imagination of a Jean Paul Richter to transform its very graves into the "foot-prints of the angel of eternal life." Then, too, the sombre cypresses that nod so majestically overhead, though they strike their roots deep into the earthly mould of many a sepulchre, rear their tapering spires up into the cloudless infinite above, as if they would somehow link our mortal mouldering remains with eternal youth and immortal beauty.

The two principal avenues, intersecting each other at right angles, divide the cemetery into four rectangular plots, which are bordered with hedges of box-wood, and decorated with evergreens and flowering shrubs. The monuments are for the most part simple and chaste in design, with few, if any, bizarre inscriptions. Some are really beautiful, realizing the true conception of a sepulchral monument—an elegy in marble. We fail to observe that tendency, so visible in an Italian *campo santo*, to perpetuate by means of armorial or other devices the invidious distinctions of this life beyond the grave, as if wealth and nobility had any exclusive privileges under-ground, where bonds and mortgages avail not, and aristocracy is a jest. Among the more notable monuments are those of Sir George Hamilton, English minister to the court of Tuscany, of General William Sewell, Colonel Thomas Stibbert, and George Augustus Wallis. There is one, too, which, if I mistake not, will recall bitter memories of our late civil war—that of Jefferson Page, of Virginia, major of artillery, who died in 1864.

But to the English and American tourist the Protestant cemetery at Florence means

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THE PROTESTANT CEMETERY AT FLORENCE.

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the final resting-place of Mrs. Browning and Theodore Parker. At least it was so with us. So, after wandering about among the graves without finding what we sought, we inquired for the sexton. We soon learned that the former incumbent, who would have been worth a score or two of guide-books, had been recently discharged for neglect of duty, and that his successor knew nothing of the real or legendary history of the place, and but little of its distinguished dead. A flaxen-haired, blue-eyed peasant girl, an unmistakable exotic in this sunny clime, recognizing us instinctively as Americans, relieved our embarrassment by proposing to act as our *cicerone*, and at once pointed out to us the graves first sought out by all English and American tourists.

Here, in the beloved land of her adoption, lies Elizabeth Barrett Browning, the first female poet of ours, if not of any age,

> "With a wound in her breast,
> And a flower in her hand,
> And a grave-stone under her head."

On the morning of the 29th of June, eleven years ago as we write, her beautiful life had a beautiful close. As the mystic veil grew luminously transparent, her face became radiant, as it were that of an angel, and those silent, awe-stricken watchers saw clearly that she saw God. Gazing upward through the wide-open gates upon the ineffable glory, she sweetly smiled, and saying, "It is beautiful," departed with the early dawn, vanishing like the morning-star amidst the golden radiance of an eternal sunrise.

> "Up, upward! like a saint who strips
> The shroud back from his eyes and lips,
> And rises in Apocalypse."

Her funeral pall at Florence projected its sombre shadow across the Atlantic, darkening many a household where she was loved as a friend by those who knew her only as a poet. Many a hearth-stone suffered eclipse which had only re-echoed the music of her song, and bitter tears were shed that were not distilled from kindred blood. Nor are we surprised at all this when we consider the wide range of her sympathies, and the compass of her poetical genius, running through the entire diapason of human joys and sorrows. With her own half-suppressed sympathies ever struggling to free themselves from the strange entanglement of her verse, she was the elect interpreter of those dreamy, shadowy experiences that float dimly in human consciousness, and only become visible, like characters in invisible ink, beneath the glowing breath of poetic inspiration.

One can not but regret that the poetess could not have lived to see the final consummation of Italian unity and independence, for which, hoping against hope, she had waited and looked and prayed so long. The voice of a little child, singing beneath her window in the Via Maggio, *O bella Libertà*, was the prophetic twittering of the first adventurous swallow announcing the advent of spring. Would that she might have seen those spring-time prophecies unfold into glorious summer fulfillment! As she looked through the Casa Guidi windows and saw the stately procession and retrocession of political events, how her heart sank and rose with the ebb and flow of the political tides! Now we see her hand in hand with the Florentine child, singing, *Bella Libertà;* and now strewing her violets with the rest upon the pavement where Savonarola, for his testimony against the corruptions of Rome, suffered unto blood and burning. On some new accession of popular freedom she shouts her *vivas* along with the intoxicated populace as they march in procession, between double files of faces at the gayly decorated windows, with floating banners and martial music; while even blind men

> "pattered with their staves, and slid their shoes
> Along the stones, and smiled as if they saw."

Then comes the terrible reaction, and she is plunged into inconsolable grief as she sees the naked heart of her own beloved Italy palpitating beneath the iron hoof of Austria, while Italian democrats, in black velvet, "chalked the walls with bloody caveats," shook their swords within the sheath, and fired their muskets in the air "to show that victory was theirs of right."

It is meet that she should be buried here on the banks of the golden Arno, in the beautiful suburbs of her adopted Florence. The true poet, as a citizen of the world, can sleep well under any sod. But to Mrs. Browning Florence was something more than a city of sojourn. Italy seems almost to have supplanted England in her affections, as indicated by the frequent occurrence of such fervid phrases as, "Italy, my Italy," "my Tuscans," and "this Florence of ours." Victor Emanuel is "this king of us all;" while her son, her blue-eyed prophet, is "my own young Florentine."

It is not difficult in this ghostly presence to evoke her frail and delicate form from out the silent past; to recall the pale and spiritual expression of her countenance, her noble forehead "royal with the truth," that "gloriole" of raven hair worthy of a Sappho, and those eyes, large, dark, and expressive, that

> "globed luminous
> Through orbits of blue shadow."

With a smile like a sunbeam, as Miss Mitford says, her countenance in repose was saddened by the mysterious shadow of a great wrong, known to but few, which, forming a dark background to her beautiful life, only served to bring out in bolder relief her saintly virtues and gifted genius.

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"Really, I do not see," says Hawthorne, speaking of an interview with the poetess in his Italian Note-Book, "how Mr. Browning can suppose that he has an earthly wife..... It is wonderful to see how small she is, how pale her cheek, how bright and dark her eyes. There is not such another figure in the world, and her black ringlets cluster down into her neck, and make her face look the whiter by their sable profusion." "I have never seen a human frame," says Hilliard, "which seemed so nearly a transparent veil for a celestial and immortal spirit. She is a soul of fire inclosed in a shell of pearl."

And now as we stand over her grass-grown grave it may enlarge our spiritual horizon to repeat her simple yet comprehensive creed:

"I believe
In one Priest, and one temple, with its floors
Of shining jasper gloomed at morn and eve
By countless knees of earnest auditors,
And crystal walls, too lucid to perceive,
That none may take the measure of the place
And say, 'So far the porphyry, then the flint—
To this mark mercy goes, and there ends grace,'
Though still the permeable crystals hint
At some white starry distance bathed in space.
* * * * * * *
I hold the articulated Gospels, which
Show Christ among us crucified on tree.
I love all who love truth, if poor or rich
In what they have won of truth possessively."

The monument of Mrs. Browning, though beautiful in design, is painfully suggestive of an unstable equilibrium. It consists of a sarcophagus of white marble of mediæval form, supported by six composite columns resting upon an ornamental base, the whole protected by a stone border surmounted by an iron rail. One end of the sarcophagus is decorated with a lyre in bass-relief, while on one side is a medallion of the poetess, with the simple inscription,

E. B. B. OB. 1861.

Other inscription there is none, but upon the façade of Casa Guidi, in Via Maggio, where the poetess lived and died, the municipality of Florence, in grateful recognition of her genius, as well as of her active sympathy in behalf of the cause of Italian unity and independence, making a "golden bond between England and Italy," has caused to be placed the following inscription in Italian:

Qui scrisse e morì
Elizabetta Barrett Browning,
Che in cuore di donna conciliava
Scienza di dotto e spirito di poeta,
E fece del suo verso aureo anello
Fra Italia e Inghilterra,
Pone questa memoria
Firenze grata,
1861.

At the foot of a cypress-tree, not far from the column of Frederick William, is the simple grave of Theodore Parker. A tangled flower bed inclosed within a stone border, a plain head and foot stone, and the simple inscription:

THEODORE PARKER,
BORN AT LEXINGTON, MASS.,
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,
AUG. 24, 1810,
DIED AT FLORENCE MAY 10,
1860.

Whatever views we may entertain of Theodore Parker as the champion of that liberal Christianity of which Channing was the apostle, it is difficult to stand over his grave and read the simple inscription upon his tombstone without adding a passing tribute to his memory as a man and a philanthropist. In doubt himself at times whether as a theologian he helped or hindered men the more, few, if any, entertain a doubt as to the value of his services in the temperance, antislavery, and other humanitarian causes. He proclaimed a revolution when it required the courage of a martyr to do it. Nor can we forget that while Sumner was stricken down in the Senate-chamber, Theodore Parker was indicted by a Massachusetts jury for the misdemeanor of a speech in Faneuil Hall against the kidnaping of one of his own parishioners.

Then, too, there is something touching in his heroic though unequal struggle with mortal weakness and disease, as we follow him from that Albany inundation, when he first felt the fatal arrow in his side that ere long let his life out, on through to the sombre cypresses of the cemetery at Florence. Scarcely abating his labors, so multiform and multiplied, but working on, preaching against the advice of his physicians, when it was necessary to steady himself by grasping the desk with both hands, till, from his excessive labors, at the age of forty-seven he felt as if the digits were reversed, and he were seventy-four. And when at length compelled to resign his charge and seek a milder climate, "with only nine chances against him to one in his favor," it was not to rest, but only to expend his residue of strength in new and exhausting activities.

"I must go off," he writes in his journal, "to the West Indies, to Europe, and not to return. I am ready to die, if need be—nothing to fear. Sorry to leave *work*, *friends*, *wife*.....still, '*concedo*.' When I see the Inevitable, I fall in love with her. To die will be no evil to me. I should like to finish my work, write up my hints, print my best sermons, finish my book, write my autobiography, with sketches of my acquaintances, put all my papers in order. Yet I am ready. But I *mean* to live, and not die. I laugh at the odds of nine to one. If that is all, I'll conquer. I have fought ninety-nine against one—yes, nine hundred and ninety-nine against one, and conquered. Please God, I will again. *Sursum corda*."

But for once he underrated the strength

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GRAVE OF THEODORE PARKER.

of his antagonist, while he overestimated his own, still flattering himself that if he could only "weather the cape of forty-seven," he would go on to eighty or ninety, as did his forefathers. He appeared to think that any drafts he might make upon his failing strength would be duly honored. There is scarcely any abatement of his correspondence, the mere thought of which would weary the nerves of any ordinary man, while his sight-seeing was enough to break down a well man, his diary meanwhile keeping pace with his sight-seeing. Now he is in the West Indies, studying the climate, the fruits, the fishes, the birds; noting the inches of rain; observing the condition of the negroes, the women and children, and even of the oxen and mules; now he is felling firs at Combe-Varin, or discussing questions of science and philosophy with the *savants* of Europe in the chalet of his friend Desor; and now he is studying the fauna and flora of Italy, or exploring the topography and making an archæological survey of the city of Rome. Sight-seeing, letter-writing, visiting, collecting statistics, ransacking bookstores during the day, and then at night, during the pauses of sleep, going the rounds of his parish, and visiting in a visionary way his parishioners and friends. Meanwhile he is standing "up to his chin in his grave."

And yet all along through those weary months of his last illness, though comparing himself as sitting at the entertainments of his friends like the coffin at the Egyptian feasts, or as only fit to sit as a model for St. Jerome taking his last communion, he is cheerful nevertheless, and even jocose, his letters and conversation brimming with humor and sparkling with wit. Impatient at times, when he remembered how much was to be done, and that now he could "do nothing but cough," tempted at others with the thought of knocking at earth's gate with his staff, exclaiming, "Liebe Mutter, let me in!" there is not an hour, scarcely a moment, of sadness. Looking forward to death with calmness and composure, watching the ebb and flow of his cough, minutely observing

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his symptoms, and detailing the progressive steps of his disease, as if he were the physician and not the patient—there was something in all this so germain to a Christian trust and resignation that one is almost tempted to believe that Bishop Warburton's definition of orthodoxy, if something less than the truth, was something more than a jest: "Orthodoxy, my lord, is my doxy; heterodoxy is somebody else's doxy."

Even the daisies that grow so luxuriantly over his head seem instinct with something of his sleepless energy, and you can almost credit his dying fancy that he would leave his grave and weep at the hour of Sunday service of the Twenty-eighth, like the mother in the German legend, who, dying in childbed, left her grave, for nine weeks, every night, and came to the cradle-side of her baby and wept. About a month before his death he wrote to a friend:

"Above all things else I have sought to teach the true idea of man, of God, of religion, with its truths, its duties, and its joys. I never fought for myself, nor against a private foe, but have gone into the battle of the nineteenth century, and followed the flag of humanity. Now I am ready to die, though conscious that I leave half my work undone, and much grain lies in my fields waiting only for him that gathereth sheaves. I would rather lay my bones with my fathers and mothers at Lexington, and think I may, but will not complain if earth or sea shall cover them up elsewhere."

It was a feast-day in Florence when they bore him to his burial. Let us trust with the mourners that it was the "feast of an Ascension."

AT AN OLD GRAVE.

By HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

Ruth, daughter of Chrisp and Mary Lee,
Lies here in the hope to rise again;
She was born in seventeen forty-eight,
And died in eighteen hundred and one.
The gift of grace to her was free,
She carried her light in the path of men,
And went from the darkness of this estate
Whither God himself is the light and sun.

Thus on the stone was the legend spelled,
When the yellow lichens were scraped away,
Though half a century's storm and shower
Had smoothed the wrinkled lettering out,
And the scutcheon the carven cherubs held
Had slowly faded day after day,
While, fresh as they bloomed in their earliest hour,
The wantoning vines crept all about.

And soon deciphered, it stood sole sign
For fifty-three long-forgotten years,
Lonely and childless and sad, perhaps,
Of outward grace and comfort shorn.
And the day with its wide indifferent shine
It has learned to know, and the night's chill tears;
And round it the train's wild echo flaps
With screaming speed for the eager morn.

Beneath the seasons' heavy hand
The sunken slate leaned down the grave,
While Mays to Aprils have swiftly wheeled,
And slow Arcturus has reddened the snow;
And it sucked the gloom from the sky and land
To that spot where the scanty grasses wave,
Into the heart of its sombre shield,
Till the earth spread laughing and bright below.

For over the slope and far away,
Bathed in the beautiful light of day,
Dimpled with shadows of floating cloud,
And blue in the distant summer still,
The level fields of the champaign lay,
Golden and brown from new-mown hay;
And behind some lofty and lucid shroud
The slant sun rained on a lifted hill.

So when I saw it first, and so,
Had the burial mount refined to glass,
And Ruth forsaken her sleep to look,
She had seen the country lapped in June,
While the loud bee hummed in the clover blow,
And, far from the idle feet that pass,
Like the rustle of any limpid brook,
The throstle fluted his broken tune.

Did the heavens let down upon Ruth's birthnight
Larger and lower their throbbing stars,
The river, brimming his banks, flow clear,
And low winds ripple a silken stir?
Did a meteor thrust its veils of light,
And kingly essences burst their bars,
All for the love of the new life here,
And the possibilities born with her?

And hour by hour did the heavens grow pale,
The river go by to swell the tide,
And the spirits that wait on awful chance
Lift their plumes for a loftier flight?
Did the great heart falter, the great fate fail,
And the moment that had been glorified
Slip into the slow and idle dance
Of the hours that bring about the light?

Or a sad spark struck to flickering fire
Was that life, held close from the gladsome wind,
And set in all too narrow a niche,
Where rarely breath from full heaven came,
Till the mounting spirit, fluttering higher,
Drew the fluent air expressed and thinned,
And wasting the fragrant oils and rich,
It turned and fed on its sacred flame?

Ah, what matter? Her life she led
Seventy years and more ago;
Over her slumber the dew distills,
The wild bird warbles, the wild rose blooms,
As o'er any queen who lies crowned and dead.
It may be the innocent natures know
That as well God's purpose such life fulfills
As the lives that lead into lofty tombs.

For haply the simple life of Ruth,
Unthrilled by a lover's tender touch,
Unfilled by a mother's sweet content,
Fed with no honeyed joys at all,
Reached to the heart of things, in truth,
And moulded divine results as much
As the life to which an empire bent
While it held the same brown dust in thrall!

The low cloud blushed and burned to see
The sun that over her hovered at last;
Soon would the dews shine all about,
And the great procession of stars would climb—
As much for her still, I said, as for me—
While I staid till the sweet-breathed cattle passed;
Nor yet has her ripple quite died out
That whispers along my lingering rhyme!

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LEONORA CHRISTINA IN THE BLUE TOWER.



LEONORA CHRISTINA.

IT is not a fairy tale that I am about to relate, although its heroine was the daughter of a king and the wife of a nobleman whom this king delighted to honor. But I must tell you who they were before I tell the story, and to do this I must pick out the thread of their history from the tangled web of the time in which they lived. It runs as follows: Leonora Christina was a daughter of King Christian IV. of Denmark and Kirstine Munk, a lady of an ancient and illustrious family, with whom he had contracted a morganatic marriage. She was born on the 18th of July, 1621, at the castle of Fredericksborg, and in her eighth year was promised in marriage to Corfits Ulfeldt, an impoverished gentleman of good family, who had traveled in his youth, as was the fashion then, had studied at Padua, and had acquired a considerable proficiency in foreign languages. He had already filled several positions of dignity, and on the marriage of

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the king's son Christian was one of the twelve noblemen who were named Knights of the Elephant. Leonora Christina was the favorite daughter of her father, and her marriage to Ulfeldt, which occurred in her fifteenth year, was celebrated at the castle of Copenhagen with as much splendor as those of the princes and princesses. She sold a portion of her jewels and ornaments to pay the debts of her husband, who naturally began to rise in the world. He was made a member of the Great Council, Governor of Copenhagen, and Chancellor of the Exchequer; in 1641 he was sent on a mission to Vienna, where Ferdinand III., Emperor of Germany, made him a count of the German Empire; five years later he was made High Lord Steward of Denmark, the highest dignity and the most responsible office in the kingdom.

Here his history, though prosperous, begins to darken. He accumulated enormous wealth, bought extensive landed estates, jewels, costly furniture, etc., and lived in magnificent style—at the cost of his country. He struck base coin, and, worse than this, he neglected the defenses of the kingdom. The King of Sweden took advantage of this crime, and marched his army into Denmark. There was no army to repel him, for Ulfeldt, at the head of the nobility, refused supplies; so peace was made, and, as might have been expected, it was not advantageous to Denmark. King Christian began to lose confidence in his son-in-law, but he allowed him to retain his offices, and sent him to France on a diplomatic mission. It was not successful, and he was not received on his return. In 1648 Christian IV. was gathered to his fathers, and his second son ascended the throne as Frederick III. The new queen, a Saxon princess, hated Ulfeldt and his wife; but the new king, like his father before him, allowed him to retain his offices, and sent him on a mission to Holland, the question at issue being the Sound Dues, which were not settled till a couple of centuries later. He concluded a treaty with Holland, but it met with no favor at Copenhagen, where it would have been well for him to have remained; for his enemies during his absence had nominated a committee to investigate his past administration, particularly his financial measures. The new court refused Leonora Christina and the children of Kirstine Munk the princely honors they had hitherto enjoyed; and the titles of counts and countesses of Schleswig-Holstein, which her father had granted to her and her children, were not acknowledged by Frederick III. Ulfeldt declined to appear at court, and a false accusation was brought against him and Leonora Christina that they intended to poison the king and queen. The judicial investigation which he demanded came to nothing, and he resolved to leave Copenhagen. He had a key made to the Eastern Gate, and one night in July, 1651, he stole out of it, taking Leonora Christina with him in the disguise of a valet. He had already placed his amassed capital abroad, and sent away the most valuable part of his furniture and movable property.

The fugitives embarked on a vessel bound for Holland, which they succeeded in reaching. In a few weeks a royal summons called Ulfeldt to appear at the next meeting of the Diet. In the mean time his offices and fiefs were given to others, and an embargo was laid on his landed property. He went to Sweden, and stirred up the embers of the old strife with Denmark. He was a dangerous adversary, whom it would have been wise to conciliate; but no arrangement could be made between him and his king, so bitterly was he hated by the queen. Leonora Christina proceeded to Copenhagen, but, being unable to see the king, was obliged to quit the kingdom as a fugitive. War was declared between the two powers, and in eight months Denmark was willing to accept such conditions of peace as she could get. They were hard. She had to surrender, besides her fleet, about one-third of her ancient territory—which she has never since regained. Ulfeldt negotiated for the King of Sweden, and of course looked out for his own interests as a whilom Dane. He demanded and received a large indemnity for the loss of the revenues from his estates; and the Swedish king gave him estates in the conquered land, and made him Count of Sölvitsborg. New political complications soon arose, which ended in his being shut up with Leonora Christina in a fortress in Copenhagen. They finally procured their liberty by surrendering all their property, except an estate in Fyen, to which they were obliged to repair. After a time Ulfeldt obtained permission to visit Spa for his health; but instead of proceeding thither, he went to Amsterdam, to Bruges, and to Paris. He communicated with the Elector of Brandenburg, who betrayed his communication to the King of Denmark, who summoned him to appear before the High Court of Appeals in Copenhagen; and not appearing, he was condemned to death as a traitor, his property was confiscated, his descendants were forever exiled from Denmark, and a large reward was offered for his apprehension. He concluded to remain with his family in Bruges, where he had many friends. Lavish in his expenditures, he began to be in want of money, and cast about for the means of collecting the sums that he had so freely loaned in his days of prosperity. Among others whom he had obliged in this way was the then Pretender Charles—now Charles II., King of England—who owed him twenty thousand patacoons, or about five thousand pounds. As Leonora Christina was, through her

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father, cousin to his graceless majesty, it was thought that if she went to England and claimed the money, he would repay it to her. She set out on her journey on the 23d of May, 1663. It was a fatal day for her, for she never saw her husband again. Charles received her politely, promised her all sorts of satisfaction, sent his secretary to see her papers, and so forth—but paid her nothing. The Danish government heard of her being in England, and thinking that Ulfeldt was with her, demanded her extradition. It was ostensibly refused. Satisfied at last that nothing was to be gained by remaining, she took leave of her royal cousin by letter, gave her papers to a lawyer, and set out from London. She got as far as Dover, intending to embark on the same evening for Flanders, when she was arrested and taken to the castle. She demanded the cause of her arrest, but was put off with various reasons. Persuaded that the king wished her to leave secretly, she was treacherously assisted to escape, captured again, placed on board an English frigate, and conveyed to Copenhagen, where, on the 8th of August, she was imprisoned in the Blue Tower of Copenhagen Castle. Her imprisonment was a dreadful blow to Ulfeldt, who fled from place to place, pursued by Danish agents demanding his extradition, and by men anxious to earn the reward for his apprehension, dead or alive. His last abode was at Basle, where he passed under an assumed name, until a quarrel between one of his sons and a stranger disclosed his secret. Not feeling himself safe, he left Basle, alone, at night, in a boat descending the Rhine. Infirm and broken, and laboring under a violent attack on the chest, the night air killed him. He died in the boat, on the 20th of February, 1664. The gold and jewels found upon him led the boatmen to think he was a person of consequence; so they brought the body on shore, and made the matter known in Basle. His sons came and buried him, under a tree in a field—where, no one knows. Such, in brief, was the life and death of Corfits Ulfeldt, the husband of Leonora Christina in the Blue Tower.

Why was she in the Blue Tower? She tried to discover, but without success. She was questioned by the king's ministers on the first afternoon of her imprisonment, and she answered with the skill of a veteran diplomatist. They could learn nothing from her, so they departed, and as they had taken her papers and money, she hastily concealed the trinkets she had about her—a gold watch, a silver pen, which gave forth ink and was filled with ink, etc.—in the holes of her prison. It was a dreary, filthy place, as she saw by the light of a candle in a brass candlestick. It contained a small low table, a high chair, two small chairs, a fir-wood bedstead without hangings, and with old, hard bedding; it also contained recent and intolerable stenches. The door was opened again, and in came the queen's mistress of the robes, her woman of the bed-chamber, and the wife of the commissariat clerk, Abel Catharina. They carried clothes upon their arms, which she, woman-like, remembered for many a year. These consisted of a long dressing-gown, stitched with silk, made of flesh-colored taffeta, and lined with white silk; a linen under-petticoat, printed over with a black lace pattern; a pair of silk stockings, a pair of slippers, a shift, an apron, a night-dress, and two combs.

"It is the command of her majesty the queen that we should take away your clothes, and that you should have these in their place."

"In God's name!" answered she.

They removed the pad from her head, in which she had sewn up rings and many loose diamonds, and Abel Catharina felt all over her head to see if any thing was concealed in her hair. She found nothing. She next demanded her bracelets and rings, which were given up, except a small ring on the little finger, which was not worth more than a rix-dollar. This was taken also, for the woman said she had sworn upon her soul to the queen that she would not leave her the smallest thing. The poor lady was then stripped of her garments, even of her chemise. They examined her person, for letters, they said, and nothing else, but no letters were found. When they had clothed her in the garments they had brought, they searched her prison, and found the trinkets she had concealed in the holes. They did not observe her diamond ear-rings, nor some ducats she had sewn into leather round one of her knees, nor a costly rose-diamond which she had bitten out of a ring on board the ship, and carried in her mouth. The mistress of the robes laughed at her, and asked her when she sat down if she could not stand, and whether any thing was the matter with her.

"There is only too much the matter with me," she replied; "yet I can stand when it is necessary."

They went away at last with all her clothes, except a taffeta cap; and the prison governor entered with his hat on, and asked her why she had concealed her things, but knowing, as she said, that he was skillful in improving a report, and could twist language to the damage of those in trouble, she would not answer him a word. The table was then spread, and four dishes were brought in, but she had no appetite, though she had eaten little or nothing the whole day. When the dishes had been removed, a girl named Maren Blocks came in, and said she had been ordered by the queen to spend the night with her. The prison

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governor joked with the wench, and indulged in loose talk till near ten o'clock, when he said good-night, and closed the two doors of her prison. Maren began to gossip about what the people were saying, and about herself. She was in the queen's private kitchen, and cleaned the silver. The queen could get no one who would be alone with Leonora Christina, for she was considered evil; she was wise, too, and knew future events.

"With all her witchcraft," said the queen, "she is now in prison, and has nothing with her; and if she strikes you, I give you leave to strike her back again till the blood comes."

The credulous creature threw her arms round her neck, and cried out, "Strike me, dear heart! strike me!"

"I will not," said Leonora Christina.

Maren then caressed her, and babbled away until she had wearied Leonora Christina, who said she would sleep. When she had lain a while with her face to the wall, she turned round and saw that the girl was weeping silently. They began again—the king's daughter and the queen's kitchen-maid—and went on talking through the night.

The prison governor came at six o'clock the next morning, and asked Leonora Christina if she would have some brandy, but she answered nothing. He chattered with Maren, and told her secretly that she was to say she wished to go out for a little time, as she was to go to the queen. When she had gone he pestered Leonora Christina with questions, but she paid no attention to him. Maren returned at eight o'clock, and said that two women would come and relieve her at noon. She had been questioned by the queen, who asked her whether Leonora Christina wept much. "'Yes, indeed, she weeps silently,' I answered, for if I had said you did not weep, the queen would have thought that you had not yet enough to weep for." The women did not come until late in the afternoon. One was the wife of the queen's shoe-maker, and the other the wife of the king's groom. The former was very officious, and offered to solicit the queen for any thing that my lady wanted. Some womanly gear was wanted, particularly a bone box of perfume. It was sent for, and was brought, except the box of perfume, which had been lost. The groom's wife spread the table, but Leonora Christina had no desire to eat. Her meal was made off a lemon and some sugar. The inevitable prison governor sat down with the women, and rattled and jested away until he was tired, when he went out and locked the doors. The next morning he returned, and offered the women brandy, which they drank readily. They then went to the queen, and reported all that had happened. It was not long before the king's ministers came again, and began to examine and cross-examine Leonora Christina. The king entertained suspicions with regard to her, and not without reason. "Your husband," said the chancellor, "has offered the kingdom of Denmark to a foreign lord." She asked if the kingdom of Denmark belonged to her husband, that he could thus offer it, and as no one answered, continued:

"Good gentlemen, you all know my lord; you know that he has been esteemed as a man of understanding; and I can assure you that when I took my leave of him he was in perfect possession of his senses. Now it is easy to perceive that no sensible man would offer that which was not in his power, and which he had no right to dispose of. He is holding no post; he has neither power nor authority; how should he, therefore, be so foolish as to make such an offer, and what lord would accept it?"

It was so nevertheless, they insisted, and she knew it well.

"God is my witness that I know of no such thing." She could not make them think so.

"Madame," said the Prime Minister, "confess while the king still asks you to do so."

They continued to question her about her husband, and told her that the king was an absolute sovereign, and could do what he liked.

"See, here I am!" she exclaimed. "You can do with me what you will. That which I do not know I can not say."

They wasted about three hours upon her, and departed. Her dinner that day was a draught of beer. The prison governor and the women dined more heartily, and coarse stories followed in rapid succession. The same scene was repeated at the evening meal. When her bed was made she lay down to sleep, but was wakened by the rats, of which there were great numbers. Hunger had made them bold, and they ate the candle as it stood burning.

The prison governor came as usual in the morning, with more brandy for the watch-women, who had a whole bottle besides. As Leonora Christina would not reply to his questions, he seized her hand and shook it roughly. "I should like to give him a box on the ears," she thought. Her persistent refusal to speak somewhat discouraged him: he became less loquacious and less merry with the women. Two or three mornings afterward the king's councilors paid her another visit, and insisted as before that she was acquainted with her husband's designs. They asked, if he was found guilty, whether she would take part in his condemnation.

"If I may know on what ground he is accused," she answered, "I will answer to it so far as I know, and so much as I can."

They had some papers brought in to them, and the chancellor said, "There is nothing

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further to do now than to let you know what sort of a husband you have, and to let you hear his sentence."

The papers were read, the first being to the effect that Corfits, formerly Count of Ulfeldt, had offered the kingdom of Denmark to a foreign sovereign, and had told him that he had the ecclesiastical and lay magnates on his side, so that it was easy for him to procure the crown of Denmark for him. Then followed the defense of the clergy, who protested that Corfits had never had any communication with any of them, and the defense of the burgomaster and Council in Copenhagen; and last, the reading of the sentence which, without a hearing, had been pronounced against him. The sentence was placed on the bed before her. She wept. Then a prayer was read aloud which had been pronounced from the pulpit, in which he was anathematized, and God was prayed not to allow his gray hair to go to the grave in peace. After the councilors had departed the prison governor came, and the women, and a stool was placed by the side of her bed. "Eat, Leonora; will you not eat?" he demanded, tossing a knife on the bed. She took it with an angry mind and threw it on the floor. He picked it up, and sat down with his dear little women, and crammed himself. He returned in the afternoon to let them out for a time, and read aloud, from a book he brought, prayers for a happy end, for the hour of death, and for one suffering temporal punishment for his misdeeds. He also read a prayer for one about to be burned! Then he walked up and down the cell and sang funeral hymns. His piety ended before the evening meal began, when he was again merry and coarse.

In a few days her first attendant, Maren Blocks, took the place of one of the women. To test her, Leonora Christina asked her to get her some needles and thread, but she refused: for herself she would gladly procure them for her, but it would risk her whole well-being if the queen should find it out, for she had strictly forbidden that any one should give her either pins or needles. "For what reason?" "That you may not kill yourself." Leonora Christina assured her that nothing was further from her thoughts, and the good-hearted creature promised that she should have needles and thread. There was soon another meeting of the king's councilors—not in her cell this time, but in a room above it—to which she was summoned, and to which she was obliged to be helped, she had grown so weak. They questioned her for more than three hours, and departed as wise as they came.

"Now you are to remain in here," said the prison governor; "it is a beautiful chamber, and has been freshly whitewashed: you may now be contented."

Let us see what there was to make her contented with her new abode. It was a chamber seven paces long and six wide; there was in it two beds, a table, and two stools; it was freshly whitewashed, which caused a terrible smell; the floor, moreover, was so thick with dirt that she imagined it was of loam, though it was really laid with bricks; it was eighteen feet high, with a vaulted ceiling, and very high up there was a window which was two feet square. In front of it were double thick iron bars, besides a wire-work which was so close that one could not put one's little finger into the holes. This wire-work had been thus ordered by the Prime Minister so that no pigeon might bring Leonora a letter! Tired and weary with her examination, she wished to rest, but before she could do so a bedstead had to be taken out of the Dark Church, as it was called, and brought thither. Her two attendants withdrew after supper, and another woman named Karen was placed with her. The prison governor bolted two doors before her inmost prison. There was a square hole in the innermost one secured with iron crossbars, and he was about to attach a lock to this hole, but as Karen said she could not breathe if it was closed, he contented himself with affixing locks to the door of the outer chamber and to the door leading to the stairs. Clearly Leonora ought to have been delighted with her new prison.

Sometimes in her reveries she scratched at the walls which inclosed her, and Karen imagined that she was confused in her head. It was reported to the queen, who never failed to send messengers during every mealtime, when the door was open, to inquire how it fared with her, and what she said, and what she was doing. Her strength decreased so that she appeared to be dying, and rejoiced at the prospect of her end. She asked for a clergyman to give her the sacrament, and the king's court preacher, Magister Mathias Foss, was sent to perform the duties of his office. He embraced the opportunity to exhort her to unburden her conscience. She might rest assured, he said, that in this world she would never see her husband again, and that therefore she ought to tell what she knew about his treason. She knew nothing about it, but commended him to the Almighty, who knew her innocence. When she had received the Lord's Supper, Magister Foss comforted her and bade her farewell.

The prison governor began to persecute her again, by expressing his belief that she entertained an evil opinion of the queen. He inferred this from her saying, when he said that the king had ordered that whatever she desired from the kitchen and cellar should be at once brought to her, "God preserve his majesty; he is a good sovereign: may he show clemency to evil men!" "The

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queen is also good," he remarked, to which she had made no answer. He tried to turn the conversation on the queen, but could not draw a word from her. Finally he annoyed her so that she exclaimed, "*Dieu vous punisse!*" "Ho! ho!" he replied, misinterpreting her words.

She remained in bed, partly because she had nothing with which to employ the time, and partly because of the cold. When she had been in prison two months, the Danish Princess Anna Sophia was betrothed to the Electoral Prince of Saxony, and on the morning of the day when the festivities were to begin, Leonora Christina said to her woman, "To-day we shall fast till evening." She thought of the instability of fortune, and that she who twenty-eight years before had enjoyed as great a state as the princess, was now lying a captive close by the very wall where her bridal chamber had been. Toward noon she heard the trumpets and kettle-drums, and said,

"Now they are conducting the bride across the square to the great hall."

"How do you know that?" asked her woman.

"My spirit tells me so."

As the trumpets sounded she mentioned the different courses they announced, and remarked again, when the kettle-drums sounded in the square, "We shall have no dinner to-day." She was right, for it was half past seven that night when the prison governor came and excused himself by saying that he had asked for the dinner, but could not get it, because all hands in the kitchen were occupied. Evidently she is a witch, thought her woman, and Leonora Christina was willing to let her think so.

Some time after the departure of the Electoral Prince it was determined that a wooden effigy of her husband should be subjected to capital punishment, and on the forenoon of the day on which it was to be performed her chamber was opened, swept, cleaned, and strewed with sand. The queen wished to have the wooden statue brought into her outer chamber, and so placed in front of the door that it would tumble in to her when the inner door was opened; but the king would not permit it. Toward noon her woman came in, and walking to her bed, stood as if startled, and said, hurriedly,

"Oh, Jesus! Lady, they are bringing your husband!"

The news terrified Leonora Christina, who raised herself in the bed, and stretched out her right arm, which she was not able to draw back at once. She remained sitting, as if paralyzed, and without speaking a word.

"My dearest lady," said the creature, "it is your husband's effigy."

"May God punish you!" exclaimed Leonora Christina.

Then she was silent again, for she was very weak, and hardly knew where she was. In the afternoon she heard a great murmuring of people in the inner palace square, and saw the effigy brought across the street on a wheelbarrow, and placed in the tower below her prison. It was wofully treated by the executioner the next morning; but no sound came from it. At the mid-day meal the prison governor told her woman in the outer chamber that its head had been cut off, and its body had been divided into four quarters, which were placed on wheels and attached to the gallows, while the head was exposed on the town-hall. This was repeated three times loudly, that it might be heard by Leonora Christina, who tried to console herself by thinking that this treatment of the effigy was a token that they could not get her husband; but fear asserted its sway in spite of her.

When she had been in prison about seven months the prison governor assumed a gentle manner toward her, and said, "Now you are a widow; now you can tell the state of all affairs."

"Can widows tell the state of all affairs?" she asked.

"I do not mean that," he replied, with a laugh. "I mean this treason."

"You can ask others about it who know of it. I know of no treason."

He handed her a newspaper, and let her read it, chiefly, she thought, because her husband was ill spoken of in it. She returned it with the remark, which was as just then as now, "Writers of newspapers do not always speak the truth." They did in this instance, as far as the death of Corfits was concerned. She now began to be troubled about her children, who were fugitives and in a foreign land, and sat up sleeplessly whole nights in her bed, praying to God for a gracious deliverance.

When she grew calmer she remembered that she had secreted a needle; so she took off the ribbons of her night-dress, and with the silk embroidered a piece of cloth with different flowers. Then she drew threads out of her sheet, twisted them, and sewed with them.

"What will you do now when this is finished?" demanded her woman.

"Oh, I shall get something to do. If it is brought to me by the ravens, I shall have it."

Could she do any thing with a broken wooden spoon? One which had its bowl half broken off was shown her. "I could do something with that, if I had only a tool for the purpose."

The prison governor was told of her desire for a knife. "She wants no knife," he said, brutally. "I will cut her food for her." They were afraid she would injure herself, or them. Once she asked for some scissors

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to cut her nails. "What! what!" he exclaimed; "her nails shall grow like eagles' claws, and her hair like eagles' feathers!"

"Oh," she thought, "if I only had claws and wings!" She finally persuaded her woman to look in a corner in the outer room, where the rubbish was thrown, where a piece of glass was found, and a piece of a pewter cover which had belonged to a jug. By means of the glass she made a pin with two prongs out of the spoon-handle, on which she made ribbon, taking the silk for it from the border of her night-dress, and she bent the pewter in such a manner that it afterward served her as an inkstand. To amuse her woman, who found the time heavy on her hands, she made a set of dice out of nuts, placing two kinds of numbers on each, and with these they played. She made the ace with a large pin which the woman had given her in a moment of good nature, and rubbed chalk into it so that it could be readily distinguished. While the silk from her night-dress and stockings lasted she was always at work, netting on the pin that it might last for a long time. She chalked out pictures on a piece of board, and on her table, and wiping them away, made rhymes, and composed hymns—pious, solemn hymns—which were as strong as her own brave heart. One, which was a favorite with her, and which she often sang, was in German—a language that her two tormentors did not understand.

It was not long before the woman obtained possession of her embroidery, on the pretense of showing it to a former waiting-maid who was deeply interested in her misfortunes. It was carried to the queen.

"She might have something given her to do," said the king.

"It is not necessary," replied his tender consort. "It is good enough for her! She has not wished for any thing better."

One day late in the autumn the prison governor came to Leonora Christina, and sitting down on her bed (for she was ill), began to tell her about a palace which she had occupied in her days of prosperity, and which was being pulled down, that they might erect upon its site a pillar to commemorate the shame of her dead lord. "The beautiful palace! it is now down, and not one stone is left on another. Is it not a pity, my dear lady?"

"The king can do what he will with his own," she replied. "The palace has not been ours for some time."

If she was saddened by what he had told her, she concealed her sadness, and he soon departed. He treated her more courteously after this, and said that the king had ordered him to ask whether she wished for any thing from the kitchen, the cellar, or the confectioner, and, if so, to give her what she wished. She begged him to thank his majesty for the favor shown her, and praised his goodness to her. "The queen is also a dear queen," he said; but she made no answer. Some time after, he gave her an order from the king, that she should ask for any clothes and linen that she required. She received what she asked for, except a corset, which the queen would not let her have. She obtained a bottle-case, with six small bottles, in which was sprinkling water, head water, and a cordial, and her majesty was displeased thereat. When she saw, however, on the lid of the case an engraving, representing the daughter of Herod with the head of John the Baptist on a charger, she laughed, and said, "That will be a cordial to her!" This engraving set Leonora Christina thinking that Herodias had still sisters on earth.

Her needle-work having being taken from her, she cast about for something to divert her mind; and remembering that the potter who had placed a stove in her cell had left a piece of clay in the outer room, she begged her woman to get it for her. She mixed this clay with beer, and moulded various things out of it, a portrait of her woman, small jugs, vases, and the like. It occurred to her to try whether she could not make something on which she could place a few words to the king, so that the prison governor would not observe it; and she moulded over the half of the glass in which wine was brought to her, made it round below, placed it on three knobs, wrote the king's name on the side, and underneath the bottom these words: "*Il y a un.....un Auguste.*" At length the prison governor asked her what she had done with the clay, and she showed him the portrait of her woman, which pleased him; then a small jug, and last of all the goblet. "I will take all this with me," he said, "and let the king see it; you will perhaps thus obtain permission to have somewhat provided for your pastime." This was at the mid-day meal. He did not return at supper; but the next day he told her that she had nearly brought him into trouble. How so? "I took the king a petition for you!" The queen did not catch sight of it, but the king did at once. "Gracious king, I have brought nothing in writing." His majesty thereupon pointed out the French words on the bottom of the goblet, and, as the queen began to question him sharply, defended him, as the invention pleased him. He was a gracious sovereign, was his majesty, and if he could only be certain that Leonora's husband was really dead, she would not remain long where she was.

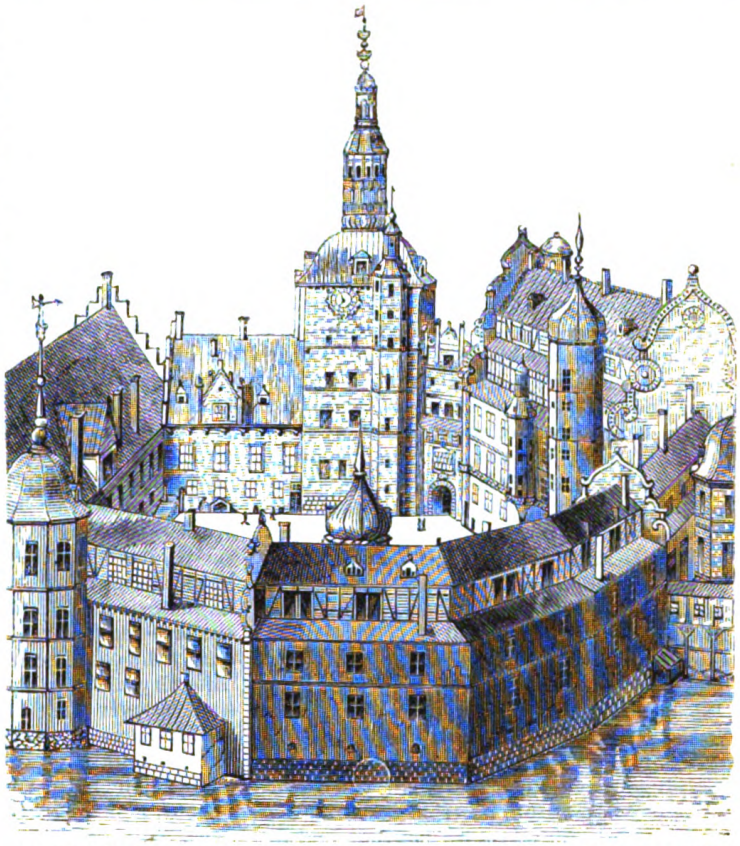
The health of the prison governor began to fail, and in consequence he grew pious and meek, so that one day when he was going to communion he stood outside of her outermost door, and taking off his hat, begged her forgiveness. He had done much to annoy her; but he was a servant.

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"I forgive you gladly," she answered, like the noble lady she was.

This irritated her woman, who called him an old fool, and said she supposed she ought to ask pardon too. "I wouldn't do it for God's bitter death! No, no!" Then she taunted Leonora Christina with her bad temper. "It is said of you that in former days you could bear but little, and that you struck at once. But now—" She stopped.

"What more?" demanded her mistress. "Do you think I could not do any thing to any one, if I chose, just as well as then, if any one behaved to me in a manner that I could not endure? Now much more than then! You need not refuse me a knife because I may perhaps kill you; I could do so with my bare hands. I can strangle the strongest fellow with my bare hands, if I can seize him unawares; and what more could happen to me than is now happening? Therefore only keep quiet!"



THE OLD CASTLE OF COPENHAGEN, SHOWING THE BLUE TOWER IN THE MIDDLE OF THE BACKGROUND.

The woman kept quiet, but she needed another lesson, which was soon given to her. She had a habit of pouring beer on the floor, and though forbidden to do so, persisted in it. So Leonora took her by the head, and pushed it back with her hand. She was frightened, for she felt as if her head was falling off. "That is a foretaste," said Leonora Christina.

In the third year of her imprisonment the prison governor ordering May-trees to be placed in her chamber, she broke small twigs from the branches, rubbed off the bark with glass, and softening them in water, laid them to press under a board, and when they were flattened she fastened them together, and formed them into a weaver's reed. An attendant gave her a little coarse thread, which she used for a warp, and taking the silk from the new stockings they had given her, she made some broad ribbons of it. One of the trees was tied to the stove, and the other she fastened to her person, her woman holding the warp. The health of the prison governor now failed so rapidly that he had to be brought up the stairs by two men. Leonora begged him to remain below and rest, assuring him that she would go nowhere. He took off his cap and bade her farewell, and she never saw him again.

There was another prison governor, and another, the last being addicted to buffoonery and strong drink. Her woman behaved, if possible, worse than before, swearing, like the virago she was, on the least provocation. She heard one day that rope-dancers were to exhibit in the inner castle-yard, and lamented that she could not get a sight of them. Leonora Christina told her that she would arrange it so that she could, and taking the bedclothes from the bed, she placed the boards on the floor, and set the bed on end in front of the window, with a night-stool on top of it. In order to get upon the bedstead the table was placed beside it, and a stool by the table in order to get upon the table, and a stool upon the table in order to get upon the night-stool, and a stool upon the night-stool, so that the two women could stand and look comfortably, though not both at once. The woman climbed up first and gazed her fill. Then Leonora Christina followed her. She saw the rope-dancers, and was amused by their antics, and she saw the

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faces of the king and queen, who were standing in the long hall of the palace, and wondered that they never turned their eyes to the place where they knew she was.

At last her woman sickened, as the first prison governor had done, and another woman was sent to take her place. She had known Leonora Christina in her prosperity, having been in the service of a councilor's lady who had been present at her wedding: she remembered the display of fire-works and the festivities on that occasion, and wept as she spoke of them. She was anxious to do something to employ her time; so Leonora Christina brought out her endless ends of silk from night-jackets, stockings, etc., and a flax-comb, made of small pins fastened to a piece of wood, and they set to work. The last prison governor was no improvement on the first; for, in addition to his buffoonery and his coarse jests, he was drunk nearly every day at dinner—so drunk, indeed, that he rarely came of an evening. As his drunkenness increased, he would lie on the woman's bed and sleep, with the key of the cells by his side and the principal key close by. Leonora Christina had half a mind one day to take the keys while he was sleeping and go up the king's stairs and give them to the king. But she reflected that she would not only gain nothing, but might be more closely confined, so she desisted. Once, when his tipsy fit was on, he tried to caress her. She thrust him away with her foot, and forbade him to come into the chamber unless he was sober. He remembered enough when he was drunk to stay in the outer chamber, where he went to sleep on a stone bench, and where his underlings used to come for him, after her doors were locked, and drag him down the stairs. One of these underlings, named Christian, was a murderer who was sentenced to death; but as the murdered man's widow would not pay for his execution, he remained in prison. He was an insolent villain—so insolent that when Leonora's dishes were brought, he used to cut the meat and help himself to the pieces he preferred. His drunken master allowed him to do so—for he had become his master. He could not endure that they should laugh and be merry, for he thought he was the cause of it. He used to bring Leonora Christina newspapers in exchange for her wine; but in one of his mad whims he kept them back for some weeks. At length he brought her woman all that he had withheld, and they were given back to him. "My lady has done without them for so many weeks, she can continue to do so." He tore them in two with his teeth, tore open his coat so that the buttons fell on the floor, threw some of the papers into the fire, and howled, screamed, and gnashed his teeth. He raved at Leonora Christina, he threatened her—in a word, he did every thing that he could to annoy her; but she mastered him by her sense and her courage, as she did all who came in contact with her.

I began by saying that it was not a fairy story I was about to relate, and I have satisfied my readers by this time, I suppose, that such is the case. I have related the imprisonment of Leonora Christina in the Blue Tower with more circumstantiality than I shall henceforth indulge in, partly to show its extraordinary character, and partly because she has done so herself. The first year of it made a deeper impression on her memory than those which followed, and which came and went like whirling, thickening snow-flakes, "seen rather than distinguished." Another woman was placed with her, who was a drunkard as well as a slattern and a thief, and whom she endured bravely, as she did every thing. In the sixth year of her imprisonment (February 9, 1670) the king died suddenly. She heard the palace bell toll at noon, and knew what it meant, but her woman did not. "That might be for the king," she remarked, "for the last time I saw him on the stairs getting out of the carriage he could only move with difficulty, and I said to myself that it would soon be over with him. If he is dead, you will have your liberty, that is certain." Leonora thought otherwise, for she was well acquainted with the ways of kings and queens, and she was right. She wept, however, as became a dutiful subject, and in time was allowed to wear mourning.

One afternoon in the end of April her door opened and the prison governor came in with some ladies, who kept aside until he had said, "Here are some of the maids of honor, who are permitted to see you." She did not know the first lady, but the second, a Lady Augusta of Glücksburg, she recognized at once. She also recognized the third, who was the Electoral Princess of Saxony; and the fourth, who was the reigning queen, and had been described to her. Her majesty supported herself against the table as soon as she had greeted her, the electoral princess remained at the door, but Lady Augusta, who was more curious and less squeamish, ran up and down into every corner. "Fie, what a disgusting room this is! I could not live a day in it. I wonder that you have been able to endure it so long."

"The room," answered Leonora Christina, "is such as pleases God and his majesty, and so long as God will, I shall be able to endure it."

Her ladyship began to chat with the prison governor, who was half tipsy, and he replied with silly speeches. She then asked Leonora Christina if she was plagued with fleas, and was told that she could be supplied with a regiment, whereupon she swore that she did not want them. The electoral

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princess picked up a book and asked Leonora Christina if it was hers. She answered that it belonged to a woman whom she had taught to read, and gave the princess her fitting title of serene highness.

"You err!" exclaimed Lady Augusta; "you are mistaken, she is not the person you think."

"I am not mistaken."

The queen looked sadly on, but said nothing. She gave her hand to Leonora Christina, who kissed it and held it fast while she begged her majesty to intercede for her, at any rate for some alleviation of her captivity. Her majesty replied not with words, but with a flood of tears. The electoral princess wept also very sorrowfully; and when they had reached the outer room, and Leonora Christina's door was closed, they both said, "It is a shame to treat her thus." They shuddered, and each said, "Would to God it rested with me. She should not stay there!" Lady Augusta urged them to go away, and reported their visit and what they said to the queen-dowager, who declared that Leonora Christina had herself to thank for it, and had deserved to be worse treated than that.

When the funeral of the king was over, the queen-dowager left the castle, leaving the king more freedom than he dared to exercise in her presence. Through the intercession of her chaplain he granted Leonora Christina another apartment, and she received two hundred rix-dollars as a gift to purchase such clothes as she might desire, and any thing she might wish for. She expended some of this money in books, and excerpted and translated various matters from Spanish, Italian, French, and German authors. She read for a purpose, or a purpose came to her while she read, and that was to translate into Danish an account of the female personages of different rank and origin who were mentioned by these authors as valiant, true, chaste, and sensible, patient, steadfast, and scholarly—qualities which she possessed in their fullness, and which made her famous among the strong women of the world. Before the year was ended the queen's mother, the Landgravine of Hesse, came to be with her daughter during her confinement. She visited Leonora Christina with her ladies, and promised to do all in her power to shorten her captivity; and when her daughter was in the perils of childbirth she went to the king and obtained from him a solemn promise that if the queen gave birth to a son she should receive her liberty. A son was born, and when all present were rejoicing at the event, the landgravine said,

"Oh, will not our captive rejoice!"

"Why?" asked the queen-dowager. And the promise was mentioned to her.

She was so furious that she was ill. She loosened her jacket, and said she would return home; she would not wait till the child was baptized. The king persuaded her to remain, but was obliged to promise, with an oath, that Leonora Christina should not be liberated. The landgravine was angry, and declared that a king ought to keep his vow. The queen-dowager answered,

"My son has before made a vow, and this he has broken by his promise to your serene highness."

"If I can not bring about the freedom of the prisoner," said the landgravine, "at least let her, at my request, be removed to a better place, with somewhat more liberty. It is not to the king's reputation that she is imprisoned there. She is, after all, a king's daughter, and I know that much injustice is done her."

"No, she shall not come out; she shall stay where she is."

"If God wills," said the landgravine, "she will assuredly come out, even though your majesty may will it not."

She, at least, was not afraid of the queen-dowager. So she rose, and went out of the room.

Leonora Christina's prison life continued what it had been for the next four years. At last the king (his mother being absent, no doubt) allowed a large window to be made in her inner chamber—or rather he allowed an old window to be reopened, for it had been walled up when she was brought thither. She was also allowed a stove. The queen was more gracious. She sent her some silk-worms, which were returned to her by Leonora Christina, when they had done spinning, in a box which she had covered with satin, and upon which she had embroidered a pattern in gold-thread. It was lined inside with white taffeta, and on the lid, embroidered in black silk, was a request that she would loose the bonds of Leonora. But it was not to be yet. There was no change in her life during the next eight years. The queen-dowager was harder than ever. She insulted the ministers of state, when they ventured to intercede for her—called them traitors, and pointed to the door. She was angry with the king because he had allowed Leonora's window to be reopened, and because he gave her money to dispose of herself. She heard that she had a clavicordium, and was very angry about that.

"You must not have it," said the prison governor to Leonora Christina.

"Let it remain," she answered. "I have permission from his majesty, my gracious sovereign, to buy what I desire for my pastime with the money he graciously assigns me. The clavicordium is in no one's way, and can not harm the queen-dowager."

He tried to pull it down, but she would not permit him to do so.

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"You must let it remain until you return me the money I gave you for it; then you may do with it what you like."

"I will tell the king that."

He did, and his majesty laughed, and said, "Yes, yes."

At last the queen-dowager began to fail, and in the twentieth year of her imprisonment in the Blue Tower, Leonora Christina saw her fall from the chair in which she was drawn to the royal apartment. Her weakness increased daily, but she would think herself strong. She appeared at table always much dressed; but between meals she remained in her apartments. She died on the 20th of February, 1685. She did not think that death would overtake her so quickly; but when the doctor warned her to the contrary she requested to speak with her son. But death would not wait for the arrival of his majesty, so that the queen-dowager might say a word to him. She was still alive, and she was sitting on a chair; but she was speechless, and soon afterward, in the same position, she gave up her spirit.

After the death of the queen-dowager the name of Leonora Christina was much on the lips of the people. Some thought she would obtain her liberty, while others thought that she would be removed to some other place, and not set free. She waited and hoped, and about a month after the funeral of the queen-dowager bethought herself that she possessed a portrait engraving of the king's grandfather, Christian IV., and proceeded to illuminate it with colors. When it was finished and framed, she wrote these words on the back:

"My grandson and great namesake,
Equal to me in power and state,
Vouchsafe my child a hearing,
And be like me in mercy great."

The portrait was presented to the king. The people talked more and more of her. They were certain that she would soon be set free, and some went so far as to say that she was already, and asked the warden of the tower at what hour he had released her. She hoped and waited until the morning of the 19th of May, 1685, when word was brought her that the lord chancellor, Count Allefeldt, had sent the prison governor a royal order for her release, and that she could leave when she pleased. She gathered and packed up her prison treasures, and awaited the arrival of her sister's daughter, who was to accompany her late in the evening. She sent a good friend to the queen, to ask if she might be allowed the favor of offering her submission to her majesty (whose apartments she could enter through a secret passage so that no one could see her), but the queen sent word that she might not speak with her. At ten o'clock her niece came, and they left the tower together. The queen stood on her balcony, and tried to see her, but it was too dark; besides, she wore a black veil over her face. The palace square was so full of people that she could scarcely press through them to the coach that was waiting for her. She was free at last—free after an imprisonment of twenty-one years, nine months, and eleven days in the Blue Tower.

COLONSAY AND ORONSAY.

"Now lightly poised, the rising oar
Disperses wide the foaming spray,
And, echoing far o'er Crinan's shore,
Resounds the song of Colonsay."

IT was one of the last days of July, 1872. We had been steaming slowly all day in the steam-ship which, starting from Glasgow, makes its weekly circuit among the smaller islands of the Eastern Hebrides. Passing the rock and castle of Dumbarton and the rock of Ailsa, around the Mull of Cantyre, in sight of Jura and Islay, we were at midnight off the island of Colonsay. The night was dark, and as we approached the island from the steamer in a row-boat, only the dim outlines of the rock-bound coast could be seen. But lights were flitting on and around the small stone pier, and cheery voices of friends, who had been watching and waiting for hours, welcomed our arrival. The greetings were cordial, for I was accompanying, on his return home from the Highland fair, Commander Stewart, late of the Royal Navy, the son-in-law of the good old laird of the island, Sir John M'Niel. But it was at once evident that something more than the rude and hearty hospitality of former days awaited us, for we were transferred to a well-appointed private coach, and driven rapidly to the home of the laird, in the centre of the island.

As we were driving along, now climbing slight hills, and now winding through dark ravines, we could hear occasionally the sound of Highland voices, and realized, though in a small degree, the weird feeling of the traveler in other and former times. For the Gael is still here, cherishing and practicing, though in a modified form, some of the customs and habits of his fathers. The respect for and obedience to the chief remain, though not absolute, as in ancient times. The manse and the kirk are as of old, and the minister preaches in the Gaelic tongue, which is still the common language of the people. But modern civilization has here found a home, and great changes for the better have come to the children of those whose principal delight was to engage in the chase and in war, and who acknowledged no law save the command of the chief. The wild and charming scenery remains as of yore. The waves of the stormy Atlantic surge and roar around its high and rocky shore. The voyager on

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RUINS AT ORONSAY.

the sea may still gaze with interest, as in the days of Bruce, when

"Merrily, merrily, goes the bark
On a breeze from the northward free;
So shoots through the morning sky the lark,
Or the swan through the summer sea.
The shores of Mull on the eastward lay,
And Ulva dark, and Colonsay;
And all the group of islets gay
That guard famed Staffa round."

The island of Colonsay has been for centuries the property and the home of the M'Niels. Its possession was held in early days by the strong-armed hand, and successful resistance made to all invasions by surrounding islanders and pirates on the ocean. This was one of the clans whose presence was invoked by Flora, sister of Vich Ian Vohr, in the song sung by her for Waverley prior to the last rising in favor of the house of Stuart:

"Ye sons of Brown Dermid who slew the wild boar,
Resume the pure faith of the great Callum More:
M'Niel of the Islands, and May of the Lake,
For honor, for freedom, for vengeance, awake!"

But the fiery cross no longer summons the clan to bloody fields. The M'Niels of to-day have won far more renown by the pen than their ancestors did by the sword. Two brothers, born at Colonsay, are among the eminent men of Scotland. The elder, Duncan M'Niel, formerly Dean of the Faculty of Advocates at Edinburgh, Lord Advocate of Scotland in the administration of Sir Robert Peel, and afterward Lord Chief Justice, is now a peer of the realm, with the title of Lord Colonsay. Sir John M'Niel, married to Lady Emma Campbell, sister of the Duke of Argyle, long in the East India service, and British minister to Persia, and who is gratefully remembered in the United States for his kindness to American missionaries, is now the owner and lord of Colonsay. It was his carriage that awaited us at the little stone pier, and in which we took our midnight ride to his hospitable home. Early the next morning the good old laird gave us a genuine Scotch welcome. Tall, erect, with white flowing locks; with a clear complexion, showing no marks of an Asiatic sun; with faculties unimpaired, though in age beyond fourscore years; with so many reminiscences of life in the East, and much quaint Scotch humor, he is still a most interesting companion either for youth or for age.

His wife, the good Lady Emma, good both in word and deed, abounding in all charities, is loved by all who know her. She was much gratified when I told her that her brother, who had spoken words of cheer for us during the darkest days of our late war, would be the most popular embassador the British government could send to the United States. She expressed a strong desire to come herself, and look with her own eyes upon the great kindred country on this side of the Atlantic; but the advanced age of Sir John would not permit it.

Colonsay, with Oronsay, a small island

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THE ORONSAY CROSS.

united with it at low tide, and belonging to the same owner, contains about ten thousand acres. It is emphatically the land of the "hill and the heather." A small part only can be said to be arable, but nearly the whole may be considered productive. The cultivated fields produce oats, barley, hay, turnips, and other root crops. The garden vegetables, with berries, such as the strawberry and gooseberry, are produced in abundance. There is much rain, but little snow, and frost seldom strikes into the ground more than three or four inches in the severest winter. The heather-covered hills show large plots of thick matted grasses, green all the year round, owing to the springy soil and abundance of rain-fall; and on these hill ranges the hardy black-faced sheep find food during almost the entire year, and herds of the Highland black-cattle graze with but partial interruption during winter. The house of the laird—and the only one of any pretension on the island—is of stone, and large and commodious, surrounded with handsome gardens and ample pleasure-grounds. The houses of tenant-farmers are all of stone, many of them recently built, and all around there is a general air of comfort and thrift.

In many of the islands composing the Hebrides group are found small, beautiful lakes, well stocked with trout and other table fish. There is such a lake in Colonsay, and in the centre a small island, covered with what may have been in early times a rude fortification, and where, it is said, the women and children were placed for protection when there was threatened invasion from other islanders or rovers on the sea. Days were spent, in company with Commander Stewart, in driving and walking around the island, rowing on the lake, or sitting perched on high cliffs, watching the stormy Atlantic, as its waves came tumbling and beating against the rocks, two hundred feet below us. But the most interesting excursion was to the adjoining island of Oronsay. This, as well as Iona, may be termed a sacred island; for here, it is claimed, the pure Gospel was preached by the Culdees centuries ago. Here, around the crosses which they set up, and in the shadow of the crumbling walls of their sacred edifices, repose the ashes of bishops and deacons, presbyters and priests, mingled with those of humble citizens and armed warriors, all awaiting the final resurrection. The principal cross—said to be the finest of its kind in Scotland—is still perfect and erect, having successfully resisted the beatings of the storms for ages. Here, as in many places in old settled countries, may be seen the strange commingling of the living and the dead—young, vigorous, active life laboring, singing, and rejoicing around old and venerated places, sanctified by the devotions and religious labors of former inhabitants. In one of the views given will be seen the farm-house of Oronsay, with its out-buildings coming close up and almost surrounding the sacred ruins. The Oronsay tradition is that on this spot Columba landed from Ireland, and here first planted the

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STONE OVER A BISHOP'S TOMB AT ORONSAY.

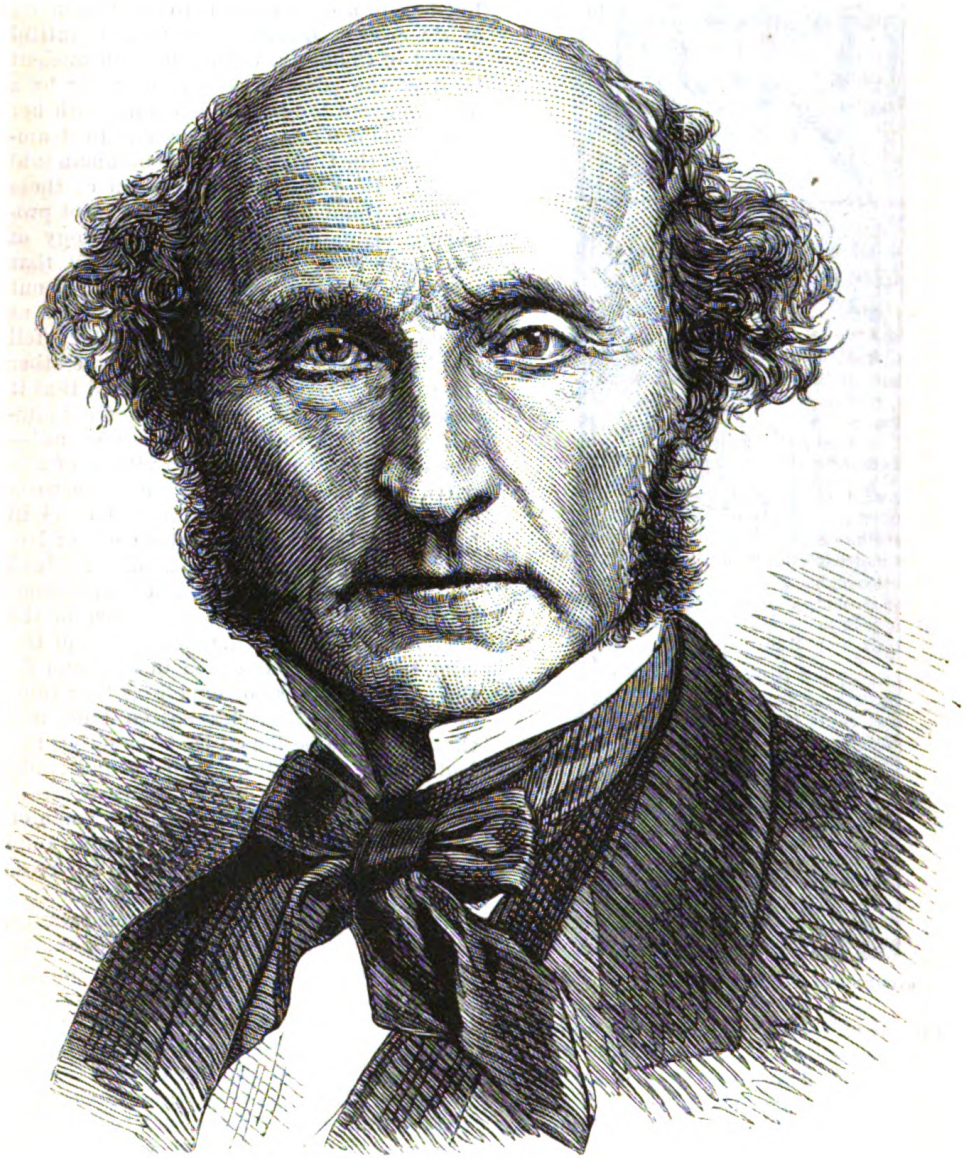
standard of the Cross, about the middle of the sixth century; that when he left Ireland he vowed never to return, and never again to look upon the place of his birth. Standing on the beetling cliff which rises immediately behind his new Oronsay home, the shores of the Emerald Isle came into view; and, true to his vow, he again set sail, with a portion of his followers, and found another home at Icolmkill, or Iona, where he long labored, and where he planted those institutions so famous in the religious history of Scotland, and, indeed, of Western Europe, during the Middle Ages. All authentic history would seem to show that Iona was the first and only place where Columba himself lived and labored. However this may be, it may still be claimed that Oronsay was an early Christian home, and the residence of devoted Christian men belonging to that religious body which, for more than seven centuries, preached a pure Gospel, and which, though mainly displaced and driven out by the Roman Catholics, still preserved a nominal existence down almost to the time of the Reformation. Dr. Leyden, in a contribution to the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, gives us a beautiful legend of Colonsay, telling how an ancient laird of the island was seduced away by a mermaid, and long made his home with her in her gemmed cave in the ocean. In steaming down the Clyde, a canny Scotchman said to me, "Do you know the origin of these rocks of Dumbarton and Ailsa?" Not professing acquaintance with the geology of Scotland, I answered no. He said that when St. Patrick was chasing the devil out of Ireland, he shied two stones after him as he fled toward Scotland, one of which fell and became the rock of Ailsa, and the other the rock of Dumbarton. I answered that it was indeed curious. But as St. Patrick himself—according to his own "confessions"—was born at or near the little village of Kilpatrick, on the banks of the Clyde, between Greenock and Dumbarton, it was cruel in him to drive his Satanic Majesty out of Ireland into his own native land. I added there was a compensation, and that Columba, who was a follower and teacher of the doctrines of St. Patrick, and a native of Ireland, had afterward settled in Scotland for the express purpose of expelling that same devil from St. Patrick's native land, and that it was to be hoped that the enterprise had proved successful. Legends and traditions were the order of the day, as we strolled, in company with the good clergyman of Colonsay, amidst the ruins of Oronsay. I am indebted to him for the views of the cross and the ruins given with this article.

Oronsay, lying away from traveled routes, is seldom visited by strangers. After exploring the old ruins, and removing the tangled grass from stones covering the remains of men who had been Christian laborers in bygone ages—climbing up to the top of overhanging cliffs, and looking out, as the followers of Columba may have done, upon distant Ireland—we drove back to the shore. The tide was still out, and a bed of hard sand a mile in width lay between us and Colonsay. On the opposite shore the road comes down to the sea through a narrow ravine, and near at hand are the ruins of a small stone chapel. At this chapel, in cases of funeral processions—especially when the tide was in—the body rested on its way to burial in sacred earth at Oronsay. It would require the magical pen of Scott to bring

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vividly and truly before the mind's eye the burial of the chief. The procession is winding down, and halts at the little chapel. The wail of the mourning clansmen rises above the sound of the waves. As the waters recede and the tide goes out, the procession again takes up its march across the sands, meeting on the Oronsay side the white-robed priests, chanting their sacred hymns, and who have come to escort the remains of their feudal chief to their last resting-place on the other side of the island.

JOHN STUART MILL.



JOHN STUART MILL.

ON Saturday, May 10, a small group of loving friends were laying the lifeless form of the most eminent English philosopher of our time in the same tomb with one who had been devotedly loved in life, and by death raised and transfigured into a Madonna as sacred as any before whose shrine devotee ever knelt. Mr. Mill once ascribed to his wife all that was best in his own writings, and this was true in a mystical sense; for through her his mind had reached recognition of the spiritual ideal. For a year after

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her death he had studied and written at a window which looked out upon her grave, and no line was penned but one that he believed would have won a smile to that pale face which ever hovered before him. He made every effort to purchase the house which had this consecrated outlook, but was unable to secure it, and in the end made his beautiful home in the immediate vicinity, amidst trees in which the nightingales sang the plaintive lays that so well accorded with the pathetic yearnings of his spirit. He had originally gone to Avignon for the health of her he loved, and when she was laid to rest in the embowered cemetery there, he became so passionately attached to the place that to remain elsewhere became exile from the home of his soul. His own lungs were weak also, and he had found the climate of that region friendly to his efforts against his hereditary enemy. It was a mere mischance—a slight wound received by a fall, to which erysipelas supervened—that at last took him off, and robbed England of its bravest and most faithful standard-bearer. The blow which the liberal cause in this country has received no man can now estimate. On the day—at the very hour—of his burial there was gathered in Birmingham the first national republican congress ever held in Great Britain. To it was read a letter from one who had been a great popular leader, but whose words of discouragement reminded the young reformers how men may live in the flesh after they have passed away in the spirit. But when the name of John Stuart Mill was mentioned the vast audience was bowed with grief, and knew that there was, too, such a thing as a spirit surviving after the form which enshrined it has mingled with the dust. They might have recognized also the fact that it was because he had lived and written that they were able in security and peace to meet and plan a new England; while their opponents might equally understand that it was due to the same great thinker that they met to pursue their aim through the peaceful formulas of law, instead of by threats and violence.

The highest encomium which John Stuart Mill now receives—that which he would most value—is that every noble woman's heart in Europe is this day comfortless beside his grave. I remember to have been present once in a company composed chiefly of ladies of the higher class in Moscow, when a friend, introducing me, said, "He is a friend of John Stuart Mill," when instantly I was surrounded by all of that sex in the room, begging to be told of his look, his manner, and every word I had ever heard him speak. Each declared that she kept his work on *The Subjection of Woman* by her side, and read it as her gospel. Throughout Russia I found it the same, and heard the sentiments of that work quoted on the stage amidst applause in which every woman made her hands attest the homage of her heart. In France the best women proudly claimed him as their adopted fellow-citizen, and the tribute he had written on his wife's grave made them forget the romances of Hugo and About.

There never was a man more worthy to receive this homage and love from good women; for, great as was his intellect, and heroic as was his devotion to large public ends, he was, from his earliest to his latest days, distinguished among those who knew him as one whose affections were almost passionate in their depth, and whose love, when he did love, might be described as passing the love of woman.

"I remember him," said Carlyle—it was on the evening of the burial—"when I first came to London, more than forty years ago. From the first there was something almost filial in his kindness to me, and once every week—even twice, it might be—he came to see me. He lived then in what is now Kensington Palace Gardens, with his father, whom I only saw once, but remember as a man of somewhat stouter make and more vigorous look than his son. He was a Scotchman, who had married a London woman. When he came he had brought his Scotch religion with him, and one of the first things he did was to translate some pious book from the French, but he had soon cleared all that quite out of his mind, as fully as his son did after him. The two used to walk together every day to the India Office, where they had their duties. The younger Mill was a thin, delicate, handsome youth in those years. He had a good ability in mastering languages, and was otherwise mainly remarkable for his knowledge of French history and French subjects in general. What one found in his conversation was a certain precision in his knowledge and view of a thing, and his opinion was always held to be worth hearing, as it was completely his own. His word was veracity itself, and his manner was veracity. But above all there was in him an exceeding tenderness, a deep and true affectionateness, which engaged the love of all who had experience of it. His modest and sympathetic nature was felt at every moment, and there was something very sweet about it all."

As the old man spoke thus concerning the friend from whom the fates that preside over our strange times had long sundered him, I remembered how, years before, I had heard that friend speak with almost quivering voice of his early relations with Carlyle. The convictions of the two men had diverged so widely that it is probable there would have been hesitation and pain if they had met much in these last years. The mutual respect was cherished, however, and the old memories remained unmarred by impersonal antagonisms of conviction.

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"The tree of the world hath its poisons, but beareth two fruits of exquisite flavor—poetry, sweet as nectar, and the society of the good." This old Singhalese verse I have written over my reminiscences of intercourse enjoyed with John Stuart Mill. Radiant in my memory is that date—all the more for the black line that now replaces the vermilion that surrounded it—of the time when, on a bright May morning, I started out alone with him to roam through the day amidst the blithe fields and woods. As we passed deeper into the solitudes his face seemed to steep itself in the sunshine, and his blue eyes seemed to be mated with the violets he gathered. Amidst his wise discourse he would pause at every step to gather some flower or shrub which held a secret for him, for he knew the meaning of every growth, from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop upon the wall. His first conversation was concerning Auguste Comte, with whose views he was popularly identified, though, as Professor Huxley said, he (Mill) had for years been trying to pull off this label, though he should tear the flesh with it. "He has," said Mr. Mill, speaking of M. Comte, "certainly done great service by insisting on a method at once scientific and constructive, and his generalization of the three stages of thought—Theological, Metaphysical, and Scientific—was highly useful. But his crude religious ideas invaded and marred his valuable classification of the sciences by overlaying it with a moral classification of them into lower and higher, and actually waging war against some of them as enemies! One can not justly speak of lower and higher where truth is concerned, for it is impossible to say what results may spring from the most seemingly insignificant discovery. Some pebble or poor worm may turn out to be the needed link in the chain of knowledge, and may revolutionize thought." I instanced Robert Browning's friend, who

> "wears out his eyes
> Slighting the stupid joys of sense,
> In patient hope that, ten years hence,
> 'Somewhat completer,' he may say,
> 'My list of coleoptera.'"

"This, indeed, is continually occurring, and so far from social science, which M. Comte places at the apex, being in a position to exercise any jealousy toward other—as the physical—sciences, it is of all others, perhaps, the most interested in the strict equality of all departments of inquiry. Its fundamental idea is the great unity of nature. Its adoption and consequent influence depend upon its being able to show itself an expansion of the old method of positive knowledge, and identical with all other actual knowledge." Speaking of Comte's religious philosophy, Mr. Mill credited it with having brought before the human mind and heart a real instead of a fictitious aim. "It is impossible for a man to serve or aid any being except Humanity. No deity, except in some very gross conception, can be dependent in any respect for his happiness or grandeur upon human beings, and the longing for service and helpfulness—the very essence of religion—instinctively turns to Mankind, who *can* be served and helped. But this truth, which might have been evolved to the welcome of all from M. Comte's doctrine of the worship of Humanity, was rendered repulsive to most by his attempt to formulate it in the hard ecclesiastical system which had grown up around the antipodal doctrine. This seems unquestionably attributable to his entire lack of acquaintance with any Protestant organization. It is probable that his proposed church might have more nearly resembled the Presbyterian system if he had known any thing about it." As for Comte's conventional view of the right position and education of woman, Mr. Mill spoke of it as part of the utter ruin of a naturally great mind—a piece with his compliment to Napoleon III., whom he at first hated—and of his denunciation of the unwillingness of men to submit their intellects and consciences to the authority of the past, as "the insurrection of the living against the dead!"

The nearest thing to a flash of anger which I ever saw in Mr. Mill's eye was when he mentioned the name of Napoleon III. We had neared the skirt of Chiselhurst Common when he spoke. How little did it seem then that on that serene and heathery landscape the dark curtain was to fall upon the life that managed to press a cup of wormwood and gall to the lips of every noble patriot in Europe, and to wring something like a curse from the lips of this man, who, I verily believe, would have not denied some kindly smile to the vilest uncrowned criminal on earth!

In the course of his conversation Mr. Mill spoke with considerable humor of the Chinese characteristics of England, much in the same vein as Dr. Holmes once wrote of the Brahmin caste of Boston. "To copy the beliefs and customs of one's grandfather is not unnatural where one's religion makes him feel part of a family tree. As grew the trunk, so grows the twig. It is a very strong motive to ancestor worship where one is taught to believe that his departed grandfather's peace of mind depends on his, the grandson's, behavior, and, what is more, that the old gentleman, as dogmatic as ever, is jealously watching him, and is in a position to reward and punish. But few people perceive the degree to which this feeling survives in Europe. During my residence in France I have repeatedly been amazed at seeing even middle-aged people tyrannized over by their aged parents. The majority of French people, even after they have fam-

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ilies of their own, never think of doing any thing disapproved of by their parents. The French law, by giving the parent power to control a son or daughter long after their majority in many important matters—as marriage—makes it almost impossible for that country as a community to attain its majority. In England ancestor worship is mitigated, but far from dead. In many families, perhaps most, political and religious creeds are as hereditary as estates. In our endowed schools and charities the present generation is directed by men who, should they return from the grave, would not recognize the country they once lived in, except for the anachronisms preserved in their bequests. A good contemporary plan can do with one pound what any one of these old endowments does with a hundred—or, I should say, what it *doesn't* do."

The victory of the American people over slavery, the fall of that system into the pit which it had dug for the Union, remained in Mr. Mill's mind as something formed and apart, so to speak, an ideal chapter in history. The old power of liberty to make dull men eloquent must have been illustrated in the number of fine orators there seemed to be at every point in the United States; but that was not so grand in his eyes as the transformation of a nation supposed to be utterly absorbed in money-making to a nation of heroes. "In reading the matchless speeches of Wendell Phillips when I could get hold of them, I have for years observed that the greatest source of their inspiration was an entire hopelessness of any success during his lifetime. Had that utter downfall of the slave system which we have seen come before his mind even as a faint possibility, perhaps he might not have planted himself with such sublime uncompliance upon the absolute right. A nearness of success is very alluring. Indeed, the whole course of the antislavery men seems to me to have carried the whole weight of the moral universe by its unswerving reliance on justice without respect to results. Their abstention from voting was the heaviest kind of voting. They thus won a grand success by not looking to it." He much admired also Abraham Lincoln, and said that in his earlier days Carlyle would have placed such a man—had he found him among his contemporaries—among his worshiped "heroes."

Mr. Mill was a careful reader of American literature. He lately expressed great satisfaction that he had happened to be in London during Mr. Emerson's visit. He had met Emerson casually when the latter was here on a former visit, but had not until now had the opportunity of a real conversation with him. He has for many years been impressed by finding how many English thinkers attribute the first awakening of their minds to Emerson, and I remember being at his table at Blackheath when one present quoted a sentence from the great American, and said, "Twenty years ago I read that sentence, and it revolutionized my whole life." Mill kindled at once, and said, "The sentence, and your remark upon it, should be written on Emerson's grave." He then, after some pause, proceeded to give some criticisms upon Emerson's works, which showed that he had read them all through and through with the most careful thought. "Nothing," he said, among other things—but I am quoting from memory—"can exceed the beauty of his reverence, and the humility of his tone in dealing with vast subjects. They who complain of the absence of systematic treatment of philosophical questions put their hands upon a characteristic which must commend him to other thinkers, for what can any knowledge of such things be but fragmentary and unsystematic? It is, however, but just to say that his method seems to me a transitional one, and does not entirely anticipate the pure method of science to which the culture of the age compels us. Fortunately he has not aimed at any cosmological or hard system or philosophical creed, but has been content to awaken the sleeping eyes around him. That he has done this effectually many whom he has animated to worthy work can attest, even though they can not see the same visions. The best young men love him; and what more need be said of a man?"

Latterly Mr. Mill had given up his residence in Blackheath Park, and when his affairs brought him to London, took up his abode in one of the new mansions built in the French style in Victoria Street. His recent visit was in connection with the agitation of the "Land and Labor League" for such modifications of the land laws as would render the transfer of land more easy, would prevent the tying up of the land in certain aristocratic families, whether they improved it or not, and especially would preserve to the people their ancient rights in the common lands. The liberal party being just now without any positive issue with which to go before the country, this was deemed a fitting opportunity to furnish them with one. I never heard Mr. Mill make a better speech than that which he made as chairman of the important meeting which crowded Exeter Hall on this occasion. His language was subtle and felicitous, his manner impressive, and it seemed, as was remarked by one who sat by me, that "there was a good revolution in him yet." During his stay here he went frequently to visit his friend Professor Cairns, at Blackheath, who had long suffered from a disease which entirely deprived him of the use of his limbs, and from which recovery seemed hopeless. Just before he left London I had the pleasure of dining with him

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at his residence, and never knew him in better spirits. He was longing, indeed, to leave our (at that time) rather dismal London, and return to meet the nightingales at Avignon, and study the flowers which he was writing about. His conversation was chiefly about America, and on this topic his tone was for once sad, for in common with the rest of the world he had been reading the disclosures of corruption at Washington, which have made every friend of the United States in Europe hang down his head.

"America has done us in Europe good beyond her power of undoing. In showing us that the people could not only build up a government, but could defend it, and could purify it of a great and lucrative wrong, the republic has immensely strengthened every popular movement in Europe. But, unquestionably, if this revelation of the bribery of Congressmen—for it is nothing else—and the deliberate protection of those guilty of it by Congress, had occurred at an earlier period, it would have seriously damaged the cause of popular government in Europe. Fortunately we are now strong enough to stand it, especially as two of the most important nations are being irresistibly driven to adopt republican forms of government. My only hope now is derived from the healthy tone of the press in America. I have seen no defense of the bribed members of Congress in any important paper. This hope will be confirmed if the people shall in future see that none of the men who have so disgraced them shall be returned to office." I am glad that I was not sufficiently informed at the time to tell Mr. Mill of the banquets and sympathetic ovations with which the Congressmen in question had been received by their devoted constituents.

"Nevertheless," he said again, "even these Washington sharpers might prove blessings considerably disguised if they could but open the eyes of the American people to the unnecessary strains and perils to which their republic is subjected by some of the anomalous forms of its organization. This open use of the whole civil service as a fund for party rewards is what no government, however strong in other respects, can long stand. It must inevitably and increasingly generate among politicians a disposition to regard politics as, in good part, a trade by which they are intended to make money. It encourages all the self-seekers and dishonest people in a country to hurry to the winning side because of its emoluments; and the party which, like the Republican party, has been formed for the most exalted purposes, must be eventually swamped by the activity of the men who rush into it for gain, and can only get the gain by controlling it. In no country can political purity be preserved when adhesion to it finds pecuniary reward; but this is particularly true of the United States, where the very vastness of the country and the absorption of the people generally in business prevent their giving a sufficiently vigilant attention to the proceedings of the central government."

The conversation having turned upon the proper constitutional forms of a republic, Mr. Mill maintained the views which, in common with Bentham and Grote, he advocated many years ago, that a president elected by the people can never be a real and true leader of the country; that each real and able leader will be such a marked man in the eyes of the opposing party that his own party will not dare to nominate him, but will prefer to seek out some more obscure and weak person, whose record, if he has any, will present no very salient points for attack; or it will seek to manufacture a leader out of some military or other favorite of the hour. The unknown man may, indeed, as in the case of Lincoln, turn out wise; but in the great majority of cases he will, like Polk, Pierce, etc., turn out otherwise. The election of an executive by the Congress seems much more likely to intrust the policy on which the country has made up its mind to the man or men historically and by conviction identified with that policy. Mr. Mill also referred to what he conceived to be the error of two legislative chambers, instead of one, in a way which showed that the convictions which, in common with Jeremy Bentham and others, he expressed many years ago, and which he argued so strenuously when the French republic of 1848 was forming itself, have been confirmed by the results of the opposite system in America. His position was that when the two Houses are equal there must be repeated dead-locks, inimical to wise and harmonious legislation; and if one House be superior, it will pauperize the other. Pauperized as to character and ability, the inferior House must react upon the superior and drag it down, so that eventually both are likely to be found on one base level. The Crédit Mobilier revelations rendered this opinion no longer speculative or theoretical, if it had before been so.

I have preferred to give the substance of Mr. Mill's remarks on these matters rather than attempt to recall his exact words. His arguments upon them have been set forth in his published works with fullness and precision. I need hardly say that in recognizing the evils which thus connected themselves in his mind with certain organic forms imported by our constitutional founders, he recognized with eager warmth the justice and wisdom of our American institutions generally. His criticisms have always been reserved for the ear of the friends of the United States. No enemy of liberty or of the United States has ever been able to

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quote from him a word to the disparagement of either. Indeed, I never felt how far he had become Americanized in feeling, and how fully he had come to look upon the United States as the visible embodiment and constant guarantee of the principles to which his life was devoted, until I witnessed the pain which every reference to the Crédit Mobilier affairs caused him. He hastened over the subject to dwell upon the grand advance which most of the States had made in establishing the rights of women, in religious equality — the absolute neutrality of the State in religious matters—and in education. "I can not but believe that the inauguration of woman suffrage in Wyoming, and the system of the coeducation of youths of both sexes at Antioch and several other American colleges, represent the best tendency in our civilization, and that their general adoption is only a question of time. The experiments have proved successful, and a single successful experiment is worth many volumes of arguments."

The visit to Professor Cairns was the last one which Mr. Mill paid in England. To make it, and to call on an aged lady also living there, in no wise related to him, who had always valued his friendship, he had declined an invitation to meet Mr. Emerson and other eminent men at dinner, an occasion he would much have enjoyed. He found Professor Cairns toiling amidst a suffering which has deprived him of the use of his body to prepare for the press, with the aid of his wife, a work on political economy which he has had much at heart. Mr. Mill uttered his word of encouragement, and said, "I will write a review of it as soon as it appears." "It was," said Professor Cairns to me, "in the same way that he had given me encouragement all my life, and it would be vain for me to try and tell my debt to him. When I wrote my work on the Slave Power in America, I don't know that I should have been bold enough to rush so strongly against the current of public opinion had he not read the whole manuscript through, and said, 'Publish it!'" Professor Cairns also related to me the substance of a conversation he had with Mr. Mill on religious matters. With regard to the transcendent beliefs of men in the Deity, in the existence of a human soul, in immortality, he spoke reverently, saying that the general aspiration of mankind furnished indeed a presumption in favor of the reality of that toward which they aspired; but it would be wrong to say that there is any thing that can be called evidence on these matters. So far as we have any experience, it is that intelligence exists only in connection with physical organization; but at the same time it may be admitted that this does not bear upon the question of spiritual existence at all. This is left open as a fair subject for inquiry, and for possible explanation by further knowledge. The most we can say is that nothing is proved—all is possibility.

In conversation Mr. Mill was exceedingly attractive. He was simple and frank, sometimes just a little nervous, always low-toned. He never used superlatives, and as his interest in the topic grew, it was indicated by a sinking rather than rising of the voice. His eloquent eyes spoke to the point before his word came, and when the word came, it rarely failed to advance the matter a step. He was somewhat bald, but had thin brown-gray hair on each side of his broad and high forehead, which was without wrinkle or trace of anxiety—the throne of a serene intelligence. While his general air was manly and courageous, his manner was most delicately kind. Whoever spoke, he was attentive; there was no one so lowly or young but he was ready to receive instruction from him. Indeed, the habit of the inquirer after truth had become so fixed in him that it had become physiognomically expressed in his face and attitude. Whenever he was present there seemed also present the spirit of Truth, and he sitting at her feet.

He seemed to me quite different from any other man I have ever seen. He was in no sense a negationist or a destructive as to the character of his mind; he never approached any person or any dogma with bow and spear; he never sought to make captures. He dealt in affirmations, uttered his truths in a luminous, genial way, and if he offered an opinion fatal to your prejudices, it was as if he offered you the rarest flower from his garden. Such tenderness! There was something pathetic in his treatment even of wrongs, as if there were written in his breast the motto of the Eastern king, "Act as if you watched over an infant." Such humility! "Buddha sat down on the grass, and the grass became a jeweled throne." He took the lowest seat, and published therefrom eternal laws. Never shall I forget the sensation produced here, during the second great canvass in which he stood for Parliament, by his outburst of horror at the image which Mansel had set up as the Christian God, in contending that the highest human morality must be altogether different from the morality of an Infinite Being. "I will," said Mr. Mill (whom I must here quote from memory)—"I will call no being good who is not good in the same sense as I mean when I apply that term to my fellowmen. And if there be any such being, there is one thing which, however powerful, he can not make me do—he can not make me worship him. And if such a being can sentence me to hell for not so calling him, to hell I will go." This sentiment was dragged out at the election, and placarded the walls as a specimen of "Mill's atheism!" Canon

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Kingsley, preaching at the time in the Chapel Royal, quoted the words, and said, "To my mind these words express the most exalted Christianity." And another said, "The religious world owes a great debt to this man it has distrusted, who, when a blow was aimed at the moral majesty of God, upheld the shield." They who had best studied and pondered Mr. Mill's works—still more they who knew him personally, and could witness his life and conversation—required no such vindications. They would not be at any loss to see in this outbreak of feeling in the midst of a philosophical essay an instance and expression of the depth and strength of its author's religious feeling. And it is probable that if Mr. Mill's intimate friends were one and all asked to-day what they considered the profoundest element in their great friend's character, each would reply: his essential religiousness. It is very likely that many will not understand this. His religious feeling did not express itself in conventional ways, nor his devotion ascend to popular symbols. He is pitied in a thousand chapels, and denounced in ten thousand, as a man without "saving faith." I heard a street preacher in Marylebone Road, standing in the rain with an umbrella over him, deploring that a "man of sech talons had not hoffered 'is 'eart to God;" and there are many of more pretensions, each with entire faith that his little umbrella of dogma is the arch of heaven, who complacently contrast the thinker's reserve with their own familiarity with eternal things, and see only atheism in his humility. Mr. Mill was content to leave all these under their little portable roofs, while he went to bow his head in silence beneath the majestic, incomprehensible dome. The idea that possessed him was that whatever might be the discoveries to be made in the, as yet, ineffable realms, the methods, the lenses for such discoveries, were hardly yet even in course of preparation; and his whole life was really given to the work of engendering such a mental habit among men, and such practical modes of inquiry, as should carry the human race to the greatest results.

There is a passage in Mr. Mill's review of *Grote's Plato* which I read in the light of the discourse I have heard from him, and it seems to me the best expression he has left of the animating principle and the moral aim of all his life. It is as follows:

"The enemy against whom Plato really fought, and the warfare against whom was the incessant occupation of the greater part of his life and writings, was not Sophistry, either in the ancient or the modern sense of the term, but Commonplace. It was the acceptance of traditional opinions and current sentiments as an ultimate fact, and bandying of the abstract terms which express approbation and disapprobation, desire and aversion, admiration and disgust, as if they had a meaning thoroughly understood and universally assented to. The men of his day (like those of ours) thought that they knew what Good and Evil, Just and Unjust, Honorable and Shameful, were, because they could use the words glibly, and affirm them of this and of that, in agreement with existing custom. But what the property was which these several instances possessed in common, justifying the application of the term, nobody had considered; neither the Sophists, nor the rhetoricians, nor the statesmen, nor any of those who set themselves up, or were set up by others, as wise. Yet whoever could not answer this question was wandering in darkness, had no standard by which his judgments were regulated, and which kept them consistent with one another; no rule which he knew, and could stand by, for the guidance of his life. Not knowing what Justice and Virtue are, it was impossible to be just and virtuous; not knowing what Good is, we not only fail to reach it, but are certain to embrace Evil instead. Such a condition, to any one capable of thought, made life not worth having. The grand business of human intellect ought to consist in subjecting these general terms to the most rigid scrutiny, and bringing to light the ideas that lie at the bottom of them. Even if this can not be done, and real knowledge be attained, it is already no small benefit to expel the false opinion of knowledge, to make men conscious of their ignorance of the things most needful to be known, fill them with shame and uneasiness at their own state, and rouse a pungent internal stimulus, summoning up all their mental energies to attack the greatest of all problems, and never rest until, as far as possible, the true solutions are reached. This is Plato's notion of the condition of the human mind in his time, and of what philosophy can do to help it; and any one who does not think the description applicable, with slight modifications, to the majority even of educated minds in our own and in all times known to us, certainly has not brought either the teachers or the practical men of any time to the Platonic test."

If, having read these few sentences—and read between them—one shall then study the works of John Stuart Mill, he will apprehend that here was a man commissioned to institute a great scrutiny into all the theories and assumptions of mankind. That brain through which so much of what seemed good and true was filtered, and proved largely mingled with error and evil—through which so much was purified and refined—is now still in death. The ever-busy intelligence, the unwearied love, the long and faithful service—all ended. In the great future, when men are enumerating what memorable things were said and done about the noon of this nineteenth century, it may be they will mention our telegraphy and our steam, but it is certain they will name to our credit that then there lived—and was listened to, and was loved in life, and widely, deeply mourned in death—John Stuart Mill.

PATIENCE.

THE swift years bring but slow development
Of the world's majesty; for Freedom is
Born grandly, as a solid continent,
Layer upon layer, from chaos and the abyss,
Shoulders its awful granite to the light,
Building the eternal mountains, on whose crests,
Pinnacled in the intense sapphire, rests
The brooding calmness of the Infinite.
But we, whirled round and round in heated gusts
Of eager indignation, think to weigh
Against God's patience our gross griefs and lusts,
Like foolish Jonah before Nineveh
(Oh, world-wide symbol of his vanished gourd!),
Expostulating gravely with the Lord.

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THE BONES OF OUR ANCESTORS.

MY sister Mary Ann had just returned from boarding-school. The admiration I felt for her was unbounded, although not unmixed with awe, for a three years' absence had developed that mysterious charm called "style," and all Laketown felt itself wanting before this new shibboleth of nineteenth-century beauty. We were together in our own room after an evening of conversation with visitors, and Mary Ann was unlacing her dainty boots, and reviewing the evening with satirical scorn. "Such a dull town! such commonplace people! such plebeian names! Think of receiving a Simpkins, a Jones, and a Stubbs!"

"Laugh at the others as much as you please, Mary Ann, but do not say any thing against Joe."

"I am not saying any thing against him, Nora—only against his name. Joel Stubbs! What a weight! He might as well have a millstone hung round his neck."

Now Joe was father's partner, a fine-looking, energetic young man, who had admired Mary Ann through childhood and girlhood, continued faithful during her long absence, and now stood ready to devote bouquets, concert tickets, French candy, and himself to the fair débutante. I liked him with a younger sister's liking, and it annoyed me to see the scorn on Mary Ann's face as she ridiculed his unfortunate name. "I do not see that Stubbs is any worse than Bilson," I said, with some asperity.

"You are right, Nora; it is not. Bilson and Stubbs! The very sight of the firm name is depressing. I have, however, a hope for the future. I did not intend to tell you so soon, but the conversation has led me on. Look, Nora, what do you think of that?" said my sister, rising majestically and pouring a stream of water from the pitcher down upon the floor.

"You will ruin the new carpet!" I exclaimed.

Mary Ann vouchsafed no answer, but taking off one stocking, she deliberately put her little bare foot before the miniature river, and watched its slow advance with eager attention.

"You will take your death of cold, Mary Ann."

"See! it runs under the instep. Come and look. It runs directly under the instep," exclaimed my sister, proudly. "Now, Nora, you will be prepared for what I have to say. This test is an infallible proof of aristocratic descent. Somewhere back in antiquity we have knightly blood, and I have determined to devote myself to the quest. When I left home three years ago I was shamefully ignorant of the importance of genealogy, and quite unconscious of the plebeian character of our family name. But Madame Hauton's school is eminently aristocratic, and in a few days a deputation from the dormitory inquired for my ancestral tree. Fortunately I did not betray our want of any such document, and as my foot stood the test which is always applied to new-comers, I was allowed to take my place on an equality with the rest, especially as I did not contradict the pronunciation which was given to my name—Marion Beelsohn, instead of the odious Mary Ann Bilson. But during these three years I have given the subject careful study, and have made great discoveries. There is a possibility—yes, even a probability—that our name is not Bilson, but Belleston; that we are descended from a noble English family of that name in Staffordshire, whose ancestral residence is called Perton Hall, described in the guide-books as 'venerably aristocratic.' Now, Nora, I have come back determined to pursue the quest. Father is rich, and we only need a noble name to be received into the highest circles of the land. I flatter myself there is nothing else to prevent our immediate entrance into the circles where we belong," said my stately sister, with a glance at the mirror.

"I thought America had no aristocracy," I answered, timidly.

"Not an acknowledged aristocracy, perhaps; but let me assure you, my little novice, that the invisible lines are as closely drawn here as in foreign countries. There is the old Dutch hierarchy and its descendants, the Plymouth Rock root and its branches, the Palmetto stock and its offspring. Beauty, brains, and money scintillate through these grand divisions like so many comets. But as we can not claim any of the three in the extreme effulgence required, we must try to make good our claim in some other way. To-morrow I will show you the documents I have collected. You must help me to awaken the proper interest in papa's mind. We must go East and visit the graves of our ancestors, and I confidently expect to return to Laketown an acknowledged Belleston."

"I wonder what Joe will think of it," I said, after a pause.

"His opinion is a matter of perfect indifference to me," replied Mary Ann, turning out the gas. "Of course a Stubbs could have no adequate conception of the case."

"I thought you liked Joe, sister?"

"You little provincial! I like Mr. Stubbs very well in his proper sphere, but with these important researches before me, I can not be interrupted by his constant visits. I shall endeavor not to hurt his feelings, but really he must be made to understand his position."

"Father depends upon Joe, Mary Ann."

"In the business, do you mean? Ah, yes. But I hope soon to induce papa to give up all active employment, and take us East, to the old homestead in Massachusetts. He

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might build a country-seat there, and call it Perton Hall, after the residence of our English ancestors."

I fell asleep with haunting visions of English country residences on Massachusetts Bay, howling east winds without, and within an assemblage of transcendental minds in highly aristocratic bodies communing upon the mysteries of the soul.

The next morning at the breakfast-table a beautiful bouquet stood beside Mary Ann's plate. "What lovely flowers!" I exclaimed.

"The card spoils them," said Mary Ann, tossing away the offending pasteboard.

I read the little missive—"Joel Stubbs to Miss Mary Ann."

"What is the matter with the card, Mollie?" asked father, surveying his pretty daughter with affectionate pride.

"The name! It is so essentially plebeian. But I have something to tell you, papa, which can not fail to interest you;" and forthwith my sister plunged into her subject, her color rising, her eyes sparkling, and her face lighted up with so much animation that father and mother exchanged admiring glances, and even the boys paused in their onslaught on the buckwheat cakes to listen to her tale. "Now, papa, is it not wonderful? Will you not help me to find the missing link?" concluded Mary Ann, earnestly.

"Well, my daughter, when I find time I will see about it. To-day, Stubbs tells me, some of the country customers are to be here, and—"

"Never mind Stubbs, papa. Look at your hand as it lies there—notice these shapely fingers! That hand never belonged to a Bilson *pur et simple;* it is the hand of an aristocrat," said Mary Ann, stroking father's hand affectionately.

"It's not so bad, that's a fact," replied father, surveying his fist with some pride.

The boys instantly spread their fingers, sticky with sirup, upon the table-cloth. "There's a stumpy paw for you," cried Tom, pointing triumphantly to his brother's fat fingers. "*You* ain't an aristocrat, Johnny Bilson, anyway."

"I am, too," howled Johnny; "that's where Jim Peters gashed me with the bat last summer."

"Hush, boys! Thomas, don't tease your brother," said father, sternly.

"Just wait till I get you out in the backyard," muttered Tom to Johnny, in an appalling whisper.

After breakfast Mary Ann brought in her documents—extracts from early histories of the New England colony, copies of genealogical papers, tombstone inscriptions, town records, letters from antiquarians, and a flourishing ancestral tree, going back from Thomas to Joseph, from Joseph to Thomas, generation before generation, until the date of 1660, when the original Thomas made his first appearance in the records on the occasion of his marriage to Sarah, daughter of Deacon Samuel Hyde. Where he came from, who were his parents, no one could tell; and yet at that early date the names of all persons arriving in New England and the record of all births were carefully kept.

"Who, then, was the original Thomas?" demanded Mary Ann, with impressive earnestness. To this question none of the family could reply. "Listen," said Mary Ann, surveying her audience majestically. "In 1625 Captain Belleston, son of Sir Thomas Belleston, of Perton Hall, Staffordshire, England, sailed to this country and founded a settlement, which he named Mount Belleston: I believe it is now Quincy. He brought with him a number of retainers, a chaplain of the Church of England, and established daily service, a May-pole, and various other usages of the old country, which brought down upon him the ill-will of the Puritans even during his presence in the village. After remaining a year at the Mount, Captain Belleston sailed south, toward Virginia, for the purpose of finding a warmer climate, intending to return and move his colony southward, away from the inhospitable abode of the Puritans. Leaving his wife and an infant son behind, he sailed south, and the records are silent as to his fate; undoubtedly the vessel was wrecked, and all on board were lost. Soon after his departure, however, the Puritans assembled, marched out to Mount Belleston, and 'in a grave and righteous manner' sacked the town, 'overthrowing the idols thereof'—meaning, I suppose, the altar in the little church—causing 'the priest of Beelzebub to flee for his life,' and 'compassing the inhabiters of the cursed town with brimstone and destruction.' I find nothing more concerning either the settlement or the name until 1660, when our original Thomas Bilson appears upon the scene, aged thirty-four years. Now as that would have been the exact age of the son left behind by Captain Belleston, and as there is no mention of the arrival of any one named Bilson in the carefully kept records of the day, is it not probable that the two were one and the same? For some reason, probably Puritan jealousy, the original Thomas was obliged to make a slight change in his name, but in my mind there is not a doubt of his connection with Sir Thomas Belleston, of Perton Hall, whose coat of arms is three mullets pierced, a crown issuant, and a griffin rampant."

We all listened to this statement with breathless interest. "I'm glad I'm not a Puritan," said Tom. "After this I won't speak that old piece any more—the one about 'the breaking waves dashed high on a stern and rock-bound *coast*, and the woods

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against a stormy sky their giant branches *toast*.' I say, Mary Ann, what's a griffin?"

"A fabulous animal, with four wings, four legs, and a beak," replied his sister.

"Whew!—he must be a stunner, sis! I wonder how he roars, now! Something like this, I suppose;" and Tom gave a howl of ferocious power in a deep minor key.

"Go to school, boys, directly," interposed father. Then, when the room was quiet, "Well, daughter, your theory is quite interesting, and we must try to find the missing link."

"Yes, papa. But before you go just listen to what I have gathered from English sources as to the characteristics of the Belleston family: 'The men are above the common height, erect, valiant, and eagle-eyed; they are keen, thoughtful, and given to invention.' There, papa! Your patent wrenches and screws prove you a true Belleston." Father smiled as he went away, but I noticed that he held himself more erect than usual.

From that time on we were devoted to genealogy. Catalogues were procured, volumes selected from their pages and sent for at random, letters written to the four quarters of the earth, books on heraldry obtained, histories of Staffordshire studied, town-clerks paid for exploring old church-yards and transcribing MS. records, and the artists of Laketown set to work on the coat of arms. Mary Ann attended to the correspondence, and her pretty hands were in a chronic state of inkiness. She altered and enlarged the family tree from day to day, she pored over dusty tomes until she acquired a slight stoop, and she spent so much time in her researches into antiquity that her toilet, her music, and her flowers were sadly neglected. As in the course of her correspondence Mary Ann had discovered that the Lumry family possessed claims to aristocratic descent, of course mother's heart was won toward the new dispensation. Mother was a Lumry—Prudence Lumry, of Utica. Father read the written abstracts of the day's work every evening, and paid the increasing bills without a murmur. The boys made chalk designs of griffins and mullets (they persisted in drawing the latter heraldic device like a fish) all over the fence, and practiced new ways of roaring in the back-yard. Joe Stubbs and I lived in the vortex, and swam round with the current as well as we could.

The spring found us far advanced on the road to greatness. We had Captain Belleston's ancestry by heart away back to Caractacus. We knew the exact boundaries of the estate given by Charlemagne to Raoul Beaujeulx, "l'homme du roi;" we had learned the names of all the retainers at Mount Belleston before the Puritans righteously smote them under the fifth rib. It is true, we had not been able to trace the connection between "Old Tom," as the boys irreverently called him, and the noble captain; but, as Mary Ann remarked, that was the only missing link; and the winter's work had, on the whole, been of immense importance in elucidating the general history of our ancestors.

During these busy months, Joel Stubbs had continued faithful in his devotion to Mary Ann. Fresh bouquets filled the parlor with fragrance, new books lay on the table, fruit and confectionery were heaped in the Sèvres dishes; but the blossoms withered untended, the book leaves remained uncut, and the boys gorged themselves with the dainties, as Mary Ann's ideas grew more and more lofty. She made us call her "Marion;" she insisted upon calling me "Eleanora;" she altered the dinner hour so that we were obliged to have, practically, two regular dinners every day—one for father and the boys at noon, and another for the family at six o'clock. She deserted our pew in the Presbyterian church, and attended daily service at St. Mary's, and she tried visiting the poor like the young ladies in English novels, and came home much displeased with the "dangerous spirit of insubordination among the lower classes."

When the June sun shone upon our Anglican household, it was at last decided that we should go East to visit the bones of our ancestors. Joel Stubbs was to accompany us, much to the delight of the boys. We were to go first to Northampton, the home of the Lumry family, then to Boston, Watertown, Weston, Quincy, and other places—wherever we could hear of an ancestral tombstone.

The principal portion of our baggage consisted of documents, as Mary Ann insisted upon taking all the winter's correspondence. In addition father carried a tin case containing the latest family tree, carefully engrossed on parchment. Mother had the MS. history of the Lumry family on gilt-edged paper; and to me was intrusted the album containing sketches of our ancestors, enlarged and colored by Joel Stubbs from one or two rude drawings obtained from the early histories of the Massachusetts colony at great expense. It is true the Bellestons were all patterned after a grandson of the original Thomas; but then, as Joe observed, the physical characteristics of all great families are preserved through many generations, and where you have one Belleston nose, you undoubtedly have them all. So first came Captain Belleston on a prancing horse, with velvet, lace ruffles, white plumes, and a jeweled sword; then the original Thomas, supposed to be his son, likewise in rich attire; then a long line of Josephs and Thomases, interspersed with Hannahs, Thankfuls, and Wealthys, fair, prim maidens, growing more

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and more modern and fascinating, until the procession ended in a charming likeness of Mary Ann, surmounted by the coat of arms.

At the last moment, when we were ready to start for the dépôt, the boys were missing. Search was made, and anxious voices called in every direction. At last they appeared from the barn, carrying a box with leather handles, and holes in the lid.

"What have you there, boys?" said father, impatiently.

"Only our baggage," replied Tom, carelessly, hurrying on so fast that short-legged Johnny, unable to keep up with his end of the burden, stumbled and fell flat.

"You flat-footed Bilson!" cried Tom, in great wrath, as he snatched the baggage from his fallen brother; "the captain wouldn't have had you at no price, you clod-hopper!"

"Tom," said father, "what have you in that box? Open it directly."

Tom reluctantly put down his baggage and opened the slide. There sat our old black hen in a marsh of bread-crumbs, worms, and corn meal, two extra gray wings carefully adjusted to her back, and two extra legs mysteriously protruding from her feathers.

"There she is!" cried Tom, triumphantly. "I've taken such pains to get her up—a regular griffin, you see—four legs, four wings, and a beak. Don't she look first-rate, Mary Ann? I'm going to feed her and take care of her all the way, and you'll see how those Yankee boys will stare!"

Needless to say, this heraldic bird was dispensed with, and old Blacky released. The boys began the journey in sorrow—Tom because of the failure of his ornithological design, and Johnny because of Tom's dark hint, "You'll pay for this before night, young man!"

Before reaching Northampton we read over the gilt-edged annals of the Lumry family, so that we might intelligently appreciate our greatness. "The family of Lumry came from L'Hommeraye," ran Mary Ann's chronicle, "a picturesque hamlet near Point d'Orrilly, on the Orne, part of the estate given by Charlemagne to a favorite knight who bore the title of 'l'homme du roi.' The ancestors of our maternal family in England went over with William the Conqueror, and received for their services sixty manors in Devonshire. The characteristic traits of the Lumry family are courage, perseverance, and an ardent devotion to civil and religious liberty. The Lumry arms are a lion rampant, holding a lance in his dexter paw, with the motto, 'Virtutis fortuna comes.'"

"It really reads very well, Thomas, does it not?" said mother, with some pride, as she handed the manuscript back to father.

"Perhaps, mamma, we may find among the Lumry descendants in Northampton some heir-looms from the old country," observed Mary Ann; "parts of the antique armor, a banner, or some ancient furniture from L'Hommeraye."

"Yes," said Joe, with enthusiasm; "no doubt they loaded several ships with furniture, and after conquering England with William, in 1066, sailed to America and landed their ancestral heir-looms at Northampton about the year 1200."

"I am well aware, Mr. Stubbs, that aristocratic studies can have no attraction for *you*, but I must beg you at least to treat the subject with proper respect in *my* presence," said Mary Ann, severely.

We arrived at Northampton in the afternoon, and, after removing the dust of travel, set out in a body for the old church-yard, Mary Ann armed with blank-book and pencil, mother carrying the Lumry documents, and Joe the sketching materials. The peaceful inclosure, with its ancient trees, aroused in our hearts a vivid interest. There they lay, the descendants of the French knight, our noble ancestors! We pushed aside the shrubs and read the names. "Medad Lumry, died June 10, 1716, aged 86 years." Four wives and innumerable children lay around this patriarch, the names of Eldad, Ebenezer, and Eliakim alternating with Experience, Hepzibah, and Mercy.

"Strange that they did not have their coat of arms cut into the tombstones," said Mary Ann. "What would I not give to have seen this venerable man, as he appeared at the head of his household, the consciousness of noble blood showing itself in his courtly manners and kind consideration for his humble neighbors! I can imagine him dispensing hospitality, regulating the laws, as lord of the manor, and relating to his descendants legends of their titled ancestry. Ah! already I am repaid for all my labor," said my sister, enthusiastically, culling a few flowers, and arranging them on Medad's grave with pious care.

That evening Joel Stubbs drew the outlines of a picture—the patriarch of the Lumry race, in curling wig and velvet coat, seated in a brocaded chair in his richly furnished library, a group of tenants listening respectfully to his advice, and two Indians standing awe-struck at the door. Mary Ann was much pleased with the design.

The next morning Joe proposed that we should look over the town records. "It may be that we shall find something about the heir-looms," he suggested. Mary Ann looked up quickly, but the young man's face was serious, and as we still had some hours to spare, we sauntered about the pretty village, and at length found the place where the musty volumes were deposited. An old man, the guardian of the records, heard our request, and turned over the leaves slowly as he eyed us through his spectacles.

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"Lumry, eh? Oh yes; plenty of Lumrys here. Related to them, eh?"

"They are our ancestors on the maternal side," replied Mary Ann, with dignity.

"Ancestors, eh? Oh yes; the Lumrys allers had a heap of relatives. There's one living here now you'd admire to see—Judge Seth Lumry, member of Congress for this district—"

"We do not care for the present generation," interrupted Mary Ann; "they are, no doubt, good commonplace people, but we wish to learn only what the records say concerning those of our ancestors who lie in the old church-yard, especially the original proprietor of the village—the first lord of the manor."

"Lord of the manor!" repeated the old man. "Who may you be talking about, miss?"

"Medad Lumry, who came from his Devonshire estates to this country in 1650," said Mary Ann, impatiently.

"Why, land sakes, miss! Old Medad wasn't a lord! He was a blacksmith, and so were all his sons after him. His anvil is here yet."

It was only too true! The records showed that Medad Lumry was renowned for "making horseshoes craftily," and his first wife, Eunice, was the daughter of "Eliakim Hyde, the carpenter."

As we walked back to the hotel, Joe fell behind with me. "Did you ever hear the *Harmonious Blacksmith*, Nora?" he asked, carelessly.

"No," I replied, scarcely daring to look at Mary Ann.

"There is the 'Anvil Chorus,' also. Boys, you remember the 'Anvil Chorus?'"

"*I* should think so," said Tom, emphatically; then, as though struck by a sudden thought, he darted away, followed by Johnny, as fast as his short legs could carry him.

"There is a touching poem called the *Village Blacksmith*, Nora; it begins in this way, 'Under a spreading chestnut-tree the village smithy stands.' If you wish, I will repeat it all," said Joe, gravely.

Here father was seen to smile.

"There is also a religious song, with the refrain, 'Stand like an anvil.' I am not quite sure about the tune, but I will try it if you insist upon it," said Joe, clearing his throat.

"Mr. Stubbs," began Mary Ann, turning around, with flashing eyes, "this levity is ill-timed. I never expected to gather much from the records of this little village. The early inhabitants were probably jealous of the L'Hommeraye family, and naturally were tempted to malign them as much as possible. This, however, was only a side issue at best. The main object of our journey is to visit the tombs of our Belleston ancestors. There, fortunately, no mistake is possible; we have the documentary evidence almost complete. I shall be able to prove our relationship with the Staffordshire family, and, with papa's permission, I intend to spend a year or two in England."

Joe was sobered immediately. I don't think he cherished a very warm affection for the Bellestons of Perton Hall.

As we entered the parlor of the hotel, a tremendous uproar greeted us. Tom was seated at the piano, playing the 'Anvil Chorus,' loud pedal down, fortissimo; Johnny was clashing the shovel and tongs together; one of the landlady's sons had a drum made of a tin pail, and the other kept up a harmonious accompaniment with the dinner-bell.

"Thomas," said father, "what are you about?"

The orchestra paused.

"Oh, it's only the *Lumry Grand March*, father. I've been drilling the boys, and they know how to do it real well now. The landlady's out, and I've explained to Pete and Jim all about Medad—how he came over with King David, and set up an anvil, with a ramping and a roaring lion for a sign. Just hear us go through it once; we can do it first-rate."

We left Northampton on the next train; mother packed away the record of the Lumry family; and we journeyed on toward Boston, "where the east wind bloweth, where the tall coon groweth, and the song of the cod-fish is heard in the land" (Joe).

Bright sunshine and a good breakfast restored our spirits; we already felt the Boston self-satisfaction, and discussed our plans in words of four syllables. Father, in his business-like way, arranged the programme—one day for the bones of Quincy, another for Weston and Watertown, and a third for a final search among the Boston records.

Before starting for Quincy, we had time to visit the ancient burial-ground at Copp's Hill.

"It always gives me a melancholy pleasure to wander among unknown graves," said Mary Ann, pensively. "Although none of my relatives sleep under this turf, still, after all, these are also my brothers and sisters, bound together by a common humanity, common joys, and common sorrows. Alas that the latter predominate!"

"It is indeed sad," said Joe, mournfully. "I feel a strange melancholy creeping over me. Ha! what do I see? Miscreant, avaunt! Desecrate not this sacred spot with your earthly marbles!" cried Joe, seizing two little boys by the collar. "Away, ruffians! Let me weep in peace over the bones of my ancestors;" and carefully opening a large pocket-handkerchief, the young man buried his face, and sobbed aloud over an ancient tombstone. Mary Ann walked on with her head high in the air, but I could not resist stopping to look at the inscription which

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had called forth this sudden burst of woe. It read as follows:

ETHAN ABIMELECH STUBBS,
Died Dec. 10, 1708, aged 75 years.
JERUSHA,
Wife of the above, died June 2, 1709, aged 70 years.
Pious, prudent, and genteel.

Father having procured a light carriage, we drove rapidly through the pleasant country toward Quincy. As we stopped to water the horses at one of the numerous villages, father asked its name. "Belleston," replied the boy.

"What!" exclaimed Mary Ann, in great excitement. "The very name! Oh, let us stop; let us get out; we shall certainly find some relics of the past."

Father drove under a shed, we all alighted, and after fastening the horses we swept through the town like a company of raiders, asking questions from house to house with praiseworthy pertinacity. But our search was vain: Belleston was a new settlement: there were no old records, no old graves, no old women, no old traditions, and nobody knew any thing about the origin of the name which had excited our hopes.

After many disappointing interviews, and a cross-fire of questions from the other side, we were obliged to give up the quest, and going back to the shed, we got into the carriage and drove away toward Quincy, leaving every man, woman, and child in Belleston staring down the road after us.

The ancient town of Quincy welcomed us with a host of antiquities; every thing was old, and the very air was hazy with the dust of the past. As we had lost so much time at Belleston, we drove directly through the town to the old church-yard. Our appearance seemed to attract great attention; people ran to the windows, opened the doors to gaze after us, and called to their neighbors to look. Troops of boys followed behind the carriage, little girls with baby-wagons joined the procession, and when we stopped at the cemetery, a curious crowd assembled to see us alight.

"Can't understand what it means," muttered father.

"Probably they have heard of us," said Mary Ann, with dignity; "legends of the merry days of Mount Belleston may still be lingering among the old families here. It is possible that the Belleston features may have been recognized."

As father jumped out, an exclamation burst from his lips. We turned, and there before us was the cause of the village curiosity. The back and sides of the carriage were covered with griffins, neatly executed in chalk, a large one behind being calculated to strike terror into the stoutest heart. While we were hunting for heir-looms at Belleston, the boys had remained behind in the shed, and devoted the time to this heraldic blazonry. Joe burst into a peal of laughter, in which the crowd joined with hearty good-will; the guilty decorators disappeared among the tombstones; mother tried to excuse them; and Mary Ann and I walked into the inclosure as rapidly as was consistent with dignity, leaving father to efface as best he could the soaring bird of the English aristocracy.

"It is too bad," said Mary Ann, angrily; "those boys are always encouraged in their tricks. Just hear Joel Stubbs laugh!"

We could not find either a Belleston or a Bilson among the sculptured names in the church-yard; the town records gave us no information, and we were preparing to leave when a voice from the crowd that still followed us suggested "Old Squire Grimes." "Sure enough," said another voice, "he knows every thing about the first settlers, and he'd admire to tell you all about it." After expressly stipulating that the boys should not be admitted, Mary Ann led the way to the square white house with its funereally closed blinds, and, after some delay, we were ushered into a close dark room, the best parlor, when the squire, a precise old gentleman of true Puritan aspect, received us ceremoniously. After hearing our story and exchanging the formalities of old-fashioned politeness, the squire brought in a roll of MS., and carefully wiping his glasses, began to read at the rate of three words a minute, stopping every now and then to make a remark, and invariably losing his place, and re-reading a large portion of the page before he found it again. The document seemed to be a minute history of the Massachusetts colony, whose every detail was as familiar to us as the alphabet, and after half an hour father gently suggested that we had studied the general history of the colony very carefully, and the object of our visit was to discover, if possible, some data respecting Captain Belleston and his settlement at Mount Belleston.

"I am coming to that, Sir, shortly," said the squire; and the reading began again. Another half hour, and father excused himself, saying he must see to the horses; mother accompanied him, murmuring something about a "headache." Eight pages more, and Mary Ann took advantage of a pause to observe that it was growing late—if Mr. Grimes would oblige us with a short abstract concerning the Belleston colony.

"In due order, miss," replied the squire; and we were impaled for another half hour.

"Ah, yes—deeply interesting," broke in Mary Ann at length; "but have you no information respecting the fate of Captain Belleston and his infant son?"

"I have never pursued that branch of the subject," replied the squire, stiffly; "my time has been more profitably employed with the history of the pious men who suc-

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ceeded that profligate Englishman at Mount Belleston. I have the whole record down to the present day; if you care to hear it, I shall be most happy—"

"Thank you, thank you," interrupted Mary Ann, rising hastily. "We really must tear ourselves away. And so you know nothing concerning the fate of Captain Belleston?"

"Nothing, miss. Nor do I care to know more concerning that depraved follower of Laud. No doubt he came to a bad end," said Squire Grimes, severely.

"Narrow-minded old Puritan!" exclaimed Mary Ann, as we turned the corner. "I maintain that King Charles was a hero," she continued, with feminine irrelevancy.

This declaration woke up Joel Stubbs, who was always a firm champion of Oliver Cromwell, and a discussion began which lasted all the way back to Boston, nor was it over when they sat on the balcony in the moonlight. At least I heard something about "love and loyalty," so I supposed they were still talking about it.

The next morning we went to Weston. Here, at least, there would be no disappointment—here, at least, one ancestor's bones reposed! We drove through the town to the church-yard, and after some search we found the venerable tombstone of the original Tom:

THOMAS BILSON,
DIED NOVEMBER 10, 1698,
AGED 72 YEARS.

We stood in a group around this baffling progenitor.

"If our graves were only like the ancient tombs, we might find the missing record inside," said Mary Ann, with a sigh.

"Let's dig him up," cried Tom, in great excitement; "me and Johnny could do it in no time. I say, Johnny, run for a spade;" and Tom began to take off his jacket.

Father put a veto upon these plans, and the boys were much disappointed; they disappeared, nor did they join us until, after an hour or two, we were all summoned to dinner. During this meal we were much annoyed by faces flattened against the window-panes. The sky had grown overcast, and, as the air was cool, the windows were closed, and these persistent children darkened the lower sash, and climbing the fence, glared in upon us through the upper panes. They lingered around the door, making raids into the room when it was open, and inspecting us through the key-hole when it was shut. We could not imagine the cause of this public curiosity.

"I wonder who they take us for?" said father, as a new spy was discovered under the sofa and hauled out by the waiter.

"They do not often have an opportunity of seeing people of our class," said Mary Ann. "I am sure their curiosity is quite excusable, poor little urchins!"

Here Joel Stubbs coughed so violently that we were quite alarmed, and after dinner, seeing him on the piazza with father, I went out to offer him some cough lozenges. They were both shouting with laughter. It seems that Joe had overheard in the wood-shed, before dinner, a conversation between Tom and a village boy upon the subject of our visit to Weston.

"We've come to dig up the bones of our ancestors, young man," said Tom, calmly. "We've been all over Massachusetts, and we've got bags of 'em in the carriage, besides the boxes that have gone on by express."

"What are you going to do with 'em?" asked the small Westonite, with dilated eyes.

"Clean 'em, string 'em, and sell 'em to the doctors," said Tom, gravely. "They bring lots of money out West, I can tell you. We've got ten thousand dollars' worth already, and we expect to double it before another month. Father, he digs; Joe Stubbs picks up the bones, mother and the girls string 'em, and Johnny and me sells 'em."

"No wonder we had an audience at dinner," said father, as Joe finished this recital. "We had better get away as fast as we can, or we shall be mobbed, Stubbs;" and again the two burst out laughing.

On our way back to Boston we stopped at Watertown. The skies were lowering, but Mary Ann's determination blinded her eyes; and even when one or two drops rippled the brook, she saw "nothing but flies on the water, the water; nothing but flies on the water."

"I am almost afraid to leave you here," said father as we approached the cemetery. "Perhaps we had better drive back to Boston immediately. We may escape the heaviest part of the storm."

"Oh no," exclaimed Mary Ann; "it will not rain hard—only a few scattering drops, and I am particularly anxious to see this cemetery, and also to look through the town records."

"Well, I will go back and put the horses under shelter," replied father, as Mary Ann jumped out.

"I think I won't get out," said mother, looking at her handsome traveling dress. "Boys, if you stay with me I will try to find some cakes and apples for you."

"I will go on to the hotel too," I said, as a drop fell on the dash-board.

This wholesale desertion roused Mary Ann's pride.

"Pray do not trouble yourself to come with me," she said to Joel Stubbs, who stood by the gate. "I can not expect you to be interested in these subjects, and besides, I shall enjoy the walk more if I am alone."

"Pardon me, Miss Bilson," said Joe, with

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a low bow, "but a cat may look at a king; and if there are any aristocratic skeletons near by, I should never forgive myself if I did not pay my respects to them. I will, however, humbly follow in the rear."

We drove away, leaving the bone-hunters progressing through the church-yard, Mary Ann in front, her silken draperies and gray feather forming quite a *Bazar* picture through the trees, and some distance behind her handsome attendant, hat in hand, glancing back at us with a merry light in his brown eyes. An hour afterward we were sitting in the hotel parlor in company with two ladies who had also sought refuge from the rain, when one of them, a beautiful girl of about eighteen, suddenly exclaimed,

"Oh, auntie, do look at those poor drenched creatures crossing the street!"

Involuntarily we all turned. There were our bone-hunters, wet, draggled, and forlorn.

"Oh, Mary Ann, how wet you are, child!" cried mother, in dismay, as they entered the parlor. The gray feather drooped dismally, the silken draperies were sadly collapsed, the brown tresses out of curl, and the dainty boots covered with mud.

"It is of no consequence," began Mary Ann, when she caught sight of the stranger, and took in with one glance the perfection of her flounces and the crisp fluffyness of her golden hair.

"What a beautiful face!" murmured Joe, gazing at the stranger with rapt admiration. Mary Ann heard the whisper, and seated herself in the darkest corner after a futile attempt to expand her limp skirts.

"I say, Mary Ann, you look just like a soaked hen," said Tom, with brotherly frankness.

"Well, daughter, did you find any thing in the cemetery to reward you for your trouble?" began father as he entered the room, newspaper in hand. "Bless my soul, child, how wet you are! What is the matter with your face? It is all spotted!"

"It is only the rain that dripped through Miss Bilson's hat and veil," said Joe, with a glance at the fair complexion of the beautiful unknown. "We found nothing at the cemetery, Sir; but in the town records we came across this item concerning the original Thomas, the descendant of the noble Bellestons of Perton Hall."

Father put on his glasses, and read aloud from the slip of paper: "Thomas Bilson, a freeman of the colony, was this day fined and reprimanded for allowing unseemly music in his tavern on the Watertown road within twelve hours of the Sabbath-day."

"A tavern-keeper! What next, Mary Ann?" said father.

Mary Ann made no answer, but the boys from behind the sofa gave vent to a succession of griffin cries of peculiar and appropriate melody.

After a rainy drive back to Boston, fresh attire, and a hot supper, our party assembled in father's private parlor, but, to tell the truth, we were not in our usual spirits; mother was tired, father restless, Mary Ann unusually silent, and the boys disposed to be turbulent. Joel Stubbs did not appear at all.

"I wonder where Joe is," said Tom, in a discontented voice; "there's never any fun unless he's around."

"I don't think he would have gone out for the evening without speaking of it," said father. "Do you know where he is, Mary Ann?"

"I know nothing of Mr. Stubb's movements," replied my sister, with a lofty air.

"I say, Mary Ann, do you know you're growing to look like a regular griffin, and a lean one too," interposed Tom. "If I was you, I wouldn't go after any more bones as long as I had so many to show at home."

"Thomas!" called out father, in a severe tone.

"Well, I don't care," muttered Tom; "Joe is worth ten of her, any day."

At length there was a knock at the door, and the waiter appeared with a card:

MR. AUGUSTUS FITZWILLIAM BANGS.
Brindleton Club. ROYAL HIGH LOWS.

"Ah," said father, "I forgot to tell you that I made this gentleman's acquaintance down stairs to-night, and he appeared so much interested in what I told him about our probable origin that I asked him to drop in this evening and see you all." Then to the waiter: "Show the gentleman this way."

In a few moments the stranger appeared—a short, pursy man, with luxuriant side whiskers, lavender gloves, and a flower in his coat.

"'Appy to know you, ladies," he murmured, bowing low, hat in hand. "Hi'm proud to make the hacquaintance hof a descendant hof the Bellestons hof Perton 'All."

"You know the family, then?" asked Mary Ann, quickly.

"Hi may say that, miss; hi know them hall well; 'ave dined with them frequently."

This was enough. Mary Ann seated herself, with a beaming smile, and the conversation grew absorbing in its interest as Captain Bangs described Perton Hall, the present Sir Thomas and his family—especially the son and heir, Algernon Chandos Belleston, a young man of twenty-five, "'andsome as Hapollo, and strong as 'Ercules." We listened to these details with secret pride; even father straightened himself with a lordly air, and Mary Ann's face fairly shone with patrician splendor. At length, when the papers were brought out, and Captain Bangs assured us that there could be no doubt of our connection with this noble—he might almost say royal—family, father's heart overflowed, and in the warmth of his feelings he

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ordered some Champagne to celebrate the discovery. We were all sipping our wine, the boys were carousing in their corner, and Captain Bangs was talking gayly with Mary Ann, when the door opened and Joe Stubbs came in. He looked surprised, and acknowledging the introduction of the Englishman somewhat curtly, sat down near the door, and looked on. But Mary Ann grew more and more gay; arrayed in fresh and expanded draperies, with sparkling eyes and many smiles, she entertained the captain without one glance toward Joe. Even an officer in the Royal High Lows, however, can not talk forever, and at eleven o'clock Captain Bangs rose to take leave, accepting Mary Ann's invitation for the next evening "with hall my 'eart."

"I shall have my letter ready to send by you to my cousins at Perton Hall," said Mary Ann, with a last bewitching smile.

"Hah, miss, Halgernon will be so 'appy to hanswer hit," said the gallant captain, with a final profound salam.

He was gone. We were alone. The wine was exhausted, and the boys asleep. A silence seemed to have fallen upon the party. "We missed you, Stubbs," said father, after a pause.

"I have been over to the rooms of the Genealogical Society," replied Joe; "I thought I might find something among their books of reference."

"Well, how did you succeed?" asked father, yawning.

In reply Joe produced a pamphlet from his pocket, and approached the table where Mary Ann sat, busy with pencil and paper.

"To-morrow will do," she said, coldly. "At present I am occupied with my letter to Perton Hall. Do you think I had better write to Algernon, or to Sir Thomas himself, papa?"

But father did not answer; he had taken up Joe's pamphlet, and stood transfixed by the table. "Good Heavens!" he cried; "what's this?" We all rushed to his side; he held the fatal book in his hand, and read aloud as follows: "In 1650, October the 10th, was that notorious pirate and evil-liver, Captain Belleston, formerly of Mount Belleston, caught and hung on the Long Island coast by the worthy Zebedee Pettingill, master of the good ship *Tribulation*. This Captain Belleston sailed away from his noxious and pestilential colony in the year 1626 with the avowed intention of seeking the Virginia Land, but instead thereof, he did hoist the bloody flag on the high seas, and hath ever since been a terror along our coasts. His infant son, left behind at Mount Belleston, seeming in our eyes a goodly youth, we have changed his ill-savored name to the honest title of 'Bilson,' and he now liveth among us soberly, a tavern-keeper on the Watertown Road."

So ended our search for the bones of our ancestors.

Captain Bangs turned out an ex-hairdresser. The boys learned *Captain Kidd*, and sang it all the way home.

As for Mary Ann, she cried for a whole day. Then she sulked two. Then she—well—ask Joe.

MY NEIGHBOR'S GARDEN.

Up to the border of my small domain
My neighbor's garden stretches wide and sweet;
His roses toss against my window-pane;
His jasmine wreathes my porch and doorway seat.

My threshold every May is carpeted
With pale pink petals from his peach-tree blown;
His tallest lilac lifts its plumy head
Up to the casement where I sit alone.

Waking, I hear, as dawns the morning light,
My neighbor busy in his bordered walks,
Noting the added beauties born of night,
Pulling the weeds among his flower-stalks.

From early March, when the brave crocus comes,
Edging the beds with lines of blue and gold,
Till the consoling, kind chrysanthemums
Contend against December's cruel cold,

My neighbor toils with wise and patient hand,
Scarce pausing in his work for sun or shower,
Evolving gradually from mould and sand
The germ, the leaf, the perfect bud and flower.

A rare magician he, whose touch transmutes—
Helped by the sprites which rule the airs and dews—
Dry dormant seeds and dark unlovely roots
To graceful shapes and richest scents and hues.

His garden teems with glad and brilliant lives:
There wheel and dive the gauzy dragon-flies;
Bees gather tribute for their distant hives;
And gray moths flutter as the daylight dies.

Sparrows and wrens sing songs which need no words;
And over flower-cups scarce more bright than they,
Green-winged and scarlet-throated humming-birds
Hang, tranced with sweet, then whir and dart away.

From branch to branch, beneath my watching eyes,
His net a black and golden spider weaves;
And scores of many-colored butterflies
Waltz in and out among the dancing leaves.

My neighbor in their midst—thrice favored one!—
Delves, plants, trains, weeds, and waters patiently,
Studies the alchemy of rain and sun,
And works his floral miracles for me.

For me! not one enjoys this Paradise
As I, within my overlooking room:
It is not seen even by the owner's eyes
At once—the whole wide stretch of growth and bloom.

With sight and mind absorbed, he little thinks
How all his garden's sweetness drifts to me—
How his rich lilies and his spicy pinks
Send incense up to me continually.

Yet still he labors faithfully and long
My loneliness to brighten and beguile,
Asking for all this fragrance, bloom, and song
Not even the small repayment of a smile.

Unconscious friend, who thus enrichest me,
Long may thy darlings thrive, untouched by blight,
Unplagued by worm or frost! and may there be
No serpent in thine Eden of delight!

And ye whose spirits faint with weariness,
Count not your work unvalued and unknown:
Cheered by your toil, some silent soul may bless
The hand which strives not for itself alone.

ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN.

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HAWAII-NEI.—II.

By CHARLES NORDHOFF.

As we rode one day near the sea-shore I heard voices among the rocks, and sending the guide ahead with the horses, I walked over to the shore with the lady and children who were my companions. There we saw a sight characteristic of these islands. Three women, decently clothed in a garment which covered them from head to foot, and a man, with only a breech-clout on, were dashing into the surf, picking up sea-moss, and a little univalve shell, a limpet, which they flung into small baskets which hung from their shoulders. They were, in fact, getting their suppers, and they were quite as much surprised at our appearance as we at theirs. They came out politely, and showed the children what was in their baskets; the man, understanding that our horses had gone ahead, kindly volunteered to pilot us over the rocks to a village near by. I do not imagine that he was embarrassed at his lack of clothing, and after the first shock of surprise, I am quite sure we were more inclined to admire his straight muscular figure and his shining dark skin than to complain of his nakedness. Presently, however, he slipped away into the bush, and reappeared in a hat, and a shirt which was so short that even my little girl burst into laughter at this ridiculous and futile effort toward decency; and thus arrayed, and with the kindly and gracious smile which illuminates a Hawaiian's face when he puts himself to some trouble on your account, this funny guide led us to our horses.

In the evening I related this incident to our host, an old resident, and said, "I suppose this man could read?" "Read?" he replied; "he can read and write as well as you. I know him very well; he is a prosperous man, and is to be the next justice of the peace in that district. He doubtless went home and spent the remainder of the afternoon in reading his newspaper."

Native life in the islands is full of such contrasts, and I found, on examining the labor contracts on several sugar plantations, that almost without exception the working-people signed their own names.

According to a census taken in December, 1872, the Hawaiian Islands contained 56,897 souls, of whom 51,531 were natives and half-castes, and 5366 were foreigners. In six years the native population had decreased 7234, and the foreigners had increased 1172. Since 1866, therefore, the islands have lost 6062 souls.

Of the foreigners the Chinese are the most numerous, outnumbering all the other foreign nationalities together, excluding Americans. Chinese have been brought over here as cooly laborers on the plantations. They readily intermarry with the native women, and these unions are usually fruitful of healthy and bright children. It is said that the Chinese insist upon taking better care of their children than the native women, uninstructed, usually give them, and that therefore the Chinese half-caste families are more thrifty than those of the pure blood Hawaiians. In fact, the number of half-castes of all races has increased thirty per cent. in the last six years.

The native population is admirably cared for by the authorities. The islands are divided for various governmental purposes into districts; and in every district where the people are much scattered the government places a physician—a man of skill and character—to whom it gives a small salary for attending upon the common people, and he is, I believe, expected to make a tour of his district at stated intervals. Of course he is allowed to practice besides for pay. The sugar planters also usually provide medical attendance for their laborers.

The government also maintains a careful guard over the schools. A compulsory education law obliges parents, under fixed penalties, to send their children to school; and besides the common or primary schools, there are a number of academies, most of which receive some help from the government, while all are under government supervision. The census gives the number of children between six and fifteen years of age at 8931; and there are 324 teachers, or one teacher for every 27 children in the whole group. Attendance at school is, I suspect, more general here than in any other country in the world. The last report of W. P. Kamakau, the President of the Board of Education, made in March, 1872, returns 8287 children actually attending upon 245 schools of various grades, 202 being common schools. Under this system there is scarcely a Hawaiian of proper age who can not both read and write.

Churches they maintain by voluntary effort, and their contributions are very liberal. They take a pride in such organizations. Dr. Coan's native church at Hilo contributes $1200 per year to missions.

There are no beggars, and no public paupers except the insane, who are cared for in an asylum near Honolulu, and the lepers, who are confined upon a part of Molokai. Both these classes, as well as the convicts and the boys in the reform school, contribute to their own support by their labor. The Queen's Hospital is only for curable cases, and the people take care of their own infirm, aged, and otherwise incapable dependents.

It seems to me that very unusual judg-

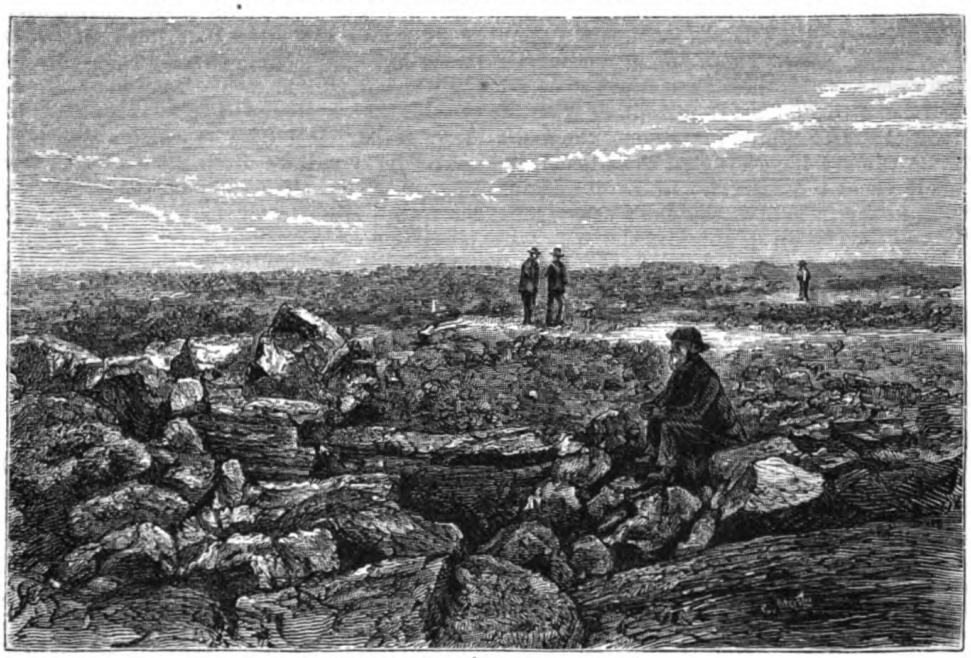
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NATIVE SCHOOL-HOUSE IN HONOLULU.

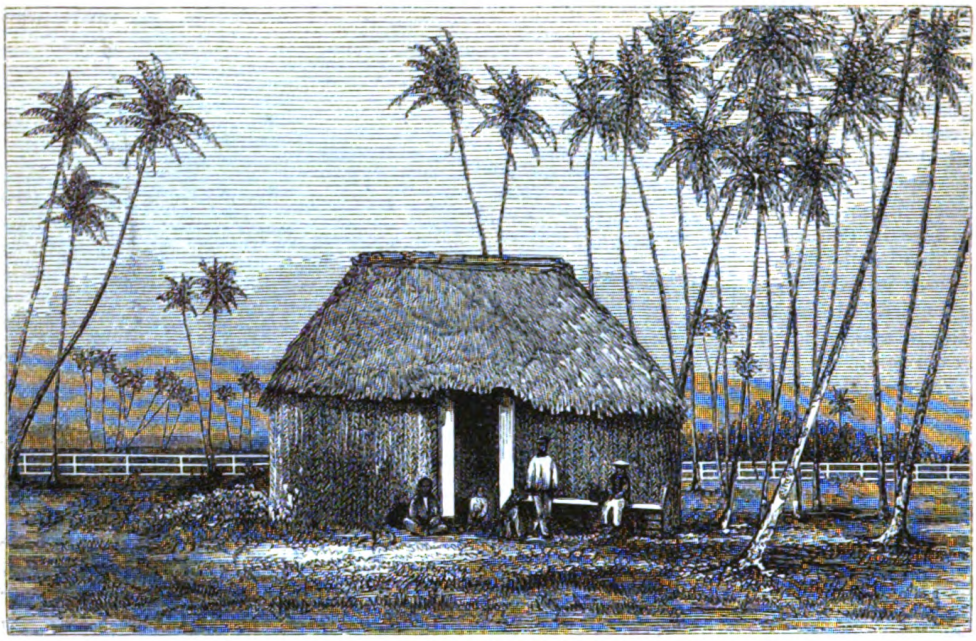
ment has been shown in the manner in which benevolent and penal institutions have been treated and managed among these people, for the tendency almost every where in countries which call themselves more highly civilized is to make the poor dependent upon charity, and thus a fatal blow is struck at their character and respectability. Here, partly, of course, because the means of living are very abundant and easily got, but also, I think, because the government has been wisely managed, the people have not been taught to look toward public charity for relief; and though we Americans, who live in a big country, are apt to think slightingly of what some one called a toy kingdom, any one who has undertaken to manage or organize even a small community at home will recognize the fact that it is a task beset by difficulties. But in these islands a state, a society, has been created within a quarter of a century, and it has been very ably done. I am glad that it has been done mainly by Americans. Chief Justice Lee, now dead, but whose memory is deservedly cherished here, Mr. C. C. Harris, lately Minister of Foreign Relations, and for many years occupying different prominent positions in the government, Dr. J. Mott Smith, lately the Minister of Finance, Chief Justice Allen, and Dr. Judd, deserve, perhaps, the chief credit for this work. They were the organizers who supplemented the labors of the missionaries; and, fortunately for the native people, they were all men of honor, of self-restraint, of goodness of heart, who knew how to rule wisely and not too much, and who protected the people without destroying their independence. What they have done would have given them fame had it not been done two thousand miles from the nearest continent, and at least five thousand from any place where reputations are made.

Of a total native population of 51,531,



LAVA FIELD, HAWAII—FLOW OF 1868.

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GRASS HOUSE.

6580 are returned by the census as freeholders—more than one in every eight. Only 4772 are returned as plantation laborers, and of these probably a third are Chinese; 2115 returned themselves as mechanics, which is a very large proportion of the total able-bodied population. I believe that both freeholders and mechanics find employment on the plantations as occasional laborers.

A people so circumstanced, well taught in schools, freeholders to a large extent, living in a mild and salubrious climate, and with cheap and proper food, ought not, one would say, to decrease. There are, of course, several reasons for their very rapid decrease, and all of them come from contact with the whites. These brought among them diseases which have corrupted their blood, and made them infertile and of poor stamina. But to this, which is the chief cause, must be added, I suspect, another less generally acknowledged. The deleterious habit of wearing clothes has, I do not doubt, done much to kill off the Hawaiian people. If you think for a moment, you will see that to adopt civilized habits was for them to make a prodigious change in their ways of life. Formerly the maro and the slight covering of tepa alone shielded them from the sun and rain. Their bodies became hardy by exposure. Their employments—fishing, taro-planting, tappa-making, bird-catching, canoe-making—were all laborious, and pursued out-of-doors. Their grass houses, with openings for doors and windows, were, at any rate, tolerably well ventilated. Take the man accustomed thus to live, and put shoes on his feet, a hat on his head, a shirt on his back, and trowsers about his legs, and lodge him in a house with close-shutting doors and windows, and you expose his constitution to a very serious strain, especially in a country where there is a good deal of rain. Being, after all, but half civilized, he will probably sleep in a wet shirt, or cumber his feet with wet shoes; he will most likely neglect to open his windows at night, and poison himself and his family with bad air, to the influence of which, besides, his unaccustomed lungs will be peculiarly liable; he will live a less active life under his changed conditions; and altogether the poor fellow must have an uncommonly fine constitution to resist it all and escape with his life. At the best, his system will be relaxed, his power of resistance will be lessened, his chances of recovery will be diminished in the same degree as his chances of falling ill are increased. If now you throw in some special disease, corrupting the blood, and transmitted with fatal certainty to the progeny, the wonder is that a people so situated have not died out in a single generation.

In fact, they are dying out pretty fast. In 1832 the islands had a population of 130,315 souls; in 1836 there were but 108,579; in 1840, only 84,165, of whom 1962 were foreigners; in 1850, 69,800, of whom 3216 were foreigners; and in 1860, 62,959, of whom 4194 were foreigners. The native population has decreased over sixty per cent. in forty years.

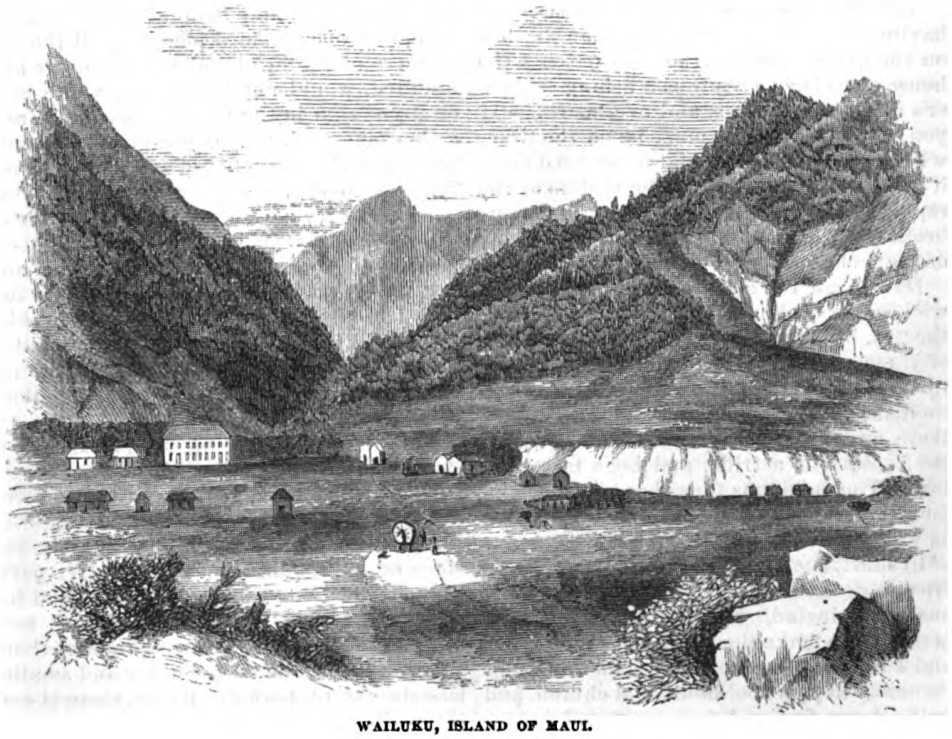
In the same period the foreigners have increased very slowly, until there are now in all 5366 foreigners and persons born here, but of foreign parentage, on the islands. You will see that while the Hawaiians have so rapidly decreased that all over the isl-

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ands you notice, in waste fields and desolate house places, the marks of this loss, foreigners have not been attracted to fill up their places. And this in spite of the facts that the climate is mild and healthful, the price of living cheap, the government liberal, the taxes low, and life and property as secure as in any part of the world. One would think that a country which offers all these advantages must be a paradise for poor men; and I do not wonder that in the United States there is frequently talk of "annexing the islands." But, in fact, they offer no advantages, aside from those I have named, to white settlers, and they have such serious natural disabilities as will always—or, at least, for the next two or three millions of years—repel our American people, and all other white settlers.

In the first place, there is very little agricultural land on the islands. They are only mountains rising from the sea, with extremely little alluvial bottom, and that usually cut up by torrents, and water-washed into gulches, until it is difficult in most parts to find a fair field of even fifty acres. From these narrow bottoms, where they exist, you look into deep gorges, or valleys, out of which issue the streams which force their way through the lower fields into the sea. These valleys are never extensive, and are always very much broken and contracted. They are useless for common agricultural purposes. In several the culture of coffee has been begun; but they are so inaccessible, the roads into them are so difficult, and the area of arable soil they contain is, after all, so insignificant, that, even for so valuable a product as coffee, transportation is found to be costly.

But it is along and in the streams which rush through the bottoms of these narrow gorges that the Hawaiian is most at home. Go into any of these valleys, and you will see a surprising sight: along the whole narrow bottom, and climbing often in terraces the steep hill-sides, you will see the little taro patches, skillfully laid so as to catch the water, either directly from the main stream, or from canals taking water out above. Such a taro patch oftenest contains a sixteenth, less frequently an eighth, of an acre. It consists of soil painfully brought down from above, and secured by means of substantial stone walls, plastered with mud and covered with grass, strong enough to resist the force of the torrent. Each little patch or flat is so laid that a part of the stream shall flow over it without carrying away the soil; indeed, it is expected to leave some sediment. And as you look up such a valley you see terrace after terrace of taro rising before you, the patches often fifty or sixty feet above the brawling stream, but each receiving its proper proportion of water. Near by or among these small holdings stand the grass houses of the proprietors, and you may see them and their wives, their clothing tucked up, standing over their knees in water, planting or cultivating the crop. Here the Hawaiian is at home. His horse finds its scanty living on the grass which



WAILUKU, ISLAND OF MAUI.

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HULA-HULA, OR DANCING GIRLS.

fringes the taro patches; indeed, you may see horses here standing belly deep in fresh-water, and feeding on the grasses which grow on the bottom; and again you find horses raised in the dryer parts of the islands that do not know what water is, never having drunk any thing wetter than the dew on the grass. Among the taro patches the house place is as narrow as a fishing schooner's deck—"two steps and overboard." If you want to walk, it must be on the dikes within which the taro land is confined; and if you ride, it must be in the middle of the rapid mountain torrent, or along a narrow bridle-path high up on the precipitous side of the mountain.

Down near the shore are fish ponds, with wicker gates, which admit the small fry from the sea, but keep in the large fish. Many of these ponds are acres in area, and from them the Hawaiian draws one of his favorite dishes. Then there may be cocoa-nuts; there are sure to be bananas and guavas. Beef costs but a trifle, and hogs fatten on taro. The pandanus furnishes him material for his mats, and of mats he makes his bed, as well as the floor of his house.

In short, such a gorge or valley as I have tried to describe to you furnishes in its various parts, including the sea-shore, all that is needed to make the Hawaiian prosperous; and I have not seen one yet which had not its neatly kept school-house and church, and half a dozen framed houses scattered among the humbler grass huts, to mark the greater wealth of some—for the Hawaiian holds that the wooden house is a mark of thrift and respectability. But the same valley which now supports twenty or thirty native families in comfort and happiness, and which, no doubt, once yielded food and all the appliances of life in abundance to one or two hundred, would not tempt any white man of any nation in the world to live in it, and a thousand such gorges would not add materially to the prosperity of any white nation. That is to say, the country is admirably adapted to its native people. It favors, as it doubtless compelled and formed, all their habits and customs. But it would repel any one else, and an American farmer would not give a hundred dollars for the whole Wailuku Valley—if he had to live in it and work it—though it would be worth many thousands to the natives if it were once more populous as of old.

Take next the grazing lands. In many, indeed in most parts, they are so poorly supplied with water that they can not carry much stock. They also are often astonishingly broken up, for they lie high up on the sides of the mountains, and in many parts they are rocky and lava-covered beyond belief. On Hawaii, the largest island, lava covers and makes desolate hundreds of thousands of acres, and on the other and smaller islands, except, perhaps, Kauai, there is corresponding desolation. Thus the area of

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grazing lands is not great. But, on the other hand, cattle are very cheaply raised. They require but little attention; and the stock-owners, who are now boiling down their cattle, and selling merely the hides and tallow, are said to be just at this time the most prosperous people on the islands. Sheep are kept too, but not in great flocks, except upon the small island of Niihau, which was bought some years ago by two brothers, Sinclair by name, who have now a flock of 12,000 sheep there, I am told; on Molokai and part of Hawaii; and upon the small island of Lanai, where Captain Gibson has five or six thousand head.

But, finding yourself in a tropical country, with a charming and equable climate, and with abundant rains, you are apt to think that, given only a little soil, many things would grow and could be profitably raised. It is one of the surprises of a visitor to the Hawaiian group to discover that in reality very few products succeed here. Coffee was largely planted, and promised to become a staple of the islands; but a blight attacked the trees, and proved so incurable that the best plantations were dug up and turned into sugar; and the export of coffee, which has been very variable, but which rose to 415,000 pounds in 1870, fell to 47,000 pounds in the next year, and to 39,276 pounds in 1872. Sea-island cotton would yield excellent crops if it were not that a caterpillar devours the young plants, so that its culture has almost ceased. Only 10,000 pounds were exported in 1872. The orange thrives in so few localities on the islands that it is not an article of export: only two boxes were exported last year. A bur worse than any found in California discourages the sheep-raiser. The cacao-tree has been tried, but a blight kills it. In the garden of Dr. Hillebrandt, near Honolulu, I saw specimens of the cinnamon and allspice trees; but again I was told that the blight attacked them, and did not allow them to prosper. Wheat and other cereals grow and mature, but they are subject to the attacks of weevil, so that they can not be stored or shipped. Rice does well, and its culture is increasing.

Moreover, there is but an inconsiderable local market. A farmer on Maui told me he had sent twenty bags of potatoes to Honolulu, and so overstocked the market that he got back only the price of his bags. Eggs and all other perishable products, for the same reason, vary much in price, and are at times high-priced and hardly attainable. It will not do for the farmer to raise too much. The population is not only divided among different and distant islands, but it consists for much the largest part of people who live sufficiently well on taro, sweet-potatoes, fish, pork, and beef—all articles which they raise for themselves, and which they get by labor, and against disadvantages which few white farmers would encounter. For instance, the



HAWAIIANS EATING POI.

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NATIVE HAY PEDDLER.

Puna coast of Hawaii is a district where for thirty miles there is so little fresh-water to be found that travelers must bring their own supplies in bottles; and Dr. Coan told me that in former days the people, knowing that he could not drink the brackish stuff which satisfied them, used to collect fresh-water for his use, when he made the missionary tour, from the drippings of dew in caves. Wells are here out of the question, for there is no soil except a little decomposed lava, and the lava lets through all the water which comes from rains. There are few or no streams to be led down from the mountains. There are no fields, according to our meaning of the word. Yet formerly the people in this district were numbered by thousands: even yet there is a considerable population, not unprosperous by any means. Churches and schools are as frequent as in the best part of New England. Yet when I asked a native to show me his sweet-potato patch he took me to the most curious and barren-looking collection of lava you can imagine, surrounded, too, by a very formidable wall made of lava, and explained to me that by digging holes in the lava where it was a little decayed, carrying a handful of earth to each of these holes, and planting there in a wet season, he got a very satisfactory crop. Not only that, but being desirous of something more than a bare living, this man had planted a little coffee in the same way, and had just sold 1600 pounds, his last crop. He owned a good wooden house; politely gave up his own mats for me to sleep on; possessed a Bible and a number of other works in Hawaiian; after supper called his family together, who squatted on the floor while he read from his Scriptures, and, after singing a hymn, knelt in family prayers; and finally spent half an hour before going to bed in looking over his newspaper. This man, thoroughly respectable, of good repute, hospitable, comfortable in every way, so far as I could see, lived, and lived well, on twenty or thirty acres of lava, of which not even a Vermonter would have given ten cents for a thousand acres.

There remains, finally, the sugar culture, for which these islands offer undoubtedly some extraordinary advantages. I have seen a field of thirty acres which two years ago produced nearly six tons of sugar to the acre. Four tons per acre is not a surprising crop; and from all I can hear, I judge that two and a half tons per acre may be considered a fair yield. The soil, too, with proper treatment, appears to be inexhaustible. The common custom is to take off two crops, and then let the field lie fallow for two years; but where they irrigate, even this is not always done. There is no danger of frost, as in Louisiana, and cane is planted in some parts of the islands in almost every month of the year. In Lahaina it matures in from fourteen to sixteen months; in some districts it requires eighteen months; and at greater altitudes even two years. But under all the varying circumstances, whether it is irrigated or not, whether it grows on bottoms or on hill-slopes, in dry or in damp regions, every where the cane seems to thrive, and undoubtedly it is the one product of the islands which succeeds. On Kauai a worm, which pierces the cane near the ground and eats out the pith, has of late done some damage, and in other parts the rat has proved troublesome. But these evils do not any where endanger or ruin the crop as the blight has ruined the coffee culture, and discouraged other agricultural ventures. The sugar product of the islands has constantly increased. In 1860 they exported 1,444,271 pounds of sugar; in 1864, 10,414,441 pounds; in 1868, 18,312,926 pounds; and in 1871, 21,760,773 pounds of sugar.

What is remarkable is that, with this rapid increase in the production of sugar, there is a universal complaint that the business is unprosperous; and if to this you reply that planters, like farmers, are hard to satisfy, they show you that almost every sugar plantation in the islands has at some time been sold by the sheriff, some of them more than once, and that, in fact, only three are to-day in the hands of their founders.

I do not doubt that there has been bad management on many plantations, and that this accounts in part for these failures, by which many hundred thousand dollars have

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LAHAINA, ISLAND OF MAUI.

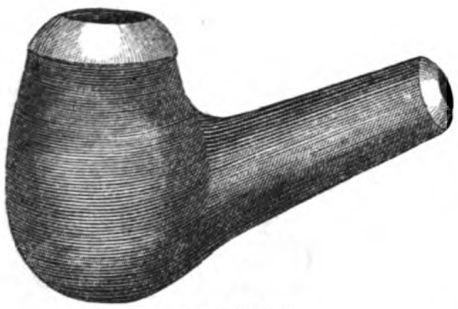
been lost. For the advantages of the sugar planter on these islands are very decided. He has not only, as I showed you above, a favorable climate and an extraordinarily fertile soil, but he has a laboring population, perhaps the best, the most easily managed, the kindliest, and—so far as habits affect the steadiness and usefulness of the laborer—the least vicious in the world. He does not have to pay exorbitant wages; he is not embarrassed to feed or house them, for food is so abundant and cheap that economy in its distribution is of no moment; and the Hawaiian is very cheaply housed.

But bad management by no means accounts for all the non-success. There are some natural disadvantages serious enough to be taken into the account. In the first place, you must understand that the rainfall varies extraordinarily. The trade-wind brings rain; the islands are bits of mountain ranges; the side of the mountain which lies toward the rain wind gets rain; the lee side gets scarcely any. At Hilo it rains almost constantly; at Lahaina they get hardly a shower a year. At Captain Makee's, one of the most successful plantations on Maui, water is stored in cisterns; at Mr. Spencer's, not ten miles distant, also one of the successful plantations, which lies on the other side of Mount Halakala, they never have to irrigate. Near Hilo the long rains make cultivation costly and difficult; but the water is so abundant that they run their fire-wood from the mountains and their cane from the fields into the sugar-houses in flumes, at a very great saving of labor. Near Lahaina every acre must be irrigated, and this work proceeds day and night in order that no water may run to waste.

Then there is the matter of shipping sugar. There are no good ports except Honolulu. Almost every where the sugar is sent over vile roads to a more or less difficult landing, whence it is taken in launches to the schooners which carry it to Honolulu, where it is stored, coopered, and finally reshipped to its market. Many landings are made through the surf, and I remember one which, this last spring, was unapproachable by vessel or boat for nearly four weeks.

Each sugar planter has, therefore, problems of his own to solve. He can not pattern on his neighbors. He can not base his estimates on theirs. He can not be certain even, until he has tried, which of the ten or a dozen varieties of cane will do best on his soil. He must look out for wood, which is by no means abundant, and is often costly to bring down from the mountain; he must look out for his landing; must see that taro grows near at hand; must secure pasture for his draught cattle: in short, he must consider carefully and independently many different questions before he can be even reasonably sure of success. And if, with all this uncertainty, he embarks with insufficient capital, and must pay one per cent. a month

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NATIVE PIPE.



NECKLACE OF HUMAN HAIR.

interest, and turn his crop over to an agent at Honolulu, it will not be wonderful to any business man if he fails. Many have failed. Of thirty-four plantations, the number in all the islands at this time, only three, as I said, are in the hands of their founders. Some which cost one hundred thousand dollars were sold for fifteen or eighteen thousand; some which cost a quarter of a million were sold for less than a hundred thousand.

Nevertheless there is reason to believe that sugar planting, carefully managed by men with sufficient capital, who will keep out of debt and look after their own business, is lucrative, even with the present duty against it, and can be made a permanently prosperous and important industry. There is room, I suppose, for perhaps a hundred more plantations on the different islands; and when all the available sugar lands are taken up by enterprising capitalists, a surprising quantity of sugar will be sent from here.

Meantime the planters err, I think, in not planting the mountain-sides, wherever these are accessible and have soil, with trees. The forests of the country are rapidly disappearing, especially from the higher plains and the grass-bearing slopes. Not only is the wood cut for burning, but the cattle browse down the young growth; and a pestilent grub has of late attacked the older trees and destroyed them in great numbers. Already complaints are heard of the greater dryness and infertility of certain localities, which I do not doubt comes from suffering the ground to become bare. At several points I was told that the streams were permanently lower than in former years—of course because evaporation goes on more rapidly near their head waters, now that the ground is bare. But little care or forethought is exercised in such matters, however. A few extensive plantations of trees have been made, notably by Captain Makee, on Maui, who has set out a large number of eucalyptuses. The universal habit of letting cattle run abroad, and the dearness of lumber for fencing, discourages tree planting, which yet will be found some day one of the most profitable investments in the islands, I believe; and I was sorry to see in many places cocoa-nut groves dying out of old age and neglect, and no young trees planted to replace them.

In fact, old things are dying out in many ways in the islands, and new things do not always take their place. Even the taro patches have in some places been turned into rice patches; and they are very well fitted for this. Taro is still an article of commerce; but the decreasing number of the native people lessens the demand for poi, and no doubt it will be found profitable to raise more rice and less taro.

As you examine the works of the old Hawaiians, their fish ponds, their irrigation canals, their long miles of walls inclosing ponds and taro fields, you will not only see the proofs that the islands were formerly far more populous than now, but you will get a respect for the feudal system of which these works are the remains. The Hawaiian people, when they first became known to the world, were several stages removed from mere savagery. They had elaborated a tolerably perfect system of government and of land tenure, which has since been swept away, as was inevitable, but which served its day very well indeed. Under this system the chiefs owned every thing. The common people were their retainers—followers in war and servants in peace. The chief, according to an old Hawaiian proverb, owned "all the land, all the sea, and all the iron cast up by the sea." The land was carefully parceled out among the chiefs, upon the plan of securing to each one from his own land all that he and his retainers needed for their lives. What they chiefly needed was taro ground, the sea for fish, the mulberry for tappa, and timber land for canoes; but they required also *ti* leaves in which to wrap their parcels, and flowers of which to make their lais, or flower necklaces. And I have seen modern surveys of old "lands" in which the lines were run very irregularly, and in some cases even outlying patches were added, because a straight line from mountain to sea was found to exclude some one product, even so trifling as the yellow flowers of which lais are often made.

On such a "land," and from it, the chief and his people lived. He appears to have been the brains and they the hands to work it. They owed him two days' labor in every seven, in which they cultivated his taro, cleaned his fish pond, caught fish for him, opened paths, made or transported canoes, and did generally what he required. The remainder of the time was their own, to cultivate such patches of taro as he allowed

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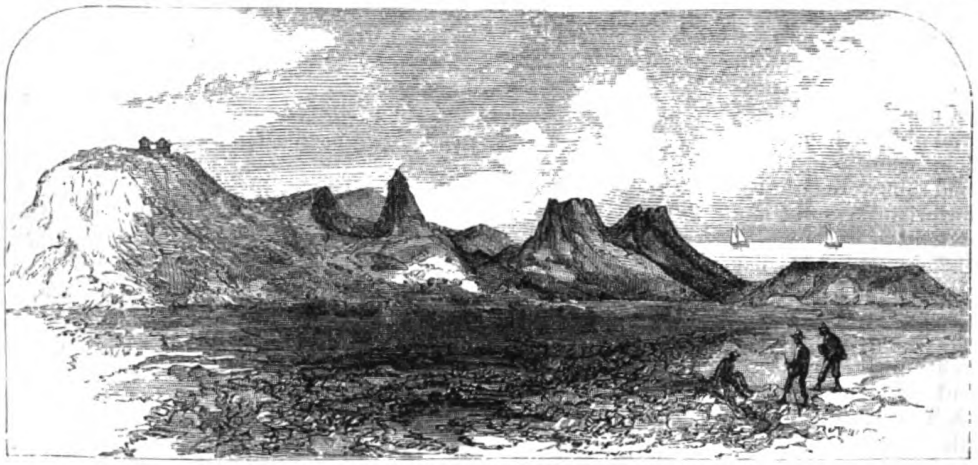
them to occupy, or to do what they pleased. For any important public work he could call out all his people, and oblige them to labor as long as he chose, and thus were built the surprisingly solid and extensive walls which inclose the old fish ponds and many irrigating canals, which show not only long-continued industry, but quite astonishing skill for so rude a people. The chief was supreme ruler over his people; they lived by his tolerance, for they owned absolutely nothing, neither land, nor house, nor food, nor wife, nor child. A high chief was approached only with abject gestures, and no one dared resist his acts or dispute his will. The sense of obedience must have been very strong, for it has survived every change; and only the other day a friend of mine saw a Hawaiian lady, a chiefess, but the wife of an American, and herself tenderly nurtured, and a woman of education and refinement, boxing the ears of a tall native, whom she had caught furiously abusing his wife, and the man bore his punishment as meekly as a child. "Why?" "He knows I am his chief, and he would not dare raise even an angry look toward me; he would not think of it, even," was her reply, when she was asked how she had courage to interfere in what was a very violent quarrel. Yet the present law recognizes no allegiance due to a chief.



WAILUA FALLS, ISLAND OF KAUAI.

On the other hand, the people had a right to look to their chief for food in a time of scarcity. He directed their labors; he protected them against wrong from others; and as it was his pride that his retainers should be more numerous and more prosperous than those of the neighboring chief, if the head possessed brains, no doubt the people were made content. Food was abundant; commerce was unknown; the chief could not eat or waste more than his people could easily produce for him; and until disturbing causes came in with Captain Cook, no doubt feudalism wrought satisfactory results here. One wonders how it was invented among such a people, or who it was that first had genius enough to insist on obedience, to make rules, to prescribe the taboo, and, in short, to evolve order out of chaos. The taboo was a moral, ingenious, and useful device; and when you hear of the uses to which it was put, and of its effectiveness, you feel surprise that it was not found elsewhere as an appurtenance of the feudal machinery. Thus the chief allowed his people to fish in the part of the ocean which he owned—which fronted his "land," that is to say. But he tabooed one or two kinds of fish; these they were forbidden to catch; but as a fisherman can not, even in these islands, exercise a choice as to the fish which shall enter his net or bite at his hook, it followed that the tabooed fish were caught—but then they were at once rendered up to the chief. One variety of taro, which makes poi of a pink color, was tabooed and reserved for the chiefs. Some birds were tabooed on account of their feathers; one especially, a black bird which carries a small yellow feather under each wing. The great feather

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CHAIN OF EXTINCT VOLCANOES NEAR KOLOA, ISLAND OF KAUAI.

cloak of Kamehameha I., which is still kept as a sign of royalty, is made of these feathers, and contains probably several thousand of them, thus gathered, two from each bird.

The first Kamehameha, who seems to have been a savage of considerable merit, subdued the islands to his own rule, but he did not aim to break the power of the chiefs over their people. He established a few general laws, and insisted on peace, order, and obedience to himself. By right of his conquest all lands were supposed to be owned by him; he gave to one chief, and took away from another; he rewarded his favorites, but he did not alter the condition of the people. But as traders came in, as commerce began, as money came into use, the feudal system began to be oppressive. Sandal-wood was long one of the most precious products of these islands—their Chinese name, indeed, is "Sandal-wood Islands." The chiefs, greedy for money, or for what the ships brought, forced their unhappy retainers into the mountains to gather this wood. Exposed to cold, badly fed, and obliged to bear painful burdens, they died in great numbers, so that it was a blessing to the islanders when the wood became scarce. Again, supplies of food were sold by the chiefs to the ships, and this necessitated unusual labor from the people. One famous chief for years used his retainers to tow ships into the narrow harbor of Honolulu, driving them out on the reef, where, up to their middle in water, they shouldered the tow-line.

Thus when, in 1848, the king, at the instance of that excellent man and upright judge, Chief Justice Lee, gave the kuleana rights, he relieved the people of a sore oppression, and at a single blow destroyed feudalism. The kuleana is the individual holding. Under the kuleana law each native householder became entitled to the possession in fee of such land as he had occupied, or chose to occupy and cultivate. He had only to make application to a government officer, have the tract surveyed, and pay a small sum to get the title. It is creditable to the chiefs that, under the influence of the missionaries, they consented to this important change, fully knowing that it meant independence to the common people, and an end of all feudal rights; but it must be added that a large part of their lands remained in their hands, making them, of course, still wealthy proprietors.

Thus the present system of land tenure on the islands is the same as our own; but the holdings of the common people are generally small, and the chiefs still maintain their right to the sea fisheries as against all who live outside the old boundaries of their own "lands."

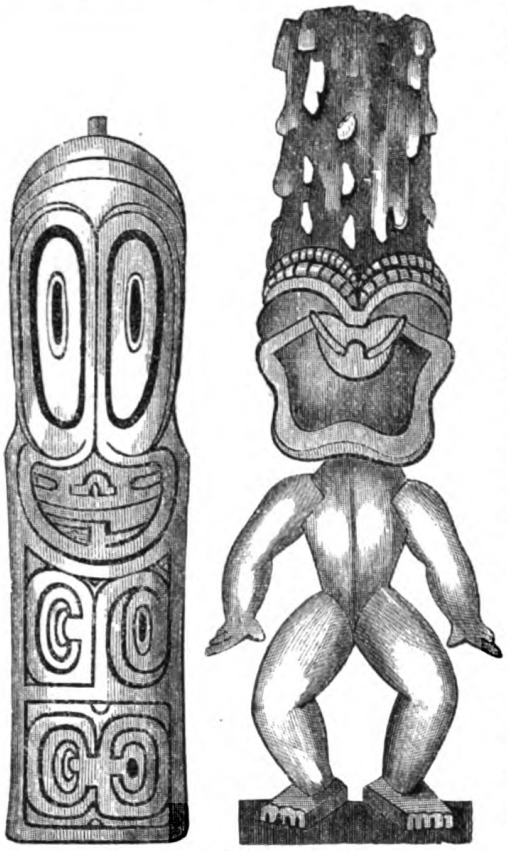
It remains to describe to you the "contract labor" system by which the sugar plantations are carried on. This has been frequently and, as it seems to me, unjustly abused as a system of slavery. The laborers hire themselves out for a stated period, usually, in the case of natives, for a year, and in the case of Chinese for five years. The contract runs in English and in Hawaiian or Chinese, and is sufficiently simple. Thus:

"**This Agreement**, made and entered into this —— day of ——, A.D. 18—, by and between the owners of the —— plantation, in the island of ——, party of the first part, and —— ——, party of the second part, witnesseth:

"I. The said party of the second part promises to perform such labor upon the —— plantation, in the district of ——, island of ——, as the said party of the first part shall direct, and that he will faithfully and punctually perform the same as becomes a good workman, and that he will obey all lawful commands of the said party of the first part, their agents or overseers, during the term of —— months, each month to consist of twenty-six working days.

"II. The party of the first part will well and truly pay, or cause to be paid, unto the said party of the second part, at the end of each month during which this contract shall remain in force, compensation or wages at the rate of —— dollars for each month, if said party of the second part shall well and truly perform his labor as aforesaid."

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ANCIENT GODS OF HAWAII.

The law requires that this contract shall be signed before a notary public. The wages are usually eight dollars per month and food, or eleven dollars per month without food; from which you will see that three dollars per month will buy sufficient poi, beef, and fish to support a native laborer in these islands. The engagement is entirely voluntary; the men understand what they contract to do, and in all the plantations where they are well treated they re-enlist with great regularity. A vicious custom of "advances" has become a part of the system; it arose, I suppose, from the fact that the natives who shipped as whalemen received advance pay; and thus the plantation laborers demanded it too. It is discouraged by the planters, but insisted on by the people, and, bad as it is, it will probably continue. The laborers are commonly housed in detached cottages, and live with their families, the women forming an important, irregular laboring force at seasons when the work is hurried. But they are not "contract" laborers, but paid by the day. It has been found the best plan on most of the plantations to feed the people, and food is so cheap that it is supplied without stint.

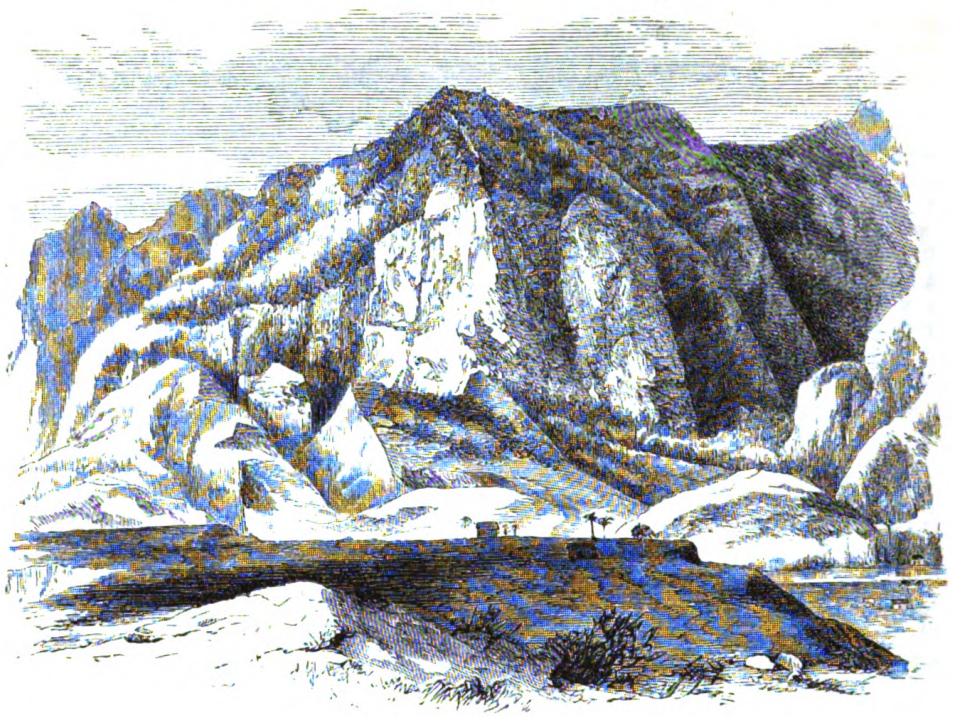
This system has been vigorously, but, I believe, wrongly, attacked. The recent census is an uncommonly barren document; but there is strong reason to believe that while there is a general decrease in the population, on the plantations there is but little if any decrease. In fact, the Hawaiian, living in his valley on his kuleana, or small holding, leads an extremely irregular life. He usually sups at midnight, sleeps a good deal during the day, and has much idle time on his hands. On the plantations he works regularly and not too hard, eats at stated intervals, and sleeps all night. This regularity conduces to health. Moreover, he receives prompt and sufficient medical attendance, he lives a more social and interesting life, and he is as well fed, and mostly better lodged. There are very few instances of abuse or cruelty; indeed, a plantation manager said to me, "If I were to wrong or abuse one of my men, he would persuade a dozen or twenty others not to re-enlist when their terms are out, and would fatally embarrass me;" for it is not easy to get laborers.

There is good reason to believe, therefore, that the plantation laborers are healthier, more prosperous, and just as happy as those who live independently; and it is a fact that on most of the islands the greater part of the younger people are found on the plantations. Churches are established on or very near all the sugar estates, and the children are rigorously kept at school there as elsewhere. The people take their newspaper, discuss their affairs, and have usually a leader or two among the foremen. On one planta-



HAWAIIAN POI DEALER.

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KEAPAWEO MOUNTAIN, KAUAI.

tion one of the foremen in the field was pointed out to me; he was a member of the Legislature.

From the facts stated above, it is reasonable to conclude that the Sandwich Islands do not offer favorable inducements for the emigration of American farmers or mechanics. It is probable that capital will be drawn thither more abundantly in time, to be used in sugar planting, and it is quite certain that this industry, prudently managed, in good locations, can be made sufficiently profitable to reward the risk. But a sugar plantation needs at most four or five white workmen besides the manager. For farming, in the American sense of the word, the islands are entirely unfit. To annex them, therefore, would be a blunder; for it would be to burden ourselves with an outlying territory of no use or value to our own people, and containing a population not homogeneous with our own. It is probable that the future population of the islands will be a mixture of Chinese and Hawaiians, and that these will live happily there, and produce sugar and rice for export. The present government is mild, just, and liked by the people. The natives are very strongly opposed to annexation; they have a strong feeling of nationality, and considerable jealousy of foreign influence, and annexation to our own or any other country would be without their consent.

In a previous article I gave some account of the volcano Kilauea, on the island of Hawaii. The island of Maui, which contains the largest and most prosperous sugar plantations, has another crater, that of Halakala, which, though extinct, is remarkable as being the largest in the world. After seeing a live or burning crater like Kilauea, Halakala, I thought, would be but a dull sight; but it is, on the contrary, extremely well worth a visit. The islands have no sharp or angular volcanic peaks. Mauna Loa and Mauna Kea, on Hawaii, though 14,000 feet high, are mere bulbs—vast hills, not mountains; and the ascent to the summit of Halakala, though you surmount 10,000 feet, is neither dangerous nor difficult. It is tedious, however, for it involves a ride of about twelve miles, mostly over lava, up hill. It is best to ride up during the day, and sleep at or near the summit, where there are one or two so-called caves in the lava, sufficiently roomy to accommodate several persons. You must take with you a guide, provisions, and blankets, for the nights are cold; and you find near the summit water, wood enough for a small fire, and forage for your horses. Each person should have water-proof clothing, for it is very likely to rain, at least on the Makawao side.

The great crater is best seen at sunrise, and if you are so fortunate as to have a tolerably clear sky, you may see, lying far away below you, almost all of the islands. Hawaii lies far enough away to reveal its entire outline, with Mauna Loa and Mauna Kea rising near either end, and the depres-

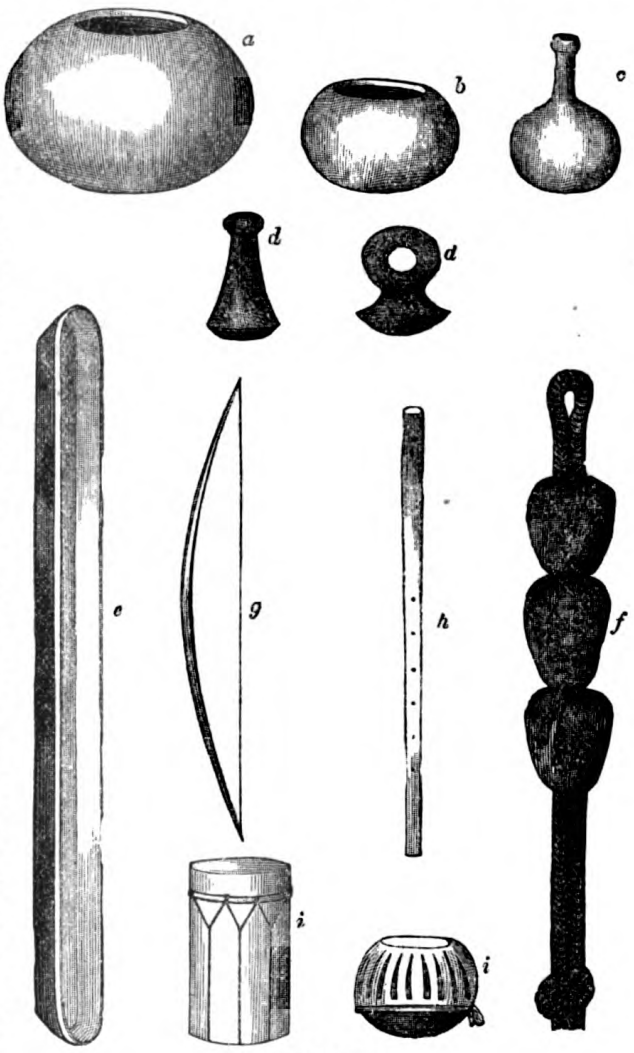
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sion in which lies Kilauea in the middle. The cloud effects at sunrise and sunset are marvelous, and alone repay the ascent. But the crater itself, clear of fog and clouds in the early morning, and lighted up by the rising sun, is a most surprising sight. It is thirty miles in circumference, and the bottom lies 2000 feet below where you stand. The vast irregular floor contains more than a dozen subsidiary craters or great cones, some of them 750 feet high, and nearly as large as Diamond Head. At the Kaupo and Koolau gaps (indicated on the map, page 558) the lava is supposed to have burst through and made its way down the mountain-sides. The cones are distinctly marked, and it is remarkable that from the summit the eye takes in the whole crater, and notes all its contents, diminished, of course, by their great distance. Not a tree, shrub, or even tuft of grass obstructs the view. To describe such a scene is impossible. A study of the map, with the figures showing elevations, will give you a better idea of it than a long verbal description. It is an extraordinarily desolate scene. A few wild goats scramble over the rocks, or rush down the nearly perpendicular cliff; occasionally a solitary bird raises its harsh note; the wind howls fiercely; and as you lie under the lee of a mass of lava, taking in the scene, and picking out the details as the rising sun brings them out one by one, presently the mist begins to pour into the crater, and often by ten o'clock fills it up completely.

The natives have no tradition of Halakala in activity. There are signs of several lava flows, and of one in particular, clearly much more recent than the others. It must have presented a magnificent and terrible sight when it was in full activity. I did not ride into the crater, but it is possible to do so, and the natives have a trail, not much used, by which they pass. If you descend, be careful not to leave or lose this trail, for in many parts your horse will not be able to get back to it if you suffer him to stray off even a few yards, the lava is so sharp and jagged.

As you descend the mountain on the Makawao side you will notice two finely shaped craters on the side of the mountain, which also in their time spewed out lava. Nearer the coast your eye, become familiar with the peculiar shape of these cones or craters, will notice yet others; and, indeed, to appreciate the peculiarities of Sandwich Island scenery, in which extinct craters and cones of all sizes have so great a part, it is necessary to have visited Kilauea and Halakala. The latter name, by-the-way, means "House of the Sun;" and as you watch the rising sun entering and apparently taking possession of the vast gloomy depths, you will think the name admirably chosen.

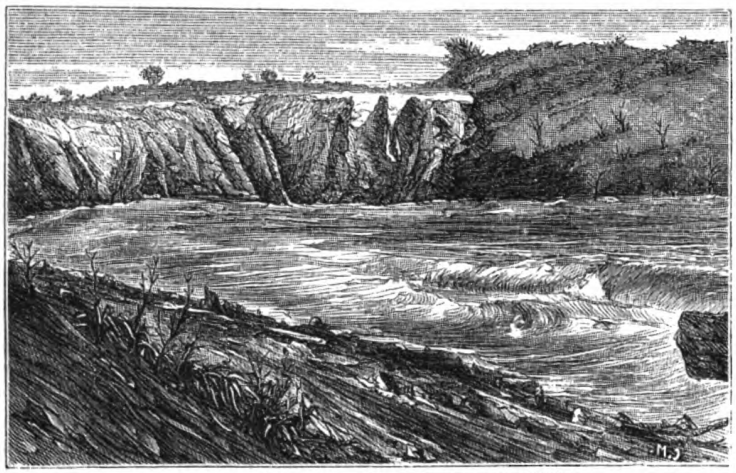
If you carry a gun, you are likely to have a shot at wild turkeys on your way up or down. It is remarkable that many of our domestic animals easily become wild on the islands. There are wild goats, wild cats, wild chickens and turkeys; the cattle run wild; and on Hawaii one man at least has



IMPLEMENTS.

a, Calabash for *poi*.—*b*, Calabash for fish.—*c*, Water bottle.—*d d*, *Poi* mallets.—*e*, *Poi* trough.—*f*, Native bracelet.—*g*, Fiddle.—*h*, Flute. *i i*, Drums.

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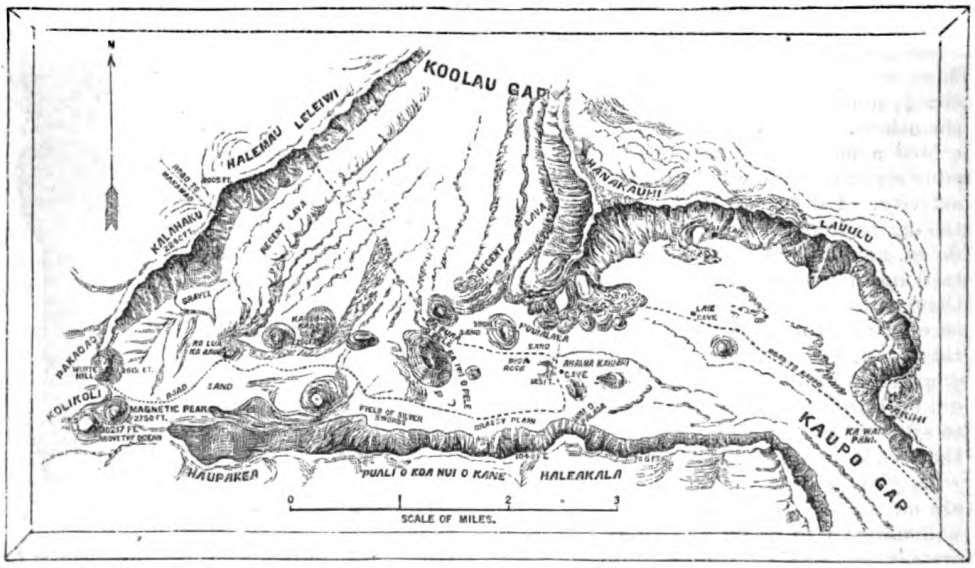


CASCADE AND RIVER OF LAVA—FLOW OF 1869.

been killed and torn to pieces by wild dogs, which run in packs in some parts of the island.

No one can visit the islands without being impressed by the kindly and boundless hospitality of the sugar planters, who, with their superintendents and managers, form, away from the few towns, almost the only white inhabitants. Hospitality so free-handed is, I suspect, found in few other parts of the world. Though Honolulu has now a commodious hotel, the residents keep up their old habits of graceful and kindly welcome to strangers, and you will find a most intelligent, sensible, and social community, of whom you will not fail to carry away the pleasantest memories. The capital has an excellent band, which plays in public places several times a week; and it does not lack social entertainments, parties, and dinners, to break the monotony of life. Not only the residents of foreign birth, but a few Hawaiians also, people of education, culture, and means, entertain gracefully and frequently; and as business is not driven as with us, foreigners as well as Hawaiians give themselves up to what seems to me a more sensible life than our high-pressure existence, and enjoy themselves in riding and driving parties, excursions, and other healthful out-door amusements.

As for the common people, they are by nature or long custom, or both, as kindly and hospitable as men can be. If you ask for lodgings at night-fall at a native hut, you are received as though you were conferring a favor; frequently the whole house, which has but one room, is set apart for you, the people going elsewhere to sleep; a chicken is slain in your honor, and for your exclusive supper; and you are served by the master of the house himself. The native grass house, where it has been well built, is a very comfortable structure. It has but a single room, calico curtains serving as partitions by night; at one end a standing bed-place, running across the house, provides sleeping accommodations for the whole family, however numerous. This bed consists of mats; and the covers are either of tappa cloth—which is as though you should sleep



MAP OF THE HALAKALA CRATER.

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KEALAKEAKUA BAY, WHERE CAPTAIN COOK WAS KILLED.

under newspapers—or of blankets. The more prosperous people have often, besides this, an enormous bedstead curtained off and reserved for strangers, and you may see the women take out of their chests, when you ask hospitality, blankets, sheets, and a great number of little pillows for the bed, as well as often a brilliant silk coverlet; for this bed appears to be like a Cape Cod parlor—for ornament rather than use. The use of the dozen little pillows puzzled me, until I found that they were intended to tuck or wedge me in, so that I should not needlessly and uncomfortably roll about the vast bed. They were laid at the sides, and I was instructed to "chock" myself with them. On leaving, do not inquire what is the cost of your accommodations. The Hawaiian has vague ideas about price. He might tell you five or ten dollars. If you pay him seventy-five cents for yourself and your guide, he will be abundantly and thoroughly satisfied.

ONLY A SINGER.

A LITTLE wandering minstrel I,
Among the great crowd passing by.
Some smile to me from out the throng;
Sometimes I please them with a song.
They offer alms; they scatter praise;
They bid me on their festal days;
But 'mid their splendors I am lone,
And I will go where I am known.
Dame Nature hath a house of rooms
Grander by far with lights and glooms,
And long ago she said to me,
"Of all my wealth I make thee free."
I find the latch-string always out;
Her shy, sweet children play about;
Their simple lives can ne'er intrude;
Their pleasures please my every mood.
When I am wearied, head and feet,
Till rest doth seem the one thing sweet,
I quit the glorious banquet-hall,
Blue canopy and golden wall,
And in her green room, where thick trees
Make pillars hung with draperies,
I lie on cushions soft with moss,
Watching the sunbeams flit across,
Feel how the sap to meet them shoots,
Hear what the leaves say to the roots,
Partaking many a mystery
These outward eyes are shut to see,
Till sense of joy and upper things
Awakes me to a world of wings,
And forth I wander in the sun
With all things that for gladness run.
Anew with life I fall in love:
The idlest butterfly can move
Me, wingless, with his pretty scorn;
But most of all that wanderer born,
Wild Water, lures my gypsy heart,
In love with the musician's art.
He pipes, I follow—every where,
Through greenest pastures, freshest air.
One stream I know, for sight and song
The loveliest. I missed it long;
Went miles and years to meet that brook.
We knew each other with a look;
And down I ran, and laid both hands
In cool ones flashing over sands.
We both laughed out, so glad it seemed,
"Ah, I have waited!" "I have dreamed!"

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A SIMPLETON.

A STORY OF THE DAY.

By CHARLES READE.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MRS. FALCON'S bitter feeling against Dr. Staines did not subside; it merely went out of sight a little. They were thrown together by potent circumstances, and, in a manner, connected by mutual obligations; so an open rupture seemed too unnatural. Still Phœbe was a woman, and, blinded by her love for her husband, could not forgive the innocent cause of their present unhappy separation, though the fault lay entirely with Falcon.

Staines took her on board the steamer, and paid her every attention. She was also civil to him; but it was a cold and constrained civility.

About a hundred miles from land the steamer stopped, and the passengers soon learned there was something wrong with her machinery. In fact, after due consultation, the captain decided to put back.

This irritated and distressed Mrs. Falcon so, that the captain, desirous to oblige her, hailed a fast schooner, that tacked across her bows, and gave Mrs. Falcon the option of going back with him, or going on in the schooner, with whose skipper he was acquainted.

Staines advised her on no account to trust to sails, when she could have steam with only a delay of four or five days; but she said, "Any thing sooner than go back. I can't, I can't, on such an errand."

Accordingly she was put on board the schooner, and Staines, after some hesitation, felt bound to accompany her.

It proved a sad error. Contrary winds assailed them the very next day, and with such severity that they had repeatedly to lie to.

On one of these occasions, with a ship reeling under them like a restive horse, and the waves running mountains high, poor Phœbe's terrors overmastered both her hostility and her reserve. "Doctor," said she, "I believe 'tis God's will we shall never see England. I must try and die more like a Christian than I have lived, forgiving all who have wronged me, and you, that have been my good friend and my worst enemy, but you did not mean it. Sir, what has turned me against you so—your wife was my husband's sweetheart before he married me."

"My wife your husband's— You are dreaming."

"Nay, Sir, once she came to my shop, and I saw directly I was nothing to him, and he owned it all to me; he had courted her, and she jilted him; so he said. Why should he tell me a lie about that? I'd lay my life 'tis true. And now you have sent him to her your own self; and at sight of her I shall be nothing again. Well, when this ship goes down they can marry, and I hope he will be happy, happier than I can make him, that tried my best, God knows."

This conversation surprised Staines not a little. However, he said, with great warmth, it was false. His wife had danced and flirted with some young gentleman at one time, when there was a brief misunderstanding between him and her, but sweetheart she had never had except him. He had courted her fresh from school. "Now, my good soul," said he, "make your mind easy; the ship is a good one, and well handled, and in no danger whatever: and my wife is in no danger from your husband. Since you and your brother tell me that he is a villain, I am bound to believe you. But my wife is an angel. In our miserable hour of parting she vowed not to marry again, should I be taken from her. Marry again! what am I talking of? Why, if he visits her at all, it will be to let her know I am alive, and give her my letter. Do you mean to tell me she will listen to vows of love from him, when her whole heart is in rapture for me? Such nonsense!"

This burst of his did not affront her, and did comfort her.

At last the wind abated; and, after a wearisome calm, a light breeze came, and the schooner crept homeward.

Phœbe restrained herself for several days; but at last she came back to the subject; this time it was in an apologetic tone at starting. "I know you think me a foolish woman," she said; "but my poor Reginald could never resist a pretty face; and she is so lovely: and you should have seen how he turned when she came into my place. Oh, Sir, there has been more between them than you know of; and, when I think that he will have been in England so many months before we get there, oh, doctor, sometimes I feel as I should go mad: my head it is like a furnace, and see, my brow is all wrinkled again."

Then Staines tried to comfort her; assured her she was tormenting herself idly: her husband would perhaps have spent some of the diamond money on his amusement; but what if he had—he should deduct it out of the big diamond, which was also their joint property, and the loss would hardly be felt. "As to my wife, madam, I have but one anx-

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iety; lest he should go blurting it out that I am alive, and almost kill her with joy."

"He will not do that, Sir. He is no fool."

"I am glad of it; for there is nothing else to fear."

"Man, I tell you there is every thing to fear. You don't know him as I do; nor his power over women."

"Mrs. Falcon, are you bent on affronting me?"

"No, Sir; heaven forbid."

"Then please to close this subject forever. In three weeks we shall be in England."

"Ay; but he has been there six months."

He bowed stiffly to her, went to his cabin, and avoided the poor foolish woman as much as he could without seeming too unkind.

CHAPTER XXV.

MRS. STAINES made one or two movements —to stop Lord Tadcaster—with her hand, that expressive feature with which, at such times, a sensitive woman can do all but speak.

When, at last, he paused for her reply, she said, "Me, marry again! Oh, for shame!"

"Mrs. Staines—Rosa—you will marry again, some day."

"Never. Me take another husband, after such a man as I have lost! I should be a monster. Oh, Lord Tadcaster, you have been so kind to me; so sympathizing. You made me believe you loved my Christopher too; and now you have spoiled all. It is too cruel."

"Oh, Mrs. Staines, do you think me capable of feigning—don't you see my love for you has taken me by surprise? But how could I visit you—look on you—hear you—mingle my regrets with yours: yours were the deepest, of course; but mine were honest."

"I believe it." And she gave him her hand. He held it and kissed it and cried over it as the young will, and implored her on his knees not to condemn herself to lifelong widowhood and him to despair.

Then she cried too; but she was firm; and, by degrees, she made him see that her heart was inaccessible.

Then, at last, he submitted, with tearful eyes, but a valiant heart.

She offered friendship, timidly.

But he was too much of a man to fall into that trap. "No," he said; "I could not, I could not. Love, or nothing."

"You are right," said she, pityingly. "Forgive me. In my selfishness and my usual folly, I did not see this coming on, or I would have spared you this mortification."

"Never mind that," gulped the little earl. "I shall always be proud I knew you, and proud I loved you, and offered you my hand."

Then the magnanimous little fellow blessed her, and left her, and discontinued his visits.

Mr. Lusignan found her crying, and got the truth out of her. He was in despair. He remonstrated kindly, but firmly. Truth compels me to say that she politely ignored him. He observed that phenomenon, and said, "Very well, then, I shall telegraph for Uncle Philip."

"Do," said the rebel. "He is always welcome."

Philip, telegraphed, came down that evening; likewise his little black bag. He found them in the drawing-room: papa with the *Pall Mall Gazette;* Rosa seated, sewing, at a lamp. She made little Christie's clothes herself; fancy that!

Having ascertained that the little boy was well, Philip, adroitly hiding that he had come down torn with anxiety on that head, inquired, with a show of contemptuous indifference, whose cat was dead.

"Nobody's," said Lusignan, crossly. Then he turned and pointed the *Gazette* at his offspring. "Do you see that young lady, stitching there so demurely?"

Philip carefully wiped and then put on his spectacles.

"I see her," said he. "She does look a little too innocent. None of them are really so innocent as all that. Has she been swearing at the nurse and boxing her ears?"

"Worse than that. She has been and refused the Earl of Tadcaster."

"Refused him—what—has that little monkey had the audacity?"

"The condescension, you mean. Yes."

"And she has refused him?"

"And twenty thousand a year."

"What immorality!"

"Worse. What absurdity!"

"How is it to be accounted for? Is it the old story? 'I could never love him.' No; that's inadequate; for they all love a title and twenty thousand a year."

Rosa sewed on all this time in demure and absolute silence.

"She ignores us," said Philip. "It is intolerable. She does not appreciate our politeness in talking *at* her. Let us arraign her before our sacred tribunal, and have her into court. Now, mistress, the Senate of Venice is assembled, and you must be pleased to tell us why you refused a title and twenty thousand a year, with a small but symmetrical earl tacked on."

Rosa laid down her work, and said, quietly: "Uncle, almost the last words that passed between me and my Christopher, we promised each other solemnly never to marry again if death should us part. You know how deep my sorrow has been that I can find so few wishes of my lost Christopher to obey. Well, to-day I have had an opportunity at last. I have obeyed my own lost one: it has cost me a tear or two; but,

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for all that, it has given me one little gleam of happiness. Ah, foolish woman, that obeys too late!"

And, with this, the tears began to run.

All this seemed a little too high-flown to Mr. Lusignan. "There," said he, "see on what a straw her mind turns. So, but for that, you would have done the right thing, and married the earl?"

"I dare say I should—at the time—to stop his crying."

And, with this listless remark, she quietly took up her sewing again.

The sagacious Philip looked at her gravely. He thought to himself how piteous it was to see so young and lovely a creature, that had given up all hope of happiness for herself. These being his real thoughts, he expressed himself as follows: "We had better drop this subject, Sir. This young lady will take us potent, grave, and reverend signors out of our depth if we don't mind."

But the moment he got her alone he kissed her paternally, and said, "Rosa, it is not lost on me, your fidelity to the dead. As years roll on, and your deep wound first closes, then skins, then heals—"

"Ah, let me die first—"

"Time and nature will absolve you from that vow: but bless you for thinking this can never be. Rosa, your folly of this day has made you my heir: so never let money tempt you, for you have enough, and will have more than enough, when I go."

He was as good as his word; altered his will next day, and made Rosa his residuary legatee.

When he had done this, foreseeing no fresh occasion for his services, he prepared for a long visit to Italy. He was packing up his things to go there, when he received a line from Lady Cicely Treherne, asking him to call on her professionally. As the lady's servant brought it, he sent back a line to say he no longer practiced medicine, but would call on her as a friend in an hour's time.

He found her reclining, the picture of lassitude. "How good of you to come!" she drawled.

"What's the matter?" said he, brusquely.

"I wish to cawnsult you about myself. I think if any body can brighten me up, it is you. I feel such a languaw—such a want of spirit; and I get palaa, and that is not desiwable."

He examined her tongue and the white of her eye, and told her, in his blunt way, she ate and drank too much.

"Excuse me, Sir," said she, stiffly.

"I mean too often. Now, let's see. Cup of tea in bed of a morning?"

"Yaas."

"Dinner at two?"

"We call it luncheon."

"Are you a ventriloquist?"

"No."

"Then it is only your lips call it luncheon. Your poor stomach, could it speak, would call it dinner. Afternoon tea?"

"Yaas."

"At 7.30 another dinner. Tea after that. Your afflicted stomach gets no rest. You eat pastry?"

"I confess it."

"And sugar in a dozen forms?"

She nodded.

"Well, sugar is poison to your temperament. Now I'll set you up, if you can obey. Give up your morning dram."

"What dwam?"

"Tea in bed, before eating. Can't you see that is a dram? Animal food twice a day. No wine but a little claret and water; no pastry, no sweets, and play battledoor with one of your male subjects."

"Battledaw! won't a lady do for that?"

"No: you will get talking, and not play *ad sudorem*."

"Ad sudawem! what is that?"

"In earnest."

"And will sudawem and the west put me in better spiwits, and give me a tinge?"

"It will incarnadine the lily, and make you the happiest young lady in England, as you are the best."

"I should like to be much happier than I am good, if we could manage it among us."

"We will manage it *among* us; for, if the diet allowed should not make you boisterously gay, I have a remedy behind, suited to your temperament. I am old-fashioned, and believe in the temperaments."

"And what is that wemedy?"

"Try diet and hard exercise, first."

"Oh yes: but let me know that wemedy."

"I warn you it is what we call in medicine a heroic one."

"Never mind. I am despewate."

"Well, then, the heroic remedy—to be used only as a desperate resort, mind—you must marry an Irishman."

This took the lady's breath away.

"Mawwy an ice man?"

"A nice man; no. That means a fool. Marry scientifically—a precaution eternally neglected. Marry a Hibernian gentleman, a being as mercurial as you are lymphatic."

"Mercurial!—lymphatic!—"

"Oh, hard words break no bones, ma'am."

"No, Sir. And it is very curious. No, I won't tell you. Yes, I will. Hem!—I think I have noticed one."

"One what?"

"One Iwishman—dangling after me."

"Then your ladyship has only to tighten the cord—and *he's* done for."

Having administered this prescription, our laughing philosopher went off to Italy, and there fell in with some countrymen to his mind, so he accompanied them to Egypt and Palestine.

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His absence, and Lord Tadcaster's, made Rosa Staines's life extremely monotonous. Day followed day, and week followed week, each so unvarying that, on a retrospect, three months seemed like one day.

And I think, at last, youth and nature began to rebel, and secretly to crave some little change or incident to ruffle the stagnant pool. Yet she would not go into society, and would only receive two or three dull people at the villa: so she made the very monotony which was beginning to tire her, and nursed a sacred grief she had no need to nurse, it was so truly genuine.

She was in this forlorn condition when, one morning, a carriage drove to the door, and a card was brought up to her—"Mr. Reginald Falcon."

Falcon's history, between this and our last advices, is soon disposed of.

When, after a little struggle with his better angel, he rode past his wife's gate, he intended, at first, only to go to Cape Town, sell the diamonds, have a lark, and bring home the balance; but, as he rode south, his views expanded. He could have ten times the fun in London, and cheaper; since he could sell the diamonds for more money, and also conceal the true price. This was the Bohemian's whole mind in the business. He had no designs whatever on Mrs. Staines, nor did he intend to steal the diamonds, but to embezzle a portion of the purchase-money, and enjoy the pleasures and vices of the capital for a few months; then back to his milch cow, Phœbe, and lead a quiet life till the next uncontrollable fit should come upon him along with the means of satisfying it.

On the way he read Staines's letter to Mrs. Falcon very carefully. He never broke the seal of the letter to Mrs. Staines. That was to be given her when he had broken the good news to her; and this he determined to do with such skill as should make Dr. Staines very unwilling to look suspiciously or ill-naturedly into money accounts.

He reached London; and, being a thorough egotist, attended first to his own interests; he never went near Mrs. Staines until he had visited every diamond merchant and dealer in the metropolis: he showed the small stones to them all; but he showed no more than one large stone to each.

At last he got an offer of £1200 for the small stones, and the same for the large yellow stone, and £900 for the second largest stone. He took this £900, and instantly wrote to Phœbe, telling her he had a sudden inspiration to bring the diamonds to England, which he could not regret, since he had never done a wiser thing. He had sold a single stone for £800, and had sent the doctor's £400 to her account in Cape Town, and, as each sale was effected, the half would be so remitted. She would see by that he was wiser than in former days. He should only stay so long as might be necessary to sell them all equally well. His own share he would apply to paying off mortgages on the family estate, of which he hoped some day to see her the mistress, or he would send it direct to her, whichever she might prefer.

Now the main object of this artful letter was to keep Phœbe quiet, and not have her coming after him, of which he felt she was very capable.

The money got safe to Cape Town, but the letter to Phœbe miscarried. How this happened was never positively known; but the servant of the lodging-house was afterward detected cutting stamps off a letter; so perhaps she had played that game on this occasion.

By this means matters took a curious turn. Falcon, intending to lull his wife into a false security, lulled himself into that state instead.

When he had taken care of himself, and got £500 to play the fool with, then he condescended to remember his errand of mercy; and he came down to Gravesend to see Mrs. Staines.

On the road, he gave his mind seriously to the delicate and dangerous task. It did not, however, disquiet him as it would you, Sir, or you, madam. He had a great advantage over you. He was a liar—a smooth, ready, accomplished liar—and he knew it.

This was the outline he had traced in his mind: he should appear very subdued and sad; should wear an air of condolence; but, after a while, should say, "And yet men have been lost like that, and escaped. A man was picked up on a raft in those very latitudes, and brought into Cape Town. A friend of mine saw him, months after, at the hospital. His memory was shaken—could not tell his name; but in other respects he was all right again."

If Mrs. Staines took fire at this, he would say his friend knew all the particulars, and he would ask him, and so leave that to rankle till next visit. And, having planted his germ of hope, he would grow it, and water it, by visits and correspondence, till he could throw off the mask, and say he was convinced Staines was alive; and from that, by other degrees, till he could say, on his wife's authority, that the man picked up at sea, and cured at her house, was the very physician who had saved her brother's life; and so on to the overwhelming proof he carried in the ruby ring and the letter.

I am afraid the cunning and dexterity, the subtlety and tact, required, interested him more in the commission than did the benevolence.

He called, sent up his card, and composed his countenance for his part, like an actor at the Wing.

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"Not at home."

He stared with amazement.

The history of a "Not at home" is not, in general, worth recording; but this is an exception.

On receiving Falcon's card, Mrs. Staines gave a little start, and colored faintly. She instantly resolved not to see him. What! the man she had flirted with, almost jilted, and refused to marry—he dared to be alive when her Christopher was dead, and had come there to show her *he* was alive!

She said "Not at home" with a tone of unusual sharpness and decision, which left the servant in no doubt he must be equally decided at the hall door.

Falcon received the sudden freezer with amazement. "Nonsense," said he. "Not at home at this time of the morning—to an old friend!"

"Not at home!" said the man, doggedly.

"Oh, very well," said Falcon, with a bitter sneer, and returned to London.

He felt sure she was at home; and, being a tremendous egotist, he said, "Oh! all right. If she would rather not know her husband is alive, it is all one to me;" and he actually took no more notice of her for full a week, and never thought of her, except to chuckle over the penalty she was paying for daring to affront his vanity.

However, Sunday came; he saw a dull day before him, and so he relented, and thought he would give her another trial.

He went down to Gravesend by boat, and strolled toward the villa.

When he was about a hundred yards from the villa, a lady, all in black, came out with a nurse and child.

Falcon knew her figure all that way off, and it gave him a curious thrill that surprised him. He followed her, and was not very far behind her when she reached the church. She turned at the porch, kissed the child earnestly, and gave the nurse some directions; then entered the church.

"Come," said Falcon, "I'll have a look at her, any way."

He went into the church, and walked up a side aisle to a pillar, from which he thought he might be able to see the whole congregation; and, sure enough, there she sat, a few yards from him. She was lovelier than ever. Mind had grown on her face with trouble. An angelic expression illuminated her beauty; he gazed on her, fascinated. He drank and drank her beauty two mortal hours, and, when the church broke up, and she went home, he was half afraid to follow her, for he felt how hard it would be to say any thing to her but that the old love had returned on him with double force.

However, having watched her home, he walked slowly to and fro, composing himself for the interview.

He now determined to make the process of informing her a very long one: he would spin it out, and so secure many a sweet interview with her; and, who knows, he might fascinate her as she had him, and ripen gratitude into love, as he understood that word.

He called; he sent in his card. The man went in, and came back with a sonorous "Not at home."

"Not at home? Nonsense! Why, she is just come in from church."

"Not at home," said the man, evidently strong in his instructions.

Falcon turned white with rage at this second affront. "All the worse for her," said he, and turned on his heel.

He went home, raging with disappointment and wounded vanity, and—since such love as his is seldom very far from hate—he swore she should never know from him that her husband was alive. He even moralized. "This comes of being so unselfish," said he. "I'll give that game up forever."

By-and-by a mere negative revenge was not enough for him, and he set his wits to work to make her smart.

He wrote to her from his lodgings:

"DEAR MADAM,—What a pity you are never at home to me. I had something to say about your husband, that I thought might interest you.

"Yours truly,

"R. FALCON."

Imagine the effect of this abominable note. It was like a rock flung into a placid pool. It set Rosa trembling all over. What could he mean?

She ran with it to her father, and asked him what Mr. Falcon could mean.

"I have no idea," said he. "You had better ask him, not me."

"I am afraid it is only to get to see me. You know he admired me once. Ah, how suspicious I am getting."

Rosa wrote to Falcon:

"DEAR SIR,—Since my bereavement I see scarcely any body. My servant did not know you; so I hope you will excuse me. If it is too much trouble to call again, would you kindly explain your note to me by letter.

"Yours respectfully,

"ROSA STAINES."

Falcon chuckled bitterly over this. "No, my lady," said he, "I'll serve you out. You shall run after me like a little dog. I have got the bone that will draw you."

He wrote back coldly to say that the matter he had wished to communicate was too delicate and important to put on paper; that he would try and get down to Gravesend again some day or other, but was much occupied, and had already put himself to inconvenience. He added, in a postscript, that he was always at home from four to five.

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Next day he got hold of the servant, and gave her minute instructions, and a guinea.

Then the wretch got some tools and bored a hole in the partition wall of his sitting-room. The paper had large flowers. He was artist enough to conceal the trick with water-colors. In his bedroom the hole came behind the curtains.

That very afternoon, as he had foreseen, Mrs. Staines called on him. The maid, duly instructed, said Mr. Falcon was out, but would soon return, and she could wait his return. The maid being so very civil, Mrs. Staines said she would wait a little while, and was immediately ushered into Falcon's sitting-room. There she sat down; but was evidently ill at ease, restless, flushed. She could not sit quiet, and at last began to walk up and down the room, almost wildly. Her beautiful eyes glittered, and the whole woman seemed on fire. The caitiff, who was watching her, saw and gloated on all this, and enjoyed to the full her beauty and agitation, and his revenge for her "Not at homes."

But, after a long time, there was a reaction: she sat down and uttered some plaintive sounds, inarticulate, or nearly; and at last she began to cry.

Then it cost Falcon an effort not to come in and comfort her; but he controlled himself and kept quiet.

She rang the bell. She asked for writing-paper, and she wrote her unseen tormentor a humble note, begging him, for old acquaintance, to call on her and tell her what his mysterious words meant that had filled her with agitation.

This done, she went away, with a deep sigh, and Falcon emerged, and pounced upon her letter.

He kissed it; he read it a dozen times: he sat down where she had sat, and his base passion overpowered him. Her beauty, her agitation, her fear, her tears, all combined to madden him and do the devil's work in his false, selfish heart, so open to violent passions, so dead to conscience.

For once in his life he was violently agitated, and torn by conflicting feelings: he walked about the room more wildly than his victim had; and if it be true that, in certain great temptations, good and bad angels fight for a man, here you might have seen as fierce a battle of that kind as ever was.

At last he rushed out into the air, and did not return till ten o'clock at night. He came back pale and haggard, and with a look of crime in his face.

True Bohemian as he was, he sent for a pint of brandy.

So then the die was cast, and something was to be done that called for brandy.

He bolted himself in, and drank a wine-glass of it neat; then another; then another.

Now his pale cheek is flushed, and his eye glitters. Drink forever! great Ruin of English souls, as well as bodies.

He put the poker in the fire and heated it red-hot.

He brought Staines's letter, and softened the sealing-wax with the hot poker; then, with his penknife, made a neat incision in the wax, and opened the letter. He took out the ring, and put it carefully away. Then he lighted a cigar, and read the letter, and studied it. Many a man, capable of murder in heat of passion, could not have resisted the pathos of this letter. Many a Newgate thief, after reading it, would have felt such pity for the loving husband who had suffered to the verge of death, and then to the brink of madness, and for the poor bereaved wife, that he would have taken the letter down to Gravesend that very night, though he picked two fresh pockets to defray the expenses of the road.

But this was an egotist. Good nature had curbed his egotism a little while; but now vanity and passion had swept away all unselfish feelings, and the pure egotist alone remained.

Now the pure egotist has been defined as a man who will burn down his *neighbor's* house to cook *himself* an egg. Murder is but Egotism carried out to its natural climax. What is murder to a pure egotist, especially a brandied one?

I knew an egotist, who met a female acquaintance in Newhaven village. She had a one-pound note, and offered to treat him. She changed this note to treat him. Fish she gave him, and much whisky. Cost her four shillings. He ate and drank with her, at her expense; and, his aorta, or principal blood-vessel, being warmed with her whisky, he murdered her for the change—the odd sixteen shillings.

I had the pleasure of seeing that egotist hung, with these eyes. It was a slice of luck that, I grieve to say, has not occurred again to me.

So much for a whiskied egotist.

His less truculent, but equally remorseless, brother in villainy, the brandied egotist, Falcon, could read that poor husband's letter without blenching: the love and the anticipations of rapture—these made him writhe a little with jealousy, but they roused not a grain of pity. He was a true egotist, blind, remorseless.

In this, his true character, he studied the letter profoundly, and mastered all the facts, and digested them well.

All manner of diabolical artifices presented themselves to his brain, barren of true intellect, yet fertile in fraud; in that, and all low cunning and subtlety, far more than a match for Solomon or Bacon.

His sinister studies were pursued far into the night. Then he went to bed, and his unbounded egotism gave him the sleep a

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grander criminal would have courted in vain on the verge of a monstrous and deliberate crime.

Next day he went to a fashionable tailor, and ordered a complete suit of black. This was made in forty-eight hours. The interval was spent mainly in concocting lies to be incorporated with the number of minute facts he had gathered from Staines's letter, and in making close imitations of his handwriting.

Thus armed, and crammed with more lies than the *Menteur* of Corneille, but not such innocent ones, he went down to Gravesend, all in deep mourning, with crape round his hat.

He presented himself at the villa.

The servant was all obsequiousness. Yes, Mrs. Staines received few visitors; but she was at home to *him*. He even began to falter excuses. "Nonsense," said Falcon, and slipped a sovereign into his hand; "you are a good servant, and obey orders."

The servant's respect doubled, and he ushered the visitor into the drawing-room as one whose name was a passport. "Mr. Reginald Falcon, madam."

Mrs. Staines was alone. She rose to meet him. Her color came and went: her full eye fell on him, and took in all at a glance —that he was all in black, and that he had a beard, and looked pale and ill at ease.

Little dreaming that this was the anxiety of a felon about to take the actual plunge into a novel crime, she was rather prepossessed by it. The beard gave him dignity, and hid his mean, cruel mouth. His black suit seemed to say he too had lost some one dear to him; and that was a ground of sympathy.

She received him kindly, and thanked him for taking the trouble to come again. She begged him to be seated; and then, womanlike, she waited for him to explain.

But he was in no hurry, and waited for her. He knew she would speak if he was silent.

She could not keep him waiting long. "Mr. Falcon," said she, hesitating a little, "you have something to say to me about him I have lost."

"Yes," said he, softly. "I have something I could say; and I think I ought to say it: but I am afraid: because I don't know what will be the result. I fear to make you more unhappy."

"Me! more unhappy? Me, whose dear husband lies at the bottom of the ocean. Other poor wounded creatures have the wretched comfort of knowing where he lies —of carrying flowers to his tomb. But I— oh, Mr. Falcon, I am bereaved of all: even his poor remains lost—lost!" She could say no more.

Then that craven heart began to quake at what he was doing; quaked, yet persevered; but his own voice quivered, and his cheek grew ashy pale. No wonder. If ever God condescended to pour lightning on a skunk, surely now was the time.

Shaking and sweating with terror at his own act, he stammered out, "Would it be the least comfort to you to know that you are not denied that poor consolation? Suppose he died not so miserably as you think? Suppose he was picked up at sea, in a dying state?"

"Ah!"

"Suppose he lingered, nursed by kind and sympathizing hands, that almost saved him? Suppose he was laid in hallowed ground, and a great many tears shed over his grave?"

"Ah, that would indeed be a comfort. And it was to say this you came. I thank you. I bless you. But, my good, kind friend, you are deceived. You don't know my husband. You never saw him. He perished at sea."

"Will it be kind, or unkind, to tell you why I think he died as I tell you, and not at sea?"

"Kind, but impossible. You deceive yourself. Ah, I see. You found some poor sufferer, and were good to him; but it was not my poor Christie. Oh, if it were, I should worship you. But I thank you, as it is. It was very kind to want to give me this little, little crumb of comfort; for I know I did not behave well to you, Sir: but you are generous, and have forgiven a poor heart-broken creature, that never was very wise."

He gave her time to cry, and then said to her, "I only wanted to be sure it *would* be any comfort to you. Mrs. Staines, it is true I did not even know his name; nor yours. When I met, in this very room, the great disappointment that has saddened my own life, I left England directly. I collected funds, went to Natal, and turned land-owner and farmer. I have made a large fortune, but I need not tell you I am not happy. Well, I had a yacht, and, sailing from Cape Town to Algoa Bay, I picked up a raft, with a dying man on it. He was perishing of exhaustion and exposure. I got a little brandy between his lips, and kept him alive. I landed with him at once: and we nursed him on shore. We had to be very cautious. He improved. We got him to take egg-flip. He smiled on us at first, and then he thanked us. I nursed him day and night for ten days. He got much stronger. He spoke to me, thanked me again and again, and told me his name was Christopher Staines. He told me he should never get well. I implored him to have courage. He said he did not want for courage; but nature had been tried too hard. We got so fond of each other. Oh!"—and the caitiff pretended to break down; and his feigned grief mingled with Rosa's despairing sobs.

He made an apparent effort, and said:

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"He spoke to me of his wife, his darling Rosa. The name made me start, but I could not know it was you. At last he was strong enough to write a few lines, and he made me promise to take them to his wife."

"Ah!" said Rosa. "Show them me."

"I will."

"This moment!" And her hands began to work convulsively.

"I can not," said Falcon. "I have not brought them with me."

Rosa cast a keen eye of suspicion and terror on him. His not bringing the letter seemed monstrous; and so, indeed, it was. The fact is, the letter was not written.

Falcon affected not to notice her keen look. He flowed on: "The address he put on that letter astonished me. 'Kent Villa.' Of course I knew Kent Villa: and he called you 'Rosa.'"

"How could you come to me without that letter?" cried Rosa, wringing her hands. "How am I to know? It is all so strange, so incredible."

"Don't you believe me?" said Falcon, sadly. "Why should I deceive you? The first time I came down to tell you all this I did not *know* who Mrs. Staines was. I suspected; but no more. The second time, I saw you in the church, and then I knew; and followed you, to try and tell you all this; and you were not at home to me."

"Forgive me," said Rosa, carelessly: then, earnestly, "The letter! when can I see it?"

"I will send, or bring it."

"Bring it! I am in agony till I see it. Oh, my darling! my darling! It can't be true. It was not my Christie. He lies in the depths of ocean. Lord Tadcaster was in the ship, and he says so: every body says so."

"And I say he sleeps in hallowed ground, and these hands laid him there."

Rosa lifted her hands to heaven, and cried, piteously, "I don't know what to think. You would not willingly deceive me. But how can this be? Oh, Uncle Philip, why are you away from me? Sir, you say he gave you a letter."

"Yes."

"Oh, why, why did you not bring it?"

"Because he told me the contents; and I thought he prized my poor efforts too highly. It did not occur to me you would doubt my word."

"Oh no; no more I do: but I fear it was not my Christie."

"I'll go for the letter at once, Mrs. Staines."

"Oh, thank you! Bless you! Yes, this minute!"

The artful rogue did not go; never intended.

He rose *to go;* but had a sudden inspiration; very sudden, of course. "Had he nothing about him you could recognize him by?"

"Yes, he had a ring I gave him."

Falcon took a black-edged envelope out of his pocket.

"A ruby ring," said she, beginning to tremble at his quiet action.

"Is that it?" and he handed her a ruby ring.

THE TWELFTH OF AUGUST.

DO any of my readers know why the British Parliament invariably adjourns just before the 12th of August? Because, if the session continued beyond that date, both Houses would be left without a quorum. Can any of my American readers tell what happens in merry old England on the 12th of August, and why on that particular day the average British legislator would fail to be in his place, supposing the session to be continued on or beyond that date? I answer that on the 12th of August the shooting season is inaugurated, and for days, if not weeks, previous the minds of a large mass of the titled and wealthy classes are occupied, to the exclusion of almost every thing else, in preparations for the moors. The member of Parliament and lord of the manor of ——, to whom I was last summer indebted for my first experience of English grouse shooting, stopped almost daily at my London quarters to give me the latest intelligence from his gamekeeper as to the condition of the grouse, and to ask if my shooting boots and knickerbockers were ordered; if he should direct his steward to send down the guns for me to try, etc.; and when near the close of the season I left London for a short visit to the Isle of Wight, he pursued me with letters on the same topics, and urging the necessity of my being at the manor on the 10th inst., that we might be in readiness to open the campaign on Monday morning, the 12th of August.

"You should wear your boots a few days," he writes, "before using them on my moors. We start at 8 A.M., and return to an eight-o'clock dinner, so there is plenty of very hard work. Of course there is no necessity for you to walk all the time if you find it fatiguing; but between the long hours, and the very steep ground of the moors, you will test sinews and boots to any extent." The day after he writes: "Shall I send for my guns for you to try if they suit your arm and neck? The gamekeeper sends the pleasant information that the grouse are doing admirably. The young birds look very well." Soon after, my friend informs me: "I have to speak on Wednesday, but the day after I set out for the North, although the House does not adjourn till Saturday. My carriage will be at the —— station to meet you on Saturday by the five-o'clock train. Perhaps you would prefer to walk up (nine miles), to get into training. It is a lovely walk." His

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last epistle concludes with: "Don't fail to come on Saturday, as all my guests will arrive on that day, and we shall take the field at eight o'clock on Monday morning. This game-killing is a sort of solemn duty with us squires; we go through it in the usual sad manner of Englishmen enjoying themselves; indeed, a real game-keeping squire, who lives for nothing else (and there are many of this class), is one of the curious creations of modern civilization. But it is amusing enough for a time, and I have no doubt that you will enjoy it.....My house is 1300 feet above the level of the sea, and we shoot over ground going up to 2200 feet. Some of our scenery is considered to be among the finest in England."

I have never happened to spend a Christmas in England, and therefore can not safely assert that on the working-day previous to the 25th of December there may not be as much confusion as I witnessed on the railroads on my way to —— station, Yorkshire; but certainly no other day in the year can be compared to the day before the 12th of August. Trains are all late, and are overcrowded with gentlemen bound for the moors of England, Ireland, and Scotland, accompanied by their servants, dogs, guns, and huge piles of baggage, including ample supplies of solid and liquid ammunition, and every one—travelers no less than the overworked railroad employés—in a frenzy of excitement. I expected that the train would be late, and I was not disappointed. We were two hours behind time in arriving at the station where my friend's carriage was in waiting, and I then and there discovered that one of my three pieces of luggage was missing. It was my Russia leather bag containing my brushes and foot-gear, but fortunately I had put on my shooting boots to get them broken in, and the loss was of less consequence. The English have as yet failed to adopt our excellent system of checking baggage; hence, in times of confusion such as I have described, travelers in England are not overwhelmingly astonished if their baggage goes astray. I may, *en passant*, add that after much trouble and telegraphing my bag was found, and forwarded to me three days afterward.

There are some things in life which it appears *no* experience ever teaches. Here I have been a traveler for twenty years, and on a hundred different occasions I have found the practical inconvenience of traveling with much luggage; but it appears that the older I grow the more trunks I accumulate, until I become the slave of my own *impedimenta*, by which name the Romans happily designate what we call baggage.

It is unnecessary to dwell on the delightful drive, or the nine-o'clock dinner of nearly a dozen courses that followed; but I will premise that our host was a bachelor, who had invited me to spend a fortnight with him in his grand old Elizabethan mansion, surrounded by twenty thousand acres of moorland, in the wapentake of Craven—from the British Craigvan (district of rocks)—in the West Riding of Yorkshire, not far distant from the beautiful ruins of Bolton and Fountains abbeys, and Gordale, Scaur, and Cove—places celebrated by Gray in a letter to his friend Wharton, and by Wordsworth in verse. The other guests were two titled members of Parliament, a wealthy country gentleman, a rising young London barrister, and a handsome Guardsman.

At breakfast on Sunday it was put to the vote whether we should take the four-in-hand or proceed to church on foot. All were in favor of walking; so we set off a few minutes after nine, accomplishing the six miles in less than an hour and a half, and walked in as the sweet old chimes were calling the congregation together in a venerable fane, which remains unaltered as it was originally built in the days of Henry the Seventh. To quote the words of an old writer,

"There is an holy chapell edifyde,"

with quaint old square worm-eaten oaken pews nearly four centuries old, and a three-decker pulpit; first, the clerk's desk, above, the reading-desk, and still higher, the pulpit, and over that an ancient sounding-board. The church was garrisoned during the Parliamentary wars, and, as usual, robbed of monumental brasses, etc. Several of the columns have niches for the reception of statues of saints, and the church contains numerous emblazoned shields of Banks, Cliffords, Tempests, and other great families. Our friend's large square pew was nearly in the centre of the church, was surrounded by a railing about eight feet in height, and stood almost directly in front of the pulpit, which was not, as they are usually placed, near the chancel, but on one side and nearly half-way down the middle aisle. After the service we were taken by the rector to the vestry-room and shown the silver communion service, in use since the days of the Stuarts, and the parish register, in which the bold signature of Oliver Cromwell occurs several times, being attached to notices of marriages which took place in the presence of the Protector while he was on a visit to his friend and comrade, General Lambert, in 1665.

Punctually at seven on Monday, the 12th of August, the valet entered, threw aside the heavy curtains of my chamber windows, and while I was taking my morning bath, laid out my shooting suit, and announced breakfast at half past seven. At eight o'clock we were driven down to the gamekeeper's, and selecting six dogs from the kennel, we started for the moor, where we were that day to open the campaign of 1872.

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followed in another vehicle by the six gamekeepers and dogs. Reaching our shooting ground, a distance of five miles from the manor-house, we were divided into parties of two each, accompanied by the same number of pointers and keepers carrying the game bags, each squad taking by agreement different directions, with the understanding that we were to meet at the appointed rendezvous for lunch at one o'clock. Our guns being loaded, and each gentleman carrying fifty rounds in his pouch, and the pointers enfranchised from their couples, the three parties separated, and took off their several ways, the dogs bounding and barking around us with joy.

With our double-barreled breech-loaders held horizontally in our hands, my companion and myself set off at a swinging pace for the mountain or hill side allotted to us. The bold Briton at whose side I walked was in his day the best oar at Oxford, and a thorough athlete, and had for years been accustomed to pedestrian excursions in the Highlands of Scotland and the Swiss passes, as well as to the use of his gun on the heath-covered moors; so, although accounted the best walker among my New York chums, and accustomed when at home to a daily constitutional of from four to eight miles, I was *not* accustomed to the heavy English shooting boots and the exceedingly rough and hard walking among the heather, and looked forward with some anxiety to the work before me, but with a determination to do my very best for the credit of Yankee-land, and prove that there were Americans who could tramp, gun in hand, over Yorkshire moors by the day or week with England's best walkers.

As we moved on rapidly toward the rising fell and dome-like summit of Penyghent, I was suddenly surprised by the sight of a large circular chasm in the moor, the local name for which is pot—such as Hellen Pot, Diccan Pot, etc. One of these which we afterward visited measured at its perpendicular mouth one hundred and eighty feet by sixty. The ground being funnel-shaped around the gulf, it was walled in to prevent cattle from falling in, and it is exceedingly dangerous if not impossible to approach the edge near enough to obtain a view of the lowest depth, but sufficient is seen to strike the spectator with awe. I may here mention that the district also abounds in huge caves, containing combinations of water, foliage, and detached rock.

Hark! there is the sound of the first shot of the season, and we see in the distance the smoke wreathe up above the heads of one of the other parties that had already reached their ground. Other reports followed in quick succession, and as we pushed on to Penyghent, our dogs fetching long circles through the heath before us, we heard both squads blazing away vigorously. We had but just reached the foot of the mountain where our keepers promised that we should find game, when my dog Jack, a superb white and liver-colored pointer, with a skin soft and smooth as velvet, and showing the delicate tracing of each cord and vein, made a dead point. He was distant perhaps fifty yards when he made his sudden halt, and there he stood, motionless as a statue, his neck slightly curved, his nostrils inhaling with tremulous delight the tainted breeze, his tail stretched out stiffly toward us, and the off fore-paw slightly suspended in the air. Springing over the intervening space as rapidly as the rough nature of the ground (studded with knolls of heath and pools of water, into one of which I stumbled over my knees) would permit, I soon found myself by Jack's side. Still he stood motionless. I urged him onward with a slight push of the knee. He crouched steadily forward a few paces and again checked. I repeated the admonition, and he once more moved forward, more rapidly, but noiselessly as ever, his belly almost touching the ground, and his whole body quivering with excitement. The game is almost under the muzzle of my gun, but still I can see nothing, when suddenly up springs an old bird, a patriarch of the moors, and with a whir-r, whir-r, darted down the wind. I know that six critical eyes are upon me—yes, ten, for even the two dogs, with an almost human instinct, are alternately looking at me and the flying bird—and I feel that I must not miss him. As much excited as when years ago I made my first cavalry charge, I am still able to appear outwardly cool. My gun is at my shoulder, the bird has placed a distance of forty yards between us, and, as old Leatherstocking said, "has a chance for his life;" my attendant excitedly cries, "Fire, Sir, fire," when I at length feel that the moment has arrived, a trigger is pulled, and he falls heavily to the ground—a dead bird. With a most hypocritical pretense of indifference I order Jack to "down charge," and proceed to reload with the greatest deliberation. This done, Jack hears the words "seek dead;" the old bird of resplendent plumage, which the length of the shot had saved even from being ruffled, is soon found and put in my gamekeeper's bag, and with a "hi on" to the dogs, the party, which had halted, moves onward, meeting with an abundance of birds and good luck.

At one o'clock we arrived at the rendezvous with two well-filled bags, and found the other equally successful parties already there. It was a lovely spot on the sodded bank of a musical mountain stream, and we saw spread out on a spotless cloth what the Squire of the Grove in *Don Quixote* calls his *fiambreras*, that magniloquent Castilian word for cold collation. In a shaded pool of the

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rushing and roaring streamlet there were several bottles of Champagne and other wines, and a huge earthen jug of good English ale, placed there to cool. Our hunger and thirst being appeased with the tempting array spread before us, the remaining viands were removed by the attendants, and while they sat down at a distance to enjoy their plainer and more substantial lunch of cold meat, buttered bread, and beer, the smokers among the party of gentlemen lighted their cigars, and the events of the morning's sport were recounted. A few minutes before two the remains of the feast, with the eating utensils, were replaced in the pony wagon and driven back to the manor-house by "old Thomas," a venerable retainer of threescore-and-ten, who had spent his whole life in the service of my friend's family, and who was occasionally employed in some slight and easy duty.

Punctually at two o'clock we again shouldered our guns, and with refilled ammunition pouches and empty game bags again set out in the same order as before on the various routes assigned to us by the chief gamekeeper. With an instinct and training that obey the slightest word or wave of the hand, the dogs again range over the moors, and again are soon heard the *fusilados* from hill, valley, and mountain-side. After a capital afternoon's shooting we again assemble at half past six at a farm-yard, where the carriage is in waiting for us. As each party came in the bags were emptied, and the result of the day's sport was spread out before us, the grouse being placed in lines of twenty, with the hares and snipe in the rear, and summing up as follows: 264 grouse, seven hares, and eight snipe. After seeing the game placed in large baskets, and resigning our guns to the attendants, we were driven to the hall, stopping *en route* to have a glass of milk fresh from the afternoon milking, and gushing forth as we proceeded homeward the following little song, prepared for the occasion by the poet of the party, and sung in stentorian tones by six pairs of lungs to a merry old English air heard on similar occasions in the days when Will Shakspeare fished and sailed and swam in sweet Avon:

"The west wind sighs across the heath,
The dawn is looming gray;
My forehead feels the early breath
Of slow-awakening day.
Aim well, my merry, merry men;
Hi on, good dogs, hi on.

"Jack, Nell, and Blanche bound on before,
And ranging cross the beat;
Then back again, and then once more
Their up-wind course repeat.
Aim well, etc., etc.

"But see! old Jack has something there!
Just round that rock a whiff
Of grousy odor tinged the air,
And stopped him stark and stiff.
Aim well, etc., etc.

"A gentle word, and on we creep,
While past the nestling rock
Small stealthy heads begin to peep,
Scared by the clicking lock.
Aim well, etc., etc.

"A wild, proud cock!—the covey flown—
Sharp rings the double sound;
The two old birds come fluttering down
Straightway upon the ground.
Aim well, etc., etc.

"Then lightly o'er the moor we tread,
And few the grouse we spare;
And here and there a snipe falls dead,
And here and there a hare.
Aim well, etc., etc.

"And so to rest with thankful hearts
That life, that air, are sweet,
In hope the joy to-day imparts
To-morrow will repeat.
Aim well, etc., etc."

At the front-door we were met by servants and slippers, which latter were a pleasant exchange for our wet and heavy shooting boots. Going to our rooms to dress for dinner (after receiving our letters, which arrived during the afternoon of each day, together with the London morning papers), I found a hot bath prepared for me, and my evening dress laid out in an artistic manner by the servant assigned to my service. Descending to the drawing-room at eight o'clock, we proceeded to dinner. And such a dinner! 'Twould have tempted a dyspeptic anchorite, while our nine hours of hard walking and "carrying weight," as the Country Parson says, had given us tremendous appetites, that would have served as sauce and seasoning for even such soldiers' fare as was served out to us at Vicksburg.

"Coffee and cigars in the library," said our host to his butler, as we rose from the table at ten o'clock and retired to that quaint apartment, wainscoted with oak, and filled with the gradual accumulations of two centuries, including many early Caxtons and the first editions of Shakspeare and Milton; also a fine copy in full Russia of that noblest monument yet erected in honor of ornithology—our own Audubon's *Birds of America*. Although midsummer, several logs of wood were blazing brightly in the huge fire-place, and the high mountain air made the heat so acceptable that we made a circle round the hearth. Two hours having been pleasantly spent in looking over the London papers, in canvassing the chances of equally good sport on the morrow, and with a few songs and stories, including a recitation of two of John Hay's Pike County ballads—received with immense applause—we separated for the night, and so terminated the 12th of August and my first day's experience of grouse shooting on the moors of Yorkshire.

The following morning I was called as before, my shooting suit laid out for me, and my evening dress placed carefully in the armoire. After breakfast Lord —— desired us to write the address on parchment tags

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lying on his desk of any friends to whom we desired to send some grouse. This done, the steward received orders to attach them to little hampers containing six brace of birds each, and have them forwarded to their various destinations by that day's trains, the charges being prepaid. All being prepared for a start, our boots, which had been carefully dried during the night and oiled, were brought out and put on, and we were, as before, driven to the gamekeeper's to select dogs for the day, when we proceeded to fresh shooting grounds, on a different portion of the estate from where we had been the previous day—the attendants following in a carry-all drawn by two horses, and bringing with them the dogs and shooting paraphernalia, including the guns, cleaned and oiled, like the boots, every night.

The succeeding days of the week were substantially repetitions of the first, and it is therefore unnecessary to describe them. While Monday and Tuesday were sunny, Wednesday and Thursday were showery; but nevertheless we went to the moors in our light water-proofs, and were not the worse of our wet feet. Englishmen, by-the-way, do not entertain the American's dread of rain. Not only do they go out to shoot in a pouring rain, but I have started with a party of ladies and gentlemen on a horseback excursion in a heavy shower, and I attempted under the same circumstances, last summer, the ascent of Ben Nevis in company with a London physician and his young wife. On Saturday guests who had been invited for a week took their departure, others arriving the same evening and the following Monday morning to occupy their places. All of my readers may not possibly know that in England persons are usually invited to a country-house for a certain period, and at the expiration of the time are expected to take their departure, other guests having been previously asked to occupy their rooms. You may be invited to come on a stated day and spend a week: if you arrive behind the time fixed, you simply curtail by so many days the period that you are expected to remain.

"The circles of our felicities," writes Sir Thomas Browne, "make short arches." Who shall question the wise axiom of the stout old knight of Norwich? The span of my two weeks' enjoyment on the moors and mountains of Yorkshire seemed all too short, and I would fain have prolonged my sojourn, being strongly urged so to do from the circumstance that sickness kept the gentleman who was to have occupied my room from coming, but other engagements previously made prevented. I had promised to be at Castle ——, in the Highlands of Scotland, on a certain day, to participate in the pleasure of shooting ptarmigan and blackcock, that noble bird which Joanna Baillie celebrated in several sweet verses:

> "Good-morrow to thy sable beak
> And glossy plumage, dark and sleek;
> Thy crimson moon and azure eye,
> Cock of the heath, so wildly shy!"

It so happens that I have had wide and varied sporting experiences: have shot pinnated grouse, deer, and wolves on the prairies of Illinois; wild turkeys and geese in Michigan; alligators and bears in Louisiana bayous and swamps; ducks on the shores of New Jersey, and on the islands that skirt the shores of Texas and Mexico; have caught whitefish at Mackinac, and gamy two-pound trout while camping among the mountain streams and lakes of the Adirondacks. But I can most conscientiously aver that none of those experiences, delightful as many of them were, gave me the same amount of solid satisfaction and pleasure that was afforded me by my last summer's sojourn at the old manor-house *outre mer*.

NUMBER TWO.

"YOU *won't* forget me, 'Mandy?"

"Why, John!"

She laughed, with a sort of ripple in the tone, that showed excitement instead of amusement, and the flush on her face was additional witness to her inward disturbance. John Griswold leaned against the maple-tree by the door, and looked at Amanda Lee with his heart in his eyes. Let us look at her, and admire too, for she made a lovely picture, though its frame was nothing more than the open door—and the back-door too—of an old farm-house, whose long sloping roof almost touched the hill-side rising abruptly behind it. In that frame of dark gray wood, showing like a ray of pure sunshine against the sunless interior, stood this figure of a young girl, slender and erect, crowned with a face of delicate outline, around which fell a mass of yellow curls—a real New England face of one type, pretty and weak, exquisite in color, but expressionless, even when mirth or anger revealed the beautiful glittering teeth between those scarlet lips, or flushed the fair skin into deeper color than the wild-rose tint of girlhood. Yet John Griswold, with the ordinary infatuation of a lover, considered Amanda as good as she was beautiful, and if some instinctive distrust of her nature prompted his question, he was heartily ashamed of it as soon as he heard her indignant response.

Now John himself offered to any observer an aspect far more full of solace than 'Mandy presented, as he stood under the maple-tree that showered its golden tassels above him in one great pyramid of graceful bloom. His, too, was a New England face, but of the highest order: brown hair, keen gray eyes, a resolute mouth, and an outline so

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firm and square that the love-light in his eyes and on his lips broke over the sad and steady countenance like sunrise on a great granite rock. He had liked 'Mandy Lee ever since he could remember. They had gone to school together, when he had to help her across the brook on the one plank that bridged it, because she was too small to dare it alone. He had dug up bumble-bees' nests for her. He had made gardens in the wood edges, and play houses full of gorgeous broken china in the rock ledges about the red school-house. The first squirrel she ever had he caught and tamed; and her precious white kitten, by this time a venerable old cat, was John's gift; for now 'Mandy was eighteen, and John had long ago found out that she had really grown to be part of his life as much as his father and mother, or the seven brothers and sisters who swarmed about Deacon Griswold's door-step and hearth.

It was because there were seven, and 'Mandy Lee's mother a poor widow, whose little farm barely supported them both, that John was bound for California just now. Hillside was no place to make money, or even to afford occupation to an active young man, and just then the "Golden Land" was golden indeed; so John packed his small trunk, with a heavy but resolute heart, and had come over to say good-by.

"Why, John!" repeated 'Mandy; "seems to me you're kinder scared for nothin'."

"Well, I don't deny that I do feel unwillin' to leave you, 'Mandy; 'tain't altogether unnatural."

"Oh, pshaw!" and here 'Mandy tossed her bright curls with an air that showed she had not looked in her cracked looking-glass in vain. "I s'pose I might jest as well be askin' ef you'd forget me. I never thought on't."

"You know I can't."

"Mercy to me! I don't know any sech thing. There's more girls in the world than me; and they do say men are rovers. First thing I know you'll be comin' back from Californy with Number Two!"

John turned away toward the gate. Why did he feel cruelly insulted by having his doubts of her turned against himself? 'Mandy pouted for a second, and then looked tired, but called after him,

"Say, John!"

John did not turn.

"*Dear* John!" There was never a woman since Eve without a little guile about her—innocent guile, maybe—and 'Mandy had her share. John stood still.

"Please, John, don't be vexed!"

It was the very tone of their school-days, and John, who was a proud, sensitive man, with a heart deep enough to have drowned a dozen shallow little actresses like 'Mandy Lee, felt like a brute, and came back like a whipped puppy, took 'Mandy in his arms, and gave her a "terrible kissing," as she said, and went home with a heart like lead. 'Mandy settled her collar and smoothed her curls, and then sat down by the kitchen window to read *The Gory Grave-Digger; or, the Lost Duke of Diamonds*, a thrilling romance published serially in the *Weekly News*, a paper specially adapted to the wants of the rural population, and from which they derive much useful information with regard to the manners and morals of foreign aristocracy.

So John went to California, carrying with him an image of faithful affection and radiant beauty photographed from this narrow-natured, doll-faced little thing, who staid at home and flirted with every passable youth in the township on every possible occasion. Still, illusions are blessed so long as they last, and they mightily soften those hard angles which beset the path of life while we are getting toward their vanishing. This illusion was held tenderly to John's heart, and kept it warm through thousands of miles by sea and land, round the stormy Horn, amidst sea and waves roaring, as well as in the rugged defiles and lonely mountains of California. There was an idea prevalent in those days—notwithstanding the trite morality of our classic friend to the effect that people change their sky but not their nature when they emigrate—that a man might be ever so "shiftless," dissipated, untrustworthy, on the Atlantic coast, but once transport him to a Pacific shore and set him gold-digging, he became thrifty and respectable enough: a fatal fallacy to many a household whose fondest hopes became shipwrecked for want of a little common-sense. But it was equally true that an energetic, industrious man found success as easy there as here, and John Griswold being one of this kind, little bags of shining dust accumulated slowly but steadily in the corner of his log-hut, and seemed to wear the friendliest of expressions while they told of the shortened days that separated him from Hillside and 'Mandy. He worked so hard that the miners about him stared at the quiet fellow who never seemed tired, never had any "sprees," neither gambled nor drank, but kept at his labor with the same pertinacity that had brought out lesser results from among the barren rocks of New England. Letters from home were rare, postage was high, and only rarely did John get a note from 'Mandy, that might have calmed his ardors if they had been less genuine—dirty, ill-spelled, worse expressed; now and then an elegant phrase of sentiment, copied from her favorite paper, which was genuine gold to John's deluded eyes; oftener still a list of her amusements, and tender mention of one young man or another who shared them, and an intima-

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tion, by no means veiled, that John's prize was coveted by far more eligible suitors, and he had better come home to guard the treasure. Now, though he knew that 'Mandy did this to tease him, and regarded her as a playful kitten whose vagaries were wonderfully graceful and amusing, some troublesome instinct, some apprehension of that atmosphere which is far more to letters than their language, made John uneasy. He could no longer dwell on her image with rest and rapture. He grew fretful inwardly. The gold-dust of patient weeks seemed too small a result for so much labor. He found no nuggets; he hit on no rich placers. What could he do but work harder than ever—with a sort of frantic haste that made his fellows shake their heads and watch him closely. Nor did they watch in vain, for suddenly, one burning July day, more than three years after John left Hillside, he dropped his pick, fell across it in the first delirious access of fever, and knew no more for five weeks of his life or his work. Something, some power of resistance or vitality, a power he afterward cursed with all his heart, brought him through an illness which baffled the doctor and appalled his comrades. And while he slowly returned to existence, with swifter steps returned memory and the passion of all his past life. He was still weak, but able to get about on tottering feet, when a mail arrived from the coast, and in it a letter for John; but not from 'Mandy—only from his sister 'Liza. There was some home news about father and mother and the children, the crops and the cows—a taste of village gossip. He hurried over it all to the last sentences, as men hurry to their fate:

"'Mandy Lee is usually well. They do say she's going to be married to Mr. Wells, from down Derby way somewhere. He fetches her lots of things, and they tell that he's got means enough to do well by her—and he certainly thinks a sight of her—so I guess it's true; but, *dear* John, I hope you won't fret.

"Your loving sister, ELIZA JANE GRISWOLD."

It is not often a man about to be hung is asked not to fret, probably because, as a general thing, it would be useless. It proved so in this case; but John's "fret" should have been written "fury." Weak in soul and body, smitten with that dreadful exasperation of the nerves that follows long fevers, and amounts often to insanity, one idea forced itself upon him with unrelenting persistence—to get home and see for himself. All his money but one little bag of dust was safe in San Francisco. Once there he could take a steamer. A steamer! He would have liked to take a hurricane, and ride its whirling wings with whirling brain and hot-beating heart, could he but get home and see 'Mandy! One brilliant October day found him, weak but resolute, dragging himself over a pass in the mountains with a few other men, bound for San Francisco, either homeward or on business. The day was late in the month, clear but unusually cold. Every rugged peak or curving sweep of the Sierras stood out with awful distinctness against the stainless sky. Night came on before they reached the ranch where they were to stay; the stars came out with startling and peculiar brightness; each point of light seemed a burning flame in the far heaven; and suddenly on all this brightness rose the dread splendor of an aurora. First flickering on the horizon far to the north with leaping, quivering fountains of light, it deepened at last to clear, chill crimson, streamed upward to the zenith, and spread all the sky with cold and fearful fires, blood-red, but not with life-blood: the wondrous tint held in its mystic crimson the chill of death alone; the air itself seemed to shudder; and in John's veins the yet lurking blaze of fever sprung up and rioted once more. All night long he tossed and pined in vain for sleep. If ever he slept, 'Mandy's sweet-pea face and gay golden hair waved before his eyes, and mocked him with bewitching smiles. It was a night John never forgot. Next morning the miner who owned the farm where they had taken shelter came in shaking his head. He was a genuine New Englander, finding a home in those Western hills, who had tired of mining and become a farmer.

"It does beat all!" said he, flinging down his hat on the floor. "Them dumb critters has all on 'em come a troopin' up out o' the valley for dear life, wuss 'n though all the coyotes in Californy 'nd ten grizzlies besides was after 'em. Ef 'twas a month later, I should be lookin' out for snow. It's some cussed thing or 'nother, that's sure! Mebbe them darned Injins has been a-runnin' of 'em; but I didn't s'pose there was any round. You'd better wait a spell, mates, 'nd see what turns up."

But the men laughed at the idea. They were not afraid—why should they be? Indians and grizzlies they were used to. Snow was out of the question. The day was crystal-clear, and soft now as summer. John would have gone had none of the rest stirred. He felt a wonderful strength within him today. His eye kindled at the fresh impulse, and his foot never trod more surely or more swiftly along the gullied tracks or precipitous hill-sides than now. But before noon the sky was shrouded in storm; the winds tore down those lofty valleys with almost tropical fury; but no tropic tempest sped their wings. Snow, fine and blinding as the desert sands, filled all the air, and drifted heavily into every pass. Snow obliterated their path, and confounded all their senses. Neither sight nor sound afforded them aid. The dazzling drifts held them; the hissing winds sung to them; and when one man in the morning stumbled heavily toward a hut,

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guided more by instinct than by perception, seven lay behind him, dead or dying. And that one man was John Griswold. The fever that had all but slain had now saved him; for in its unnatural strength he had struggled through obstacles that had baffled all the strong and hardy members of the little party besides, though when he fell across the threshold of the miner's hut he was like a dead man, and for long weeks lay at the mercy of death—death which spared him, perhaps, because life was hardest.

In the mean time, while he fought this battle in which so few either conquer or are spared, 'Mandy, tired of waiting, as well as naturally incapable of any deep or constant emotion, lent a willing and pleased ear to still another suitor—a spruce young grocer from New York, a nephew of the aforesaid Mr. Wells, who incautiously introduced him to 'Mandy's notice. To live in New York, to be adored by a man with red cheeks, English whiskers, a gold watch, and a big seal ring, was too much for 'Mandy's facile heart. She sent Mr. Wells back to Derby alone, and married Mr. Augustus Jackson.

A month after, when John crept into a hotel in San Francisco, somewhere about the middle of January, a wan, emaciated creature, with great hopeless eyes and trembling limbs, he found no letters, but one newspaper marked with broad lines that seemed to him fire, but were only red ink, around the marriage notices, and under the name of Miss Amanda Lee. There was nothing more left for John. He could not even have another fever. He only went to his little room that overlooked the bay, and lay there like a bit of tangle on the shore, spent, profitless, altogether wrecked.

Somebody took compassion on him. Some soft-hearted old man in the next room, whose feelings or whose sleep were disturbed by that incessant hollow cough, without John's consent or knowledge, sent for a doctor, a bright, blunt, cheery young fellow, the very grasp of whose hand was encouraging.

"Didn't send for me? Oh yes; I know all that. No matter; somebody did. Now let's hear you cough! Sho!-that can't be done here. Don't want to go home, eh? Well, I don't want to have you. Home, indeed! To freeze nine months out of a dozen, and scorch three! Not if I know it. No, Sir! You're booked for Floridy, slap off. Got any money?"

John laughed—but when had he laughed before?—and handed over his bank-book.

"Lord, yes—plenty, plenty. It 'll last till you can make more. Now there's a young feller here in just about the same fix you be; not quite so hard up, for he hain't got trouble on his mind."

John started, and looked uneasily at the doctor.

"Oh, you needn't fidget. You haven't been talking in your sleep, but I've seen men before. All he's got is lungs, and he won't have but precious little of them left if he don't look out. He hasn't got an overplus of money either; so if you take him along you might help him, and he'd help you."

Dr. Barnes *had* seen men before, evidently. John's generous heart, sore and sad as it was, warmed at the idea of helping any one. It was, perhaps, a cobweb to grasp at, or a straw; but then he was drowning. The doctor saw a ray kindle in his eye, and went on:

"Jest you take the next steamer, and get landed the nearest you can to Floridy. Buy some guns and things, and camp out; jest take to livin' in the woods for a spell, in fact, and you'll both of you come out fat and hearty before you know it. I'll send Frank Adams round to see you."

So Frank Adams came. There are people and people in this world. Some we grow to like by trituration, as it were. We see each other constantly, and by degrees grind off the salient points that once separated us. It is a long and not a pleasant process, and the plane on which at length we meet and adhere is never native to our souls. But there are others whom we spring at once to meet, whose kinship was established in the heavens before we ever beheld their faces, who are nearer and dearer to us in a week than the very loves of our childhood, and for whom we are smitten with a passionate affection no death can destroy, no distance weaken or dismay. John Griswold and Frank Adams met like two brothers; no, not like brothers, for the everlasting tie of blood, though in this life we can neither escape nor evade it, is by no means necessarily a tie of sweetness. If it is always affection, it is sometimes an affection so exquisitely painful that hatred would be a calmer passion, and contempt a more grateful feeling. It is too often an exasperated self-love, full of thorns, yet with an occasional blossom of purest loveliness. But these two men met like predestined friends, as they were; and a few months of varied experience by sea and land found them living together in the everglades of Florida, fast fulfilling Dr. Barnes's prediction.

For 'Mandy had faded out of John's life, or been taken out, much after the fashion in which one eliminates a sliver. The process is painful, and leaves a sore place enough; but the thing is utterly gone. The sore place still rankled at times in John's heart, but rather with bitterness than pain. He felt a deep contempt for 'Mandy, and had a small opinion of women in general in consequence. The direct harm such small fry as this little woman do is but small. It is the typical aspect of their character that works mischief; and while the world endures it will be more than its noblest, purest, sweetest women can do to counteract the

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blame and shame brought upon the sex by the brainless, willful, weak, and "strong-minded" of their half-sisters!

It is needless to some, useless to others, that I should undertake to describe in detail how John Griswold and Frank Adams grew to each other in this wild life—undemonstratively enough, in the shy and silent fashion of men. There are only a few words to tell of it, and these are not mine: "The soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David." It was a proverb in the little scattered villages where they went for supplies. The Indians gave them names in their own language that meant duality. The trappers held so faithful an affection in profound respect; and wherever, by camp fire or on outpost, you heard the "Twins" spoken of, it was a synonym for honor, honesty, and—what perhaps the speakers respected more than either—good shooting. Whatever it was possible to do with rifles they did. Deer and panther and all the smaller game furnished food and skins for their use. They had no wants unsupplied, for their wants were few and simple. Had John Griswold and 'Mandy Lee been brought face to face just now, it is questionable which would most have despised the other. In this way nearly two years had passed. One quiet April morning, when mists brooded over the broad, still river, and the sun was just risen, Frank Adams heard the sharp cry of a panther in the near swamp, and calling John from the camp fire, they took their rifles and started to hunt the creature. They took separate routes, proposing to drive the animal toward one side or the other. How it happened never was nor will be known—perhaps the mist confused Frank Adams, and he wandered wide from his intended track, and turned back on it at last; but in about an hour John heard a slight rustle in a clump of bushes and tall weeds some rods beyond him, caught a glimpse of something that stirred, fired with his usual unerring aim, sprung forward to seize his game, and there lay Frank Adams, shot through the head! For a moment heaven and earth reeled for John—only for a moment—then he became stupefied. He sat down on the grass by Frank and looked at him. How sweetly he slept! What a smile lit all his still, white face! John lifted the unresponsive hand, and it fell back, heavy and limp.

There was no doubt left. There was but one thing to do. He lifted the body in his arms and carried it back to camp, and sitting there by the dead fire, conscious of the dreadful presence in their little tent, tried to arrange in his all-bewildered brain what must be done. Wearily his weary thoughts went back to the past for some guidance. There had been a man at the mines shot in just such solitude by his comrade, who buried the body and left it, but every man's hand and heart were against him forever after, and he narrowly escaped being lynched, though he protested solemnly that the matter was all pure accident. Then drifted back into John's thought what they had said he should have done. Over and over the words revolved in his mind, "delivered himself up to justice!" What was that? How to do it! Then he remembered again that sixty miles away there was a town, a lawyer, a court held sometimes. That was perhaps the place for him to go. But Frank? Could he leave that body alone in the wilderness for all its wild creatures to prey upon, for the sun to wither and the moon to blast, for the storms to beat and sport with? The man he loved alone on earth, perhaps the only thing he loved now—for the old ties of kindred were overgrown with a crop of bitter weeds no man should harvest—should he be left like any other shot creature, without funeral rite or prayer? John's reason was becoming strangely warped. Hour after hour he sat by the camp fire, while these ideas and a thousand others equally frantic coursed through his beating brain. Sleep forsook his eyelids, forsook his soul. Somewhere after the stars had risen he packed his traps together, rolled Frank's body in the little tent cloth, and with this terrible burden across his shoulders, started for Sebastian, where he now remembered, like one in a dream, "Judge" Taylor lived. Through the cold white moonlight he tramped on and on. Pines waved their long sighing tassels overhead; the plumed palmettos rustled fearfully in the night wind; the cypress swamps threatened him with their huge bare clubs, till he redoubled his speed to escape them, and in the waning light their twisted roots, like a thousand hydras, seemed to curl and creep about his feet, and lift venomous heads to hiss at him. More than once a faint sigh at his ear startled him from the apathy of this long nightmare; more than once he laid down his burden and unrolled the cloth to see if perhaps that low sigh was the utterance of returning life; but the dead face, awful in its utter serenity, lay still as dead as when repose first settled on the peaceful lineaments.

How the night went no man knew. John never knew himself, except as one remembers a dream of horror. The heavy fog of dawn shrouded all the land before he stayed his desperate march. Well he knew that food and rest were imperative if he would give himself up, and lay Frank fitly in the ground; almost by instinct he lit a fire, heated his coffee, and forced himself to eat some dried venison. Then he flung himself under a tree and slept, one arm across the stiller sleeper beside him, the other about his rifle. What a sleep that was! All the dreadful twenty-four hours that had passed went over and over in his brain: the waking,

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the hunt, the shot, the look of Frank's face, that deliberation in the tent, the after-journey; over and over like a steady wheel that grinds and jars in the darkness, dripping and creaking with maddening iteration. This might be sleep; it might be rest to the physical nature; but to his stricken soul it was not even the loss of consciousness. It was a relief to awake even to the hot noon sun, and the fearful reality—a relief to rekindle his fire, to provide himself with food from the river close at hand, swarming with fish, to cook, to eat; in short, to *do* something. It takes us long to find out that the primeval curse was in its essence a blessing, that work is the one human antidote for sorrow. When man or woman has idleness enough to spare for the contemplation of grief, its proportions are all developed to their gaze. The necessity of existence alone kept John Griswold's brain from utterly losing its balance. Long before night-fall he resumed his burden and his journey, and as the night deepened, again the horrors of darkness were renewed. Heavy dews drenched all his clothing; the dead shape across his shoulders seemed to stiffen and to chill every hour; long gray moss waved its funereal banners across his path; owls shrieked at him as he disturbed their watch for prey; panthers screamed from the far swamps; snakes glittered and slipped across the streaks of moonlight that fell through the trees. No human sound broke the ghastly silence. His brain whirled like a whirling pool of the sea that sucks into its relentless vortex all that ventures near to the circling eddy. Why should we prolong the horror? On the fourth day from that on which he left the camp John Griswold staggered into the street of Sebastian, and with parched lips that almost refused to utter his inquiry demanded the way to Judge Taylor's house, and in five minutes sunk on the steps of the piazza in a dead faint. With mingled horror and wonder, the kindly people who came to his help discovered what burden he bore. It was a necessity now that its immediate interment should take place, and here was only a man to all appearance dying himself to give orders or explanations. But the matter was imperative. Frank Adams's dead body, hastily coffined, and with brief ceremony, was put away in a corner of the grave-yard, and left to return to dust in solitude, for John Griswold only came out of his senseless condition into frantic delirium and fever. It was not in human nature to endure the frightful stress through which he had passed without giving way, and it was perhaps less suffering to him to be so helpless and ignorant than it would have been to endure the questions necessarily to be answered, to relate and re-relate the tale he must have told had he retained strength of body and mind to do so. But in his ravings all the story was told; the object of his terrible journey was so deeply fixed in his mind that it seemed to be the only matter of which he could rave.

I think it rare, in spite of the general machinery of stories and novels, that those who have painful secrets to keep ever betray them in fever or in sleep. The mind seems to have a certain power in its strange duality of holding the bodily organs in control even when it is itself astray from sympathy with them. I have known more than one person raving with fever utterly unconscious of their speech, and, to my own knowledge, possessed of secrets fatally important, who "babbled of green fields," or things yet more trivial, but never even hinted at the really vital mystery of their lives. Even so far as Sebastian the story of the "twin" hunters had been told, and when its wretched sequel was spread abroad nothing but the kindliest pity was felt for John. The family on whose care he had been thrown treated him like a dear friend. Proverbial "Southern hospitality"—now become somewhat mythical since the day of Andersonville—exercised itself in offers and acts of service to the sick man. He was cared for and nursed with lavish generosity and zeal, but it was long before the racked brain at last recovered its poise, still longer before it established its control over the exhausted body. When John Griswold first looked out of his eyes with any sane perception, their flickering glance rested on a face so sweet, so sad, that some dim dream floated through his soul of a saint and martyr whose visage he had seen, faded but fair still, on the walls of a Catholic chapel somewhere in his wanderings. He saw that face many a time again, but never without that same subtle charm in its wan features. Yet it was the face of a woman—and did he not hate women? Next time he woke, Helen Taylor, the judge's oldest daughter—for it was her face—rose quickly, and with skillful, delicate hands dropped a little cordial into his parted lips. Still unable to speak, this time he looked at her fully. Not even her best friends called Helen Taylor beautiful, but there was something in her face irresistibly attractive—not merely the sad and tender dark eyes, with their infinite variety of expression, nor the delicate, sensitive lips, nor the "orchidaceous" face that varied like the sea itself with every passing sunlight or shadow, but the aspect of all her shape, so slight, yet so thoroughly gracious and feminine, the unspeakable attraction of a pure and tender soul in a responsive body, of a voice that answered to the tenor of her words in every subtle and soft inflection, of grace perfect because unconscious—in short, of a woman whose nature is all love, and therefore all-beloved; for in Sebastian, as John afterward came to know, there was nothing, even to the cats and dogs, that did not love

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or admire Helen Taylor. A man must be helpless and sad and alone among strangers to know what a woman may become to him.

Helen Taylor was at the head of her father's house, her brothers both away, one in college at the North, another in business at St. Augustine. Her mother, long since dead, had left her, then a girl of seventeen, all this care, and she had borne it, as such a woman would, with entire and unselfish patience. Now it devolved upon her to superintend John's nursing, and this she did as faithfully and as well as all her other duties. If Maum Hester, the ostensible nurse, did bring and administer to John the hourly nourishment of delicacies his convalescence demanded, it was Helen who ordered and often prepared them; it was she who made the room cool with glittering leaves, or gay with scentless blossoms; from her hands seemed to fall like dew the peace and freshness so grateful to a languid, fretful invalid. John grew to look for the pathetic sweetness of her eyes, as he had so many times looked for the faithful stars in the wilderness; he lay and listened for the sweet and delicate tones, sometimes plaintive with sympathy, sometimes bright with low laughter, or deep with aroused feeling, as he had never listened in all his life before. He did not know it; he would have resented the idea, had it come to him in concrete shape; but he was falling as deeply and as helplessly in love with Helen Taylor as ever man fell into the rapids of Niagara. He did not know it, for it seemed to him nothing new; she was no stranger to him, from the time their eyes first met, any more than Frank Adams had been; but she seemed still more himself, more native to his nature, more intrinsically his, than even that lost friend, who lay slain by his hand—where? The thought shot through John Griswold's head like a bullet. He had drifted back into life so slowly, so gently, with such peace and forgetfulness, that the past was veiled from him as if with heavy clouds; and now—he tried to rise from his pillow, just as Helen entered the room, and fell back, the flash of fever in his eye, its hot blood in his veins, but its mortal weakness in every fibre of his body. A long, long recovery was John Griswold's. It was late in the autumn before he could carry his gun a rod, or walk a mile without it. But by that time all the matter of delivering himself up to justice had been settled; for form's sake, and to satisfy his morbid conscience, he had been tried, after the somewhat slipshod fashion of Southern courts, as soon as he could sit up half a day—tried and acquitted; and now a fair white stone above Frank Adams's grave recorded his death by accident, his age, and birth-place. What had John Griswold to do in Sebastian? Helen's father was an old man; her younger brother had run away from college and gone to sea; the judge wanted John to study law with him, and take his place when he should at last leave it. John smiled to himself at the idea, and set it gently aside. The law and his nature had a natural antagonism; nor had he the young ambition left that is needed to spur on the long study of a learned profession. John had been brought up a farmer, and here in Florida the soil and climate together tempted him to experiment; his day-dreams began to be of a flourishing plantation—of a rose-blooming wilderness—of a home—perhaps of all that home implies.

Poor John! Fate was hard on him; for while he walked about the streets of Sebastian, or sat on the cool flower-scented piazza at Judge Taylor's, revolving these things in his mind, a clear note of fire and fury rent the air—the trumpet of bitter and mighty civil war—to how many the trumpet of judgment itself! Had the last day, indeed, come, it could scarce have been more a day of wrath to John Griswold. He did not even know himself what stern Puritanic elements lay buried in his heart before. His country called him. "Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God" had been his primer lesson and the preached word to his youth. His whole soul had been trained and nurtured to hate oppression, to regard slavery as the accursed thing, to dream the dreams of liberty and equality, to worship at the Utopian shrine of a republic. These soft Southern airs, this life that made it all its end and aim to forget the past, had long buried the prejudices and principles of his early life; but this stormy wind drove the dust before it, and the "old Adam," as his father would have said, sprang up full armed. It was yet possible to get to the North, but barely possible. It was the old Bible call, "Escape for thy life; look not behind thee, neither stay thou in all the plain." And then—a swift thought went through him like a quiver of electricity—he must leave Helen! and John Griswold knew and felt in every fibre that by so doing he would leave himself. But could he trust her? That idea should have been the first, after his dreary experience of Amanda Lee, yet, strangely, it never assailed him with regard to Helen. Nor, stranger still, had he a moment's doubt of her love for him, though it was as yet unspoken. A singular love scene enough ensued that night on the steps, where John once lay senseless, with the dreadful burden of Frank Adams's body in his arms. There was no question of love between these lovers. Its existence was simply asserted.

"You must go, John," said Helen, with lips whiter than the moonlight should have made them.

"Yes, I must go. You will wait for me, Helen, even if you never hear a word from me till I come?"

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"Yes, I will."

With one long fond clasp to his heart John left her. It is those left that suffer most.

Five long years; and only three letters reached Helen Taylor in all that time—only three out of the hundreds John sent by one way and another—letters strong and true, but oh, so rare! And in that time Helen's brother, a raging rebel, fell in battle; sorrow and excitement carried her father to his grave; their slaves sought freedom with the Union forces; their property dwindled to the barest pittance. Helen's face grew wan, and her forehead lined with care; her delicate figure grew more and more fragile, her eyes sadder day by day. The necessity of life and its hope for John's sake kept her from despair. She worked and waited, and at last the end drew near. The watch was over. John came! And in those radiant, love-lit eyes, in those trembling lips, in that close-folding grasp, he saw neither age, nor care, nor grief—only love and faithfulness worth all the waiting.

It was such another spring day as shone on the parting of John Griswold and 'Mandy Lee, eleven years before, with the same gold-tasseled maples, springing grasses, delicate blooms, and an air filled with the inexpressible faint and fine odors of New England hills, that 'Mandy Jackson, slipshod and faded, reading a dirty paper at her mother's door, looked across the lots, and saw John Griswold at *his* mother's door standing beside a lady—even at that distance unmistakably the rarest thing in life, a lady. 'Mandy could remember. And she had not found life with Augustus Jackson altogether a cheap romance. She tucked away her thin gray curls, with a sigh, in order to see the better, but said, with a half laugh, to her mother, busy in the room behind her:

"I declare if there ain't John Griswold! And as true as you live he's done jest what I said he would—fetched back Number Two!"

Second thoughts are sometimes best.

THE REPUBLICAN MOVEMENT IN EUROPE.

By EMILIO CASTELAR.

[Ninth Paper.]

III.—THE GERMANIC PEOPLES.—(*Continued.*)

THE true philosophy of progress is that of Hegel. No system gives, like that of Hegel, to the dialectic movement of ideas sufficient force to move every thing, from the immense mass of the universe to the secular institutions of society. I recognize and confess that there is in many minds a strong reaction against the ideas of the most generalizing, the most synthetic, of modern philosophers. I admit that his formulas are falling into disuse, and that men attribute to the pure caprice of talent the marvelous constructions of his scientific system. Yet that Being, the creation of his philosophy, which, indeterminate and vague in the profundity of eternity, becomes concrete in existence, defined by contradiction, passes from pure logic to real logic, thence to inorganic nature, and thence to organic; and after having filled the infinite spaces with worlds, in which creative forces produce species, rises to be spirit, first subjective or individual, then objective or society, and is elevated to the state, and from the state to art, where the reality and the ideal are identified in inextinguishable love; and from art to religion, which unites the finite to the infinite, and incarnates the Divine Word in every human being; and from religion to science, in which pure reason has its triumph; to arrive, after having moved in a series so perfectly systematized, after having widened in such necessary and successive phases from being indeterminate and vague, to be absolute and perfect in the fullness of life and consciousness and possession of self—this Being, in its beginning confined in the void, and at the end cosmogonic and spiritual, acquiring such richness of life, contains the eternal substance of progress. Hegel is the philosopher *par excellence* of the progressive movement. Up to his time all metaphysics had sought an absolute and immutable principle, an existence in itself, outside of our continual transformations and our perpetual changes, to contemplate it above the inaccessible heights of science and of the universe. Since the advent of this extraordinary thinker the current of time, the continual metamorphosis of ideas, the changes in the state of being, and death itself, extending over all and controlling all, the successions of civilization, history, indefinite progress, form, as it were, the organism of the absolute. The Hegelian metaphysics represent in the philosophical sciences the same that the system of Copernicus represents in astronomy. The immutable world to which all ideas gravitated moves like the earth, changes like the seasons. The current of human thought, like that of the waters, irrigates and gives life. Logic loses its purely formal and abstract character, and takes on a reality as living as the laws of the celestial mechanism. The premise contains the consequence, as the seed contains the fruit. The contradictions of thought are called opposed forces in the universe. The life of nature is not in science; it is in the changes of things,

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in phenomena. Neither does social life exist in any abstraction, in any pure idea, but in the successive developments of institutions, of arts, of beliefs, and of thoughts in all history. Events copy ideas. The scientific systems which appear most abstract are livingly incarnated in a reality. From the breast of Greek metaphysics sprang the two most practical works which the ancient world gave to the modern, Roman laws and Christian morals. For this reason facts can not be separated from ideas. The advent of a new philosophic system profoundly moves society. And for this reason the history of philosophy is the philosophy of history, in the sense that societies copy the spirit, and derive life and growth from its light and its heat, as the planets yield to attraction, and take color and light and life from the warmth of the sun. The spirit is the primal being, then nature, then subject, then object, and finally the absolute. And from the primitive being to the absolute follows a series of successive determinations which constitute the law of the universal movement. Such a philosophy is no other than the philosophy of progress.

I know well how much can be said by those who judge systems by their isolated parts more than by their spirit and their totality. They will say that after having condemned the historical school, I place among the philosophers of progress the illustrious metaphysician of history. They will say that after having vindicated the liberty of thought, I praise the philosophy of the state, bound to the state and its interests. They will say that after having proposed to follow in all its spheres the German republican movement, I pause before the philosopher who declared monarchy an institution essential in human society, and who, dissolving the pure idea of right in the historical movement of this idea, at last justifies all institutions and sustains even the punishment of death. But I believe that a philosophy should not be judged by its fragments, its isolated parts, where evident contradictions may be found with its general sentiment and spirit.

I believe that the reservations of Hegel in regard to the state were accidents of that historical moment—an eclipse of his luminous spirit; and although condemning his metaphysico-historical conceptions, that the spirit, in the progressive development of its essence, becomes a national spirit and is contained in the state, whose highest representation is the monarchy, I believe that when the spirit grows and increases it passes from the national to the human, breaks the narrow moulds, and expresses itself in superior organisms and forms, corresponding to the elevation and to the dignity of its essence. And if this conclusion is not found in the thought of Hegel, it certainly did appear in the development and the diffusion of his doctrine. The governments found it something more than republicanism. It was received with open arms as their dogma, as the spirit of their political faith, by all those young men who composed the extreme Hegelian Left, and who fought, in the parliaments as in the fields and the streets, to incarnate the individual and independent spirit of Germany in the republican organism. And the spirit of Hegel was not confined to Germany. If there it gave life to the chiefs of radicalism, to Ruge, to Stirner, to Grün, to Feuerbach, in France it inspired moderate republicans like Vacherot and Michelet, federal republicans like Proudhon, and in Italy the illustrious Ferrari. The range of a doctrine can not be judged by the personal inconsistencies of its founder and its master. Although Christ commanded the payment of tribute to Cæsar, his doctrine of liberty and equality destroyed Cæsarism. Although Luther gave such extension to the doctrine of grace as to annihilate free-will, his reform gave life to human liberty. Although Hegel admits the monarchy, the reality of his logic, his system of innate ideas, his dialectic movement of being, his indefinite progress, are openly opposed to the narrow inconsistencies of the master, and tend to found a government in pure reason, to the advent of the absolute spirit, to one confederation of free peoples. The great master has himself said, in a phrase which astonishes with its profoundness and simplicity, "The history of the world is the history of liberty."

Thus the German thinker does not isolate himself in his individual reason, to find there the fragile foundations of science, condemning all ideas anterior to the moment of his advent in history. It would be as foolish to depreciate in the study of our planet the primitive substrata which form its immutable foundations, and in the study of our own physiological temperament that of our fathers and ancestors, when it appears in our whole organism and all our functions. Man does not appear suddenly on the earth and in society. He should not consider himself the foundling of the universe. As his natural life is interlaced with the series of the minerals, the planets, organized things, his spirit life is bound up with all ages. Pure science gives us ideas in themselves, in their entity, and history gives us ideas in their development and progressive succession. In science ideas exist; in history they move and live. You can not separate philosophy from history, because it would be an abstraction without reality. You can not separate history from philosophy, because it would be a confused heap of facts co-ordinated by no superior principle. Reason is individual and universal. Individual reason is found in every man; universal reason

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in all men and in all ages and in all history. To despise anterior science, and to begin its study anew at every moment, is the same as it would be to be born every day. In this way science will remain in perpetual infancy. The present which despises the past will never give birth to a better future. All science, even the most material and empiric, resolves itself into idea. There is no doubt of it. Idea is the atom of the materialist; it is the substratum of the chemist. And consequently even the systems which are most dependent on observation can not escape from idealism. And as all systems contribute to the development of the idea, they are all incomplete rather than false, and must complete themselves in their opposites. For science is embraced in the totality of all of them, as life in all its phases in the totality of the universe.

In the idea are found thought and existence. We do not know external objects in themselves; we have only ideas of them. The inner and the outer world are revealed to us by means of those divine sibyls—by means of ideas. We will not be delayed by the discussion as to whether ideas are adventitious or innate, the result of experience or of reason, nor by the useless problem of investigating whether sentiment is superior to intelligence—whether above the reason there is another more perspicuous, more investigating faculty, more inspired and more luminous, which is called intuition. Let us declare truthfully that sensations do not arrive at our innermost consciousness until they are transformed into ideas; nor can thought find its fullest exercise in ourselves unless it has for its essential element ideas. So that without ideas we neither feel nor comprehend the soul of things.

To think is to live; to think is to create. Thought embraces, contains, and explains every thing. Wider than space, more enduring than time, rapid and universal as the light, vivifying and necessary as heat; the atmosphere which envelops, not like our lower air, one planet alone, but a whole universe; it weighs every thing, from the insect which buzzes on the borders of a leaf to the infinite galaxy; it notes every thing, from the musical warbling of the nightingale to the harmony of the spheres in their orbits; it rises from things and phenomena to abstract and universal ideas, which are the rule and model of human works; from accidental life to absolute justice, goodness, and beauty; and when, arriving at this lofty summit, it might appear exhausted, it takes new breath, pursues its rapid flight, and in its infinite ambition gazes face to face upon God, like the eagle, which, scorning tempests, rises above the clouds to contemplate the splendor of the sun.

The idea is necessary to thought; it is necessary to things. We can not think without ideas; we can not know the world and the spirit. The idea enters, therefore, into the intimate and substantial existence of things. The idea is the reason of all phenomena. But the idea has not the character of the immutable motor of Aristotle. The idea moves because it is itself moved. The movement of the idea is called dialectics. The idea is not single; it is itself and its contrary. Within every idea there is its opposition. The idea of the infinite supposes that of the finite. The idea of beauty supposes that of deformity. Each religious faith has opposed to the God of good the god of evil, or the devil—to heaven, hell. So metaphysical philosophy opposes to the accidental the absolute, to the finite the infinite. In the celestial mechanism astronomy finds attraction and repulsion; in the air chemists find those opposite gases which form the equilibrium of life. In our bodies the physiologist finds the venous and the arterial blood, and the conflict of contrary humors. In the earth man finds every where the life which engenders and the death which consumes. Contraries always coexist, and upon this coexistence is founded the science of dialectics. It is not, therefore, a mere subjective method; it is a real law, objective of all beings. No body escapes the law of gravity. The law admits no exceptions. The light dust of the flowers which appears to float in sport falls on the wings of the butterfly or the calyx of the blossom, or on the earth itself, obeying its centre of gravity like the immense mass of Saturn or Jupiter. Nothing on earth nor in heaven is excepted from the embrace of the law of contraries. Every where there is existence and non-existence, unity and multiplicity, identity and difference. All things touch somewhere, are united by some conception, by some other side; through some other conception they differ and conflict. But the contraries resolve and harmonize themselves in another third term. For example, existence and non-existence—where are these two conceptions united? According to Hegel, they are united in the fundamental law of his dialectic; in the coming into being, by virtue of which that which has been is. It is seen how in philosophy the order and the connection of things represent in a simple, palpable manner the order and connection of dialectics. It is at once a law of things and of thoughts, of nature and of spirit, of the real and ideal.

The entire secret of the Hegelian philosophy is found in the fundamental conception of the absolute. In the ancient metaphysics the absolute is transcendental; with Hegel it is inherent. In the ancient metaphysics the absolute, the pure essence, the purest of existence outside of the spirit and of nature, separated from the world, and without clear

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relations with it except through the confused idea of creation and the undefined law of Providence, in its immobility and serenity gives origin to beings distinct from the absolute and separated from it, as the lofty mountain gives birth to rivers that go swelling upon their course in proportion to their distance from the fountain. But with Hegel the absolute moves, diffuses itself, animates all things with its central warmth, pulsates in ideas as if it were their blood, is here inorganic matter, there organic. It uses the affinities of chemistry to engender the life of beings, and the forces of mechanics to produce the harmony of worlds. It rises, like the sap in the trees, through the fibres of creation, converts itself into spirit; first the individual personal spirit, then the subjective social spirit; and stating continual oppositions which it resolves into supreme syntheses, taking the character of the Christian Trinity, three distinct terms, and one sole true existence, it incarnates its right in the state, its beauty in art, its life in history, its manifold essence, rich with ideas, with thoughts, full, vivacious, and perfect, in the last and most finished of all its manifestations—in science.

The ancients believed that, saying "existence," they said every thing. Their god was "existence," and they thought that no more was to be affirmed. But Hegel, the great philosopher of the dialectic movement, held that beyond this being, this existence *par excellence*, of which nothing is affirmed, was the last of beings, which unites to its quality of existence other qualities, and of which other affirmations may be made. And what we have said of the ancient conception of the absolute, and of the ancient conception of being, we say also of the ancient conception of logic. Too wide for some, and too narrow for others, logic was not found concreted nor defined for all. And logic is the beginning of the sciences, because it has for its object the idea in its purity. External, formal, and arbitrary in the hands of the scholastics, it did not pass the science of propositions. With Hegel, in its first aspect, logic appears as the science of universal and absolute forms, of thought, and of existence. But the logical idea is not pure form, because pure forms do not exist, and they all require their substance. The content of logic, we may say, the substance of logic, is the native idea, the idea in its incommunicable essence, its purity, when it awakes, rising into existence like the Greek Venus rising smiling on the sea-foam. Given the idea, we have logic; given the substance, we have form; because substance and form are interpenetrated like matter and its organism. Separate in thought the soul from the body, contemplate the soul in itself, in its essence, and you will have the logical idea, the pure idea, the idea before it is covered by the veil of matter in the world, and the impurity of reality in history. And as logic is the science of the pure idea, all sciences presuppose logic, and logic presupposes no other. All the sciences owe their method to logic, and logic owes nothing but to itself. There is no science so self-sustaining, so free, so autonomous, as logic. It is the science of absolute method, of absolute form, not only while the idea is abstract or in itself, but after it is fixed in reality and in the spirit; for the idea will have developed itself in other substances without losing its own essence and its pure form. The logical categories of thought are also laws of reality.

The idea can not exist in pure abstraction. It passes from the possible to the real, from logic to nature. There are absolute principles in nature, as there are in logic and mathematics, and there is therefore a science of nature as there is of logic. Logical principles, for example the abstract principle of causality, belong solely to logic, and may be applied to all sciences; physical principles belong to logic and to nature. As logic is the idea in its abstraction, nature is the idea in its first degree of reality. The universe is total; nothing exists in it separately and in absolute solitude. The body can not be separated from space, nor space from the body, warmth from light, qualities from substances. If, by an abuse of language, you separate them, and divide the successions of phenomena from time, if you separate bodies from space, you will fall into pure nominalism. Every thing is joined, vivified, and animated, brought into relation and sustained, in the totality of the universe. The idea, not being able to remain a pure logical abstraction, passes into space, which is and is not at once, which is something and is nothing; and from space the idea passes to matter, which is tangible, more real than space; and already matter in space acquires movement, and divides itself into distinct unities, which form stars—sidereal systems; and the appearance of the stars is the first effort that engenders individuality. Attraction is the universal desire of the stars to sustain mutual relations, being all divided into great individualities and subordinated to a common force. And from these purely mechanical relations, in which weight and gravity predominate, the idea comes to chemical life, which engenders the variety of substances, the action of one upon another, the internal work of union and of opposition, which is affinity, cohesion, warmth, magnetism, the flux and reflux of combinations, the continual and gradual metamorphosis of essences; until, after the mechanical and chemical world, appears organism —the plant—which nourishes itself with inorganic matters, spiritualizes and gives them life; the animal, whose organs are subjected

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to the central unity of each body, and which affirms this idea of individuality, moving itself, and possessing, besides this movement, a warmth of its own. And thus, as the mineral world is united to the vegetable by crystallizations, which are a step toward organization, the vegetable world is united to the animal by the zoophyte and the polyp—a species of animated plant, a sort of umbilical cord which binds our organism to that of vegetation—until after these sketches, these rough drafts, little by little, through successive degrees, by systematized series, passing from the crustacean to the mammal, animal life grows in perfection until it arrives at last at its master-work, the result and compendium of nature, the human organism.

Organic life realizes the idea of totality. Every individual is within itself not only an abbreviated universe, but also the abbreviated absolute. The weakest of organized beings, the most ephemeral, acts as the despot of the inorganic world, collects the mechanical forces and subordinates them to his own, collects the chemical media and obliges them to serve him as food, devours plants, destroys inferior beings, appropriates the substances which he needs, breaks and destroys whatever he requires for habitation or food, hunts other beings, and is hunted by still others, but extending every where the shadow of his individual egoism, until comes, as a manifestation of the eternal justice, that inflexible queen of beings, Death, with the silent step, the bony hand, and the mantle of darkness, to chastise individual ambitions, and restore them to the general life of the species, to show that no individual can rise to the absolute, to perpetuate life, with the renewal of the generations over this vast cemetery of the departed, this vast pasture of the continually reborn: for death, destructive and exterminating as it is, none the less represents in the universe confidence and the assurance of immortality. In logic existence and non-existence are confounded; and in nature are confounded also love and death, in their ultimate result intended to renovate life and perpetuate the species.

The idea, which could not remain among pure abstractions, which felt the necessity of becoming concrete in nature, feels also the necessity of rising from nature to superior degrees of life and being. The universe prepares to change itself into a theatre of the higher evolution of the idea as soon as the organic evolution is finished and concluded and touches its last degrees. The earth is beautified, the atmosphere is colored, the light and the heat disperse the vapors and clouds, the volcanoes are extinguished, oceans retire, vegetation rises loaded with flowers and fruits, continents are sketched out, surrounded by their necklaces of islands, among which sport and sing the excited waves, crowned with foam. In the series of organisms life seeks the instinct conceded to another, superior organism. The animals become more perfect; sentiment, memory, appear as prophets of the new life, as precursors of the new being; the birds spread their wings and rise on high, intoning pure hymns, as if aspiring to the infinite. The blind forces become subjected to the supreme force; and at last, under a shining heaven, over a perfected earth, at the summit of organized life, in the eyes, in the brain of man, dawns the new day, the eternal day of the spirit.

Logic is subjected to development; and so, in like manner, are nature and spirit. In the childhood of the species neither conscience nor liberty exists. The primitive man is, as it were, fastened to the ground—one with nature, in which he is not as yet a personality. The spirit is not distinguished from matter, nor intelligence from instinct, nor the will from natural agencies; and the human being seems as if suffocated in the bosom of the earth. It costs him great exertions to take possession of himself, to feel his independence of the world, to arrive at a knowledge of himself, and the exercise of liberty. This will be an evolution in reality as great and as radical as that which takes place at the passage from logic to nature, and from nature to the spirit. Here begins the internal morality of the individual in the superior life of society. Every man will recognize his equal in another man, and find the limit of his own liberty in the liberty of others. The spirit of each one exists entire and complete in the totality of men, and understands that its liberty must be founded in the liberty of all. Spirit and liberty are synonymous, but no individual spirit can or ought to arrogate to itself the monopoly of liberty. It is, like the air and the light, the property of all. And this power, superior to all, which embraces the liberty not of every man, but of all men together, is called, by another superior evolution of the idea, the Objective Spirit.

The objective spirit has its degrees and its developments, like logic and nature and the subjective spirit. The first of these degrees is the national spirit. It is difficult for the general mind to admit an essential unity of spirits—a general human spirit. A national spirit is still harder to admit. What does this "spirit of the people" mean? is a common question. It is seen that all men feel their identity and community of spirit, yet they hesitate to admit this spirit of humanity. It is seen that the citizens of a country have a community and identity of ideas and sentiments, and yet they will not admit the existence of a national spirit. Common-sense, which differs little from empiricism, sees only the citizens, the individ-

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uals, and not the superior forces of social life. In experience only individuals are encountered, but in reason nations also exist, with a spirit of their own; societies exist with their own forces. The nation is not merely the sum of the citizens, it is something more; it is an organism, a life, a spirit. Who would say that you have the body when you have an agglomeration of organs necessary to a body? who would say that you have a people when you have an agglomeration of citizens? In organisms there is order, proportion, law, harmony, functions; and there is the same in peoples. Organisms have their unity, and peoples also. In this order and in this proportion of nations there is a superior force. To take man away from society is like taking him away from the earth. To tear society away from that determining quality called nationality is to destroy one of its essential laws. The individual is not a pure existence, for he is born in the family, in a time, in the bosom of a nation. No man lives outside of the air, and no man can socially live outside of his time, nor outside of his people. And peoples, in their turn, who renounce the spirit of their time, like men who renounce the air of their planet, die. Political and literary restorations indicate dotage in the social life. The peoples who restore the reactionary regimen which they have destroyed are like old men nourished by recollections. A people is strong when it lives in the spirit of its age, as man is strong when he lives in the spirit of his country. It is evident, therefore, that there really exists a grade of the objective spirit which is called the national spirit.

All beings have wings; all aspire to soar; all, like the cloud of incense in the vault of the temple, rise toward the Infinite. This aspiration is a part of the internal constitution of beings. The idea never reposes in its progressive ascension, in its evolution toward a higher perfection. From logic it passes to nature, from nature to the spirit, from the subjective spirit to the national objective spirit, and arriving at the region of the state, the idea begins to feel and to recognize itself as an absolute spirit. Through the state the subjective spirit renders itself objective in the exterior world, transforms and assimilates it to itself. The state differs from civil society in that civil society seeks the good of individuals or of families, and the state seeks the general good. Thus it obliges the sacrifice of the selfish gratifications of the individual or of the family upon the altar of the country. The state is the sphere of the universal.

But for Hegel there is a grave error in admitting as forms of government the pure monarchy or the pure democracy. This tendency to pure forms of government consists, in his opinion, in an ignorance of society and all the conflicting elements which compose it, and of the opposed forces which sustain it. They do not, therefore, respond to the entire idea of the state. The monarchy looks only to unity, and suppresses liberty; democracy looks only to variety, individuality, and suppresses unity. Mixed governments, conventional governments, have been considered as the governments of reason and of nature. This belief, in Hegel's opinion, proceeds from those habits, inveterate in the human spirit, which, in their desire to simplify systems, deprive them of their essential elements. The republic, according to Hegel, confounds civil society with the state, and regards solely the good of the individual. In this way, confounding the good of the individual or of the caste with the general good, the ancient republics fell into despotism. This transformation of republics into dictatorships is the inevitable condemnation of such a form of government. He therefore proclaims the normal form of government the monarchy. The state, for Hegel, does not emerge from the form of pure abstraction until it has realized in one person, representing its ideas, its traditions, its history, the incarnation of its authority and of its right. It is deplorable that so lofty a conception should fall into a result so lamentable.

The monarchy the normal form of government! To sustain a thesis so extraordinary the philosopher recurs to the proverbial maxim of Louis XIV., "I am the state;" and, in truth, even for those who would have it most moderate, the monarchy always has something of apotheosis or deification either of the person or of the family; and this deification, this hereditary right to reign over a people, is of kin to the Oriental caste, broken by so many years of progress. To suppose that a man, great as he may appear, can personify society is like supposing that he can personify the universe. To ask his personal intervention is to believe society began from the will of a superior and miraculous inspiration. Social laws are independent of persons and of families, like the laws of the cosmos. To say that the republic can not reconcile the two terms of human society, authority and liberty, individual right and social powers, movement and stability, is to ignore the very essence of the republic, which distributes life with a regularity, and in just proportions, impossible in the monarchy. The social law should be binding upon all; and the social law, independent of human conventions and the will of the public powers, is Right, and a quality of right is its universality. This universality is belied if one man, from the cradle, from the moment of his birth, enjoys the privilege of ruling us, because this man is found outside of the limits of right, and inside of those of privilege, from the moment

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when the fiction necessary to monarchies declares him irresponsible. To say that individuality is injuriously developed in republics is an argument which appears to any candid spirit as idle as that of those misanthropic philosophers who demand a sacrifice of individual rights for the maintenance of authority and of social life. Hegel has said, in one of the most admirable analyses of his philosophy, that every essence carries in itself its form, and no one can deny that the perfect form of democracy is the republic. The national spirit which Hegel recognizes as an existence in itself, as one step more in the progress of life, can not be contained in an organism more befitting it. Kings found monarchies, republics true nations; and the argument that the two ancient republics degenerated into dictatorships is not worthy of repetition. They degenerated from the fatal day in which they fell into the monarchical error of imagining that a man was the personification of society, and this substitution of monarchy for the republic was their death. The geniuses which shone in the court of Augustus were sons of the republic; afterward inflation succeeded to greatness, and rhetoric to eloquence. Greece died on the day when her republic died. The human race mourns still the battle of Chæronea, in which republican Athens died—the battle of Pharsalia, in which perished republican Rome; it curses the Emperor Charles V. and the Pope Clement VII., who slew the Florentine republic; and Waterloo does not offer sufficient chastisement to the first Napoleon, nor Sedan to the third, for the crime which they committed in assassinating two republics.

And the human conscience, manifested in history, recalls that its glorious epochs have been those of the flourishing of republics. The federation of Israel dictated the moral law by which our conduct is still ruled, and educated those prophets whose imprecations against kings still inflame the hearts of our various peoples, and whose hopes of redemption still animate the religious ideas of our various civilizations. The Greek republic began the æsthetic education of the human race, and founded at once the eternal form of art and the spirit of science, shaping with the chisel in stone those statues, immortal forms of plastic beauty, and with its ideas in society the first citizens of democracy. The foundations of civil right in the west of Europe and in the Latin races are due to another republic—the Roman. While it lasted its heroes were worthy to employ, under the empire, the pen of Plutarch, while the greatest emperors only merited the stoic sentence of Tacitus, or the shameful ignominy of the Augustine history. In the modern world continues this prodigious vitality of the republic. All the glories of Italy, in the Middle Ages, are connected with this form of government. In the republic were educated the genius who painted the "Last Supper," the genius who modeled the "Perseus," and he who filled with his Cyclopean epopee the vaults of the Sistine Chapel. When that republic, the new Athens, fell at last, Michael Angelo moulded in marble a naked woman with the Greek beauty and the Christian soul, put grief in her face and sleep on her eyelids, and called her "Night," indicating that eternal night had come over the human conscience when so clear a star was extinguished in its sky. And, in fact, Pisa, which gave life to stone; Florence, which revived the Greek genius; Genoa, which awakened commerce, and invented exchange, and gave birth to the discoverer of America; Venice, which filled with the wonders of the East, bathed in the first light of creation, the sombre days of the Middle Ages—all surrounded by choruses of artists whose works form the oases of consolation in the desert of life—all are republics. Such also were those municipalities of Spain, those communities of France, those free cities of Germany, which checked feudalism, which substituted for the jurisdiction of the baron the jurisdiction of the jury, which established the foundations of property, which became the artificers of liberty and of wealth. So also was that Alpine people, the immortal conquerors of tyrants in the defiles of their mountains and on the borders of their lakes, like the Greeks in their Thermopylæ and Salamis. And republican also was that little nation which robbed from the ocean the space to establish its homes, true temples of liberty, of commerce, and of thought. Republican also was that glorious society which arose at the end of the last century, its sentiments fortified in the democratic maxims of the Gospel, its reason in the ideas of science, to place itself at the head of the republican movement which is the honor and the glory of America. And it was republican France which conquered all the kings of Europe, and sowed the first ideas of progress, which are at last to regenerate all peoples in democracy.

In one of his books Hegel has said that the form invariably corresponds to the essence, and the essence, the content, of modern philosophy is democracy. I will repeat here what I have said in another place upon this point. "The advent of democracy is not a problem, it is a fact. It is useless to ask who has brought it. The movement toward this social element has been so great, so sure and inevitable, that to look for its author would be like asking who has raised our mountains or opened our valleys. They have no architect. Any one who should consider himself the architect of modern democracy would appear like those men imagined by Voltaire in his *Micromegas*, who, being scarcely visible in their littleness to the gigantic

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inhabitants of other worlds, believed themselves creators of all the spaces and all the orbs. No man, no political party, has established democracy. It was brought in by the Christian spirit, by the irruption of Germanic tribes, which impressed upon our hearts the indelible seal of human dignity. The other peoples, not less warlike, which came from the North to destroy the Carlovingian reaction and to tear up with their swords the soil where they planted the idea of personality; the ancient monastic orders, which anointed with the oil of the priesthood the forehead of the plebeian; that mysterious influence which restrained the movement of the Crusades, and obliged the peoples of Europe to seek in their own forces what they could never find in conquest; the swarm of guilds, of associations, and municipalities which began to recognize the virtues of labor and to curse the calamities of war; the schisms which broke and destroyed the authority of theocracy; the councils of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries which brought once more to life the republican genius of the Gospel; the discoveries which restored and centupled our forces (powder, which placed the fire of Prometheus in the hands of men; printing, which gave the talisman of immortality to his ideas; the compass, which subjugated to him the sea; the telescope, which searched the heavens for him; America, which brought in her beauty a new world for the new soul); the Reformation, which revealed, like the Socratic school, the divinity of knowledge and the interior virtue of liberty of thought and belief; the Renaissance, which reconciled modern genius with ancient history and with eternal nature, which discovered the lost forms of art in the study of the human organism; the establishment of the Dutch republic and the progress of the Swiss republic in the heart of Europe; the voyages of the Puritans to the New World to raise a temple to the God of Liberty and a society to the Genius of Civilization; the philosophy which revealed natural right; revolutions, which burst in pieces the obstacles opposed to progress; the conspiracy of all scientific ideas and of all living forces—as the movements of the planet and the evolution of its organisms have converged for the production of man, the climax of creation, so these evolutions of art, industry, policy, and science have converged to produce democracy, the climax of society and of history."

Essences produce their forms. Let Hegel imagine his idea, the essence of his philosophy, the indefatigable wanderer of his scientific systems, after having descended from the desert of eternity to the multiform life of nature; after having irradiated himself through space in suns and in worlds; after having risen through the scale of worlds to the loftiest organic forms; after having entered into our body, and having seen with our eyes, talked with our lips, thought with our brain, felt on his forehead the splendor of the new dawn of the absolute spirit—suppose him commanded to go back in his course, to betake himself to sleep in the mineral, to change intelligence for instinct, liberty for the lot of the inferior species—would he not protest against this absurdity, although it appeared imposed by the very will of God? Modern nations have come to conceive a superior idea of right, a form worthy of this idea, in the state. The conscience will not recede so far as to submit at once to the absurd organisms of theocratic caste in the monstrous embrace of trembling monarchies.

Hegel understood this well enough, but his force of character was not up to the level of his intelligence. He sacrificed upon the altar of monarchy, so that the public powers might leave him in peace to pursue his scientific investigations. But all his philosophy of history contradicts his political conclusions. History is a development of the universal spirit in time, and this spirit is the reason of God which governs the world. To say that a thing develops is to say that it becomes in fact what it was in possibility. The spirit, essentially active, develops itself in action. The laws of logic are called in the world of nature physical laws, and in the world of spirit historical laws. These laws have a rational and scientific character. In their eternal movement beings and things receive the impulse of reason, and are converted into absolute spirit. The divine Providence, which is power, reason, virtue, and force, has traced a divine plan, an ideal for the government of the world. This plan, this ideal, is successively manifested in history. History appears like a genuine theodicy. History is the true theatre of the spirit, and the essence of the spirit is liberty, as the essence of matter is gravity. History is the gradual series of vicissitudes through which the human spirit has passed and arrived at liberty and consciousness. The East knew nothing of liberty. Its religion was like a confusion of man with nature. There was no liberty except for one, for the species of god which was called king. The Greeks and Romans extended liberty, proclaimed it for some, but in both of their societies slavery remained. To the German race belongs the historic privilege of having brought into Christianity the idea of personal liberty, of liberty due to the man, not as a citizen of this or that state, but as a moral person. But to apply this principle to religion, to life, to law, to policy, it has been necessary to employ efforts gigantic in their intensity and lasting for ages. The history of the world is the history of liberty, and liberty seeks perfection in its progressive development. He who does not so under-

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stand life will not understand the spirit. History will be for him a tragedy where hostile passions are combating, and which has for its perpetual heroes now fate, now chance. The spirit, in the acquisition of its liberty, its conscience, and the realization of its perfection, passes through various historic states; and there is no historic state which does not believe it is definitive, and which does not oppose resistance to the spiritual and human development. Hence arise great conflicts, in which the final victory always goes to liberty and to conscience. The spirit was confounded with nature in Asia. Man was distinguished from nature in Greece and Rome, and arrived at the full idea of liberty in the Germanic Christian world, in Europe and America. No force has been able to prevent this development. Humanity has arrived at its complete maturity.

This last age has three epochs—the Germanic invasions; feudalism in the Church; modern times, reason, and liberty. The discovery of America was the dawn of this day, the Reformation was its morning, the French revolution its noon. Man feels himself filled with liberty, and liberty filled with the divine spirit. He is unwilling to recognize a difference between priests and laymen, between monarch and vassal. The age of reason grows stronger from the Peace of Westphalia, which assures religious liberty, to the modern revolutions, which reveal the idea of right. We call this final age the Age of Reason, because it recognizes the laws of justice and of right. The truth which Luther believed he had discovered in the historic books of the Bible every man seeks in the eternal book of the conscience. But man has not only reason, he has will also. It is necessary to complete the sovereignty of the human reason with the sovereignty of the human will. In France Rousseau proclaimed the right of the people, and in Germany Kant and Fichte said that man should desire only his liberty. In Germany the idea was freer, and followed its course more regularly. In France the idea was more persecuted, especially by the Church, and the revolution burst out. It has been said that the French revolution proceeded from philosophy, and philosophy should not deny it; it should recognize it, because philosophy is not only pure reason, but also living reason realizing itself in the world. The tempest came because the progressive idea had to break the blind and formidable opposition of the historic state. To avoid these conflicts it is necessary that the governors and the governed should alike hold sacred the idea of right. In this way we may develop the human spirit so as to arrive at its fullness and perfection. This is the theory of Hegel. Tell me if the philosopher who thinks in this way, who lights this ideal in the human mind, who traces this plan in history, who dictates the laws of progress, who sees the spirit rising from nature to the conscience—tell me if he can, without radically contradicting his principles, demand that all this human progress shall pause and go back before the shadow of the monarchy?

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD STAGER.

Notices of conspicuous Public Men, with characteristic Anecdotes illustrating their Peculiarities.—Accounts of Congressional and other Duels, and personal Collisions in Congress, including a Glance at Washington Public Life during several Administrations.

GENERAL TAYLOR'S ADMINISTRATION.

GENERAL TAYLOR'S cabinet was a curious aggregation of incongruous elements. He had a limited and superficial knowledge of men in civil life, although few had a keener insight in estimating the characters of those with whom he came in contact in the army. He was jealous of Mr. Clay; and Mr. Crittenden's ardent support in the Presidential canvass, while it gave mortal offense to the great Kentuckian, was highly appreciated by General Taylor. Mr. Crittenden, although having reason to complain of the intolerance and overbearing arrogance of Mr. Clay, was loyal and devoted to him until that gentleman publicly declared that he would not again compete for the Presidency. Mr. Crittenden then became the warm supporter of General Taylor; and when Mr. Clay reconsidered his determination, Mr. Crittenden was so far committed to his rival that a change of position was impracticable. Hence it was that Mr. Crittenden got to be President Taylor's most influential adviser. A more honorable, disinterested, or high-toned gentleman than John J. Crittenden I have never known. But he was an emotional, warm-hearted man, and his judgment was always liable to be warped by his prepossessions. General Taylor acted upon his advice when he tendered the War Department to Mr. Toombs, of Georgia. Fortunately for the harmony of the administration, Toombs declined the office. But it was a piece of incomprehensible folly to offer him the place. Toombs had been an active, energetic member of the House of Representatives, and he was a man of rather a superior quality of mind. But he was opinionated, arrogant, intractable, irascible, and would have been a disturbing force hardly endurable in any administration. Mr. Crawford, of Georgia, was called to the place which Toombs had refused. He was a gentleman of fair reputation at home, but was comparatively unknown to the country. His conduct in the matter of the Galphin claim was severely censured, and President Taylor was much concerned thereat. But the old gen-

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tleman could never be persuaded of the propriety of reconstructing his cabinet. He regarded such a thing as a confession of weakness. He said it was like changing front in the presence of the enemy. Mr. Clayton, his Secretary of State, was a brilliant man in the Senate, one of the best debaters in the body, and a prudent, discreet, and admirable legislator, but he had no executive or administrative ability. At an early stage of the administration he became uneasy and discontented, and before the end of the year tendered his resignation. The President refused to accept his resignation, and he was finally persuaded to withdraw it.

Mr. Meredith, Secretary of the Treasury, was an able lawyer, a gentleman of varied accomplishments, great decision of character, and of perfect integrity; but he lacked flexibility, and did not readily adapt himself to the situation. Mr. Preston, of Western Virginia, was made Secretary of the Navy. He was a fluent debater, a lawyer of fair capacity, and an upright, honorable gentleman. But he had no aptitude for the duties of his office. Ludicrous stories were rife in Washington, illustrating his dense ignorance of nautical affairs. One of them was to this effect: His first official visit was made to the Gosport Navy-yard, Norfolk. Commodore Skinner was in command. He was a diminutive, insignificant-looking man, who had no great regard for forms or etiquette, and was never particular about his dress, even on the most important occasions. He received the Secretary on board the *Pennsylvania*, the largest ship in the service. The boatswain of the *Pennsylvania* was a large, fine-looking man, handsomely dressed in the uniform of his grade, and Mr. Preston, supposing him to be the officer in command, rushed up to him, and embraced him with great effusion. This blunder produced much merriment; and when the Secretary, looking down the main hatch, and seeing the peculiarity of the ship's construction, exclaimed, "My ——! she's hollow!" there was an explosion of laughter from the forecastle to the quarter-deck.

The most fitting appointment in the cabinet was Mr. Reverdy Johnson, Attorney-General. Eminent as a jurist, he was equally distinguished as a statesman and publicist, and no President could desire a wiser or safer adviser. General Taylor, although a man of patriotic intentions, full of plain common-sense, and fair general capacity, was bothered and embarrassed by the rivalry and jealousies that prevailed in the Whig party. The old gentleman entered the Presidency with no strong party predilections. He was originally no more of a partisan than General Grant, and a nomination and election by the Democrats would have been just as acceptable to him as the same distinction conferred by the Whigs. But he soon came to regard the Democrats as his adversaries. Party lines were drawn sharply soon after he came into office. It was evident that the Whigs must have the offices and other gratifications pertaining usually to the dominant party as a condition of their support of the administration; and a system of proscription and exclusion as inexorable as that practiced by the Democrats under similar circumstances was enforced by the Whigs in every department of the government.

But there was a subdivision in the Whig party, notably in the State of New York, growing out of the competing pretensions of Messrs. Seward and Fillmore, which finally terminated in the extinction of the Whig party, and the construction upon its ruins of the great Republican organization which swept the country six years thereafter, and still retains the control of the government. Whether that result would have ever been attained if the Democratic party had remained united, is a question that can not now be definitely settled. It is certain, however, that when Mr. Lincoln was chosen President, agreeably to the forms of the Constitution, there was a large preponderance of the popular vote against him, and that if the will of the people of the whole country had been correctly represented in the electoral college, he could not have been chosen to the Presidency.

The nomination of Mr. Fillmore as Vice-President was repugnant to the feelings of Mr. Seward and his friends. They seem to have had a foreboding of what finally took place, and the succession of Mr. Fillmore to the Presidential chair, while it vexed and alarmed them, was not an occasion of much surprise. At the outset Mr. Fillmore appeared to occupy the vantage-ground. He was a gentleman of dignified and imposing presence; he was known to General Taylor as having had considerable experience in civil life; and then he was in the closest official proximity to him. Practically, and in the experience of most of General Taylor's predecessors, the Vice-President is of the least possible consequence in the operations of the government. Apart from his position as presiding officer of the Senate, he has no functions, no authority; and it is only the possibility of his higher elevation under the constitutional provision that gives his position much importance. But General Taylor did not so regard it. To his apprehension the Vice-President was the officer next in rank to the commanding general; and for the first few months of his administration Mr. Fillmore was constantly consulted on matters of public concern, and specially with reference to the personal policy of the government. But the members of the cabinet soon became jealous of the influence of the Vice-Presi-

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dent. And this was natural enough; for the Prime Minister is never on good terms with the heir-apparent. Besides, Mr. Seward—who was an expert intriguer, and had many adroit and capable men in his interest—soon established confidential relations with most of the members of the cabinet; and some time before the death of the President Mr. Fillmore was reduced to a condition of insignificance and helplessness almost painful to behold. General Taylor became sensible that the office of Vice-President carried no authority or power in the councils of the nation; and being really taken possession of by Mr. Seward and his partisans, the friends of Mr. Fillmore were in danger of proscription under the opposing influence which dominated the White House. This was the state of things when General Taylor died, in July, 1850.

When Mr. Fillmore succeeded to the Presidency he found his personal opponents filling the most important places in the government; and although an amiable man, of no strong antipathies or prepossessions, he was constrained, from the necessity of the case, to make many changes. He reconstructed his cabinet anew, with Mr. Webster for Secretary of State. Mr. Clayton, who was Mr. Webster's immediate predecessor, came back to the Senate; but Messrs. Meredith, Crawford, and Preston, his colleagues in the cabinet, fell back to private life, from which they never again emerged. Mr. Crittenden succeeded Reverdy Johnson as Attorney-General, and that fresh-water sailor, Preston, made way for Mr. Graham, of North Carolina, who afterward ran for Vice-President on the ticket with Mr. Fillmore. Thomas Corwin came into the Treasury Department, a brilliant orator, a man of genuine wit, and a charming companion, but of scant qualifications for a financial minister, and of rather loose notions in respect to official responsibility. Mr. Hall, Fillmore's old law partner at Buffalo, was made Postmaster-General. Subsequently an arrangement was made with Mr. Conkling, father of the present Senator, then Judge of the Northern District of New York, by which he was made minister to Mexico, and Mr. Hall took his place on the bench, and made an admirable and very able judge. There were some insinuations of a bargain, inconsistent with an elevated sense of delicacy and propriety. But in those days elevated notions prevailed on the subject of public morality. At the present time such fastidiousness would be generally ridiculed.

The administration of Mr. Fillmore was generally successful. With the ponderous ability of Mr. Webster, and his long experience in public affairs, it could have been nothing else. The condition of the country was such that no great enterprise or activity was needed in the administration. But the Whig party was convulsed by the aspirations and intrigues of several rival candidates for the Presidency. Mr. Webster, who had for a long series of years been suffering under a hallucination of mind on the subject, was determined that his pretensions should no longer be postponed. It was his sincere conviction that the people had long been anxious to make him President, but that their wishes had been baffled by the sinister influence of the political managers. Mr. Fillmore, like every other man who had tasted the sweets of the executive office, wished for a re-election. The majority of the party preferred General Scott, who was finally made the candidate, to be ignominiously beaten by a county politician as little known as Franklin Pierce.

The Whig party never rallied after this overwhelming defeat, and finally disappeared upon the organization of the Republican party in 1854.

GENERAL TAYLOR AS A HISTORIAN.

General Taylor, although an excellent soldier, and a man of strong good sense in the every-day affairs of life, had been educated in the camp, and knew no more of statesmanship or the operations of government than a Comanche Indian; nor was he distinguished for colloquial accomplishments or narrative or descriptive talent. Then he had a habit of hesitation in conversation that amounted almost to a stammer. He spoke in a terse, sententious style upon subjects with which he was familiar, and his suggestions, especially on military matters, were marked by quick perception and sound judgment. But he was never diffuse or demonstrative, and wasted no words upon any body.

Judge Butler, a colleague in the Senate of Mr. Calhoun, calling to pay his respects to the President, begged him to describe the manner in which the battle of Buena Vista was fought. His brother, Pierce Butler, commanding the Palmetto regiment, and a very gallant officer, fell in the battle, and the judge was naturally anxious to learn the particulars of that desperate contest. "Well, well, judge, you want to know how the thing was done. Come and dine with me to-day, and I'll tell you all I know about it."

Judge Butler was a hasty, impetuous man, and the words flowed from his mouth in a torrent whenever he had occasion to speak. He was all impatience during the dinner, and the moment they were alone he brought up the subject of the battle.

"Yes, yes, judge, your brother was a brave man, and behaved like a true soldier. But about the battle—you want to know how it was fought?"

"Yes, general, if you will be so kind. I wish to learn how your troops were disposed on the field, and how you posted them to re-

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sist a force so overwhelming. Santa Anna must have outnumbered you four or five to one."

"The difference was greater than that, I think, but we didn't stop to count the Mexicans. I knew there was a heavy force, and longed for a couple of regiments more of regulars."

"Undoubtedly," said the judge; "but what was your order of battle?"

"Why, why, you see, judge, we went to fighting early in the morning the first day, and we fit all day long, losing a good many men, and at night it looked pretty bad."

"Well, what next?"

"When it got dark I rode over to Saltillo to look after our stores and to provide against a surprise."

"Why did you go yourself? Why not send one of your aids?"

"You see, judge, every thing depended on not having our supplies cut off, and I wanted to see after things myself."

"How was it the next morning when you came on the field?" inquired Judge Butler.

"Not much change since the night before."

"Who was the first man you met?"

"General Wool."

"And what did he say?"

"'All is lost.'"

"What was your reply?"

"'Maybe so, general — we'll see.' And upon that we went to fighting again, and fit all that day, and toward night it looked better."

The judge, looking rather blank, asked, "What next?"

"Well, the next morning it was reported to me that Santa Anna and all his men had disappeared in the night, and I was devilish glad to be rid of them so."

MR. SEWARD'S "HIGHER LAW" SPEECH.

It was during the first regular session of Congress after President Taylor took his seat in the White House that Mr. Seward made his great speech on the admission of California, in which he enunciated his doctrine of the higher law. As was his custom at that time, he had written out the speech carefully, and with the most perfect elaboration. It was the finest effort of his life, and if he had slightly qualified his statement of the binding force of the law of God, and omitted a gratuitous reference to slavery in Turkey, that gave great offense to the Southern people, it would have been generally popular. Thurlow Weed and Francis Granger, to whom he read the essay before its delivery, strongly advised a change in the phraseology; but Mr. Seward was a man of strong will, opinionated, and with a high sense of his own judgment, and he refused to alter a word. He affected great deference for the opinions of Mr. Weed, and always gave way to him in non-essentials, but he was unyielding on important questions. The prevailing impression that Weed was the ruling spirit was founded on a misconception of the character of the two men. Weed was shrewd, of quick perceptions, and an expert party tactician; but Seward had much the more powerful intellect, higher moral courage, more pluck and determination, and always dominated when his mind was made up.

His speech produced a profound sensation in Congress and throughout the country. It aroused a strong feeling of resentment and indignation among the Southern Whigs, and menaced the unity of the party. I was at that time assisting A. C. Bullitt in the editorial department of the *Republic*, the organ of General Taylor's administration. Bullitt was a favorite of General Taylor, having written the famous Alison letter, which smoothed the way for the Whigs to support his nomination. He had discussed with me the speech of Mr. Seward, and, at my instance, had concluded to pass it over in silence, as a delicate thing to handle, under all the circumstances of the case. The day after its delivery we met Senator Mangum on the Avenue. He was overflowing with wrath at what he denounced as the monstrous declarations of Mr. Seward. "I have just had a conversation with General Taylor," said he, "and I told him, in the plainest language, that if such were the doctrines of the administration, I was its decided opponent henceforth, and if those were Whig doctrines, I was a Loco-foco." A few moments afterward we encountered General Taylor, quite excited by the outbreak of the North Carolina Senator. He had a slight stammer when speaking under the influence of strong emotion. "A-aleck," said he—this was his usual mode of addressing Bullitt—"Aleck, this is a nice mess Governor Seward has got us into. Mangum swears he'll turn Democrat if Seward is the mouthpiece of my administration. The speech must be disclaimed at once, authoritatively and decidedly. Don't be mealy-mouthed about it, but use no harsh language. We can't stand for a moment on such principles. The Constitution is not worth one straw if every man is to be his own interpreter, disregarding the exposition of the Supreme Court."

Under this inspiration Bullitt wrote an elaborate and very powerful criticism upon the speech, commencing in these words: "When a Senator rises in his place, and proclaims that he holds his credentials from Almighty God, authorizing him to reject all human enactments"—and this was the keynote to the whole article. The effect was tremendous. Mr. Seward and his friends were filled with consternation, while a feeling of exultation equal in strength pervaded

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the minds of the Silver-Grays, or Snuff-takers, as the conservative Whigs were termed by their radical brethren.

But mark the sequel. Such was the tact and address of Mr. Seward, and his skill in impressing himself upon those by whom he was surrounded, that he soon regained his influence with General Taylor, and in a few short months the latter permitted the cabinet, co-operating with Seward, to drive Bullitt out of the *Republic* for writing the article which he had inspired and ordered to be written.

I was at Niagara Falls with Bullitt in the following July when the news of the death of General Taylor reached us, and this was his exclamation: "I mourn for the kind-hearted old man as I would for a father. He never acted wrong on his own motion. The filibustering knaves who practiced upon his credulity and good nature will now get their deserts, and justice will be done to all parties."

Mr. Fillmore's administration was a highly respectable one. He had had considerable civil experience, and with Mr. Webster in the State Department, there would necessarily be decorum and propriety in the general conduct of the government. He had no enterprise, no disposition to put the country on extreme courses. He surrounded himself with suitable, competent, and honest men; and national affairs, external and domestic, were in a healthy condition when he gave way to General Pierce.

General Pierce was a pleasant, amiable gentleman, of moderate capacity, but with no more voice or authority in the government than his private secretary. Rather by accident than design he drew about him a cabinet of uncommon ability. He was a man of facile mind, agreeable address, and a ready habit of expressing himself, but in an executive council composed of such men as Marcy, Guthrie, Davis, and Cushing his crude and superficial suggestions could have had little weight under any circumstances. Then his notions of the proprieties of official intercourse were loose and undefined. Mr. Buchanan represented our government at the court of St. James under his administration. That gentleman was always envious and jealous of Governor Marcy, who was then Secretary of State, and instead of communicating with the government through the Department of State, conformably to the uniform practice of his predecessors in office, he corresponded directly with the President, with the approbation of Pierce, who was rather pleased at the indignity thus offered the Secretary, as well as at his grim manner of resenting the affront.

THE HUDSON BAY COMPANY.

During the administration of General Taylor Sir George Simpson, Governor of the Hudson Bay Company, sought to make a sale to the government of the United States of what were termed "the possessory rights" of that company within our territory. In the treaty that settled the boundary line on our northwestern frontier certain properties and rights were secured to the company below the parallel of forty-nine, which the treaty had brought within our jurisdiction. The properties consisted of block-houses and hunting stations, with certain contingent rights that it was thought could not be maintained without danger of a collision between our government authorities and the Hudson Bay Company; and Governor Simpson, a hard-headed and sagacious old Scotchman, proposed to relinquish these rights, and every thing thereto pertaining, on the payment of a certain specified sum of money. During the last session of Congress under Mr. Polk Sir George had employed an agent at Washington to negotiate an arrangement, but no progress had been made to that end. My old friend, Governor Doty, of Wisconsin, had recommended me to Sir George as a suitable person to undertake the business; and early in the winter of 1849 Sir George wrote me, asking that I should meet him at Lachine, near Montreal, the head-quarters of the Hudson Bay Company; or, if that was inconvenient, he would see me in Washington soon after New-Year. I met him in Washington about the time appointed, and engaged to see what could be done. Evidently it would be futile to move in the matter without the approbation of the administration. In fact, unless the cabinet would consent to make the purchase an administration measure, it was not supposed to be possible to carry it through. Mr. Clayton, Secretary of State, was opposed to the project from the start; and although he behaved with great courtesy and fairness in presenting the matter to the President, there was a strong prejudice against the scheme, and it was soon abandoned.

Governor Simpson was an able man, of strong common-sense, practical and clear-headed in his views, an excellent judge of men, and the interest of the great corporation whose affairs he administered was efficiently promoted in his hands. At a dinner which he gave at Gadsby's old hotel I met Sir Henry Bulwer, then representing the British government at Washington, and Mr. Evans, of Maine, who had recently finished his Congressional career, which had run through nearly twenty years. I have rarely been more impressed by the views and suggestions of any three men. The conversation was informal and casual; but they were representative men, all of them thoroughly informed upon the topics they discussed, and expressed themselves with great force and clearness. Sir Henry was a well-equipped and highly accomplished

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man, without pedantry or pretense, and Mr. Evans was one of the best talkers of his time. No man was better instructed in regard to the structure and operation of our government, or could more readily explain the complexities of our system, so puzzling to the best-informed foreigners. Sir George was rich in information upon subjects of which the others were comparatively ignorant; and, altogether, the conversation and the free-and-easy discussions afforded a charming entertainment. One rarely sees three such men together. They were wholly unlike, differing in their modes of thought and forms of expression, and yet alike full of information and instruction.

THAT BULL-PUP.

"IT'S wuth all o' ten dollars, that 'ere job; an' the idee of your offerin' me two! Why, I hed to haul her up, an' bail her out, an' turn her upside down, an' put tar an' oakum into all them cracks—besides the time. You don't seem to think a man's time's nothin'."

"Mr. Fabbins," said I, "you know as well as I do that you couldn't have put ten dollars' worth of work on that boat. It's preposterous, your charging such a price."

"I don't know as I kin take less; tar an' oakum's riz, an' a man's time don't go for nothin'."

I was somewhat mystified by Fabbins's emphasizing the value of his time. He passed for a river fisherman, and spent most of his time in his boat on the water, where he seemed to be about as idly industrious as a sitting hen, "whose time is nothin'," as the boy said. On shore he always moved along at the most shambling leisurely pace, as if quite indifferent to the relations between labor and capital. The only hour when he seemed actively employed was when he had brought in his boat at sunset, and sat there coolly breaking the legs of his captured crabs to keep them from crawling back into the water, or reducing some poor flopping cat-fish or squirming eel to order by a final quietus.

Josh Fabbins was a small, thin, weather-beaten man of about forty-five, with a face which a painter would say was remarkably out of drawing. This peculiarity attached chiefly to his nose, which, in addition to its prominence, had a decided curve to the larboard, like a flesh-colored sail in the wind. His light gray eyes were near together, and had an uncertain, watery look, as if, were it not for the dike interposed by the nasal member, they might flow together, and make a feeble Cyclop of him. A spare and scattering beard partly hid his mouth and chin. He did not seem to be of the combative or audacious order, but like one who would sooner gain his point by quiet and pertinacious persistence.

It may have been a semi-consciousness of bold effrontery in the man that led him to seek for his psychological complement in the shape of an ugly bull-pup, who always attended his steps when on shore. I never heard that he had had much occasion for this canine reinforcement, or that the bull-pup had ever fought any battles for his master. But so it was, the man and the dog seemed inseparable.

My private opinion is that that bull-pup had for some time been without any owner. I sometimes met the beast in the Irish quarter of the town, and sometimes in out-of-the-way places, where it was clear he was following nobody, nor was any body following him, though the dog had a just pride about it, and made great pretensions either to being somebody's favorite, and to be perpetually awaiting the arrival of some one, or else he pretended entire indifference to all humans; and you would see him sauntering leisurely, as if it were nobody's business where he was bound, and he had a perfect right to stop and smell at all the corners as long as he pleased, and scrape acquaintance with any other dog he took a fancy to. I felt sorry for the young fellow, for I feared he was in dissipated habits. I suppose two lonely half lives found a sort of completeness when the fisherman and the dog met in mutual league and friendship.

He was an ugly and vulgar specimen, that bull-pup. His color was a dirty white; his tail was short; his ears were cropped; his legs had the usual twist of his genus; and his square pugnacious head and jaws looked as if they would, with maturing years, harden into a huge animated forceps. But the most noticeable thing about him was a large black spot on one side of his face, as big as your hand, in the centre of which was supposed to be his left eye. This eye was therefore with difficulty distinguishable, but the right eye did double duty. I could never see that black spot over his eye without imagining it must have been hereditary from one of his quarrelsome ancestors, "the hero of a hundred fights," who had borne away the mark from some terrible scuffle with man or beast.

My dispute with Fabbins about the boat came to no definite result at this time. I persisted, however, in declining to pay him the sum he demanded, and left him in a somewhat gloomy but not defiant mood. The dog stood by all this time, looking at each of us, and seemed to know (confound that black patch of his!) all that was said. As I was leaving, he looked hard after me, as much as to say, "I'll know you when I see you again."

Fabbins, I think, had no Celtic blood in his veins, or I might have anticipated, perhaps, something like my experience, a year before, with one O'Reagan.

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O'Reagan was a poor shiftless Hibernian who came to our gate one day with a rusty scythe, and asked for a job. We let him do about an hour's work mowing at the weeds and wild-carrot tops in our lot, for which he demanded one dollar, or half a day's pay. As I declined to pay so much, he went off with some saucy words, and in a few days sent a constable with a summons to appear before a justice of the peace on a certain day to answer for my conduct. I was much provoked, for the fellow never made any endeavor to arrange matters with me. On consultation with my friends, I concluded to appear. I had some difficulty in finding the justice or his office. At last I was directed to a forlorn group of Irish houses, where I found the judge—a crude emigrant from the gem of islands over the sea—seated on his door-step, in his shirt sleeves, who, when I stated my case, called to the plaintiff, who was within hearing, to lay down his pitchfork and come into court. We then entered a bare room, with a platform and tables at one end, where the judge took his seat, and as he was not very strong on reading and writing, transacted his business through his son and secretary: the result of which was that, besides the one dollar to O'Reagan, there was another dollar adjudged to the court. I thought of Lear:

"Oh, Regan, thou hast tied
Sharp-toothed unkindness like a vulture here!"

I contented myself with giving Mr. O'Reagan a piece of good advice as to his conduct in future to his patrons, and left the court congratulating myself that the costs were no heavier.

This was in the days of the Emerald Ring of Poddersville. That ring, I think, is broken now.

The next time I saw Fabbins was on the shore road, when he stopped me with a renewal of his demand. The dog stopped too, and looked at me in a sinister way out of his one visible eye, and seemed to say, "You'd better settle that bill, or, by the Dogstar, I may have occasion to be at your shins." The wind was blowing hard from the river, and I had much ado to keep my hat on. And the fisherman's nose seemed to careen more than ever on one side, and his eyes threatened to flow together, and his face looked as if the wind had disturbed seriously some of its lineaments. I declined to make the settlement demanded, renewing my former expostulations as to its injustice. Something like the same parley occurred two or three times when I met him. I began to grow weary of the affair, and to think of a compromise with the man.

One day I was in the fields, enjoying the budding of the young leaves, and listening to the birds, and was in quite a tender and sentimental mood, when I was aware of something moving toward me, and who should make his appearance but that bull-pup, followed by the shambling steps and unsymmetrical features of Josh Fabbins. "Confound it!" I said, "here he is again—but not like the birds with their little bills. He must think I am like one of these trees, and am budding all over with greenbacks. Because he finds me walking in the fields, he thinks I have eternal leisure, and therefore endless stocks and ready cash at command. Just now I was singing, 'I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows.' I suppose he heard me, and thinks I refer to a bank in Wall Street." His dog looked hard at me. He neither barked nor growled, yet stood there as if in case of any serious altercation he would easily be master of the situation. Moreover, he was no longer a pup. He had grown bigger and stronger, and had lost that flabby and sheepish look observable in many canine youngsters. He seemed quite conscious that he was emerging from unmuscular and unprotected puppyhood into all a full-grown dog's doggedness. As his master lapsed into more marked formlessness of features and feebleness of gait, the bull-dog was gaining in shape, size, and virility, and seemed to show in his one uneclipsed eye a sullen light of reflectiveness, and a disposition to take an active part in his owner's affairs that a little disturbed me. Suppose Mr. Fabbins should become more than usually importunate about that ten dollars? Suppose we should grow warm about it, and he should refuse to agree to a compromise? Suppose he should see that I was growing nervous about the proximity of that cursed dog? Suppose he should be aware that the loneliness of the place and my defenseless condition were unusually favorable to his designs? Even now the beast was smelling at my legs. I stooped, and tried to pat his abominable head—a thing I should have scorned to do if I had had a pistol about me, or even a stout stick. The creature stood there, and looked at me out of his one eye like a young canine thundercloud. There were no signs of friendliness on his part—not the least symptoms of wagging his tail.

"Well, Mr. Wallingham," said the fisherman, "fine spring weather at last."

"Very, very fine, Mr. Fabbins. But what brings *you* so far from the river?"

"Oh, nothin' partickler. 'Tain't the best sort o' day for fishin'. Cloudy days is best for me. Tried it this mornin'; couldn't get a darned bite. Out on the flats shad poles want fixin'. Boat sprung a leak. By-the-way, Mr. Wallingham, I ain't been paid yet for that boat o' *yourn;* more'n five months since I mended her."

The dog seemed to second this motion, and gave a *sotto voce* symptom of a growl, as though he were suppressing an oath—the

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wretch!—and looked at his master, and then at me, in a way I didn't like. Evidently he meant, "I wouldn't stand it. Why don't you get the money out of him?"

"Curious dog that, Fabbins. Isn't he growing vicious? I don't quite like the way he looks at me and smells at my legs."

"Oh, Pup's all right" (he never called him any thing but "Pup"). "Smart dog, though. He knows a thing or two. Ain't been eddicated much, either. *He* won't hurt you. Get out, Pup! Go lie down!"

The sweet creature sulkily retired a few steps, and compromised by sitting down uneasily, but looking steadily at me still.

Fabbins's features never seemed more out of drawing than just now. There was a cunning twinkle in his watery eyes, as if small silver-fish were leaping up in them.

"Mr. Wallingham, s'pose we take it easy an' set down. It's raythor a nice place here under the trees, an' I take it you hev nothin' to do partickler. *You* don't hev to work for your livin' like I do."

I thought Fabbins unusually familiar and friendly. I began to suspect he had been taking a drop. I was disposed to humor him, however, and we both sat down on the rocks, two or three yards apart. The dog looked around to see if any body was within hearing, and then took his station facing us both, squatting as if his seat were only a temporary one. We three formed three angles of a right-angled triangle.

Fabbins seemed quite at leisure. He took a short clay pipe from his pocket, filled it, lit a match, and began smoking.

The dog, observing him, relaxed and stretched himself out, with his head across one of his paws, but still turning the white of his unblackened eye upon me.

The fisherman smoked a few minutes in silence, and then observed, "Rayther dry work this; guess I'll hev to liquor up a little;" and drawing a small flask from his pocket, poured part of its contents into his upturned, scrawny throat. The dog looked at him suspiciously, heaved a sigh, and snapped petulantly at a fly.

"P'r'aps you won't take any yourself? You're welcome if you will."

"No, I thank you," I said. I looked at my watch. "Bless me!" I said; "I must go. I didn't think it so late."

But why did that confounded bull-pup cock his head on one side, and look at me as if I were talking to *him*? Curious dog that.

"No, d-don't go, Misser Wallagam. It's a nice place here. Rich men like you ain't pressed for time. Got sumpin to say to you, Misser Wallagam—'bout that boat, you know."

"Oh, the boat! Well, what have you to say?"

"Fact is, mus' have my ten dollars, Misser Wallagam."

"Nonsense! Haven't I said again and again that it's a preposterous charge? I told you long ago I shouldn't pay it."

The dog looked at me out of the corner of his white eye, and for the first time I noticed that he had another eye in the black patch, but it was blood-red!

Fabbins frowned feebly, rubbed his lop-sided nose, and his eyes grew more watery. He applied himself again to his flask.

"Tell you—mus' have my money, Misser Wallam. It's wuth it to me. Don't take 'count of a man's time, does he, Pup? Pup, let's have the money out of him, hey, Pup?"

The villainous animal understood him, and turned to me with a low growl.

"Fabbins," I said—for I began to be superstitious about the creature—"suppose we make a compromise about that boat. Say five dollars."

The dog looked at me less angrily, and as if he were pondering whether he should accept my offer.

"Can't do it, Miss' Walm—rich man like you—'tain't nothin'. Mus' have it."

"You are mistaken, Mr. Fabbins. I am by no means rich. I have to work to make enough to piece out a small income. Besides, that's not the point. You didn't do ten dollars' worth of work—no, nor five. But I'll give you five, to be rid of the whole business."

The dog seemed to throw a supplicating look at his master. But Fabbins was beginning to feel the effect of his potations. He got up, and staggered, flushed and angrily, toward me, and clinched his fist. The dog too turned, and gave a savage growl. I looked about for a stone or stick or something, to defend myself. The beast made a spring at my legs, and I was about to grapple with him as I might, when I saw Fabbins behind stumble and measure his length on the grass; and, to my utter amazement, the animal left me and ran back to his master, running around him and whining and tugging at his coat, as if endeavoring to lift him from his prostrate position. Thinking discretion the better part of valor, I took this opportunity to leave, and made a short-cut homeward through the woods.

I was quite uncertain what course the man would now pursue to extort from me the money he demanded. Would he take his chance of meeting me in my solitary walks, and make his dog his policeman? Or would he sue me, as O'Reagan did? Or would he remember enough of the interview last described to come to terms and accept my offer?

About a quarter of a mile from my house, near the suburbs of the little village of Poddersville, there was a row of small, rickety, frame buildings, which went by the name of New Cork. These buildings were tenanted by Irish people, some of them decent and

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orderly, but some of inflammable and riotous propensities. Occasionally a barn would burn down in the neighborhood, late at night, and no one could detect the delinquents. But suspicion attached to half a dozen young Hibernians. It was a forlorn-looking street, this Irish Row. The houses were ragged and untidy, the palings and gates in front broken and unpainted, the yards as bare of grass and flowers and trees as if vegetation were something to be dreaded. The "wearing of the green" may apply to the flags and emblems of this people, but there is a decided aversion to displaying the national color in the verdure of nature about their front-doors. The puddly sidewalk in front, and the mud of the street and gutters, were the playground of the swarming juveniles who tumbled and screamed about among the chickens and geese and ducks. Disagreeable little curs barked and snarled at your heels as you passed; and the opposite sidewalk, which was bordered by a rickety fence, behind which the cows and goats were pastured, was strewn, like a sea-shore with wrecks, with old cast-off shoes that had been stranded there all winter, old rusty pans, and coffee-pots without bottoms, broken crockery, rags, glass, and skeletons of crinoline. Walking here, you stepped amidst the unburied relics of the past. The civilization of this quarter of the town was something quite distinct from that of Poddersville in general.

You may fancy from this sketch that some portions of our quiet little town were not unfavorable to the growth of those baleful organizations termed Rings. There had been decided symptoms of a lusty fungous growth in this way, and these were particularly manifested in one of the late annual district-school meetings, where a turbulent and almost riotous election of school directors took place. The Catholic party were for building another school-house under their own exclusive management, the Protestant for enlarging the present building so as to accommodate all. The former faction was unfortunate in its representation on this occasion, for this was composed of the most lawless roughs and bullies of the town. But the party of law, order, union, and intelligence carried it, though the chairman of the meeting was howled at and insulted by the mob, and made his voice heard with the greatest difficulty.

One night, as I was passing New Cork Row, on the opposite side of the street, I thought I heard Fabbins's voice, and O'Reagan's, and a few others of his countrymen, in low conversation. These seemed to be endeavoring to persuade the fisherman to join in some scheme or plot, but I couldn't make out what it was. The bull-dog stood as sentinel in the middle of the street, and looked at me as I passed, and I fancied that the eye under that black patch of his flashed with a blood-red light on me, like a lurid glass jar in a druggist's window, and that I heard a low growl. But I passed on, and nothing came of it.

From the memorable evening of the district-school voting the Ring began to be conscious that it was cracked. And at the next town election still greater gain was shown for the reform party, and one of the reforms carried was that of putting in a better justice of the peace; so that if Mr. Fabbins had entertained any notion of suing me, this last election decided him to remain quiet.

I had seen nothing of the fisherman for a good while. I had tried my boat and found it still leaky, and came to the conclusion that three dollars was full enough payment for such poor work as he had expended on the job. So I sought him out and represented to him the condition of my boat, and handed him that sum. He took it without a word of expostulation. That bull-pup made no objection, and only looked dejectedly at his master. Ever since the last election the animal seemed to know that his power was waning; that he had espoused a declining and a lost cause. He still would turn up the white of his unshadowed eye at me, as I passed him on the shore road, but it was more in sorrow than in anger. It seemed to express a stoical resignation. The end of his stubby tail had a perceptible droop. He passed the other dogs without noticing them. He rather avoided observation, kept close at his master's heels, and seemed indifferent to all the rest of the world, human, bovine, feline, or canine. Looking close at that one visible eye of his, one day, I thought I could detect a certain introverted expression. "All is vanity," he seemed to say. "Life is short, like the tails and ears of bull-dogs. Times are changed. Where is the public sentiment that once lent vigor to my backbone, and made a blacksmith's vise of my jaws? I am a disappointed Bow-wow-ry boy."

As for the fisherman, he seemed to live the same lonely and dilapidated sort of life. I never heard that he had been married. He boarded in an obscure house near the shore. When he was out in his boat, he left his dog behind, who, though he would stand a few minutes on the wharf, looking thoughtfully after his master as he lazily plied his oars over the water, made no complaints, and seemed to take the separation philosophically. Whenever he chanced to see him returning, he would wait for him, and wag as much of his short tail as he could, but made no noise about it. How he spent his time when Fabbins was away on the river I hardly know. But I often saw him, as I said, in other parts of the town, where he seemed to be pretending he had business of

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his own. There was a mystery about him. But on shore the two were ever undivided. One day I met them in a lane near the Invalid Sailors' Home. It was a Sunday afternoon in June. Fabbins was seated on a low wall, gazing listlessly on some lazily sailing vessels on the river. That bull-pup sat beside him, looking in his face. Along the shady lane, at intervals, might be seen a dozen or more of the ancient mariners, some in couples and some alone, slowly walking up and down with that peculiar gait by which those poor old disabled bodies are easily recognized; some with wooden legs, and some with what remained of their withered old sea-legs—but all with stout walking-sticks. They always seemed to move like so many pairs of compasses in loose trowsers and short jackets.

"Good-evening, Mr. Fabbins," I said.

"Good-evening, Mr. Wallingham."

"You seem to be inseparable friends still, Mr. Fabbins, you and your dog."

"Why, yes, Pup's about the best friend I have."

"You wouldn't sell him, then?"

"No, *Sir!* Why, he's wuth more to me than any body knows. You see, Mr. Wallingham, its raythor hard times, an' I'm gittin old, an' I hain't no wife to take care o' me. And there ain't no institootion like this 'ere Sailors' Home to take me in—though I was a sailor myself once, an' seen hard work aboard ship. Them old fellers here has an easy time, though they *hev* lost their legs, or broke their backs, or got knocked up one way or 'nother. But I hev to rough it, an' support myself as I kin, an' its hard times. Fact is, I'm about made up my mind to quit these diggin's. Was ye thinkin' o' buyin' the dog?"

"Well, no—not for myself. But I have a friend who wants a good house-dog. There have been burglars around lately."

"Now I jes tell *you*, Mr. Wallingham, that I couldn't part with Pup, not if you was to offer me— Well, it's no use tryin' to git him. Why, Pup an' me are jes like man an' wife."

And his queer face twisted into a sort of melancholy smile.

"Where do you think of going, Fabbins?"

"Don't exactly know yet. May go to sea, and may go West. Got a cousin out in Detroit, an' maybe I may jine him in a fishin' establishment out there."

"You wouldn't leave Pup behind if you got a good price for him?"

"Mr. Wallingham, it ud be like sellin' my flesh an' blood. 'Tain't right in you to tempt me. Besides, he wouldn't be no use to nobody. He'd foller me to the end of creation. Ye couldn't keep him."

"Well, I suppose you are right; and I should hate to part two such good friends. Good-evening. I wish you success wherever you go."

This was the last I saw of Fabbins and his dog. It was about a year from that time that the following paragraph caught my eye in a newspaper:

"A man near Detroit lately fell from a wharf into the lake, but was rescued by his dog. He is supposed to have been intoxicated. It is said that his sudden immersion, and the touching way in which he was saved from drowning, produced such an effect on his mind that he has joined the Baptist Church, has abandoned spirituous liquors, and promises to become an exemplary and industrious citizen."

Was it Josh Fabbins? I hope so.

MY BLINDNESS AND ALBRECHT VON GRAEFE.

By THE REV. WILLIAM H. MILBURN.

WHEN I was five years old an unlucky, unintended blow from the hand of a playmate inflicted a severe wound in my left eye. Had the incident occurred a hundred miles from a doctor, and my mother applied a wet bandage to the eye, I might have been saved more than forty years of twilight, deepening down into utter night, besides the thousand ills which come from dwelling in the darkness. But the accident befell me in the polite city of Philadelphia, famed for its medical schools and their distinguished professors; and of course one of these illustrious persons was instantly sent for. He was a tall, rawboned man, of stately but cold and forbidding manners, supposed to be very learned in his art, and withal an old bachelor—as fit to care for a wounded child as the King of Brobdingnag would have been to medicine Gulliver. I was put upon a regimen of lancets, cups, and leeches, Epsom-salts, castor-oil, rhubarb, and "spare fast that oft with gods doth diet." The patient must be reduced, to prepare him for an operation. No operation was really necessary, for in a healthy child a wound even in the eye, if let alone, will take care of itself. But what is a child to a learned medical professor with a score of private students, and, withal, the editor of a review? A subject, a capital subject, for an operation.

So there was a day when the professor, his brother professors, and their students, a room full of them, came together in my father's house to see a beautiful operation—beautiful enough, I suppose, to him who performs and to those who look on; but what of the child? Oh, he is only a subject! The nitrate of silver was deftly drawn over the cicatrix. The child's mother, amidst the applause of the spectators at the delicate and beautiful manipulation, was commanded by

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the professor to keep the boy in a dark room, and the eye constantly wet with this prescription — solution of sugar of lead — and the professor would see the patient to-morrow. The days wore on. The fire in the eye abated until it was quenched, gradually light was admitted into the room, and, thanks to modern science and surgical skill, a perfect cure had been wrought. But stay; there's a slight scar, and it must be removed. To be sure, it does not affect the sight, and if the natural secretions of the eye are allowed to go on, they will absorb it; but then there is the honor of science and the reputation of a great medical professor at stake —the operation must be repeated.

There was another day when a number of gentlemen, who looked like clergymen, except that they wore dress-coats, and when in deep thought held gold-headed canes to their noses, as if there were pouncet-boxes or receptacles for disinfectants in the tops, or as if the contact of gold with the delicate nerve at the end of the nose had a stimulating effect upon the organs of memory, invention, and device—Hermes's caduceus, to arouse wisdom and call the dead back to life —a day, I say, on which a group of these gentlemen, attended each by his retainers, came together to see the fire-king perform. Was he going to swallow live coals, thrust his hand into the flames, or walk into a heated furnace? No; only to thrust a living brand into a little child's eye, and then write a learned article for the next number of the *Medical Review*, for the encouragement of countless smaller fire-kings in the rural regions to inflict like tortures upon other helpless victims. It is said the "burned child dreads the fire," and it can be easily imagined that, having had one touch of this man's quality, I should shrink from the second. What could a child's cries, struggles, prayers avail? Where were my father and mother? Why did not these gentlemen with the white cravats and gold canes and the fine young students interfere and save a five-year-old boy from his torturer? Without an act of grace, a pat on the head, a caress, or word of sympathy, the harsh man seized, fastened me as in stocks between his knees, pressed my head against his left shoulder, and recklessly thrust the caustic through the eye— not a delicate operation, truly. But then his brother professors must agree with him that it was a shame such a beautiful operation should be spoiled by the unmannerly behavior of that cub. What right had he to make such an uproar—as if modern science ought to regard human agony? But that was more than forty years ago. It was the wont of a world-renowned American surgeon in lecturing on the eye to the students to begin thus: "Gentlemen, the eye is the most delicate organ of the body; you should be very cautious in beginning to treat it. I presume I spoiled a peck before I ever benefited one!" Mine simply went into one of my professor's pecks. I wonder how many pecks, bushels, and tons of human eyes the faculty have disposed of, say, within forty years!

Then there were two years of darkness— darkness visible, intermitting with ghastly flames, lurid fires, from two furnaces heated seven times hotter; for the other eye had been kindled into a blaze of inflammation. What a long anguish it was for the child, for his mother and father! The voices of all who entered that room of suffering were low, their steps light and muffled, as if it were the chamber of death. The chief noise that broke the silence was made by the moans and sobs of the child, to which there was an echo in the stifled sobs and prayers of his parents. Sometimes, when I think of the operation and its results, my frame grows rigid, my fists clinch, and I feel, had that child been mine, I should have brained the doctor before he could have put the caustic in. According to physiology my system has undergone six complete changes since then, but my arms bear the marks of countless cuts made by the lancet; for those were the days of heroic medical treatment. I was bled, cupped, leeched anew, and made to swallow enough nauseous, perilous stuff to start a respectable young druggist in trade. To help allay and subdue the raging fires in the swollen, almost bursting, eyes, the solution of sugar of lead was again applied, as if it was resolved that what the inflammation spared the lead wash should destroy. When I was released from my gloomy chamber, as a captive from a dungeon where almost inquisitorial horrors had been experienced, shrunken well-nigh to a skeleton, it was found that the sight of one eye had departed forever, and that the lymph from the inflammation uniting with the residuum of the lead wash had formed opacities in the other, which in due time would darken the sun.

Such was the beginning of my acquaintance with oculists and their practice. After such an introduction one might fancy that a larger and more intimate knowledge with the professors and their art would not be desired. But hope makes us weak as well as strong, and I have therefore performed many a pilgrimage, and made many visits to the shrines of great and illustrious professors of the healing art, and have not disdained to visit at least one very famous, very money-making wonder-worker. As every one of my readers stands the chance of losing his sight, wholly or in part, and as this page may be read by many of my brothers and sisters in infirmity, I must needs pause, and for the benefit of all, as well as to gratify the curiosity of future ages, try to sketch Dr. Oxturn, a celebrated peripatetic friend of humanity, who devotes his days and nights to the relief and cure of impaired ears and

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eyes for a very moderate compensation. Perhaps I might be ashamed to confess the acquaintance but that I happened to dine, nearly twenty years ago, with Mr. Prescott, the historian, who, as all the world knows, was nearly blind. As the talk went on he asked,

"Did you ever visit Dr. Oxturn?"

Somewhat sensitive about my acquaintance with this illustrious humanitarian, I answered, in genuine Yankee fashion,

"Did you?"

My friend hemmed and hawed, and seemed to be engaged in the solution of a knotty problem, but at length replied,

"Umph! yes—I have—seen him."

"With what result?" I asked.

"I beg your pardon," he rejoined, "but are you in the same boat?"

After comparing notes it was found that we had a common experience. As my acquaintance with Dr. Oxturn goes back a score of years, and as the fees which he derived from Mr. Prescott, myself, and thousands of patients in all parts of the civilized world have been scrupulously devoted—*i. e.*, a part of them, as he always told you—to benevolent and religious purposes, I suppose that no delicate feelings of pride caused by the honor of such an acquaintance ought to make me shy or ashamed in avowing to the public and to posterity my intimate relations with him. In his sublime mission of relieving the ills to which our flesh is heir, he came from his home across the deep to the New World. The columns of the journals heralded the advent of Dr. Oxturn to the chief city of that portion of the Occidental hemisphere in which I was then living, chronicling at the same time the unparalleled mighty cures he had wrought in Europe and America, urging with naïve and tender voice all sufferers from diseases of the eye and ear to visit the doctor's city of refuge.

With an army of sufferers drawn from all parts of a vast empire, I resorted to San Loretto, where miracles were performed. It was most edifying to see the crowd of human creatures in the great man's anteroom, waiting their turn, like children in the game where one is hot or cold as he is near or far from the object concealed, as planets approaching or receding from the sun. You had to wait a long time for your number to be admitted to the presence of the grand Panjandrum. Inflamed by that passion for the good of the neighbor which animates the breast of humanity, overcoming your natural diffidence, you would eagerly question the people around who were already under treatment. Deaf people whose ears were coming back to them would not possess much interest for a blind man. You wanted to see those whose sight was recovered, or in course of recovery. By mutual consent you were referred to Mrs. Tearly, a lovely widow who wept her eyes out in two nights and a day when her husband died, who, in reply to your question whether she was really benefited, answered, with such a sedate, convincing manner,

"I think I am a little—indeed, I might say a great deal; the gracious daylight is coming back to me after that bitter vale of tears."

At last your turn comes. With becoming awe and thankfulness you enter the great man's presence, take the chair opposite his, and your knees are inclosed between his. The light is good—he casts a rapid glance at your worst eye. "It is hopeless." Then he looks for a few seconds at the other, and bids you look up, down, to the right, to the left, this way, toward your nose, now this way a little.

"That's very good; you have some power in that eye—there's light here—bad eye, very bad eye, but I think I can benefit you; have saved much worse eyes than that. My treatment is perfectly original. I have given my life to the eye—have saved thousands of blind men, women, and children. I live to do good, but of course I say nothing about that—let my *works* praise me. I understand you are a minister—I am a member of the church. I love the ministry! I give a large portion—the largest of my income—to the spread of the Gospel; but I say nothing about that. I charge you nothing for my examination. I have examined hundreds of thousands of eyes. But my fee for treatment will be two and a half a sitting. I think I can give you sight enough to read. What a pity that a fine young minister should not be able to pursue his studies! Truly the fields are white unto the harvest. Shall I begin with you now? I always take my fee in advance."

It is needless to describe the treatment; suffice it that the doctor used most powerful stimulants to excite what latent power there might be in the organ, thus seeming to do good; but of course, when the reaction came on, you were in worse case than ever, and quitted your Loretto shrine a sadder and a wiser man, with a deeper shadow on your path. I believe that Dr. Oxturn still sheds blessings on his race. However this may be, I am sure that the afflicted public enjoys the service of many of his disciples.

In due time I made a pilgrimage to Paris, but the renowned oculists of the French school did me no good. After manifold experiences, each followed by disappointment, and most of them by loss, I grew skeptical as to the wonderful stories I had heard about the great advances made within the last few years by some European professors as to the knowledge of the eye and its proper treatment. At length I became informed concerning the ophthalmoscope, and the revolution wrought by men of genius through its

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aid. Dr. Frederick William Holcomb, of New York, is the person to whom I was indebted for admission into this new world of wonder. He studied my eye through the light of this magical instrument, and began to inspire me with hope once more that my steps might be led to where I could see as well as feel the sun; and my decision was made to visit Professor Von Graefe, of Berlin.

On a delightful September afternoon in 1868 my room in Paris was entered by my valued friend, Dr. Bliss, of New York, attended by the man whom I had crossed the ocean to see, of whom I now propose to give some account—premising that the acquaintance thus begun ripened into friendship during the months of my sojourn under the roof of his hospital (Klinik) in Berlin. The world has had many benefactors in this century, but few deserve a higher place in its loving remembrance than he of whose brief but brilliant career I am now to speak. For a part of the material of this sketch I am indebted to Dr. Warlmont, of Brussels, and to friends in Berlin. A little way beyond the Thiergarten, or public park of Berlin, there stands a noble château, surrounded by a spacious and beautiful garden, which, as well as the royal residence near at hand, was called by the old Berliners Bellevue. The château was a kingly present from Frederick William III., the husband of the beautiful but ill-fated Louisa, and the father of Emperor William, to his beloved friend, Professor Von Graefe, the most renowned surgeon and oculist of Germany in his day—a favorite at once of the court and the people, and the glory of Berlin's great university. It was here that his still more brilliant and famous son first saw the light, on the 22d of May, 1828. As in the old story-books, all the good fairies seemed to gather around this little child's cradle—all save one—to bestow upon him their choicest gifts. One gave him beauty of person; another, a quick and fertile intellect; a third, sweetness of temper; the fourth, an inexhaustible faculty for words; and the fifth, a benevolence of nature which knew no bounds. The fairy that did not come was she who gives firm health and a robust constitution. Riches, honors, genius, were his birthright, and in addition to his gifted and distinguished father, it was his happiness to possess a mother as noble in character as she was in family—Augusta von Alten. Such was the good old king's interest in the child that he offered to be his godfather, and delegated his own son Albrecht to stand for him at the baptismal font in the French church at Berlin, where Molière, the clergyman, gave the child to God in the holy sacrament, and named him Albrecht.

The first dark cloud to shadow his young life was the sudden and premature death of his excellent father, in the very prime of his days, and at the height of his fame. This event occurred when Albrecht was only twelve years of age. Although of a bright and joyous disposition, and reveling in all kinds of boyish fun and innocent mischief, study was a passion with him from his earliest days. Once, when acting the part of a young lord in private theatricals, he turned with magisterial air to his own tutor, who was cast in the part of a valet, and exclaimed, in a speech not set down in the play, "Was ever such a blockhead of a servant seen?" and squared old scores by administering a sound cuff on the ear. He pursued his studies preparatory for the university in the gymnasium of the French colony at Berlin; and such were his ardor and quickness that the six years' course was concluded when he was only fifteen years of age, and by reason of his youth and the statute, he was compelled to wait a year before entering the university. He devoted this year to mathematics and the physical sciences with such enthusiasm and method, under the guidance of his accomplished master, Goepel, that he completed his university course in the first of these branches before his entrance, so that by the time he was sixteen he had done the mathematics, which few men have completed under the age of one-and-twenty. His home was still at lovely Bellevue, and its quiet charm soothed and cheered him after the heat of the lecture-room and the competition of the class—if that can be called competition wherein he distanced all his fellows. The nightly heavens possessed an unspeakable fascination for him, and it was his pleasing but hurtful practice to lie stretched for hours upon the grass, with his eyes fixed upon the moon and stars. When warned by his mother of the harm to his health which would come from this exposure, he removed to a spacious, unoccupied apartment in the house, and made his bed upon the floor, the better to command through the wide windows the outlook of the starry firmament. Entering the University of Berlin at the age of sixteen, he was graduated at nineteen, and received his license to practice medicine. His father had filled the chair of pathology and clinical surgery from its foundation; and that father's distinguished success in his profession, and the son's reverent love of his memory, no doubt gave the bias to his life and decided the choice of his career. His student life (Lehrjahre) was ended, and at the instance of his beloved mother he started upon his travels (Wanderjahre.) His private fortune enabled him to gratify all his tastes in foreign countries as well as at home; but his strong love for his friends led him to prefer congenial companionship to æsthetic refinement or sensual luxury. He therefore invited two of his fellow-students to share the pleasure and profit of his jour-

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neys, and himself bore all the expense of the party. Prague was his first stopping-place, and here he encountered Arlt, who was pursuing his oculistic studies and researches with such enthusiasm that young Von Graefe felt the contagion, and decided to devote himself to this specialty. It was at this time that the foundations were laid of that brotherly attachment and love between Arlt and Von Graefe, which were arrested only by the latter's death. From Prague he proceeded to Vienna, where he made the acquaintance and became the pupil of Alfred Jaeger, celebrated for his oculistic skill and knowledge. Thence Von Graefe and his two friends proceeded to Paris.

In Paris the sceptre of oculistic learning and skill was divided between two men, Desmarres and Sichel; indeed, their fame was not only European, but world-wide. Von Graefe became the devoted student of both, but he was especially drawn by the brilliant originality of views, the wide medical learning, and the marvelous dexterity in operation for which Desmarres was so justly celebrated, and which gave him the largest and best-appointed Klinik and the vastest practice upon earth. His time was so engrossed by the practical duties of his profession and the immense number of his patients that Desmarres had not the leisure to follow out and test the conclusions of many of his own original suggestions. But among the throng of students who gathered to hear him lecture and see him operate there was a modest and beautiful young German, whose dark blue eyes responded to every suggestive hint, and followed every stroke of the knife, while his broad, rich nature received, as in a fertile soil, the scattered conjectures and prognostications as seed grains dropped by Desmarres, and where in due time they were to ripen to a harvest of blessing for the human race. Von Graefe's profound knowledge of anatomy and physiology, coupled with his habits of generalization, enabled him to appreciate, even more than Desmarres himself, the value of many of the master's hints, and to see whither they led. Not content with his present attainments, he keenly pursued, while in Paris, his physiological researches with Claude Bernard, and proceeded to London to prosecute them still farther, especially in the direction of the eye, under the guidance of the great and then unequaled Bowman. It was here his happiness to become the fellow-student and intimate friend of one whose immense learning and profound genius entitle him to an immortality of renown—Donders, of Utrecht.

After a brief visit to Dublin and Edinburgh, Von Graefe returned to his native city in 1850; and when only about twenty-two years of age, settled himself in Berlin for the practice of that branch of the medical profession which he had chosen under the influence of Arlt three years before at Prague—the cure of the diseases of the human eye. His ample fortune enabled him to establish a Klinik, or private hospital, at once; but no patients were found to occupy the wards at first, save rabbits. Providing himself with a collection of these little animals, he gave individuality to each by fastening tiny brass plates to their ears, on which their numbers were inscribed; and producing in their eyes the diseases to which man's organ is subject, he then skillfully treated them by application or operation, and made as careful a daily register of each case as though he were dealing with featherless bipeds. It was not long, however, before human patients began to flock to him, and these were soon followed by students, medical men, and professors, who came to hear him lecture and witness the performance of his operations.

As yet, the wisest physiologists and most experienced oculists knew comparatively little of the diseases of the human eye and the proper methods for their treatment. The range of the most skillful observer was limited to the mere surface of the living organ, and what slight glimpse of the interior could be caught through the pupil. Of course the eye of a dead man could be dissected, its anatomical structure be studied and understood, and some guess be made as to the functions of the various parts; but the whole interior of the eye, and many, if not most of the diseases to which it is subject, were nearly a sealed book to the professional as well as to the ordinary observer. There is one disease, for example, called glaucoma, to which persons of both sexes, of all ages and ranks in life, are subject, and from which tens of thousands annually lost their sight, and thenceforth remained in unbroken and hopeless gloom, for not only was the disease held to be incurable, but its cause and conditions were hidden in the deepest mystery. By reason of the new light thrown upon the delicate mechanism of the eye, and the almost exhaustive knowledge of the maladies from which it suffers gained within the last twenty years, Jaeger, of Vienna, has been able to construct a series of charts, showing the whole of the inner as well as the outer parts of the eye under the action of each of the one thousand diseases — so enormous is the number — of which it is the prey.

Von Graefe had scarcely been engaged in the practice of his profession a year when one of the world's greatest philosophers invented an instrument which was destined to accomplish as much for the eye as the telescope has for the heavens. The great mathematician and physiologist, Helmholtz, of Heidelberg, sorely feeling the need of a glass by which to see the eye's interior, set

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his mathematics to work to demonstrate just what was needed, and then wrought the cunning mirror, and the ophthalmoscope was given to the world. This year, 1851, forms an era in the history of human sorrow, and the means for alleviating and removing one of its great causes—blindness. Fortunate in his organization, his estate in life, his preparatory studies, his friends, and his career, Von Graefe was now in a position to do more than all men before him together had done for the practical knowledge of the eye and its ills, and for their relief. Armed with this magic mirror, he pursued his investigations, night and day, with the zeal and energy which men lend to the search for gold. Dr. Groeschen happily says, in speaking of the friendship between Von Graefe, Arlt, and Donders, whose love for each other was like that of David and Jonathan: "They were like the leaves of the clover, when Helmholtz and his discovery, joined to them, made the four-leaved clover—presage of happy fortune."

In 1856, five years after the discovery of the ophthalmoscope, Von Graefe, a savant of twenty-seven years, banished to the night of the past the blindness fatally attached to the glaucomatous eye. Before him no man in the history of the world had ever successfully grappled with this mighty evil; now, in the light of his genius, and in the hands of his disciples, none need ever lose his sight from glaucoma. In the discovery of the nature and cure of this disease, and in the revolution effected relative to strabismus and strabotomy, there was enough to immortalize two men; and we are only at 1857. Even by 1854 Paris had ceased to be the seat of the highest activity and success in this department of science and art. The acknowledged sceptre of authority and power had been transferred from Desmarres and Sichel to the youthful hands of their late pupil, but now master, Von Graefe. In this year he added to his Klinik and lectureship a new element of power in the shape of a publication called the *Archives of Ophthalmology*. From this time, at least, the Latin forms of oculistics and oculist make way for the Greek ophthalmology and ophthalmologist. The first volume of the *Archives* appeared under his own name, but from that time forth under the names of Arlt, Donders, and Von Graefe, and is the treasure-house holding all the modern knowledge concerning the eye and its treatment.

During the ten years that elapsed from 1857 to 1867 various inestimable papers were published by Von Graefe in the *Archives*. I will not retrace the life he led during these ten years, which were the most active and fruitful that Providence accorded him. All those who at this time attended his Klinik have kept the remembrance of the zeal and efforts displayed in this arena of science, where master and pupils were rivals. It would be hard to convey to those who never knew him an adequate and yet credible notion of this man's tireless and almost superhuman labors. Although slight of build, narrow-chested, often gasping for breath, he seemed to defy fatigue, and set at naught the limitations of work which hedge most men's activity. He was usually up by seven, passed an hour or two in study, then read and answered his letters while taking his coffee. Nine was the hour for his lecture at the Klinik, where students and physicians from all parts of the globe were gathered. Fleet as his horses were, he was usually behind time. All impatience, however, was banished, as with a quick step he entered, breathless but smiling, and said, "I was to be punctual to-day; well, that will be for to-morrow." A more beautiful man's face than his has hardly been seen in modern times. Who that has looked upon it can forget the high, broad brow of the noble head, the dark blue eyes, and the exquisite lips, where sat such mingled beauty and power? It seemed, indeed, only as a lovely transparency through which the light of a still more lovely soul was shining. His action was quick and decided, yet graceful, his voice very pleasant to the ear, his speech easy and affluent. His manner had the simplicity and sportiveness of a child's, and yet you felt the dignity and authority of a master. Wholly unaffected, and even unconscious, in all he said and did, he yet breathed around you the atmosphere of supreme genius. It was strange to watch the love and reverence which attended his steps. The hour's lecture over, during which he had held the great throng spell-bound and even breathless by his eloquence, the death-like stillness broken now and then by irrepressible applause, he proceeded on his daily visit through the wards of his hospital. Day by day have I noticed the flurried manner of nurses and attendants, their eagerness tempered by a kind of devout worship, the hush of expectation which waited the master's coming—and now you hear his fleet, light steps, which keep his aids upon a run. He is in your room, where darkness and pain vanish at his cheering salutation. The bandages are removed in a trice. The examination is made with rigid fidelity—there is no haste here; the bandages are replaced, and away he goes, with loving words, which leave sunshine behind him.

To this Klinik all who wished his care and service, no matter what their rank or fortune, were obliged to come and take a bed. Half the patients, at least, were so poor that they could not pay the master's fee, and were even unable to defray the charge of their living: this came out of his generous bounty, and they received the same attention as the richest clients. After the visit to every pa-

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tient, the operations began. Each case had been thoroughly examined and studied by one of his aids, and then by the master himself; so that he knew just what to do, and how to do it. Some days there were as many as sixty persons to be operated upon. Each patient was numbered, and the line was marshaled by the assistants and nurses. One by one they quickly took their places on the table; while, seated in his chair, his instruments at hand, the master proceeded promptly, but gently, to inflict the pain which was to give the life-long relief—scores, sometimes hundreds, of students standing by to witness the dextrous manipulation. Scientific method and military system reigned throughout, and yet no exact programme of details bound this man in chains; he kept himself free to meet whatever exigency might arise hour by hour.

The operations were usually ended by 5 P.M., the hour at which he professed to dine; but his swift horses rarely brought him to his house much before six. At dinner his buoyant spirits would break forth in charming talk, and all kinds of frolic and fun. Long before seven o'clock his anterooms were crowded by patients from all quarters of the earth, waiting for their preliminary examination. These were admitted one by one, each in his turn, to the cabinet, where the master patiently and carefully explored each diseased organ, and kindly, yet honestly, told the sufferer what he had to hope or fear. Thus was he occupied until ten or eleven at night, when the carriage was in waiting to bear him once more swiftly to the Klinik, where he made a minute examination of every patient operated on that day and the day before. In my lonely vigils I used to hear his carriage bearing him away at between one and two in the morning. In addition to this daily round, how he found time for his private studies, and the composition of his voluminous works, is more than I can tell; but time he did find to accomplish, as student and author, what would have made immortality for any other man, and at the same time to achieve such practical feats of skill, energy, and success as would be the full measure for a prodigy. Such was his life at Berlin for ten months a year, from 1850 to 1870, save when interfered with by sickness. On the 1st of August in each year he set out for Switzerland, to refresh himself among the mountains, which were to him as friends and consolers, in whose society he gained new life and inspiration. On the 1st of September he went to Paris, and by the 1st or 2d of October was at home again, exact as the sun-dial. Two months which were meant for recreation could not be released from the importunate hand of suffering. The afflicted from all climes followed to his mountain home, and thronged his temporary *salons* in the French capital. His generous heart could not resist the appeals of the unfortunate; and he held that a holiday in which he was obliged to work only eight or ten hours. In 1857 he attended a congress of ophthalmologists in Brussels, where his paper on the theory and treatment of glaucoma was received with an outburst of rapturous and long-continued applause by the two hundred distinguished men present. The idea of the congress pleased him, and he at once convoked a similar meeting of the leading men of his profession in his father-land at Heidelberg. From that time to 1868 he regularly attended these meetings (except when hindered by sickness), of which he was the very centre and soul, and for which he reserved the announcement of the results of his profound studies, as well as of his original and brilliant operations — thus sending away the throng of his disciples, gathered from many lands year after year, with a precious freight of new suggestions, knowledge, and power.

In 1861, while on his way from Switzerland to attend a session of this congress, he had a sudden and violent seizure of pleurisy at Baden-Baden, and for weeks his life hung suspended in the balance. Indeed, it was given out that he was dead, and the news flew like lightning throughout Europe, producing the deepest grief. Admirable eulogies upon him were pronounced by many of the first savants and professors of the age, in which were expressed just estimates of his character and of the invaluable benefits he had conferred upon the human race. Upon returning to life, the joy of his delicate and sensitive nature at reading these worthy and beautiful tributes was mixed with pain to find that a few of those whom he had deeply loved and cherished had exhibited an untimely resignation at his supposed death, and a disposition to undervalue his labors and discoveries. Thenceforth his manner among his associates and students was less frank and unconstrained than of yore. His resurrection from the dead, for such it seemed, was fitly celebrated by his friend Donders in a glowing and eloquent dedication to him of one of his great works. In 1862 he was married to the Countess Kneuth, a Danish lady of great beauty of person and charm of manner, but still greater beauty and sweetness of character, who thenceforth devoted her life to his comfort and happiness. Such were the depth and strength of her affection for her idolized husband, who breathed his last in her arms, that she survived him but a few months, dying, it is supposed, of a broken heart. There is a story told, I know not with what correctness, that their acquaintance began in his Klinik, where she was a patient. After examining her eyes, he told her that the operation might cost her her beauty. She mildly but firmly requested him to proceed, adding that

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the beauty was of little consequence. The acquaintance thus begun ripened into love, and they were wedded. He was once requested by a brother physician to examine a young lady brought to Berlin for the purpose by her friends, but who was so timid that she could not be induced to visit the professor either at his house or the Klinik. It was therefore arranged that the two doctors should surprise her that evening at a large party. Separated from his friend in the throng, the professor encountered a young lady with a slight blemish in her eye, of which it appeared she was in perfect ignorance. Supposing her to be the person whom he was in quest of, he drew down the lower lid of her eye, and after an instant's inspection said, pleasantly, "Oh, that is a small matter, come to the Klinik in the morning, and I will attend to it." Utterly disconcerted for the moment by what seemed the rudeness of the stranger, the maiden inquired, as he turned to leave her, "Who is that impudent fellow that takes such liberties?" At this instant Von Graefe's friend found him, and conducted him to the shy damsel, who turned out to be an altogether different person. In consequence the professor had two young lady patients at the Klinik next morning.

Such was his estimate of the value of time, and his delicate sense of responsibility to the crowd of patients who daily waited upon his ministrations, that he could hardly be induced to attend any one, no matter how high the rank, save in his own hospital. The Czarina of Russia, then at Nice, sent an imperial summons for him to wait upon her there. He declined to go, on the ground of injustice to his patients. The Czar was obliged to seek the intercession of King William, the son of Von Graefe's godfather. At his urgent solicitation the professor consented to make the journey, traveling by express. Entering the imperial presence, he made a brief examination of the Czarina's eyes, assured her that the course pursued by her own physician was quite correct, and without an hour's halt set out for Berlin. The Queen-Dowager of Prussia, who is said to have been a peculiar person, insisted that Von Graefe should come to Potsdam. He declined, on the ground that he could not spare the time, and suggested that she should come to the Klinik. This she absolutely refused to do, and King William was obliged to mediate once more. At his request the professor promised to give the Queen one hour. A royal train was in waiting at the station, which bore him and his attendants with lightning speed to Potsdam, where carriages were ready to carry them to the palace. A lady in waiting informed the professor that her majesty was not yet up, but would receive him in an hour. Pulling out his watch, he answered, "In forty minutes from this time I will be at my Klinik." The Queen made her appearance in five minutes; the operation was performed; he returned to his hospital, and had ten minutes to spare. Thus must royalty sometimes bow to genius. Covetous of time, he was in all things else bountiful as the day. Although the revenue drawn from his private clientage was princely, notwithstanding the price for operations and treatment was fixed and very moderate, it was absorbed by his benefactions to those sufferers who were unable to pay, and to whom he gave bed and board, as well as light. While simple in his tastes, and inexpensive in his personal habits, so munificent were his charities that not only was his professional income spent, but his private fortune trenched upon. Affliction and poverty never appealed to him in vain; and even time, which he hoarded as a miser hoards gold, he used as a steward for mankind.

I have spoken of his visit to me in the September days of 1868. He was in Paris, professedly for rest and relaxation; but when I called upon him soon after, the anteroom was filled with patients, as it was every day. Among others, there was a lovely young girl, whose beauty was deformed by a most ugly swollen eye, from which the light had forever departed, while the other was in great peril. Her father had brought her from the other side of the world to see the renowned professor. The next day the bad eye was out, and two weeks after the happy girl was on horseback in the Bois. Two years later I met her in her distant home, with perfect sight in her remaining eye, and the other so deftly replaced that the closest scrutiny could hardly discover that it was not her own. It would be impossible to calculate how many human eyes Von Graefe has saved, and to how many he has restored the light of the world. I doubt if it has been the prerogative of any man in modern times to confer such substantial happiness as Von Graefe has bestowed upon countless thousands. I entered his Klinik in November, and found him thin and wasted, often gasping for breath, while his hair was blanched to silver, as though he had reached fourscore. But the great soul still shone through his pallid face, and gave the eye an almost ineffable loveliness, and the unconquerable will held his bodily powers up to an amount and quality of work which would have done credit to a giant. After a careful study of my eye, carried on day by day for weeks by his assistant, Ewers, and himself, it came my turn to occupy the table. Knowing that the operation would be a painful one, I had stipulated with him for the insensibility produced by chloroform. As I took my place he said:

"I have watched you closely, and see that

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you are a man of nerve. There is only a slight transparent spot in the cornea into which I can cut; the merest muscular twitch, the deviation of the knife by the tenth part of a hair's-breadth, will ruin the operation; chloroform can not hold you as steady as your will. What say you? I have confidence in your self-control."

I answered, "Go on without the chloroform."

The eyelids were fastened back by springs, and the cutting proceeded.

First, a linear incision was made through the cornea or colorless part of the eye, and a cut in the iris or colored part behind. Delicate forceps were then introduced to draw the iris out so as to line the new-made opening, and the edges of the iris, clipped with scissors, were skillfully fastened to the surface of the eye. Thus the operation for artificial pupil, called iridectomy, required in this case about four minutes and a half—longer than usual, and it can be well imagined that the time seemed much longer to me. The master himself applied the bandages, and with cheery, loving words sent me away in the care of attendants, while he rapidly went on with other cases. That night, and every night and morning for fourteen days, he was at my bedside, bringing summer sunshine into the wintry darkness of my room. All went well for twelve days; the wound was healing, and light began to reveal itself; and if the promise of the time was kept, the second operation could be performed in a month, and then—Te Deum Laudamus. My friend had, so to say, opened the window-shutter, and his next step was to remove the thick heavy curtain within—the opaque crystalline lens—by what is called the peripheric extraction of cataract, cutting half-way round the eye, and by hooks or pressure withdrawing the tiny sack of water turned to stone. After the healing of the eye the second time a glass could be adapted to its service, and thus glimpses, if not the full vision, of the world might be gained. On the thirteenth day the master began to shake his head; something inexplicable was the matter. Both he and I were conscious of a change for the worse, but neither could guess the cause. Two days after, however, we understood it, when I was suddenly and violently attacked by congestion of the chest and right lung; the inflammatory condition had at first assailed the weak and ailing organ. Were this the place, I should like to speak of one who came in these days and ministered unto me while I was sick, and in the prison of doubt and pain, and to whom I am sure the word shall be spoken, "Forasmuch as thou hast done it unto one of the least of these, thou hast done it unto me."

On the same day Graefe took his bed, and for three weeks we did not meet again, during which time the lives of both had been in jeopardy. Once more he came, but with slow and languid step, and how ghastly pale and weak he was! But there was the old pluck, the dauntless will rising superior to decay. He said that the inflammation had made such ravages in my eye that the benefit from the first operation had been destroyed, and the second would be out of the question. Thus light and hope went out together. I had been a coward indeed to sink down in useless repining and complaint, and lose heart of grace, when that wasted, almost spectral, man stood at my side, speaking such calm, brave words. When my health was sufficiently recovered I left the Klinik, and took up my quarters in a pleasanter part of Berlin. Some weeks after I went to take my leave of the professor. It was in the evening, at his own house. I found him wasted to a shadow, his hand feverish and almost transparent, his breathing short and labored, and appearing so far exhausted that he could not last twenty-four hours longer. Very sweet and full of grace it was to sit once more in the radiant atmosphere of that man's presence, and hear the high soul, almost disembodied, use the words of our mortal speech. On the morrow he was to leave for Italy, I for Paris. I felt as if letting go the hand of one passing behind the veil of eternity. Softly we said good-by, and never met again. Such was the man's wonderful hold on life, and the reinforcing power of his will, that in the balmy air of Italy he gained a new lease of existence, and came back to Berlin with the birds and the fine weather. For another year, and more, the shrunken skeleton daily walked the wards of his Klinik, and the day before his death he performed ten operations. In the last months of his life he composed and published a magnificent and exhaustive treatise on glaucoma, that fearful disease of the eye which he was the first to explore and cure. This work was the song of the swan. Writing to Warlmont, at Brussels, in January of this year, he said, referring to a literary task, "Try to send me proofs easy to revise, because I feel myself sick; and when I work more than ten hours a day I feel it deeply." A very little while before his death, writing to Donders, at Utrecht, he said, "I am growing worse. Let us not speak of my health now; every hour that begins seems to be my last."

Notwithstanding his languishing, nay, dying condition, the sublime dedication of himself to the relief of human suffering and the energy of his inflexible will held him up to the use of the knife and the pen until the very last. Possessed of an indomitable and devouring zeal, he ended by being devoured himself. The end came on the 20th of July, 1870. "Draw the curtains," he exclaimed at the supreme moment, "and let me look upon

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the sun once more," and died with the calm of the sage and the peace of the Christian. Brief as had been his career, the measure of his greatness and his fame was full. Most of the medical and scientific societies of the world had chosen him an honorary member; and many sovereigns had conferred upon him their decorations, among others the Czar of Russia, the "Grand Cordon of the order of St. Stanislaus;" the men of his own profession throughout the world held him as their prince or master. He advanced the knowledge of the eye and of its proper treatment under the manifold grievous ills to which it is subject, from the obscurity in which it had rested from the foundation of the world to the light and certainty of a comprehensive science, while the blessings of tens of thousands who were ready to perish were after all his highest meed of honor. When one reflects that Albrecht von Graefe passed from earth at a little more than forty-two years of age, and that his scientific and practical career lasted scarcely twenty years, his manifold and mighty works create an astonishment which beggars words. When Graefe breathed his last, Europe trembled under the tread of embattled hosts. Father William was going forth at the head of his armies to engage in the death-grapple with his French adversary. The flower of Germany was with him, and many a man on either side of the fray showed himself a hero, but not one of them exhibited higher qualities, or deserves a more lasting and illustrious commemoration, than he who was looking on the sun for the last time when the armed strife began. Half the population of Berlin escorted his coffin to the tomb, and buried it under roses and palms. The poor wept because their benefactor was gone, and the great felt in grief that the brightest and most beneficent light of modern science was quenched. I have thus sketched three men with whom my infirmity has brought me in contact. They are types. One hears much of utilitarians, quacks, swindlers, and is sometimes half inclined to think they compose the world.

But fuller knowledge yields consolation, and I am proud to live in an age blazoned with the deeds of such men as Bowman, Critchett, Helmholtz, Donders, Arlt, and Graefe; and I am glad to know that they have pupils and friends on this side of the water whose names are worthy to be mentioned with theirs—Knapp and Derby, of New York; Derby, of Boston; Bolling Pope, of New Orleans, and not a few others. If any man is disposed to undervalue the science and art to which the lives of these men have been given, let him remember the words of Helmholtz, than whom there is no wiser living philosopher: "Ophthalmology is to medical science what astronomy has long been to physical science—*its model.*"

THE TROTTING HORSE IN AMERICA.

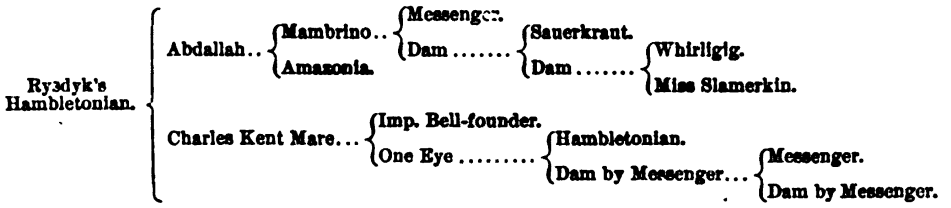
THE fast trotting horse is the product of American thought, breeding, and cultivation. Trotting is principally an acquired gait, and it has been developed within the last sixty years. The ancestry of the trotting horse, however, is quite remote. In May, 1788, a gray horse, fifteen hands three inches high, was landed from England at the foot of Market Street, Philadelphia. This horse was called Messenger. He was bred by John Pratt, Esq., of Newmarket, and was got by Mambrino, who was a son of Engineer. Messenger was thorough-bred, and prior to his importation ran races on the English turf with moderate success; and, without doubt, it was the intention of those who brought him to this country to make him the sire of horses that should gallop rather than trot. It is true that Mambrino showed a natural disposition to trot, and that this trait was inherited by many of his progeny, but Messenger was trained for the running turf in England, and, in 1788, the running horse was popular in certain sections of America; therefore the inference is sound that the gray horse was not imported with the expectation that he would become the progenitor of trotters. For several years Messenger did public service in Pennsylvania, his colts showing fine form. But in that State the Legislature had passed a law prohibiting racing, and so the sons and daughters which came from his loins were trained for the road instead of the track. Mr. Joseph Cairn Simpson, a gentleman who has written much and learnedly of the horse, is of the opinion that good grew out of this selfish act of a bigoted House of Representatives. He thinks that if racing had not been made an offense against the statutes, the colts of Messenger would have been used for running purposes. In that case, the gray horse might have played a different part in equine history. As it was, and is, we remember him as the fountain-head of an important trotting family. In the autumn of 1793, Messenger left Pennsylvania and came to New York. He did public service at different points, and in the latter part of January, 1808, died of colic, near Oyster Bay, Long Island. The people had learned to appreciate him, and so the old horse was buried with a spice of military honors—a volley of musketry being fired over his grave. History is silent as to what many of the immediate descendants of Messenger

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did. The trotting horse was not fashionable at that period, and so the record is meagre indeed. The trotting gait was first cultivated on the road, and in the vicinity of New York. Gradually the practice of joining in speed contests on the track grew in favor. Many of the earlier horses, such as Top-gallant, Paul Pry, and Whalebone, which won distinction on the trotting turf, were descendants of Messenger. Abdallah, the son of Mambrino, and the grandson of Messenger, proved to be one of the finest trotting sires that the country has produced. The horse, however, was not much appreciated in his time. His best daughter, probably, was Lady Blanch, a mare that acquired celebrity on the road and turf, and which lived to a green old age, and literally died in harness. It is claimed that with proper care she would have trotted very fast. Thirty and forty years ago the art of training and driving had not been reduced to a science, as now. Abdallah's best son was the horse now so widely known as Rysdyk's Hambletonian. Through sire and dam Hambletonian has four direct courses of Messenger blood. As he is a leading progenitor, possibly a tabulated pedigree will interest the reader. This one pedigree will illustrate the manner in which the record of equine genealogy is kept:

must continue to rage for some time to come.

The Morgans are a second well-known family of trotters. They are not so popular now, however, as they once were. Their stride is short, and they waste a great deal of power in excessive knee action. The origin of the Morgan breed of horses is not very clear. The best-authenticated story is briefly this: In 1747 a boy, afterward known as Justin Morgan, was born at West Springfield, Massachusetts. His father was a farmer in moderate circumstances. Young Justin received a common education, and as he grew to manhood he became a teacher of the rudimentary branches of knowledge. He married in time, and among the fruits of this connection was a son, who was called Justin after his father. In the spring of 1788 the Morgan family moved to Randolph, Vermont. In the summer of 1795 Justin the elder made a journey to the place of his nativity, Springfield, for money that was owing to him. The debt was a doubtful one, and so he took two colts in payment, one a three-year-old gelding, the other a two-year-old stallion. He broke the latter to harness himself. There has been much discussion in regard to the breeding of the horse. The admirers of the stock give his pedigree as follows: Foaled in 1793; got by True Briton



Hambletonian, it will be seen, is much inbred to Messenger. From his dam he obtained five parts in thirty-two of Messenger blood, and from his sire four parts in thirty-two. It is claimed by many careful students of breeding that it is to this strong infusion of Messenger blood that Hambletonian owes his success as a trotting sire. The horse was foaled May 5, 1849, on the farm of Jonas Seeley, Jun., near Chester, Orange County, New York. When five weeks old Mr. William Rysdyk purchased him with his dam for $125. Mr. Rysdyk was a poor man then. The horse proved a mine of wealth. Of late years the extravagant price of $500 the season has been paid for his services; and at this figure his list has always been more than full. His colts necessarily must bring big prices, since the outlay at the very start is so great. The most celebrated son of Hambletonian is Dexter, the paragon of trotters. His (Hambletonian's) descendants are very numerous, and they are in eager demand. As so much money is invested in Hambletonian stock, the fever for this class of horses

or Beautiful Bay, owned by Sealy Norton, of East Hartford, Connecticut. True Briton was by the imported horse Traveler. The dam of the Justin Morgan horse is described as being of middling good size, with heavy chest, bushy mane and tail, a light bay, and a handsome traveler. She was got by a thick, heavy horse called Diamond, of the Wildair breed. Mr. Morgan died in 1798, when the horse was five years old, and as not much was thought of his equine friend at this time, he left little to verify his history. Hence speculation is rife in regard to the true breeding of the stallion. It is not absolutely certain that the pedigree given above is correct, but it is believed to be nearer correct than any other. After Mr. Morgan's death the animal passed into the hands of those who failed to appreciate him. He was a fleet runner at short distances. His form was not well adapted to speed, but then he had superior muscular strength and nervous energy, and these qualities gave him the rush and dash of a small steam-engine. He was also employed in pulling matches,

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which were popular among the New England hills in those days, and his superior muscular development made him a formidable competitor for a horse of his inches. He was only fourteen hands high, and weighed less than one thousand pounds. The horse changed hands often, and he was harshly treated by his different owners; but under all circumstances he remained kind and gentle, his natural disposition being very pleasant. He died in the winter of 1821, three miles south of the village of Chelsea, Vermont, at the age of twenty-nine years. The immediate cause of his death was a kick in the flank from another horse. Since his death he has passed into history as Justin Morgan, being called after the pedagogue who first broke him to the saddle and harness. Justin Morgan, though bred at random and to indifferent mares, stamped himself resolutely upon his progeny. Obscure as he was, and knocked about from pillar to post, he became the founder of a family. At one period his descendants were in great demand all over the country. But they have lost favor in later years. Greater size, and a more reaching stride than they possess as a general thing, are now sought after by those who breed for trotting speed. Among the best trotters in the country allied to the Morgan breed are Pocahontas, by Ethan Allen, and the numerous sons and daughters of Mr. Dorsey's Golddust.

The third branch of the trotting family is the Bashaw. The founder of this branch was a gray horse, foaled in 1816, and imported to this country in 1820. He was a son of the barb called Grand Bashaw, and his dam was Pearl, by First Consul. His grandam, Fancy, was a daughter of imported Messenger. The barb who was the sire of Young Bashaw showed little disposition to trot, the gallop being the ruling characteristic of his breed. First Consul, the sire of Pearl, the dam of Young Bashaw, was a racehorse of more than ordinary merit. Andrew Jackson, a son of Young Bashaw, was three-quarters thorough-bred, and he was the most celebrated trotting stallion of his day. One of the most prominent of living representatives of the Bashaw strain is a dark chestnut horse, 15¾ hands high, called Bashaw Junior. He was foaled in 1860; was got by Green's Bashaw, he by Vernol's Black Hawk, he by Long Island Black Hawk, and he by Andrew Jackson, a son of Young Bashaw. Bashaw Junior is a Western horse, and he has shown great speed on the turf. The Bashaw family is numerous, but it is impossible in a short magazine article to go into details. This paper pretends to do no more than give a general glance at the prominent features of the American trotting horse. It requires a large volume every year to briefly record the performances of horses on the turf. How, then, could I crowd elaborate history into the narrow space to which I am restricted?

The Morrill horses belong to the Morgan family. They owe their chief excellence, however, to the blood of the dam side. The early history of the Pilots is not clear. The first of the name was a black horse which both trotted and paced. The second of the generation was Pilot Junior, a gray horse, whose dam was Nancy Pope, by Havoc, a thorough-bred. The Royal Georges also have a strong infusion of thorough-bred blood. Tippoo the head of the line, was a well-bred horse.

The first public race ever trotted in America was in 1818, a match against time, for $1000. At a jockey-club dinner it was loudly asserted that no horse could be produced which could trot a mile in three minutes. Major William Jones, of Long Island, and Colonel Bond, of Maryland, agreed to produce such a horse. They named at the starting-post an animal that went by the name of Boston Blue. This horse trotted the mile in the specified time, and we are told that in doing so he won great renown. The New York Association for the Improvement of the Breed of Horses was founded in the year 1823. We know little of its history, no attention being paid to trotting annals at that time. The authority for the existence of the association was the following:

"Be it enacted by the people of the State of New York, represented in Senate and Assembly, that from and after the passing of this act the training, pacing, trotting, and running of horses upon regulated courses and upon private property, in the County of Queens, is hereby declared to be exempted and freed, for and during the period of five years from the passing of this act, from the provisions and penalties of the act entitled 'An act to prevent horse-racing and for other purposes.'"

The Union Course, Long Island, though generally monopolized by running horses at that time, was devoted to trotting purposes now and then. But one mile below the Union the New York Trotting Club constructed a course for their own use in 1825. The beginning was small, but gradually the trotting fever spread. In 1828 the Hunting Park Association, of Philadelphia, modeled after the New York Association, gave their first regular meeting. The principal horses that competed for the purses offered were Top-gallant, Screw-driver, Betsy Baker, Whalebone, Paul Pry, Lady Washington, and Sally Miller. I mention these for the reason that their names frequently appear in the early annals of the trotting turf. They believed in long races at that time, as the distances were two, three, and four mile heats.

Top-gallant was one of the first horses that ever appeared on the Hunting Park Course, and he was quite a favorite with the public. His career was somewhat romantic. He was used for laboring purposes before his

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merits as a track horse were recognized and his trotting speed developed. He frequently changed owners, and as often changed his habitation. Screw-driver also won distinction on the turf. When he died, in October, 1828, it was announced in a Philadelphia paper that "the emperor of horses is no more." Henry William Herbert fixes upon 1830 as the period when trotting became a thoroughly established sport in this country. In 1835 trotting had become quite popular, and gentlemen of wealth and position patronized the sport. Fast horses, harnessed single and double, appeared on the road, and the rivalry between the owners was somewhat intense. But a horse that could do his mile in 2.30 was then looked upon as a marvel. It was in 1836 that two remarkable animals made their appearance on the turf—Dutchman and Awful. The former was a coarse, brown horse, of great endurance. At one time he was employed in tramping clay in a Pennsylvania brickyard. Awful was just the opposite of Dutchman in appearance. He was a tall, dashing, blood-looking bay, with high sprawling action. He was a bad-tempered animal, and did not live up to his early promise. Both Dutchman and Awful figure prominently in trotting history. They engaged in numerous contests, but these I shall not attempt to even summarize. Dutchman's greatest performance was trotting three miles on the Beacon Course, under saddle, in 7 minutes 32½ seconds. It was a match against time, and the horse was ridden by Hiram Woodruff. This was in August, 1839.

Lady Suffolk, a granddaughter of Messenger, won a proud fame on the trotting course. She was bred in Suffolk County, Long Island, and was foaled in 1833. She made her first public appearance in 1838, trotting three heats and winning eleven dollars. Verily, hard work and poor pay! Lady Suffolk was a beautiful gray, with an Arab neck, and standing fifteen hands and a half. She remained on the turf nearly sixteen years, during which time she trotted in 161 races, winning eighty-eight and $35,011, and losing seventy-three. Her speed was shown and her powers tested in ten different States of the Union. Her best mile-heat race—2.26½, 2.27, 2.27—was made under saddle, July 12, 1843. on the Beacon Course, New Jersey. Her fastest mile, 2.26, was done at Boston, under saddle. Lady Suffolk was withdrawn from the turf in 1853, and she died at Bridport, Vermont, March 17, 1855, aged twenty-two years. Her skin was prepared and mounted by a taxidermist, and it now does duty as an advertisement in a Broadway harness store. Those who knew the handsome gray mare in her prime claim that her best speed was never developed. Training had not become so perfect an art then as now, and good training, it is well known, brings out all the latent powers of the horse. Much also depends upon skillful driving. A master reinsman like Dan Mace can drive a horse two and three seconds faster to the mile than the ordinary professional can do. Lady Suffolk unquestionably was a wonderful trotter, but the claim that skillful training and driving would have made her trot as fast as Dexter or Goldsmith Maid has trotted is mere conjecture. Among Lady Suffolk's competitors on the turf were Washington, Confidence, Ripton, Cayuga Chief, Independence, Beppo, Oneida Chief, Lady Moscow, Americus, and other horses dear to the memory of the sportsman whose hair is now silvered, and who loves to dwell upon the scenes of the "olden time."

It was in October, 1848, that Trustee, a son of the thorough-bred horse, imported Trustee, trotted his celebrated twenty-mile race against time. His driver weighed 145 pounds, and his sulky 150 pounds, and the twenty miles were trotted in 59 minutes 35½ seconds. It was a race which thoroughly tested the endurance of the horse, and it suggested to the mind of the breeder that to give the trotter lasting powers he must have a strong infusion of thoroughbred blood. This idea of breeding is pretty generally followed now. The cold or coarse blood may give speed, but speed without endurance is of little practical value. Although the twenty-mile trot was denounced as cruel, Trustee was not injured in the least by the performance.

The year 1851 marked the decline of Lady Moscow, and the appearance of a new horse of more than ordinary merit, Tacony. Age also began to tell upon Lady Suffolk, she having been in training thirteen years. In 1852 nearly all of the old favorites had disappeared from the trotting turf, and a new class of horses had taken their place. Tacony scored twelve victories that year, making fast time, and Flora Temple made her *début*. Ethan Allen, the proud representative of the Morgan breed, also made his appearance on the turf in 1852. The season of 1853 was rendered conspicuous by a series of races between Tacony and Flora Temple, the bay mare defeating the Maine horse seven times at different distances. To write a full and connected history of the trotting turf would take too much space, therefore I shall not attempt to follow the thread from year to year.

There has been much dispute as to the true breeding of Flora Temple. The best-informed opinion makes her pedigree very short. Her sire was One-eyed Kentucky Hunter, who without doubt had good blood in his veins, and her dam was Madame Temple, a mare whose breeding is unknown. Flora was foaled in 1845, in Oneida County, New York. She changed hands several times while young, and when first put in

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harness she did work in a livery-stable in Eaton, New York. In June, 1850, she was brought with a drove of cattle to Dutchess County, where she was purchased by Mr. Velie for $175. Shortly after this she was sold to George E. Perrin, of New York city, who used her as a road mare. In 1850 she trotted a match race, but she did not make her regular appearance on the course until two years later. She made her last turf performance September 5, 1861, on the Fashion Course, Long Island. In the eleven years in which she was prominently before the public she trotted 111 races, 93 of which she won. Her winnings netted $113,000. Prominent among her competitors were Princess, Ethan Allen, George M. Patchen, Lancet, Tacony, and Highland Maid. Her best wagon time, 2.24½, was made September 2, 1856, on the Union Course, Long Island. Her fastest mile in harness, which for a long while stood at the head of the record, was done at Kalamazoo, Michigan, October 15, 1859. Flora Temple's turf career was marvelous. She was a mare of obscure breeding, small in stature, being fourteen hands two inches high, and yet she rose to the supremacy, and reigned for a number of years queen of the course. She is still alive, having known in later years the sweet joys of maternity. In color she is a bright bay, with black legs, mane, and tail. A characteristic painting of her by Troye represents her standing in the open pasture, her first-born, a graceful colt, by her side. The old mare is now the property of A. Welch, of Chestnut Hill, near Philadelphia. She has been bred many times, but thus far has produced only twice. Whether her children will keep her name green by the excellence of their performances is a doubtful question.

In 1854 Pocahontas, the great pacing mare, made her turf *début*. Her sire was a thoroughbred horse, Irons' Cadmus, by Cadmus, a son of American Eclipse. Her dam was a powerfully muscled bay mare, a natural trotter, by imported Shakspeare. It will be seen by this pedigree that her breeding is excellent. In color Pocahontas is a rich chestnut, and her height is nearly sixteen hands. She was foaled in 1846, and being well along in years, she has lost much of her fair proportions. At the time I write she is alive, but located where few people see her, in a remote corner of New England. With the great mass she lives only in memory. Her greatest performance was in pacing a mile to wagon in 2.17½. This was in 1855.

Ethan Allen was foaled in 1849. He has won distinction in the stud as well as on the turf. He trotted against Princess in harness, and beat her one heat in 2.25½; and June 21, 1867, he went with running mate against Dexter on the Fashion Course three heats of one mile each in 2.15, 2.16, 2.19. This was wonderful time, but trotting with running mate gave Ethan Allen a great advantage over his competitor. The running horse not only takes all the weight of the wagon from his trotting mate, but gives to him an impetus which vastly increases his speed. A boy clinging to the hind part of a wagon has nothing to do but to lift his feet and preserve his balance. He wastes no force in propulsion. He does not exhaust himself so quickly as he would do running without aid, and he is able to take longer strides and get over the ground with much greater rapidity. A horse trotting with running mate works upon the same principle. Although Ethan Allen defeated Dexter in the race, making one mile in 2.15, his performance was not as meritorious as that of his rival. Dexter depended upon himself alone, and yet he finished the fastest mile not more than one second behind the stallion. In other words, he trotted his mile in 2.16. Ethan Allen's feat, however, was truly great. His turf career was brilliant. He is now twenty-four years of age, and though quite active, he is done with the parade and the excitement of the course. He is owned by Amasa Sprague, and on the great breeding farm at Lawrence, Kansas, he is leading a quiet life, and doing what he can to perpetuate his line. And yet I question if he finds the joys of the harem any sweeter than he found those of the turf.

The union of the blood of Ethan Allen and the magnificent chestnut pacing mare Pocahontas produced the beautiful bay which is now the pet and pride of Mr. Robert Bonner's famous stable, and which also bears the name of Pocahontas. The daughter is as speedy as she is handsome, and she cost her present owner the princely sum of $35,000. She is one of the best road mares in the world. The very thought of a ride I had behind her once thrills me through and through as I write. If the reader has never ridden behind a fast trotter, he or she does not know what sensation is. I wrote a brief account of this ride once, and as I do not know that I can improve upon it much, I repeat it in substance. It was on a July afternoon in 1869. Pocahontas was harnessed to a light road-wagon, built to carry one; and as two of us occupied the seat of this wagon, it can easily be imagined that the situation was neither the safest nor most comfortable in the world. We struck a level piece of road, and the teams which passed us in rapid succession excited the mare and made her anxious to go. Now a pacer harnessed to a light road-wagon rushes to the front; the black has a good turn of speed, and he rapidly cuts down all in advance. Mr. Bonner has gently been easing his pull on the lines, and we are bowling along at a 2.50 gait. We are at the wheel of the wagon drawn by the pacer; the black increases his stride to a 2.45 pace. We linger behind. The

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owner of the black is exultant. He shows it plainly in look and gesture. "Steady now," says Mr. B. "I shall let the mare go, and we will take the wind out of that fellow's sails very soon." We have little space to sit in, so brace ourselves for the effort. "Hi-a-ck! Hi-a-ck!" Pocahontas knows full well what that sharp cry means. She squats, flattening herself down to the ground, as the flying squirrel flattens himself when he takes the leap in air, and throwing her shoulders into the breast strap with the power of a concentrated high-pressure engine, the wheels hum, fairly rivaling the momentum of a nicely balanced top. The stride of those limbs is simply awful. A moment, and we have collared the black; another second, and we have passed him like a dart shot from the bow of Apollo. We glance to the left as we sweep past, and in the brief fraction of a second read astonishment in the late exultant face. Had the skies suddenly opened and let fall the fleet steed of Arion, surprise could not have been greater. The landscape no longer speaks of beauty and of order. It is strangely confused—green fields overrunning fences, and stately trees indulging in the fantastic freaks of madcap dance and flight. The pacer is left far behind. But as we ascend the hill the mare is pulled to a shorter stride, in order that she may clear her lungs for a grander effort. The short exercise has warmed the blood, and Pocahontas is eager to get down at rapid work again. A beautiful stretch of road is in front. The ground is slightly descending, so weight tells but little. "Hi-a-ck! Hi-a-ck!" Heavens, how she flies! She has dwindled from fifteen hands down to ten. No substance is lost, but it is spread and elongated in the air. Every cord stands out, every muscle swells under the crushing strain. The wind whistles about our ears—a wind born of our terrific flight—and the teeth fairly chatter. We are going at better than a 2.20 gait. Two-twenty! Do you know what that means? Ride it once, and you will never forget it. It is the very climax of sensation. The blood boils, rushes from arteries to the veins, thence back to the heart; the nails grow white, and the toe and finger extremities are left in tingling doubt. Going at this fearful rate of speed, and one narrow seat for two! The ride of Oceanus through the air on a hippogriff was nothing in comparison with it. We brace ourselves well, and hold fast as best we can. Suppose one of those frail, trembling, swift-revolving wheels should give way, what would be the consequence? A broken neck, perhaps. And yet we would not stay the flying feet. I never rode as fast as this before, and question if I ever shall again. Dexter carried me with lightning speed on Harlem Lane last spring, but we are lower down in the seconds now. We hang, as it were, suspended between time and the great unknown. But a few willowy, trembling spokes separate us from the land of mystery. Let them break, and time will be nothing to us; stand they firm, and the eyes shall not read the future. It is one of those periods of existence when the weight of a hair turns the wavering scales in favor of life or death. We are conscious of this, and yet we ride on, on—weak, passive creatures in the hand of fate. We are so near heaven that we do not care whether the scales go up or down. This is where the true spirit of adventure leads us to, and enthusiasm having been excited, we reck little of the result. But we have gone half a mile at this terrible rate of speed, have probed the mystery of seconds, and Mr. B., pulling strong and steady, brings Pocahontas down to moderate work again—from the transition state down to solid earth.

Distinguished among the galaxy of trotters of late years was a big bay mare, of fine and blood-like appearance, called Lady Thorne. She was bred in the lovely blue-grass region of Kentucky, where woman buds into beauty and horses grow into perfection. Her sire was Mambrino Chief, and her dam was by Gano, a son of the great racer, American Eclipse. Lady Thorne was foaled May 9, 1856. She trotted her maiden race in 1859, but it was not until 1863 that she fairly commenced her turf career. She rapidly developed speed, and, being highly bred, was no coward: she could live the distance with the best of them. Among her distinguished rivals on the course were Dexter, Goldsmith Maid, Lucy, George Palmer, Mountain Boy, and American Girl. Altogether she was on the turf eleven years, during which time she trotted sixty-six races, winning fifty-one, and losing fifteen. The total of her winnings was $61,125. Her last race was at Prospect Park, Long Island, July 22, 1870, in which she trotted three heats of one mile each in the wonderful time of 2.19¼, 2.20½, 2.19¼. It was the intention of her owner to make an effort at Buffalo in the fall to eclipse Dexter's best recorded time of 2.17¼; but a few days before the week appointed for the fair Lady Thorne met with an accident at Rochester which brought her turf career to a sudden close. She slipped and fell while being unloaded from a car, and badly lamed herself. Dreaming of her past triumphs, she at present roams the fields, a member of the Fashion Stud Farm harem at Trenton, New Jersey.

One of the greatest names in trotting annals is that of Dexter. This horse, who retired from the turf conqueror of conquerors, was bred in Orange County, New York, by Jonas Hawkins. He was foaled in 1858, and he was got by Rysdyk's Hambletonian, dam by American Star, he by Duroc. As I write, a portrait of the mother of Dexter,

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painted by Scott, hangs before me. It represents a brown mare, with tangled mane, and ears thrown back, standing sleepily in the noon of a fair spring day. She has three white feet, a star, and snip, and at the first glance seems the very picture of worthlessness. But look at her closely, and you will find that she is deep through the heart, and that the bones of her legs are flat and small—unmistakable signs of good-breeding. The mare was much abused in her younger days, which makes her look so faded now. Dexter is fifteen hands one inch and a half high, and in color is a rich silky brown. His prominent marks are, in turf parlance, four white stockings and a blazed face. In all of his conformation he shows great power, and he approximates to the type of the thorough-bred. He is the very embodiment of restless energy. Dexter was six years old when he made his first appearance on the turf. He remained on the course only three years, and yet he reached the supremacy. He met the best horses that the country could produce, and trotted forty races, only nine of which he lost. His winnings amounted to $67,100, exclusive of gate money. It was August 14, 1867, that he trotted his famous race against time, making the mile in 2.17¼. Mr. Robert Bonner became the purchaser of the horse at once, at an actual cost of $35,000. But Dexter was not delivered to him until he had finished his engagements. His last race was trotted at Dexter Park, Chicago, September 7, 1867. It is manifest to all who have given any serious thought to the subject that Dexter, in his brief career on the turf, did not reach his highest development. Had he continued in the hands of a professional trainer, it is argued, with good reason, that his speed would have been cultivated to that degree which would make it possible for him to compress a mile into the small space of 2 minutes 12 seconds. In 1869 Mr. Bonner offered $100,000 for a horse that would equal a certain performance made by Dexter. As the impression has got abroad that the offer was for a horse that would equal the 2.17¼ to sulky at Buffalo, it may be well enough to quote Mr. B.'s own words. In reply to a gentleman as to whether soundness or age was made a part of the conditions, the owner of Dexter said:

"I have no conditions of the kind to interpose. I throw the door wide open. Of course I prefer a young and sound horse like Dexter, but I shall not make it a barrier against any horse undertaking to perform the feat, whether he be young or old, sound or unsound, lame or free from lameness; whether he have one spavin or two, three ring-bones or four, be blind of one eye or both, broken-winded or foundered—so long as he performs the feat of starting as Dexter started, from my stable in Twenty-seventh Street, near Ninth Avenue, at one o'clock P.M., and trotting during the same afternoon on Prospect Park, as Dexter trotted, a mile in 2.21¾, to a road-wagon and driver weighing 318 pounds. There must be no running or jumping; every inch of the mile must be trotted as Dexter trotted it, without a single skip or jump; and I must have the privilege of witnessing and timing the trial, and taking one or two friends with me. The owner of the horse can also have one or two friends present, but under no circumstances will I be concerned, directly or indirectly, in a public or advertised trial, where money is received at the entrance gate or opportunity is given for betting."

Notwithstanding that the conditions were thus clearly set forth, a good many of the newspapers remarked, when Goldsmith Maid trotted below 2.17¼, that Bonner would have to pay $100,000 for her or back down. It seems to be the misfortune of some people to always misapprehend the facts of a case. When Dexter trotted to road-wagon on Prospect Park, Mr. Bonner driving, he was timed by three well-known gentlemen, George Hall, W. M. Parks, and James Bach; therefore the performance can not be disputed. The $100,000 premium has never yet been claimed, and possibly never will be, for the reason that the feat is beyond the powers of any horse not the equal of Dexter.

Goldsmith Maid is at the present writing the acknowledged queen of the turf. She was bred in Orange County, New York. Her sire was Edsall's Hambletonian, afterward called Alexander's Abdallah, and her dam was a daughter of Old Abdallah. She is a bay mare, 15¼ hands high, having the form and the nervous force of the thorough-bred. She was foaled in the spring of 1857, and until she was eight years old showed no promise of speed. In March, 1865, she passed into the hands of Mr. Alden Goldsmith, the gentleman after whom she was named. He paid $650 for her. She trotted her first race at Goshen, in September, 1865, and her best time was 2.36. One of her competitors was Mountain Boy. But it was in 1867 that she fairly got started on her brief career. Dexter's star was now in the ascendant, and Mr. Goldsmith was anxious to have his mare measure strides with the white-legged gelding. On the 16th of May a great crowd of people gathered on the grounds of the Middletown Pleasure Park Association, all anxious to see Dexter and Goldsmith Maid come together for the first time. It was the first time I ever saw either of the two. The mare exhibited speed, but she could not be kept down to steady work. Her ambition to go ahead was greater than her ability. It was plain, nevertheless, that the nimble-footed bay would be very fast, provided that time and training should so discipline her as to keep her from growing nervous under restraint. Dexter trotted boldly and steadily, and he won the race with ease. The years went by, but Goldsmith Maid never again came in direct contact with Dexter. Their first race was their last. But discipline has done its work. Each successive season the bay mare has trotted lower down in the sec-

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onds. She entered upon the spring campaign of 1871 in good condition, and under management well calculated to get the highest rate of speed out of her. She trotted at Fleetwood and Prospect parks, then gradually worked her way West. In September she had become thoroughly seasoned, and was well prepared to make a supreme effort. Her owner, Mr. Henry N. Smith, was very anxious to have her beat Dexter's record of 2.17¼, and Doble, the driver of the mare, was instructed to make the attempt whenever he deemed the circumstances most favorable. September 6, on the Cold Spring track at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, Doble decided to beat 2.17¼ if such were possible. The mare Lucy, which had been traveling over the country and trotting with Goldsmith Maid, if not owned, was virtually controlled by Mr. Smith. She was very fast, but was never permitted in the whole series of so-called races to defeat the handsome bay mare. On the contrary, she was held back, and driven so as to encourage Goldsmith Maid, and thus make her do her very best. In the trot on the Cold Spring track Goldsmith Maid scored three heats in the astonishing time of 2.20½, 2.17, 2.20½. The Smith party were elated over the news. The 2.17 was a quarter of a second faster than Dexter's fastest time, and it set horse circles into a buzz. The time was questioned by a party who held that it was not made in a *bona fide* race, and who insisted that it should not be placed in the record. In giving exhibitions of speed in different parts of the country the management of the two mares was so intimate as to give rise to the suspicion that they were owned by one and the same party. Certainly there was never a fair and honest contest between them. It was always known in advance to the followers of the stable which mare would come out ahead. To give Goldsmith Maid a race record under this kind of management was to set an example demoralizing to the turf. And yet, after much hot discussion of the question in and out of the newspapers, the Board of Appeals, a body of gentlemen authorized to sit in judgment upon these matters, decided that the 2.17 should be placed in the record, which was equivalent to saying that there was earnest competition between the two mares, and that the result of each contest was always involved in doubt. I have no desire to renew the controversy here, but if this simple statement gives a strange complexion to the decision of the board, I can not help it. I could not say less and be true to history. In the spring of 1872 Goldsmith Maid and Lucy started on a new exhibition tour. On the Mystic Park track, near Boston, June 19, the two mares trotted, and in the second heat Goldsmith Maid finished a mile in 2.16¾. Here she showed her ability to do wonderful things, but it is a great pity that she had not appeared on the course with some other horse than Lucy, for then no quibble could have been raised over the performance. That she trotted the mile in 2.16¾ can not be doubted, but the exhibition of speed can not justly be defined as a race. Instead of being driven as the rival of Goldsmith Maid, Lucy was driven as her encouraging friend and assistant. At Buffalo, in August of the same year, Lucy was compelled to go to the front. Finding that Goldsmith Maid could not beat American Girl in the race for the $10,000 purse, her stable companion showed of what mettle she was made. Lucy won the race after a hard struggle, and in doing so furnished evidence that she had been intentionally held back in her series of exhibitions with Goldsmith Maid. In the second heat of this race American Girl trotted a mile in 2.17¼, making a record equal to that gained on the same track by Dexter. American Girl, by-the-way, is one of the very foremost trotters on the turf. Her record is brilliant, but I can not go into particulars. If I attempted a sketch of all the good horses, this article would never come to an end.

At the present writing the trotting wonder of the Pacific slope is a horse called Occident, owned by ex-Governor Stanford, of California. This horse was not caressed and pampered in his youth. In the spring of 1871 he was doing service in a butcher's cart at Sacramento. His life then was one of drudgery; nevertheless he dragged the heavy cart through the streets at a rapid rate, and one day attracted the attention of a gentleman who knew the value of speed. This gentleman purchased the horse for $150. As if to reward him, Occident rapidly developed under the kind treatment, and in a few weeks after leaving the cart he again changed hands. His second purchaser was his present owner, and the price paid was $3900. In the last two years Occident has shown so much speed as to put him in the front rank of trotters. In the autumn of 1872 he trotted a series of races with Goldsmith Maid and Lucy, but as the horse was not accustomed to public competition he did not show to the best advantage. His friends claim that the crowd made him nervous and unsteady. Be this as it may, he was beaten by both of the Eastern mares. All that is certainly known of Occident's breeding is that he was got by a pacing stallion called St. Clair.

Prior to 1870 there was little or no system in the management of the trotting turf, and consequently it was difficult to put a stop to rascality. There was no positive way to punish fraud. A driver might be ruled off one course, but he cared little for this, since the punishment did not extend to other courses. In February, 1870, the different associations throughout the country, in response to a call, sent delegates to New York,

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and after much discussion in convention there was organized the National Association for the Promotion of the Interests of the American Trotting Turf. Rules for the better government of the course were framed and adopted, and a plan provided to secure unity of action. Amasa Sprague, the Rhode Island millionaire, was elected president of this association, a position which he continues to fill. One of the elements of the organization is a Board of Appeals, composed of nine members, of which the president of the association is one. All disputes and doubtful points arising on the turf are referred to this board for decision. It is the highest judicial body of the trotting turf, and its powers are very great. Frequently many thousands of dollars are involved in a single case sent to it for adjudication. Being clothed with so much power, the board grew somewhat arrogant, and last spring the trainers and drivers hoisted the flag of rebellion. They claimed that the board had ceased to be purely judicial, and that something must be done to check the growth of partisanship. They organized the Trainers and Drivers Protective Association, and drew up rules for their government, many of which clashed with those of the National Association. As it was impossible to conduct races fairly under two sets of rules, the war of factions was quite lively for a time. But a truce was finally agreed upon. Both parties made concessions, conflicting rules were modified or held in abeyance, and a long and tedious conflict was avoided. At the next meeting of the Turf Congress, which will be held in New York city in February, 1874, it is thought that all differences will be settled, and possibly the two associations will be merged into one. In the systematic organization of the turf there are the judicial bodies, the legislative, and the executive.

Pool-selling, which is simply a fascinating form of gambling, is an injury to the turf, and the sooner the associations set their faces against it the better it will prove for them. It is demoralizing, leads to many a wrangle, and tempts one to stoop to fraud. The progressive and conscientious turf-men see the evil of making pool-selling prominent on the course, and they are working for its overthrow. The revolution is sure to come, and after the revolution thousands will pass through the gates of our trotting parks who now stand aloof. The progressive turf managers also recognize the importance of cultivating the social feature of sport. Where pure-browed woman goes, order and gentility reign. Amasa Sprague made the first attempt to develop the social side of the trotting turf. At Providence he built regal Narraganset Park, and then the rustle of silks and satins was heard in the elegant retiring-rooms and in the aisles of the imposing grand stand. Prospect Park on Long Island, within sound of the ever-restless waves of the sea, came next, its proprietors and managers being many of the foremost men of Brooklyn. The club-house is a model of beauty and elegance. The social feature is gradually being made prominent at all our trotting parks. Trotting is any thing but a beggarly sport. The purses hung up for competition during the season of 1873 will amount to many hundreds of thousands of dollars. The Buffalo Park Association alone gives $70,000 for a single meeting; Utica, New York, $40,000; Springfield, Massachusetts, $40,000; and Chicago, $40,000. The wealth invested in trotting horses and trotting parks is immense. A horse of first-class speed commands from $20,000 to $35,000.

I will now bring this sketch to a close by setting before the reader a dish of the fastest time made on the trotting turf by some of the most notable horses. The table could be largely extended, but I am warned to be brief as possible:

TABLE SHOWING THE FASTEST TIME AT ONE MILE.

Name of Horse.	Minutes.	Date.	Course.	Mode.
Joe Elliott	2.15¼	June 29, 1872	Mystic Park	Harness.
Goldsmith Maid	2.16¼	June 19, 1872	Mystic Park	Harness.
Dexter	2.17¼	August 14, 1867	Buffalo Park	Harness.
American Girl	2.17¼	August 9, 1872	Buffalo Park	Harness.
Lady Thorne	2.18¼	October 8, 1869	Narraganset Park	Harness.
Lucy	2.18¼	August 9, 1872	Buffalo Park	Harness.
George Palmer	2.19¼	.....	.....	....
Flora Temple	2.19¾	October 15, 1859	Kalamazoo	Harness.
Henry	2.20¼	June 23, 1871	Beacon Park	Harness.
Mountain Boy	2.20½	.....	.....	Harness.
General Butler	2.21	.....	.....	....
Rolla Gold-dust	2.21	.....	.....	....
Gazelle	2.21	October 22, 1872	Prospect Park	....
Jay Gould	2.21½	August 7, 1872	Buffalo Park	Harness.
Camors	2.21¾	September 19, 1872	Prospect Park	Harness.
Judge Fullerton	2.21¾	October 4, 1872	Fleetwood	Harness.
George Wilkes	2.22	.....	.....	....
Princess	2.22	.....	.....	....
Rockingham	2.22¼	.....	.....	Saddle.
Rosalind	2.22¼	.....	.....	....
George M. Patchen	2.22½	.....	.....	....
Jennie	2.22½	.....	.....	....
Lady Maud	2.22½	.....	.....	....
Huntress	2.22¾	June 18, 1872	Mystic Park	....
Flora Belle	2.22¾	.....	.....	....
Kilburn Jim	2.23	.....	.....	....

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The horse Commodore trotted a race of two-mile heats at Prospect Park, October 17, 1872, in 5 minutes 6 seconds, 5 minutes 4½ seconds.

The mare Huntress trotted September 23, 1872, three miles in Prospect Park in 7 minutes 21¼ seconds. This is the fastest time on record at three miles.

Prospero, a three-year-old colt, trotted at Prospect Park, October 15, 1872, a mile in 2 minutes 33½ seconds. The time is wonderful, considering the age of the performer.

Wednesday, May 15, 1872, when Mr. Bonner's young horse Startle was five years and one day old, he was driven half a mile at Fleetwood Park in 1 minute 4½ seconds. This half mile was beaten May 19, 1873, by another member of Mr. Bonner's stable, Pocahontas, who trotted the distance on Fleetwood Park in 1 minute 4¼ seconds, which is at the rate of 2 minutes 8½ seconds to the mile. Friday, May 12, 1872, Startle trotted a full mile at Prospect Park in 2 minutes 19¾ seconds.

In the above table Mr. Bonner's horse Joe Elliott is credited with trotting a mile in 2 minutes 15½ seconds. The time is absolutely correct, as the performance was public, and the judges were men of position and responsibility; but as the trial was not made in the interest of a wager, technically speaking, it is not placed in the record. That is, according to turf law, it is not a record for the decision of bets. The same remark applies to the time of Pocahontas and Startle.

Editor's Easy Chair.*

FOR a great many years this midsummer time has been the season of college Commencements, and with a few weeks' variation our academies and universities have shown up the growth of their mental tillage while the farmers have been cutting their hay and grain. Twenty or thirty years ago the college jubilee came some weeks later, and Commencement was at the beginning of the fall term, instead of at the close of the summer term. The present usage relieves the professors and the graduating classes of anxiety through the long summer vacation, leaves the coast clear for the reception of the new classes, besides offering more inducements for friends to show their faces at the speaking, and also at the feasting and the dancing, before the watering-places have become too attractive. It will be well for our new crop of scholars if they note more carefully this correspondence of their lot with nature, and if they study better the lessons of the green fields and ripening harvests and growing flocks and herds. There has been and still is need enough of this conversation with nature, for college learning has been and still is strangely artificial and unnatural. It has mistaken words for things, definitions for facts, and the theory for the art of life. It has measured its dignity and its power more by its hold upon the dead than by its sympathy with the living, and very often its pattern scholars are more able to quote Demosthenes and Cicero than to make a stirring speech in their own mother English, whether after full preparation or upon the spur of some unforeseen occasion. Remember how little direct interpretation of nature entered into our college course of old. We had a good botanic garden near by, but when were we asked to study its plants directly for ourselves under competent instruction? We had transit instruments, sextants, theodolites, and telescopes in good supply for that day, but how little we were encouraged to use them upon the earth or the heavens! We had good books and lectures upon minerals, but we never went out among the soils and rocks to study specimens for ourselves. The magnificent domain of natural history was dismissed in a few recitations from a somewhat commonplace manual; and when Spurzheim came among us with his show of skulls and brains, and his motto, "Res non verba quæso," and set us to dissecting sheep's heads for ourselves, and to examining the functions and forms of all living creatures about us, from the frogs that croaked in the brook to the cows that grazed in the meadow, we began to have a new sense of the worth of nature and our need of studying her kingdoms for ourselves.

Things have changed much for the better now. The study of natural history and philosophy has been put upon a new footing, and it is easier to raise money for a scientific school than for a theological seminary, far easier to endow a professorship of chemistry or astronomy than one of Latin or Greek. More respect also is paid to muscle than of old, and the boat club, the base-ball and cricket club, make more noise than the rank list or the roll of victors for the prizes in composition and oratory. These things will have their day, and will, it is to be hoped, do something to bring about a broader and more reasonable understanding between study and the nature of things. Every thing that is to be well done is generally overdone, indeed, in the process of experiment, and all this exaggeration of muscle and this glorification of physics will bring us nearer to the true knowledge of things in their vast range and vital affinities. We are still far from the true mark, and the learned class to whom the people look for instruction with the voice and pen and press are too often strangers to the first lessons of nature.

Go from the school-room or the lyceum, or from the church of the old regulation pattern of set words and definitions and theories—go from these into the woods and fields, and how changed is the whole point of view! What a mighty realism speaks out from every blade of grass, every flower and tree, every bird and beast! We are no longer in the region of abstrac-

* Contributed by Dr. Samuel Osgood.

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tions, but of living facts. We see that nothing comes of what is merely the abstract, and that an abstract grass or flower, insect or bird, can neither perpetuate its kind, nor feed, nor move, nor grow. All life is from actual life, and must feed upon what has been prepared or educated for it by processes of life. We have no objection to considering things in the abstract, and any body who has a mind to define man as a being "bulbous at one extremity and bifurcated at the other," or to call him "a two-legged creature without feathers," as Plato was accused of doing, is at full liberty so to do, but no definition amounts to any thing in the absence of the living fact of man himself. He, with his mate, produces his own kind, and he is fed by aliment that has been raised up from inorganic nature into fitness to assimilate with his blood and tissues. Go from your library, with all its speculations and conceits, and study your garden and orchard and pasture, and your philosophy of life is marvelously simplified as soon as you see that all creatures come into being in very much the same way, and live in very much the same manner, according to their lower or higher place in the scale. Breeding and feeding are the business of existence from the highest to the lowest plane. Birth and nurture tell the story of our experience. Thought as well as muscle comes of its own kind of birth, or in the succession of intellectual life, and the mind, like the body, lives by what it feeds upon, though not by bread alone.

Sometimes we learn in a day or two in the country more of the science of life than all our dictionaries can tell us, and the little round of events within your few acres interprets the history of nations, and rehearses the tragedy and the comedy of empires. The cow Dolly Varden has just presented us with two calves, and the most vigorous of the two began immediately, like an old stager, to feed for himself, and thus the suckling starts at once that great and unceasing business of all life. What a commentary upon the absurd notion that nature does nothing of herself, but that all her children are forced to learn and meet their needs by painful schooling! Then word comes that the rats have made a raid upon the pen of rabbits, and made way with some of the prettiest of the little nibblers. The morning papers report very much the same thing as done not by rats, but by men, whether among the Indians of Oregon or the combatants of Khiva. A few days ago, during the mowing which opened the way to the meadow and to the bushes, the cat ate up a nest of meadow-larks, and her mischievous head was spared mainly on the ground that she was death to the pestilent moles, and that she had so perfected her approaches and her mining as almost to have driven these annoying creatures from the lawn. She is not the only creature that preys upon singing-birds of more or less human gifts, and many a nest of larks falls a victim to a sharper claw and a more malicious and far-sighted maw than hers.

Sometimes you may have in your own pet haunts hints of the great strifes and emergencies of the world. This summer has been memorable for its fearful drought. How we have mourned over the parched grass and the wilting foliage, which brought the sombre tints of November to the roses of June! One Saturday the fear and hope came to the point, and after hours of doubtful conflict relief came. In a dry time all signs fail, and so the gathering clouds in the east at first gave little encouragement. The wind was apparently against them, and blew from the west, but still they came sailing on from the east, under the movement of the upper currents of air, and with flashes of chain lightning and with majestic wreaths of black and white spray, as if the powers of light and of darkness were struggling for the mastery, the contest went on. Yet no drop of water fell. Will it rain, will it rain? The question became agonizing, when finally the lightest touch of moisture came, and we knew that the fearful spell of fire was broken. The few light drops soon grew in numbers and speed, and we reveled in our first full summer shower. The scene was magnificent. And this play of nature, in its suspenses and its close, had all the qualities of the high art in which love and hate, vanity and ambition, intrigue and loyalty, unfold their schemes and reach their destiny. Yet the whole drama turned upon one point. Wind and cloud, lightning and thunder, all waited upon one issue, and every high imagination bowed to one simple fact. The earth is dry and wants to drink; we are dry in her dryness, and we all drink with her drinking. The clouds and storms of history have very similar issues, and wars and fightings come because the nations must have their food and drink. Not only the appetites but the vanities make the famine, and the pomp and pride of modern life are as ravenous as hunger and thirst.

Sometimes when you think that you are quite out of the worry of the world, with nothing to remind you of its strife, you find yourself strangely haunted by its ghost. We have various pet nooks in the country to resort to, and are sure of some cool retreat, whichever way the wind may blow and however the sun's rays may slant. Last Saturday we took a notion to go to the most romantic and quiet place in our little domain—a pond bordered on one side by thick shrubbery, and with banks rising on the other side into a thriving orchard, and with a tiny island in the centre that invites the rambler to the seat under a shady elm over a rustic bridge. Here, surely, is peace, and this pleasant retreat seems to tell of childhood, and to call its golden visions to mind. The place was lovely, as usual, and the fragrance of luxuriant pond-lilies gave added charm to its beauty. But nothing is perfect since the old Eden, and, sure enough, here was a bit of that same old tragedy over again. First there was a splash in the water, and a great frog, perhaps the *primo basso* of our volunteer marine concert troupe, jumped into the water from the farthest bank with much emotion and tremor. Then a sound of whirling and a struggle came from that bank, and a strange vision of colors, black and striped, and of contortions of heads and tails, the whole ending in the plunge of a large black-snake into the water with a smaller striped snake in his jaws. The usages of city government might have allowed the fight to go to the bitter end, till the great snake ate up the little one, and remained lord of the ring. But our cool and faithful William, who was raking hay near by and heard the fray, forthwith appeared with uplifted pitch-fork—emblem of righteous jurisprudence—and

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impaled the black aggressor upon its prongs, while the striped victim disappeared without being locked up, as city innocents often are, to be witness against the oppressor. Such things are better than books in stirring thought and fancy, and we have been dreaming of them instead of reading Browning's *Red Cotton Night-cap Country*, and we may dream on through the summer without performing that feat of valor.

We are not for carrying the policy of rats and cats and snakes into the school and library, but we may learn from them how the world is ruled, and all creatures begin and continue to live. We may see that there is a graver purpose in the petals of the rose than to charm the nostrils and the eye, and that the sweetest bird music has an eye to business as well as to fun, and that it is merriest when mating is going on and the cradle must be rocked in the trees. There is the more need of bringing students out of their dens to study the life of nature, now that a certain superficial study of nature tends so often to blind them to the life and soul of things, and to put mechanism in the place of mind. Whatever may be the reason, there is not the same ideal enthusiasm at our universities as some years ago. The old faiths do not dominate young men as once, and the patriotic fire of ten or twelve years ago has to a great extent gone out under the discussions, strifes, and scrambles of politics. France and England tell very much the same story. Legouvé, in his brilliant book on *Fathers and Sons*, writes that no Frenchman has any spark of enthusiasm till he reaches the age of forty; and the average Oxford student, who sets the pattern for Young England, seems to care more for health, muscle, and "plenty of coin," as the phrase is, than for the old devout ways or the new radical reforms. Lord Lytton's story of *Kenelm Chillingly* is a true and good book for our time, and shows well the falling off among our young men from the high ideal of the best days and characters. Of course there are among us, and every where in Christendom, young men of the noblest type and of flaming convictions and earnestness, but the leading character tends more to the plucky athlete and the dashing gentleman than to the thorough scholar and the ideal thinker. It is never well to croak about the present time, or to insist that youths of twenty-one shall have the gray beards and ripe wisdom of threescore-and-ten. Yet there is something noteworthy in the fact that our old men are often taking the lead not only in careful thinking and grave experience, but in bold enterprise and cheerful humor. Our great poets and our best statesmen are men long past the heyday of young blood, and certainly the men who have led on the new times in Europe and America have not been chickens either in age or temper. Seward and Bismarck have been our leading statesmen in the new future of the Anglo-Saxon race; and if we are looking for true love of nature and quick sense of the changes and the meaning of human affairs, we must remember that Emerson has just passed seventy, Bryant is near eighty, and that Tennyson and Longfellow are having quite Homeric heads and faces. In some of our elder seminaries, such as Cambridge, the aim seems to be to put away all glow and fancy from the writing and speaking of the conspicuous scholars, and even to sacrifice the chance of eloquence to the fear of gushing sentimentalism. We found relief from the dryness of the Commencement stage in the library of the octogenarian ex-president, who was as full of life as forty years ago, and as ready to appreciate and discuss the last word of society, philosophy, or religion. At the dinner-table there one of the telling events was a letter from a man of ninety-three years, Horace Binney, who excused his absence on the ground that every body wanted to see him, and if he once began to accept invitations, there would be no end to the calls. In less conspicuous circles old men are making their mark. Rhode Island is especially rich in men and women of over ninety years; and the Providence *Journal* announced at Easter that Mr. Joseph Sweet, at the age of ninety, had just been chosen president of a leading bank, and was entering upon his duties with decided vigor. New Hampshire carries the palm in her example of age and efficiency; and John Prentiss, a few days before his death, at the age of ninety-six, wielded his pen as editor of the *Sentinel* with his usual discrimination, and he was probably the Nestor of all editors of his time. Massachusetts has recently lost one of her worthiest women; and Miss Lucy Osgood, who died at eighty-two, the daughter of the famous political divine, Dr. David Osgood, of Medford, was one of the most gifted and learned of her sex; and good judges say that her correspondence with Rev. Dr. Furness, if published, as it ought to be, would make one of the best collections of letters extant, and would do much to illustrate the literature and life of the last fifty years of America.

If our young men tend to be a little dry and cynical, and are too often yielding to the mechanical drift of the new science without rising into its upper currents of spirit and life, we ought to welcome the new movement that is so earnest to introduce such a vital and emotional element into the higher schools of education as woman. It has been manifest for some years that the social aspects of college festivals were becoming more conspicuous than the merely literary, and that the students cared more for class-day and its spreads and its dances than for Commencement, with its procession, degrees, and its speeches. But this preference is part of the old story, and does not forebode any new departure in principle or policy. The most conspicuous fact in American society this year is the serious discussion of the propriety of opening our universities to women upon equal terms with men, and the approach of our oldest university toward this measure by issuing a prospectus of seventy-two pages for regular examinations of women in courses of study that have the range and dignity of university education. The first examinations are to be in the last half of June, 1874, and will be of two grades—the first for young women who are not less than seventeen years old, the second of a more advanced character for those who are not less than eighteen years old. The first examination will embrace English, French, physical geography, either elementary botany or elementary physics, arithmetic, algebra through quadratic equations, plane geometry, history, and any one of the three languages, German, Latin, and Greek. A full list of specifications is given, and specimen examination papers are

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furnished. The advanced examination will be divided into five sections, in one or more of which the candidate may present herself, as follows: 1. Languages—any two of these—English, French, German, Italian, Latin, Greek; 2. Natural science—any two of these branches—chemistry, physics, botany, mineralogy, geology; 3. Mathematics as stated; 4. History, whether of Europe during the Reformation, or of English and American affairs from 1688 to 1800; 5. Philosophy—three of these subjects—mental philosophy, moral philosophy, logic, rhetoric, political economy.

Without doubt these examinations will be largely attended, not only by the earnest young women whose limited means will induce them to accept the offered help of the Woman's Education Society, but by the best specimens of the most favored young women of Boston and the vicinity, if not of the whole State and country. The result will be the rise and recognition of a class of thorough female scholars, and the encouragement and increase of schools capable of preparing them for the examination and of securing their services as teachers. The advantages will be great, and on two points they can not be easily overestimated. They will enable young women to win a more secure and honorable livelihood than before, and they will do a great deal to put society upon a more worthy intellectual basis, and make education a new social power. Women need not only bread and clothing and lodging, but they want the sympathy and friendship of the best of their own sex and of ours. An accredited position in knowledge and refinement will do much to win this association, and many a bright and noble girl will find new light upon her path as she secures not only a good livelihood, but, what is of equal account to her, a cheerful, generous, social life, which opens to her with her new culture and its surroundings.

Exactly how far women are to carry out their aspirations, in what associations they are to be educated, or what pursuits they are to follow, it is not easy to say, and we must trust to experience rather than to theory to show us what is coming. The great thing is to give woman fair play in all respects, and try to carry forward her march not in any pet direction, but along the whole line of her powers and her interests. We need the characteristic womanly mind alike for her sake and for man's sake. We are not, indeed, to neglect the utilitarian view of the subject, and who does not see that fearful evil comes from the want of a practical training that will secure to the great host of girls without property their honest bread? Who does not see that often the social privilege that prepares young men for business and thrift encourages young women in idleness and vanity, that makes them more exacting as they become more helpless and dependent? Employment for woman is, of course, the most conspicuous practical aspect of her welfare. Yet it is wise not to make her mind wait upon her circumstances, but rather make it command them. The new culture, like the old religion, must take it for granted that there is always room enough for the right spirit to turn about in. The women of the primitive church did not wait to find occupation before they came out of the old idolatry, but they came out and helped to make the world anew. We may expect something of the same victory in the conflict with the new paganism, that sets up the empire of clothes against the reign of heaven, and that leads so many women to worship the clothes, and so many men to idolize the frailty wrapped up in the dainty attire.

Our modern life is in some respects drying up, and our young men are too often mere sticks, without a living idea or generous inspiration. They sometimes do their utmost to spoil young women, and young women repay the folly with added grace and assiduity. The true womanhood, in its quick perception, ready wit, flashing intuition, personal devotedness, and high fidelity, must come to the rescue. She must show us that under her interpretation reason is not a cold and heartless rationalism, but a genial, loving wisdom, with a ray as glowing as it is luminous for our pathway and our home. She can teach us that virtue is not a hard law, a dull formalism, a harsh negation, but a living inspiration, drawing power from the eternal love, and going forth in healthful freedom to its conflict and to its peace. All men may confess to a share of weakness for the ring of pretty girls who are found almost every where trying to make mediocrity charming, and to keep up the old routine of empty show and petty clique. We understand in some degree the power of that ring of graces when they pass into favored establishments, the pet wives of husbands whose principles and aspirations are not always the better by this charming petticoat government. But among the girls and the matrons we have seen enough of what a true woman can be to make us wish and strive that she may be a more frequent fact and power in these new times that threaten dangers as well as promise privilege, and call upon men and women to study together the science and the art of the social order which they are to suffer or to enjoy together. We often call our time the age of mechanism, but it ought to be the millennium of ideality and faith; for within all the facts of nature and history mysterious forces move, and over all the supreme love presides. If men are too often forgetting the more humane and divine view of the universe, and becoming as soulless as the machines by which they make their money, women do not tend that way, and even their faults vindicate the emotions, and do not wholly deny the ideal sphere. The true culture under the supreme guidance will give woman due power for man's sake as well as her own, and bring the marvelous quickness of her perceptions, the flash of her intuitions, and the richness of her genius into the true life. She has more genius than man in proportion to the measure of her faculties, and Hartmann well says that young men should associate with women for the best incentive, for you can find men in their books, but women must be seen in actual society to be appreciated. They have certainly done wonders in our age by their books, and the century that has given us *Corinne*, *Consuelo*, and *Romola* may, before it closes, show us a type of society worthy of the womanly fascination that appears in those pages. If they can do so much in print, where so much of their form, movement, and spirit is kept back, what will they not do in society when full culture is given to their powers, and full sweep is allowed to their graces and charms? Perhaps there is danger that they will

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have too much power, and imperil masculine sense by their witching art. If so, the remedy is in more education, not less, and a new day will come when women will have science enough to check their frequent folly, and to bring far-seeing wisdom to the service of their beautiful tastes.

How much our new scholars are doing for the beautiful arts, and for the beauty which is the life of art, is a question that every year is doing something to answer. Perhaps the arts have not received as many recruits from the university among us as could be expected, and the most noticeable service from this quarter has been rendered to architecture, which is pre-eminently a learned art, and one which has been helped much by the work of graduates and the bounty of patrons. Some of the finest buildings in America have lately been erected for literature, and the successful architects have been college graduates. Puritan Yale takes the lead in establishing an art department with an especial professorship, and the enterprise promises well. Sculpture and painting have noted names from the list of American scholars, although their chief honors have been won in literary art, whether history, poetry, or philosophy; and the most ideal of our sculptors, William Story, has been called, with some reason, somewhat bookish, or literary, in his marbles. Perhaps, however, the best art that has come from our educated men has been their high style of character, which has so stamped itself upon our constitution and thought and temper—the living art that carries repose into courage, exalts thinking above the strife of opinion into the light of reason, and lifts sensibility above passion and impulse toward the supreme beauty, which graces strength with gentleness, and makes love a virtue instead of a madness. Perhaps this art has spoken somewhat distinctly in our purest writers and speakers, our best statesmen and lawgivers; and there has been not a little in the speech of our best authors, the acts of our lawgivers and our leaders, to prove that the old Greek and German fire has not died out, and our artists have much to learn before they work up to that ideal. Undoubted heroism and peculiar susceptibility belong to the genuine American, and he needs only due culture to bring out his artistic powers, and put virtue and heart into marble and color and music.

Word comes of the death of the most widely known of American artists, Hiram Powers. Much has been said of him, and still the tributes multiply. We have but two reminiscences of his career to give, which may help out the general memorial. In the year 1836 we found his name quite noted in the city of Cincinnati, which he had left during the previous year in order to carry his talents in sculpture to a more central position. The most conspicuous mark of him that remained was a strange exhibition in the museum, an attempt to make a panorama of the infernal regions. It was a weird and startling spectacle, and when in the final scene the spectres in torment lifted up their heads and rolled their eyes, and the flames glared, and the monster serpent dashed forward, and the great chains clashed, it seemed as if our time had come, and we were glad to get out of the ghastly place. Thirty-three years afterward we walked to a charming villa just out of the Porta Romana, in Florence, and we found Powers at the height of his fame and fortune in that new and hopeful retreat. In his garden he had built a spacious atelier, where he carried on his new work with copies of his masterpieces around him. There was nothing of the weird showman in his look or in his style. He was calm, apparently healthy, and prosperous, a thriving man of business as well as an artist of renown. His chief work was in portrait busts and statues, and his visions were more of living men and women than of the "Greek Slave" or of the primeval "Eve." His conversation was earnest, and his mind seemed full of a certain theosophic mysticism, yet he hardly kept the ideal turn of his early genius, and his art was his craft quite as much as his inspiration. Perhaps he has done the best thing for our age and for our country in giving his maturest thought and labor to the actual human face and figure. We need true men and women more than any thing else, and Hiram Powers has perhaps better than any one else found the living soul under the flesh and features, and made the marble speak the life and thought of our day and generation.

Editor's Literary Record.

RELIGIOUS.

ONE needs only to glance over the table of contents of the *Sermons of Henry Ward Beecher*, seventh and eighth series (J. B. Ford and Co.), to perceive that Mr. BEECHER obeys his own counsel to the theological student—"Never preach two sermons alike if you can help it." We read them with a warm admiration for the commingled genius and piety which dictated them, and a keen regret that before they go out to the public they are not pruned of excrescences, sometimes purely verbal, sometimes doctrinal, some of which no one would be quicker to perceive than Mr. Beecher himself. He emphatically believes in the reality and presence of God in the soul, yet his declaration, in the sermon on "How to learn about God," that "every man must have a God of his own," if at all literally interpreted (and a great many will interpret it literally), would reduce God from a reality to a conception, from a Divine Being to a beautiful ideal, from a God to an idol. We pick out a single spot on the sun to indicate the nature of the spots; but, notwithstanding them, this series of sermons constitutes a sun, and a glorious one, rich in light and warmth.

It is not only interesting, it is exceedingly profitable, to trace such a great stream of religious interest as Methodism to its source, and see how out of a few little rills the great river has grown. This is the work which Mr. TYERMAN has undertaken to do in *The Oxford Methodists* (Harper and Brothers), and those who are at all familiar with his *Life and Times of John Wesley*

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need no assurance that his work has been well done. Mr. Tyerman is an enthusiastic Methodist, but he is not a religious partisan. He does not hesitate to disclose the errors, nor even to hold up to severe rebuke the excesses and sins, of some who were prominent in the beginning of this great reformation of Christian faith. In tracing the story of the growth of the religious life of these early apostles and founders of Methodism, he neither permits himself from a lack of charity to denounce the errors through which, with various degrees of success, they were in the providence of God led into the light; nor does he in an excess of enthusiasm fail to find occasions both of warning and of encouragement —warning in their mistakes, encouragement in the fact that so grand a work was accomplished by men so fallible as they. The book, which is thus written in an impartial but not an indifferent spirit, is the product of careful and conscientious research; and while it possesses a special value to Methodists in bringing to their knowledge important information concerning the early history of their Church not hitherto accessible, it possesses not less interest to all who care to trace the progress of a great religious revival, and to study the causes which, humanly speaking, combined to produce it.

The Land of Moab, by H. B. TRISTRAM, LL.D. (Harper and Brothers), affords a valuable addition to our knowledge of sacred geography. The land itself, like other countries east of the Jordan, has been very little visited by Europeans. Dr. Tristram rather exaggerates our lack of knowledge in his statement that the land of Moab "has not been traversed at leisure by any explorer since the fall of the Roman empire." Nevertheless, the brevity and the contradictions of the accounts of Seetzen, Burckhardt, Irby and Mangles, and De Saulcy leave us really very much in the dark respecting this important Biblical district. Mr. Tristram has previously acquired a well-deserved reputation as a sacred geographer by his *Land of Israel* and his *Seven Churches of Asia*, and this work will enhance it. He appears to have devoted himself with great painstaking to the geographical researches which he undertook to execute, and to have exercised a wise judgment in his examination of supposed Biblical sites. The most important result of his explorations is his identification of Ziara, northeast of the Dead Sea, with Zoar. In this he confirms the views of Mr. Grote, who had previously argued from the Biblical narrative that the cities of the plain were to the north of the Dead Sea—not on the southern plain now covered by its waters. The reasons which Dr. Tristram presents for this opinion are more satisfactory than those suggested by Mr. Grote, though whether they will lead scholars generally to abandon the old opinion so ably maintained by Dr. Robinson is, we think, doubtful. The book is embellished with over forty wood-cuts, some of which are very finely executed, and is accompanied by a carefully executed map, on which Dr. Tristram's route is traced.

The *Life of the Rev. Alfred Cookman*, by H. B. RIDGAWAY, D.D. (Harper and Brothers), combines the chief requisites of a complete religious biography. That he has been painstaking, conversant with the life and sphere of his subject, and thoroughly sympathetic, yet without any evidence of partiality, no one who reads the work will deny. The account of Alfred Cookman's father, the Rev. George Cookman, one of the most remarkable men of American Methodism, will be welcomed not only by the Church of which he was a member, but by the entire religious public, as the recovery of a great name from comparative oblivion. The Cookman family, of English origin, was distinguished for several generations by remarkable characteristics—intense zeal, eloquence alike on the platform and in the pulpit, manly courage, the spirit of reform, and a profound acquaintance with the demands of their times. The horizon on which Dr. Ridgaway has looked is so broad that it embraces a view of all the great movements of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and to some extent of others, for the last four decades. It might seem, at the first glance, that too many letters are reproduced; but, as one reads them, he is compelled to conclude that the omission of them would have seriously detracted from the harmony and vivacity of the work. They are fresh, varied, often quite unique, their great charm evidently coming from the writer's belief that the persons to whom they were addressed would be the only ones to read them. There is a certain magnetism pervading the entire life of Alfred Cookman, and this has affected the pen of his biographer to such an extent that we find no trace of heaviness or dullness from the beginning to the close.

FICTION.

THE summer fruit that grows in the literary orchard is mostly novels, and of novels the market at our writing is full. Most of them are, as such summer fruit should be, of a light rather than a nutritious order, easy to read and equally easy to forget. Included among them all there is scarcely one that is likely to outlive the season which produces it.

Of them all, Miss ALCOTT's first real novel, *Work* (Roberts Brothers), is perhaps the most noteworthy, as it certainly is the most noted. Miss Alcott's name will give to this pleasant story a circulation and a celebrity which otherwise it would not attain. The book would not have made her reputation, but her reputation will make the book. The first thing that strikes the reader after he gets fairly under way is that the novel is not a novel at all, but a serious didactic essay on the subject of woman's work. Not, indeed, that Miss Alcott has loaded it with instruction, or put on any unwomanly vestments and taken to preaching in the guise of a story-teller; but the bee on the cover, the motto on the title-page, the title itself, and the current and course of the story, all point in the same direction. Miss Alcott wished to exhibit the various phases of woman's work, and the story was the instrument she chose for that purpose. Christie starts out in the opening chapter to take care of herself. She tries various avocations, and her hardships in each are graphically described. She is successively servant, actress, governess, companion, seamstress, assistant, and finally nurse in a soldiers' hospital.

The first half of the story is without even the semblance of a plot. Miss Alcott appears to have sat down to write the first chapter without knowing what the next chapter would be, and to have

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drifted along in the current of her own thoughts till she found a novel growing under her hands. Then, under a sense that a novel needs design, she conceived a simple one, and finished off her series of sketches in a very simply constructed story. But despite this defect, and it is a serious one, she has written what is both an interesting and an entertaining narrative. Some of her pictures are exceedingly pretty; some of her characters are exceedingly well drawn. The best bit of painting in the book is Mrs. Wilkins and her home; and the contrast between the tireless energy of the wife and the nerveless quiet of the husband gives vividness to both. In Mrs. Wilkins's home the unmanageable children play a principal part; and with them Miss Alcott is unmistakably in her element. Mr. Power may be a portrait, as some of the critics have thought it, of Theodore Parker; if so, it is a portrait drawn by a feminine admirer, and clothed with traits that woman's admiring imagination easily attributes to her heroes. A pleasant humor sparkles in the book, and a cheerful good nature imparts to it a singularly pleasant flavor. It is this sunny cheerfulness infused through all its pages by the glow of a woman's bright, trusting, and loving heart, and which imbitters even the death of David "Sunrise," which gives to the book its peculiar charm, and will make it acceptable to hundreds of readers, who will rise from its perusal stronger for the battle of life because of its inspiration, and who will hardly recognize, though they may vaguely feel, the defects which impair it as a work of art. In brief, passing by the externals of this story, which are not above criticism, and getting at its heart, we may say of it what Mrs. Wilkins said of Mr. Powers's preaching: "Ain't it fillin'? Don't it give you a kind of spiritual h'ist, and make things wuth more, somehow?"

Holt and Williams are issuing a very good series of translations, chiefly from the French, which they entitle "Leisure Hours Series." Of these, several volumes lie on our table of very various merit. There are some that it was hardly worth while to render into English; others are very agreeable companions of a leisure hour. *Count Kostia*, from the French of CHERBULIERY, is a gloomy story with a very improbable plot—so improbable that no novel-reader is surprised at the end that he had not guessed the outcome from the beginning. The count himself is a Russian nobleman, whose only tender act is leaving off from the title-page of this book his two last names, Petrovitch Lemenof, and suffering the reader to know him by the briefer and better name of Kostia. The gloom of a Russian climate is in all the story, from the sudden death of the wife in the opening sentence to almost the very close, and the rift of sunshine that breaks through the wintry clouds then is not enough to change, and hardly enough to mitigate, the atmosphere of this cold and cruel story. But if it is not attractive, it is not morbid; if it paints cruelty, it does not render it in the least attractive; if the artist shades his picture heavily, he at least does so artistically; and his work is really commendable as a work of art, however little such works of art may be to the taste of those who go to romance for brightness and sunshine. —*Babolain*, by G. DROZ, is one long wail of woe; one mournful tragedy without a ray of light, even enough to give effective contrast; without one agreeable character, even to set off the evil of the selfish souls who make up the characters of this painful drama. That such women as Esther and her mother exist outside of the pages of novels may be true, though we have never been so unfortunate as to meet them; that such unnatural selfishness as that of Valentine and her husband Joseph may be found beneath the cover of fair titles we will not deny, though to assert that they are true to nature in any other sense than as portraits of exceptional monstrosities would be to libel humanity. As to Babolain himself, surely no such crazy egotist ever existed outside the walls of a lunatic asylum or the imagination of the most morbid of romance-writers.—Against these gloomy fancies of unhappy if not morbid imaginations the reader may put *Under the Greenwood Tree* in making up the balance-sheet of the "Leisure Hours Series." It is, in very truth, a "rural painting of the Dutch school," and as charming and simple and homely a picture of Dutch life as one will find anywhere. There is just a little rivalry, but no malice; a little flirting, but no infidelity; some petty vices, but no great crimes; some broad humor, but none that is coarse or vulgar. It certainly is not a great novel, but it certainly is a very pleasant one, and as a study of Dutch life it is marvelously realistic.—*A Slip in the Fens*, one of the same series, is a summer idyl, a poem in prose, a story, not tragic but full of pathos, of a woman's heart well-nigh if not quite broken by a man's wrong, yet her character unsullied, her true life unharmed. It is beautifully and touchingly told, and is as pure as it is simple, as healthful as it is natural. Its moral, if it has one, is a guarding of the young girl's inexperienced heart against the protestations of seemingly earnest but really careless lovers, with whom love-making is but a pastime.—*Our Lives; or, Graham and I* (A. D. F. Randolph and Co.), depends for its interest wholly on its religious character. It is a story of growth in grace through the schooling of deep sorrow; and it will find its readers among the class which found in *Stepping Heavenward* so much enjoyment and so much true help.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WE have the assurance of Adrien Marx, who writes an introduction to the *Tour of the World in Eighty Days*, by JULES VERNE (James R. Osgood and Co.), that this singular writer is a scientifically educated gentleman; that he is a real rover as well as a literary one; that he spends half his time on board his yacht, and the other half in pursuing the "laborious, regular, and sober life of a student;" that he is "the most honored member" of the Geographical Society of Paris, and spares no pains to secure the scientific accuracy of his works. Whether all this is true, or whether Adrien Marx is only Jules Verne's shadow, and this bit of biography is as trustworthy (and no more so) as the story of the tour of Mr. Phileas Fogg, we can only conjecture. That story is certainly as wild a romance of journey as the brain of even a Frenchman ever conceived. But in the impossible romance is an admirable satire on the sight-seeing traveling of the age, which travels round the world not quite as rapidly, but nearly or quite as indifferent to

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its scenery and its social life, as Mr. Fogg and his companions.

A larger work by the same author is *In Search of the Castaways* (J. B. Lippincott and Co.). It is, exteriorly, a handsome volume of 600 pages, with 170 engravings. In subject-matter it is a book of imaginary travel in search of a party who have been wrecked, and the only trace of whom is an illegible document found in a bottle in the belly of a shark. If Jules Verne did in fact limit himself in his books by any considerations of truth, these works would be valuable at least to the youthful reader. As it is, the reader must be cautioned that they are merely romances. The man who pictures a duel in an American railroad train, one of the cars of which is conveniently cleared of its passengers for the purpose, can not be trusted to put a rein on his imagination in any of his real or pretended descriptions of the scenery and life of the countries through which he pretends to carry his readers.

The motto on the title-page of Mr. JOSEPH BIRD'S *Protection Against Fire* (Hurd and Houghton) gives an idea of the fundamental principle to the elucidation of which it is devoted —"An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." Modern civilization, with its furnaces, its six and eight story edifices, its Mansard-roofs, its hatchways for fire draught, its inflammable and explosive oils, and its lucifer-matches, has multiplied the occasions for fire many fold more than it has increased its means of preventing them. We have magnificently organized systems for fighting fire, but none whatever for preventing it. Our present methods are, in any event, applicable only to cities and large towns. The voluntary system of the smaller villages, where it is efficient, promotes rather than prevents conflagrations; barns and outhouses are ignited by the boys for "fun," to give the fire-brigade something to do; and when a serious conflagration occurs, the village engine fails to do much more than play on the smoking ruins when all is over, partly for want of promptitude and organization, and partly for lack of water, for an engine without water is only useful on parade, and the ordinary well and cistern are soon exhausted. In the large cities the "department" is indispensable as an instrument with which to fight fire when well under way, but what we want is no fires to fight. It takes on an average fifteen minutes after the fire alarm to get the engines to the spot, and then it is generally too late to save the building—sometimes too late to save the neighborhood. Mr. Bird proposes, in brief, to organize a home fire-brigade in every household. He would equip, if not every home, at least all buildings which are stored with inflammable materials, or occupied by many persons, with a hand-engine. He would have every household taught what to do in case of danger. Do not cry "fire!" and wait for the firemen. Go for the nearest pump or pail of water, and put the incipient blaze out yourself. Whenever a little courage and presence of mind have achieved this success, he would have the insurance companies recognize the fact by some substantial testimonial, and the newspapers by their public commendation. In the large cities he proposes two fire-brigades—one the present organization, with its steam fire-engines, its telegraph apparatus, its paid firemen. These would continue to devote themselves to the work of fighting fire. He would have a second brigade. It would be the duty of its chief to see that hand-engines were placed in all large warehouses, factories, boarding-houses, hotels, theatres, etc., and placards in all other houses stating where the nearest hand-engine could be found. By these means he would extinguish nearly every fire before it had well got under headway. This book abounds in illustrations of fires extinguished in their inception by the exercise of a little energy and common-sense at the outset, and of others suffered to become great disasters for the want of that stitch in time which saves nine. It is earnest, interesting, practical, and full of valuable suggestions. The author goes to work like a fireman who has no time for display; he dashes at his subject in his very first sentence. Two addenda his book needs—one a chapter describing, with illustrations, the different kinds of hand-engine in use, that his readers may know exactly what they are; the other a chapter on the proper way to train children so that they will not be frightened by fire, but will be prepared to fight it as royally as Prince Albert and his brother and servant fought the fire in the palace of Coburg, and with the same success. Without assuming to judge of the merits of the municipal system he proposes, we are sure that his book will be found exceedingly valuable by all householders, and we recommend its careful study to all who have homes to protect against the fire king.

Mr. ALLIBONE'S *Dictionary of Poetical Quotations* (J. B. Lippincott and Co.) will at once rank, as his *Dictionary of Authors* has long done, as the first and best book of the kind in the English language. It is much more comprehensive in scope than Foster's *Cyclopedia of Poetical Illustrations*, and covers a larger ground than Mrs. Hale's *Dictionary of Poetical Quotations*. Like the latter book, and unlike the former, it is a collection of quotations simply, generally of couplets or triplets; we find very few quotations that overrun six or eight lines. Mr. Allibone's familiarity with English literature—a familiarity which fitted him for the preparation of his *Dictionary of Authors*, and was increased by the studies necessary in the preparation of that work —admirably adapts him to the task of preparing this volume and the companion, a *Dictionary of Prose Quotations*, which he promises shall follow it. Its scope a single sentence from the preface best illustrates: "In the whole, 435 subjects are illustrated by 550 authors in 13,600 quotations, which may be read in course, or consulted separately, as occasion serves." We do not imagine that the most enthusiastic lover of poetry will read it through in course; but all students of literature will find many occasions for consulting it.

A very serviceable instrument in the hands of those who are endeavoring to popularize science and art, and a useful means of instruction to those who, without a professional education, are desirous to obtain some knowledge of scientific subjects, especially in their practical aspects, is afforded by two series of very handy and compact little volumes published by G. P. Putnam's Sons. These are the "Elementary Series" and the "Popular Manuals." Of the former there lie before us *Introduction to Astronomy*, by J. T. PLUMMER; *Practical Plane and Solid Geometry*, by HENRY ANGEL; *Steam and the Locomo-*

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tive Engine, by HENRY EVERS; and *Elements of Acoustics, Light, and Heat*, by WILLIAM LEES. Each volume is comprised in a little over 100 pages, and is fully illustrated with diagrams. The style is generally clear, and the aim of the series—to make the subjects treated of "as easy, practical, and perspicuous as possible"—is fairly well accomplished. There is nothing in this series that appeals to the imagination, nothing that would attract to the study of science those now indifferent to it. But as introductory treatises to the study, for those who already possess the aspiration and are inspired by the purpose to learn, they are admirable. Of the other series there are but two volumes before us, one on *Physiology*, and one entitled *Half Hours with the Telescope*. The latter will be very useful to amateur astronomers as a guide to the use of the telescope; its value is confined, however, to such as have access to that instrument.

So many books and articles have been written on Italy that it appears almost literally impossible to produce any thing on the subject that is not a repetition of what has been produced before. This feat has, however, been accomplished by EMILIO CASTELAR, who has infused *Old Rome and New Italy* (Harper and Brothers) so fully with his own personality that it is, in the truest sense of the term, a new book. Something undoubtedly is due to the fact that he sees Italy and her life not with American eyes, but from the stand-point of one who is familiar with the influence of Rome on the ecclesiastical, political, and social life of Europe, and who passes by much that has become familiar to readers of American books of travel because it is already familiar to him. His comments on the religious state of Rome and Romanism, and his discussion of the priesthood and of the priestly pageants, is severe without being sarcastic or bitter; and while he does not directly indicate his own religious faith, he writes with an apparent respect and even reverence for the religion of Jesus Christ which are not only quite consistent with his indignation against the "vain and pompous luxury with which the Roman court adorns religious ceremonies, changing them into the worship of sense," but which even intensify that indignation. His analysis of the character of Pope Pius IX. shows a rare power of discrimination; and in pointing out the radical defects of his character and administration, he is all the more effective for freely and fully recognizing the Pope's personal virtues. Apart from Señor Castelar's religious and politico-religious reflections, his book is one of unusual interest as a series of pictures of Roman life. His style is clear, crisp, and sparkling; his sentences terse, his thoughts compressed. He manifests no mean proficiency in art criticism, and his descriptions are exceedingly pictorial. Among the many accounts of the *Miserere* of St. Peter's which we have read, we recollect nothing to equal that which he gives in his opening chapter. He is quite as entertaining as Taine, and is more trustworthy and truthful.

Miss ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS having settled to her mind what heaven is like, by her *Gates Ajar*, undertakes to settle what an important part of our earthly life should be, in her *What to Wear* (J. R. Osgood and Co.). She succeeds better with earth than with heaven. Woman's dress of to-day she denounces for its "bad taste," "bad hygiene," and "bad morals," and finds in the fate that overtook all the women passengers in the *Atlantic* evidence that the vices of dress are not only blunders, they are crimes. Most sensible women not infatuated on the subject will agree with her indictment in substance, if not in all detail. But her proposed reforms, however much they may comport with good morals and good hygiene, will not be likely to be regarded as good taste, and to sin against good taste is, unhappily, by the combined judgment of Mr. and Mrs. Grundy, accounted the unpardonable sin of womanhood. Miss Phelps abolishes corsets, gives the ladies suspenders, hangs all skirts from the shoulders, forbids all close-fitting garments, and cuts away the dress so that it shall hang five inches or more above the ground. Her "fashion plate" is eminently sensible. Is it tasteful? We can answer that better when we see it realized, and that, we fear, is not soon to be.

Editor's Scientific Record.

SUMMARY OF SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS.

DURING the past month, for *Astronomy*, we have to chronicle the discovery at Vienna of a new comet in the constellation Cetus, and the usual monthly finding of a new asteroid. The comet of Tempel has been well observed at this its second appearance since its discovery in 1867. The existence of the planet Vulcan within the orbit of Mercury has been advocated by Kirkwood and Alexander on the ground of certain observations made in China by Cowie, an American missionary. Stephan of Marseilles has published some observations tending to show that Sirius has a sensible diameter, though not greater than the one-thousandth of a second. The observations of the physical appearances of the spots of the planet Mars, to which Proctor has so repeatedly called attention, have derived a new impetus from two sides; on the one hand there is published an elaborate and exceedingly careful work by Kaiser of Leyden, giving the special results of his own observations, and on the other hand there has been discovered the long-lost manuscript volume of Schroeter's work on this same subject. This memoir contains two hundred and twenty-four drawings of the planet, and will soon be published by the Academy of Sciences of Brussels.

In *Meteorological Science* there has been perhaps less than usual of original investigation. Mr. Wise, the well-known balloonist, has repeated his urgent appeals for help in attempting to make the voyage from America to England, and appears to have succeeded in raising the funds for making the experiment. The new classification of clouds proposed some years ago by Poey of Havana has been accepted with expressions of satisfaction by the Paris Academy

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of Sciences. The influence of the presence of forests on the temperature of the soil has been investigated by Ebermayer of Bavaria, who finds that their influence is less marked at high altitudes. An interesting study has just come to hand by Hildebrandsson of Upsala, in which he deduces in an entirely independent manner the laws of the storms of Northern Europe, and shows that they do not materially differ from the laws that obtain in other portions of the world, leading to the conclusion that we have at length a correct view of the general principles regulating the commotions of the atmosphere. The influences determining the limit of perpetual snow have been studied by Grad, who shows that, contrary to popular ideas, the altitude above the sea of this limit is less in the equatorial regions than it is under the latitudes ten degrees distant. The results of eleven years' persistent observations of atmospheric electricity by Wislizenus of St. Louis have resulted in the establishment, as he thinks, of a threefold periodicity—*daily*, *annual*, and *secular* or *cyclical*. In connection with the subject of atmospheric hygrometry, the important principle has been established by Montier that the vapors given off by a body in the two states of liquid and solid have different tensions, even though the temperatures may be the same. The important work of Harkness on the magnetic condition of iron ships, especially the Monitor *Monadnock*, shows that in vessels of this description it is absolutely necessary that the influence of the iron on the compass be determined very frequently by "swinging the ship." A single determination can not be made the basis of any reliable prediction as to what the deviations will be at another time and in another place. Glosvenor has proposed to diminish the local attractions by placing the compass at the extremity of the bowsprit of the vessel, but it does not seem probable that this will effectually remove the many difficulties of the problem. The average density of the earth has been the subject of some very beautiful measurements by Cornu and Baillee. They have employed the Cavendish method with many improvements, and arrive at results of a comparatively high degree of exactness.

From the *Monthly Weather Review* for June, published by the Army Signal-office, we make the following summary: Ten general atmospheric disturbances have crossed the country during the month; most of these pursued their paths eastward over the lakes and New England, and but two passed over the South Atlantic States. On the other hand, there have been experienced, in connection with these general centres of disturbance, the numerous local storms that at this season of the year replace the extended storms of winter. The temperature has on the average been generally higher than usual, and specially so in the Northwest: it has been a little lower than usual in the Middle and Eastern States. The rain-fall for the month has been greatly in excess both in the Gulf States and the Northwest, but a decided deficiency has been reported in New England and the Middle States and portions of the Ohio Valley. The river reports show that the Red River, after rising until the 28th, has begun to fall slowly. The Arkansas is eight feet lower than at the beginning of the month. The Missouri has risen steadily. The lower portion of the Ohio has fallen. The Cumberland has varied considerably. The Mississippi has very generally fallen slightly, but at St. Paul, Cairo, and Vicksburg the fall has amounted to from five to eight feet.

In *Electrical Science* we record the appearance of two very excellent treatises—that of Maxwell and that of Jenkin. The latter is specially designed for educational uses, and is the only work extant that satisfactorily initiates the student into the mysteries of the modern exact science of electrical measurements. On the efficiency of the various electrical machines Mascart has given some very valuable figures of comparison. The Hotz induction machine of course excels all the frictional machines and is itself surpassed only by the Ruhmkorf induction coil. The obscure phenomena attending the magneto-electric induction of a rotating copper disk have been studied by Le Roux in some experiments conducted on a very large scale, and leading to results of unequivocal importance, giving in feet the most accurate method of determining the mechanical coefficient of electricity. The nature of the spark from the Ruhmkorf coil has been studied by Cazan, and is shown to consist of a rapid series of small discharges.

As regards the *Molecular Constitution of Gases*, the advocates of the dynamical theory continue to make great progress. Stefan of Vienna has shown that the diameter of a molecule probably depends on its temperature. He has also conducted a series of experiments to determine the power of gases to conduct heat. His results far exceed in accuracy all that has been before done, and offer in some particulars most striking confirmations of the predictions of Maxwell.

In *Optics* we have some remarkable and intensely interesting observations by Mascart on the influence of the thin films of silver (in Foucault's process of silvering on glass) in altering the polarization of the reflected light. Mascart is able to detect the presence of a film of silver whose thickness can not exceed one one-hundredth of the wave of light. The existence of the absorption lines of the spectrum is sought to be explained by Handl through the influence of the greater density of the ether in the immediate neighborhood of the molecules of the body under examination.

In studying the *Vibrations of Plates and Cords*, Gripon has shown that the elliptical vibrations of each particle of a cord may be communicated to an attached globule of oil, setting the latter into rapid rotation about its axis, and forming an exquisite repetition of Plateau's experiment. Lissajous has constructed a phono-optometer, which consists of a microscope one of whose lenses is set in rapid vibration, and by means of which the rapid movements of microscopic objects may be satisfactorily and accurately investigated.

In *Physiological Chemistry*, Knijper has proved the presence of alcohol in various parts of the body of inebriates. In the stomach of a woman found dead he found twenty-two grams of alcohol, and from the brain, sixty-eight hours after death, he obtained 2.758 grams of alcohol. Voit and Bauer have shown that the metamorphosis of nitrogenous tissues is not lessened, but is rather increased, by blood-letting. Quinine, accord-

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ing to Müller, when administered in neutral solution, has a marked influence in diminishing the ozonizing property of blood and of hemoglobin. An exceedingly small quantity, even one-thousandth, sensibly lessened the power of the corpuscles as ozone carriers. Müller has proposed for a lecture experiment a novel form of eudiometer. He confined beetles of the species *Acilius sulcatus*, *Carabus granulatus*, and *Dyticus marginalis* in a eudiometer tube over water, placing in it a little calcium hydrate to absorb the carbonic gas produced. He observed that the whole of the oxygen of the inclosed air was removed by these animals. In two quantitative experiments, one made with 66.6, the other with 57.4 c. c., of air, the amount of oxygen removed was 20.88 and 20.94 per cent. respectively. In the first case the volume became constant after seventy-two hours, though the beetle was not removed until twenty-two hours later. In the second the volume ceased to diminish in sixty-four hours, and the beetle was removed six hours later. The first beetle recovered entirely in two days, the second one in an hour. Müller also observed that the vitality of a small frog was retained in pure nitrogen for a period of six hours. Rabuteau, in 1867, advanced the law that the toxical properties of the metals are directly as their atomic weights, and inversely as their specific heats. Dr. James Blake, as we learn from *Nature*, in a communication to the California Academy of Sciences, confirms this law for the atomic weights, when the elements compared are grouped according to their isomorphous relations. Thus, in experiments on rabbits, a solution of the metallic salt being injected into the jugular vein, he found that the quantity of lithium, sodium, rubidium, cæsium, and thallium, whose atomic weights are respectively 7, 23, 85, 133, and 204, required to kill was 40, 20, 6, 8, and 3 grains. It is evident, however, that dissimilar metals can not be thus compared, since glucinum, with an atomic weight of 9, is more active than silver, whose atomic weight is 103. Rabuteau and Ducondray have extended their investigations, and are inclined to make their law entirely general. For example, they find that calcium, with an atomic weight of 40, has about the same intensity of physiological action as potassium, whose atomic weight is 39, death being produced, when sufficient doses were given, from arrest of the heart's action. These metals, like all the others examined except sodium and lithium, are muscular poisons. Mendel has observed that the weight of phosphoric acid eliminated from the body in chronic cerebral diseases, and even in cases of furious mania, of apoplexy, and of epilepsy, is less than that excreted by healthy individuals under similar conditions of diet and habit, whether this weight be regarded as absolute or relative to the other solid matters. During sleep more phosphoric acid and more sulphuric acid are excreted than during waking hours. Heubel contests the assertion of Vohl and Eulenberg that the poisonous effects of tobacco-smoke are not due to nicotine. They burned twenty-five cigars from the Palatinate, conducting the smoke through a Liebig's condenser, and then through bulbs filled with distilled water, with alcohol, and with sulphuric acid successively. The condensed liquid was brown, acrid, alkaline, and was covered with an oily layer. When injected into animals it, as well as the solutions obtained in the bulbs, produced cramps and the peculiar contraction of the extremities characteristic of nicotine, ending, as does poisoning by this alkaloid, in a progressive paralysis. Moreover, nicotine was chemically detected in these liquids. From the fact he has observed, that the salts of nicotine are less easily decomposed by heat than the pure alkaloid, Heubel concludes that the nicotine exists in tobacco, not free, but in the condition of salts.

In *Mineralogy*, Lechartier has succeeded in forming pyroxene and peridote artificially, by heating a mixture of their constituents in a bath of calcium chloride. A mixture of one hundred grams calcium chloride, six of silica, two of chalk, two of magnesia, two of ferric oxide, and one of alumina gave crystals of pyroxene; and this mineral continued to be formed even when the whole of the silica was added as kaolin. A mixture of one hundred grams of calcium chloride, fifteen of kaolin, and six of magnesia, however, gave crystals of peridote, having minute pyroxene crystals on their surfaces. Von Meyer has analyzed the gas used for inhalation at Inselbad, which is noted for its remedial virtues. It contains about two and a half per cent. of carbonic gas, but is not otherwise to be distinguished from ordinary air. Professor Brush has described an interesting banded anglesite from Arizona, having sometimes a galena nucleus. The bands or layers vary from light grayish-white to dark brownish-gray, almost black, in color, covered on the exterior frequently with colorless crystals. They resemble often some of the varieties of wood-tin from Cornwall. A fire assay by Mr. Tyson gave 0.0578 per cent. of silver. The variation in the angles observed in celestite or strontium sulphate has been supposed to be due to an admixture of barite. Arzruni has lately tested this supposition, and has shown by the analysis of six specimens from widely different localities that it is calcium sulphate and not barium sulphate which exerts the disturbing action. It varied in amount from 0.071 to 0.472 per cent. The edible earths of Lapland and Southern Persia have been examined by Schmidt. The former came from the village of Ponoï, and was a light white powder resembling talc, used there for mixing with dough. Under the microscope it appeared in white, noncrystalline scales. It was not acted on by hydrochloric or sulphuric acid, and consisted of a potassium aluminate with about ten per cent. of silica. The latter was from Kirman, and consisted of white and gray lumps, being essentially a mixture of magnesium and calcium carbonates, with a little magnesium hydrate. Gladstone calls attention to the fact that the native filiform silver like that of Kongsberg, in Norway, may be artificially obtained by reducing silver nitrate by cuprous oxide. The filaments thus obtained are exceedingly fine, contorted, and recurved, and sometimes terminate in a crystalline mass. Horner has proved the presence of didymium in Cumberland pyromorphite by its absorption bands. Other departments of knowledge will be considered in the summary of the next month.

PROPYLAMINE AND TRIMETHYLAMINE IN ACUTE RHEUMATISM.

A French writer, Dujardin-Beaumetz, has recently prepared an elaborate essay upon the medical properties of propylamine and of tri-

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methylamine in the treatment of acute articular rheumatism; remarking that it is to Professor Awenarius, of St. Petersburg, that we owe the first application of propylamine for the purpose referred to, and that the same remedy was brought to notice, in America, by Dr. John M. Gaston, who has for several years treated numerous cases with a remarkable degree of success. He thinks, however, that the curative action in the practice of this gentleman is somewhat modified by his concurrent employment of sulphate of quinine, so that it is difficult to define the precise function of either agent. He also makes proper mention of Mr. William Proctor, of Philadelphia, as having, as early as 1859, described all the different methods of preparation of the drug.

The substance in question is readily obtained from animal matter in a state of decomposition, especially that of fish, and old pickled herrings furnish a ready means of securing it in sufficient quantity. It is also found in certain plants, particularly in the pig-weed (*Chenopodium vulvaria*, likewise in various rosaceous plants, such as *Pyrus communis*, the *Sorbus aucuparia*, *Cratægus oxyacantha*, etc.

To obtain the trimethylamine from herring brine it is only necessary to distill a certain quantity with potash, and then treat the distillate, which contains ammonia and the trimethylamine, with hydrochloric acid. It is then to be evaporated to dryness, and absolute alcohol applied, which dissolves out the organic alkali, to which hydrate of lime is subsequently added. It is from this source that the material used in the experiments of the writer was derived, and presents itself in the form of a limpid, colorless, very volatile liquid, of an extremely strong odor of rotten fish. The present price of the drug in France is about twenty-five dollars per pound; but this can be readily reduced, should there be a sufficient demand for it.

As the result of numerous experiments, Dujardin-Beaumetz expresses his great confidence in the remedy for the cases referred to, stating that it may be administered without inconvenience in doses of from half a dram to a dram and a half. He finds that it exercises a more powerful effect in cases of acute rheumatism of the joints than any other substance hitherto employed, and hopes, as the result of experiments he is about making, to present a fuller report on the subject hereafter.

ACOUSTICS OF LARGE ROOMS.

A recent study of this subject has been made by Orth, according to the method of graphic construction as detailed in the treatise of Langhaus, the law of reflection of sound and that of intensity, as affected by varying distance, being mainly involved. The former consideration is easily introduced in graphic constructions; the latter necessitates calculations based upon the length of the path of the sound waves. By the employment of 0.01 of a square meter at a distance of ten meters from the origin of sound, as a unit of intensity, Orth was also able to accomplish a graphic representation of intensity. The effect of intersecting waves upon each other he did not regard as demanding practical consideration; but, on the other hand, the diffusion of sound by reflection from rough surfaces proved to be of great importance, as furnishing, in some cases, the readiest remedy for acoustic annoyances. The only source of acoustical defects in a hall to be considered, according to these investigations, is the reflection of sound waves in such a way that they strike upon the ear of the hearer within a certain interval after the direct waves, and are recognized as an echo or resonance. For graphic determinations this interval of time is converted into difference between the lengths of the paths of the direct and reflected rays from the origin of sound, and the question of practical acoustics rests essentially on a knowledge of the limits within which this difference exerts a disturbing influence. The observations of Orth, which differ from those of Langhaus, show that a difference of from sixteen and a half to twenty-three feet not only causes no disturbance, but under some circumstances may produce favorable reinforcement of the direct by the reflected sound, and that with diminished intensity the difference may be somewhat greater, but under no circumstances should it exceed thirty-three feet. On the other hand, the intensity at a difference of 196 to 230 feet may be regarded as too small to be noticed. From a discussion of the acoustic conditions of churches, in this way, he concludes, first, that the ceilings, which in theatres help the effect in the upper tiers, in churches are too high for this, and may produce resonance or echo, and that it is therefore necessary to diffuse the sound reflected from them; and he gives the results of a comparison of different forms of ceilings obtained by graphic construction; second, that the walls require to be not less carefully investigated, since defects are often attributable to walls rather than ceilings; and since they can not always be conformed to acoustical demands, the most practical question is frequently how to render the reflected rays without effect by suitable management of the surface; third, that surface and material, partially touched upon before, need scientific investigation to complete our knowledge in regard to the part they play; fourth, that sounding-boards, generally constructed empirically, ought to be regulated in size and form by suitable construction in each case, and that the material should be carefully selected.

LOGARITHMIC TABLES.

Mr. Glaisher has contributed a number of interesting articles on the history of the published tables of the logarithms, from which we make a few extracts.

The system of logarithms now most commonly used was invented by Briggs, and differs somewhat from those proposed by Napier, the original inventor of this ingenious device. Briggs published a small table of logarithms in 1617, and a larger one in 1624, in which latter are given, to ten places of decimals, the logarithms of all numbers from one to ten thousand and from seventy thousand to one hundred thousand. In 1628 Vlacq published in Holland a similar ten-place logarithmic table of all numbers from one to one hundred thousand, in which the portion from ten thousand to seventy thousand is given as computed by himself, the remaining portion being taken from Briggs's table. These great works of Briggs and Vlacq have now for two hundred and fifty years been of daily use among mathematicians, astronomers, navigators, surveyors,

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and all others who have occasion to use logarithmic tables; for it appears from Mr. Glaisher's very careful bibliography that of all the innumerable smaller logarithmic tables that have been published not a single one has been computed anew, all being merely abbreviations of the great works of Briggs and Vlacq.

One of the most curious facts brought out in the course of Mr. Glaisher's studies is the slow successive approach to absolute accuracy. Taking the seven-figure logarithmic tables, for instance, we find that in Vlacq one hundred and twenty-three errors occur, affecting the first seven out of the ten places of decimals given by him. Taylor's seven-figure tables, published in 1792, contain six errors; in 1794, the first edition of Vega had twenty-three errors; the second edition, in 1797, had five errors; the tables of Babbage, in 1827, one; Hasler, in 1830, two; Callet, in 1855, two; Bremiker, in 1857, none; Schoon, in 1860, none; Callet, in 1862, none.

Mr. Glaisher with much force urges the propriety of the publication by some permanent society, or some other high authority in science, of a new edition of the ten-figure logarithmic tables of Vlacq. He maintains that the business interests of trade have to some extent caused this interval of two hundred and fifty years to elapse between the original imperfect and the present perfect set of tables, and that perfection in these matters can only be attained by the action of a permanent scientific or national authority, which shall conscientiously publish, from time to time, such errors as may be discovered in the new tables.

METEOROLOGY IN THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.

The progress of the science of meteorology has of late years been so decided as to warrant the establishment of the extensive systems of storm warnings that are now in operation in every civilized country of the northern hemisphere from India to America. It is therefore with the greatest pleasure that we chronicle the establishment of a National Meteorological Bureau in the Argentine Republic of South America—one that will, it may be hoped, eventually become a telegraphic storm-warning system. A letter of February 4 from Dr. B. A. Gould, a distinguished American astronomer, and now the director of the observatory at Cordova, gives the following information on this point:

"Here the meteorology and climatology of the vast tract of country from the tropics to Cape Horn, east of the Andes, has remained until this time almost unknown, notwithstanding the singular and very exceptional character of the atmospheric relations. Although reluctant to spare any time from the astronomical investigations which brought me here, I have been so much impressed with the absolute scientific necessity of a series of meteorological observations in the vast territory of the Argentine Republic that I have procured the passage of a law establishing a National Meteorological Bureau, and have assumed the charge of it until it can be properly organized and confided to other hands. Within a few months I hope to have something like fifteen to twenty observers at work, making three observations daily, and in another year I am not without hopes of having double that number engaged in the work, from the slopes of the Andes and the borders of Bolivia down to the confines of Patagonia. The government has assigned $6500 this year for the purchase and transportation of instruments.....The weather causes us (astronomers) much trouble. This is the ninth consecutive rainy or overclouded day—not sun, moon, nor star having been visible in all that time. And yet before selecting Cordova as the site of the observatory I had been assured that I might count upon 320 clear nights in the year! But 120 would have been nearer the mark."

POISONING OF THE ATMOSPHERE BY ARSENIC IN WALL-PAPERS.

The poisonous effects upon the air of rooms of arsenical pigments on wall-paper have been generally ascribed to the inhalation of the dust, which was found to contain arsenic and copper, but cases of arsenical poisoning of this kind have occurred in which, on account of the moisture still present in the wall and the effectual fixing of the colors, this explanation will not answer. Upon these a recent series of experiments by Fleck throws some light. Air in glass receivers was subjected to the action of Schweinfürth green and arsenious acid by simply placing these substances beneath some bodies in a moist condition, and by applying them as a coating to others, with and without paper, potato and wheat starch being employed as pastes. After from eight days to three weeks, in different cases, the presence of arseniureted hydrogen in the air was unmistakably revealed by tests, and left no doubt that cases of chronic arsenical poisoning must be attributed not only to the mechanical mixture of arsenical compounds with the air of rooms in the form of dust, but also to the presence of this gas, resulting from the decomposition of free arsenious acid in Schweinfürth green. It was also found that the development of the gas is favored by moisture in the air and the presence of organic matter, especially that in the paste. Mould appeared on the paper in some cases, showing that arsenic is not a preventive of its formation, as often stated.

THE MECHANICAL PRINCIPLES OF FLYING.

L'Aéronaute, a journal devoted to the interests of aerial navigation, contains a valuable contribution to our knowledge of the mechanical principles of the flight of birds, in an article by M. A. Penaud. The elaborate experiments of Thibault on the resistances opposed by the air to motions of thin plates of metal form the basis of the mathematical studies of Penaud, as well as of those by Louvrié, published in 1868. Thibault's experiments showed that in moving a plane square surface the resistance normal to the surface remains very nearly constant so long as the angle between the normal and the direction of motion (the angle of incidence) is included between 90° and 45°; it then diminishes progressively to 20°, from which point up to 0° of incidence it is sensibly proportional to the sine of the angle. M. Penaud now demonstrates, first, that a bird sailing in the air falls as slowly as possible when he employs for his horizontal movement one-fourth of the work of the fall; second, a bird in sailing with a uniform movement clears a given space with the least possible

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fall when the work of suspension is sensibly equal to the work of translation: the plane of the wings then bisects the angle formed by the horizon and the direction of movement, and the latter angle is itself a minimum.

From these principles (which apply to birds, and not necessarily to insects) Penaud deduces most of the known characteristics of the flight of birds. For insects as well as for fishes the modes of propulsion involve quite different principles of mechanics.

HUIZINGA ON ABIOGENESIS.

Professor Huizinga, of the University of Groningen, has lately published in *Nature* an account of some recent experiments on abiogenesis, and finds occasion to agree with Dr. Bastian and others that Bacteria do become developed in certain hermetically sealed solutions in spite of the utmost care being taken to prevent them or their germs from penetrating therein. The precautions consist in exposing the solution during the process of sealing to a temperature considerably exceeding that of boiling water. The solution used by him is essentially that recommended by Cohn and others, and is prepared with certain mineral salts, as of potash, magnesia, calcium, and a quantity of grape-sugar and peptone. There was not the slightest evidence of other organisms than Bacteria, not even fungi of any form. It is, however, yet to be ascertained whether the germs of the Bacteria were in reality not introduced in the solution, and whether a much greater degree of heat is not required for the destruction of their vitality than that employed in these experiments.

THE NEW HYDROCARBON GAS.

Experiments have recently been made in England on the illuminating powers of a new hydrocarbon gas, produced by what is known as Mr. Ruck's process. The heating gas is almost pure hydrogen, obtained by passing steam through a horseshoe-shaped tube that goes through the red heat of a fierce coke furnace. In this state the gas is used for all purposes where heat without light is required—as, for instance, for gas stoves of whatever kind, or for boiling water and generating steam. When required to be used for lighting purposes, this heating gas is made to bubble through a reservoir containing rectified petroleum, of a specific gravity of about 0.68. It then passes at once into the pipes for circulation and consumption, and issues from these burners a very excellent gas, equal in illuminating power to sixteen and a half candles, with a consumption of five cubic feet an hour in an Argand burner. The experiments on the power of this gas for both heating and lighting purposes are said to have been thoroughly satisfactory, and the cost to be very much less than that of coal gas, even when the price of coals is much less than the very high rate which has prevailed in England during the last six months.

PECULIAR BODIES IN THE BLOOD OF FEVER PATIENTS.

According to Obermeier, the blood of persons laboring under relapsing fever contains peculiar filiform bodies, which exhibit very active spontaneous movements. A drop of blood extracted from such a patient, and mounted as usual, with the necessary precautions, presents these bodies among the corpuscles when magnifying powers of 400 to 900 are employed. They appear as extremely delicate threads, of the thickness of a fibrine filament, and of the great length of from one and a half to six times the diameter of a red blood corpuscle, or more. Several of the bodies may be seen on the field at once; and so long as the preparation is fresh, they exhibit active movements, not only changes of form, waving, and alternately coiling and uncoiling, but also changes of locality, by which they slowly or suddenly escape from the field of view. Altogether the movements remind one of spermatozoa. Hitherto Obermeier has found these filaments during the fever only, and shortly before or during the crisis, not in the interval. Sometimes they are to be seen one day and not the next. He could not find similar bodies in the blood of healthy persons, nor of persons suffering from other diseases. Of their nature he will not yet give a decided opinion.

THE NATURE OF SUNLIGHT.

Dr. Draper, of New York, has lately published a summary of the views respecting the activity of the rays of the sun that have long been held by him, and which are now probably almost universally accepted by scientific men, although the elementary text-books on this subject have not yet been divested of the somewhat inaccurate expressions of thirty years ago, which latter also continue to be used by photographers and most practical men.

According to Dr. Draper, the calorific, luminous, and chemical effects produced by the solar rays are not so many distinct forces or emanations coexisting in a beam of light, and that can be dispersed by a prism, according to a fixed law, over the length of the spectrum, but are, on the contrary, only the various effects of one and the same force acting under different conditions and upon different substances. He maintains (1) that the chemical action is not limited to the more refrangible rays, but is equally distributed over the luminous and the calorific portions of the spectrum; (2) that the ray effective in producing chemical or molecular changes in any special substance is determined by the absorptive power of that substance; (3) that there is also no special localization of the visual or the thermal effects.

In the case of the silver iodide so generally used by photographers, Draper shows that the more refrangible rays produce an effect contrary to that produced by the less refrangible. In the case of the bitumens and resins he shows that a properly prepared film of these is as sensitive to either the ultra red or the ultra violet rays as the silver iodide is to the latter rays only.

In the highly important case of the development of the carbonic acid gas found in the atmosphere by the action of sunlight on plants, he shows that this is accomplished by the action of the rays between the orange and the green bands of the spectrum, the maximum effect being in the yellow. The vegetable colors and the colors of flowers are shown to be dependent each upon the chemical action of a corresponding specific ray or rays. The union of chlorine and hydrogen goes on under the influence of every ray of the spectrum, but with greatest rapidity in the violet.

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The effects of light on chlorophyl show that the vegetable colors are destroyed by rays complementary to those that have produced them.

The second of the above propositions is supported by the observations on the decomposition of the silver iodide, in relation to which Dr. Draper develops a fact of much interest to photographers, *i. e.*, that the ordinary collodion film absorbs only about one-fourth of the whole actinic effect of the rays falling upon it; the rest passes through and is lost. Could the film be made to absorb the whole, its sensitiveness would be correspondingly increased.

The second proposition is especially supported by the direct experiments with chlorine and hydrogen. The solar rays having passed through a layer of chlorine are unable to cause the combination of a mixture of hydrogen and chlorine on which they are allowed to fall; without the intercepting layer of chlorine the solar rays cause the immediate combination of the two gases. Further experiments with absorbing media show that the more refrangible rays are the ones effective in causing the union of chlorine and hydrogen, and that, furthermore, the rays that are specially effective are those corresponding to the bands common to the spectra of the two gases. The process of union begins after the lapse of a certain time, during which the rays entering the mixture have been acting upon it to prepare it for the subsequent union. The actual union is a progressive phenomenon, the rapidity of which increases with the intensity and quantity of light.

The action of light on the chlorine compounds of silver is precisely similar to that on the compounds with hydrogen, and "there is to practical photographers an advantage, both as respects time and correctness, in light and shade gained by submitting a sensitive surface to a brief exposure in a dim light, so as to pass it through its preliminary stage."

DOVE ON CLIMATE.

The reliability of the commonly accepted views of Dove as to the possibility of obtaining from a short series of observations the true average climatic conditions, by applying to the given series corrections for non-periodic changes deduced for some neighboring station, has recently been investigated by a study of the observations made at Chiswick and in London since 1826, the material for which has only lately been published. As this is, says Dove, the first attempt to firmly establish the truth of the views he has long maintained, it is interesting to fully consider the conclusions which he thus sums up: "From this investigation it results that if in the determination of annual mean temperature and its periodic variations the influence of the local peculiarities of the place of observation can not be recognized, then in the determination of the non-periodic variations of temperature in neighboring stations its influence will be so unimportant that it can be neglected, presuming throughout that there is no important difference of altitude in the stations.

"In my investigations into non-periodic variations I have always referred the deviations of individual years to secular mean values derived from a very long series of years, which secular means were determined for the same years for the stations under examination. Since for but too few stations there exist these long series of observations, it was necessary to find a method of deriving secular means for the stations embracing a few years of observation, such as would have been given by a long and simultaneous series. I have, therefore, for the neighboring so-called normal stations, for which I had a long series of observations, computed the means resulting from the use of only the same years as those for which observations at a short-period station were available. The difference between this mean and the secular mean gave a correction to be applied to the mean for the secondary station, in order to obtain for it a number corresponding very nearly to what would have been its secular mean." This process implies the assumption that the non-periodic variations of the two neighboring stations were identical. The present investigation contains a striking confirmation of the correctness of this method of procedure, now so generally applied.

BLOOD CORPUSCLES OF THE SALMONIDÆ.

Mr. George Gulliver announces, as the result of recent investigation, that the red blood corpuscles of the *Salmonidæ* are the largest, as far as his observation extends, to be found in any of the osseous fishes; and in this respect the American brook trout (*Salmo fontinalis*) stands at the head, its blood disks measuring as much as $\frac{1}{1458}$ of an inch, the smallest of those enumerated (*Clupea harengus*) being $\frac{1}{2606}$ of an inch. Although the dimensions of the corpuscles are generally pretty constant in the same species, there is yet considerable variation in species of the same genus, as may be seen in the case of the herrings, the pilchards, for instance, showing disks $\frac{1}{2133}$ of an inch in diameter.

NUMBER OF GLYPTODONTS, OR EXTINCT GIANT ARMADILLOS.

It is known to naturalists that Professor Burmeister has been for some years collecting extensive material at Buenos Ayres for his studies of the gigantic extinct mammals, represented in our epoch by the armadillos. He has recently published a summary of the present state of our knowledge in the *Archiv für Naturgeschichte* (38. Jahrg., I., 250–264), and has enumerated thirteen species; these form a peculiar family (glyptodonts, or biloricata), which is distinguished from the armadillos by (1) the gigantic dimensions of the body, (2) the inarticulated shell or carapace, (3) the development of a breast shield, or plastron, (4) the constancy in the number and form of the teeth, and (5) the great differences in the skeleton. The species are now grouped in the following manner:

I. Some have four toes before as well as behind, those corresponding to the thumb and great toe of man being wanting. This group is confirmed by other characters, and is represented by the following species:

1. *Panochthus* (Burm.), with (*a*) *Panochthus* (*Dædycura*) *giganteus* (Serres), (*b*) *Panochthus* (*Panochthus*) *tuberculatus* (Owen), and *P. bullifer* (B.).

2. *Hoplophorus* (Lund), with *Hoplophorus euphractus* (Lund), (2) *H. elegans* (B.), (3) *H. pumilio* (B.), and perhaps *H. minor* (Lund).

II. Others have four toes before and five behind, and those corresponding to the inner or thumb and great toe of man are present, the one

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wanting on the fore-foot being the outer of the other species, and corresponding to the little finger of man. The species of this group are recognized, viz.:

3. *Glyptodon* (Owen), with *G.* (*Glyptodon*) *clavipes* (Owen), *G.* (*Glyptodon*) *reticulatus* (Owen), *G.* (*Schistopleurum*) *asper* (B.), *G.* (*Schistopleurum*) *elongatus* (B.), and *G.* (*Schistopleurum*) *lævis* (B.).

All these species attained a large and even gigantic size, some having been about twelve or fifteen feet long. In external appearance, though true mammals, they had much resemblance to tortoises.

All the known species have been found in the later tertiary beds of the Argentine Republic and contiguous territory.

NON-OCCURRENCE OF THE DIAMOND IN XANTHOPHYLLITE.

An alleged discovery, some time ago, by Mr. Jeremejew, of minute diamonds in xanthophyllite excited much interest as to the question of the true matrix of this gem; but the result of recent investigations by Dr. Knop, of Carlsruhe, shows that the so-called crystals are merely angular cavities, shaped like diamonds, it is true, but entirely destitute of any substance whatever. Nor is it probable that they ever contained diamonds, since minute sections of xanthophyllite, freshly prepared, and magnified fifteen hundred diameters, appear to be perfectly free from cavities; but after treating them with sulphuric acid they made their appearance in numbers, precisely similar to those referred to. In other experiments, fine plates of xanthophyllite were examined under a microscope, in all directions, without revealing any peculiarity; but on touching them with a few drops of concentrated sulphuric acid, and heating them until white fumes appeared, the cavities manifested themselves. It is thought, therefore, that this phenomenon is due entirely to the corrosive action of acid on the mineral.

POISONOUS CHARACTER OF METHYL-AMMONIUM COMPOUNDS.

Rabuteau has ascertained that the iodide of methylammonium and the iodide of tetramylammonium act upon animals precisely like the curare poison, by destroying motions without affecting the sensibility, and with precisely the same subtilty and energy. A few centigrammes will kill a dog in a few minutes.

NEWCOMB'S CATALOGUE OF FUNDAMENTAL STARS.

The United States Naval Observatory has published, as an appendix to the volume of Washington observations for 1870, a recent research by Professor Newcomb, resulting in a catalogue of the positions of thirty-two fundamental stars. This work is specially interesting as giving the first published results arrived at by Auwers of Berlin, in his new reduction of the invaluable observations made by Bradley, at Greenwich, in the middle of the last century. The right ascensions adopted by Newcomb depend especially on the meridian observations made at Greenwich, Palermo, Königsberg, Dorpat, Abo, Pultowa, and Washington, in which selection is recognized a wise discrimination in favor of using only the work of the acknowledged standard meridian instruments. The object of the investigation of Professor Newcomb has been especially to obtain results as free as possible from any periodic or systematic error, and he has handled his material in an original manner. Having newer, and in some respects far better, data than that used by Dr. Gould in compiling his standard right ascensions, Professor Newcomb's results will probably be accepted as of the highest value. The memoir concludes with full tables of the mean places of the stars for each fifth year from 1750 to 1900.

THE ELECTRIC PHENOMENA OF CRYSTALS.

The electrical phenomena developed in many crystals by heating or cooling them has not been thoroughly pursued since the early studies of Sir David Brewster until the recent investigations of Hankel of Leipsic. The elaborate researches of this eminent physicist have opened up new views of the subject, and will undoubtedly contribute to place upon a more correct basis our knowledge of the relations between heat, electricity, and crystalline structure. Hankel has stated some of his conclusions very nearly as follows: "Up to the time of my researches on the thermo-electric peculiarities of topaz we knew only of the electric phenomena of crystals having electrically polar axes—that is, of those of which one end showed positive, the other negative electricity; and this seemed to be a physical necessity, so that it was concluded that there existed the possibility of thermo-electric excitation if the crystal was hemimorphous, and if pieces of crystals showed a thermo-electric tension it was concluded that the perfect crystal would be hemimorphous. My studies upon many varieties of crystals show that this idea is wholly unfounded, and rather is it true that the thermo-electric excitation is a general property of all crystals, at least those in which other properties render it not impossible, and that if the tension were not too feeble to be measured by our instruments, it would always be discovered."

The observations of the distribution of electricity, both in the perfect and in the broken crystals, force us to modify our former views as to the nature of crystals in general. Until now certainly all mineralogists and physicists have assumed that if a crystal be broken or cloven, then all physical peculiarities, except the exterior form, are to be found in the separate pieces as in the original crystal, and that, therefore, the pieces are in these respects similar to each other; and, indeed, the optical and thermal properties do not allow us to detect any differences in this respect. On the other hand, the thermo-electric phenomena show that this view can not be maintained intact. We must now consider the crystal as a complete individual in itself, in which, as in the organic individual, the respective parts do not resemble each other or the whole, though the exterior form of the parts and the whole may be perfectly similar.

ABSORPTION OF THE SOLAR ATMOSPHERE.

Dr. H. C. Vogel, the director of the private observatory of the Herr Von Bulow, at Bothkamp, has made a first attempt to accurately determine the relative chemical intensity of the solar rays

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from different points of the sun's disk. His results, though only preliminary, show that the sun's atmosphere absorbs the chemical rays more rapidly than the visual rays, or, more accurately, that the relative action on silver chloride of the rays that reach us from the sun's limb, as compared with that of those that come from the centre of his disk, is less than their relative action on the optic nerve. The rays from the sun's limb have a photographic intensity of only fourteen per cent. of those from the centre. The intensity diminishes as we proceed toward the limb very nearly as the sine of the distance from the centre. Vogel specially suggests the importance of determining for the solar atmosphere its transparency to special spectral lines, as by applying the above method of study we may be able to arrive at a direct determination of the solar atmospheric absorption precisely as is done for the earth's atmosphere.

Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 22d of July.—The Iowa State Republican Convention at Des Moines, June 25, renominated C. C. Carpenter for Governor.

The Minnesota State Republican Convention at St. Paul, July 16, nominated Cushman R. Davis for Governor. It has been reported that on the third ballot there was a mistake in the count, and that Mr. Washburne was really nominated.

No more important motion has been made during the present session of the British Parliament than that made July 8 by Mr. Henry Richard, that her Majesty's government should communicate with foreign powers for the purpose of improving international law, and with the view of establishing arbitration as a permanent resort for the settlement of differences between nations. Mr. Richard, in a speech made in support of his motion, stated that he had received many letters from America expressing sympathy with his proposition. The danger of war, he said, kept constantly 4,000,000 of men armed in Europe, rendering necessary a taxation of $2,000,000,000, and the payment of an annual interest on war debts amounting to $750,000,000. The value of the labor thus diverted from industry was estimated at $1,250,000,000. In Germany the conscription forced an emigration which was depopulating the country, and Russia, France, and Italy were financially crippled by the expense of their enormous military establishments. Mr. Gladstone opposed the motion. He argued that it would defeat its own object, because the Continental nations held widely different views on the subject. The House divided equally—98 on either side. The Speaker gave his casting vote in favor of the motion, which was adopted. On the 19th the Queen sent an address to the House of Commons declaring her adhesion to the principle of the resolution which had been adopted by the House.

Two important measures affecting the interests of labor are now before the British Parliament—Mr. Mundella's Factory Acts Amendment bill, and the Agricultural Children's Education bill. The Factory bill reduces the working hours of children, young persons, and women from 60 to 54 a week; defines half time as 33 hours a week; forbids children being employed even on half time below the age of ten years, instead of, as at present, below that of eight; forbids the employment on full time below the age of fourteen, unless at thirteen they have attained a fixed standard of education. Mr. Fawcett objects to the bill as being in the interest of trades-unions, which are jealous of the competition of women. The bill for the promotion of education among the children of agricultural laborers had passed to its second reading in the House of Lords June 10. It compels the attendance at school of such children under eight years of age, and for a portion of the time between eight and twelve years. Lord Salisbury objected to the bill on account of the difficulties which it would at present offer to the farmers in obtaining labor. He advised, in effect, that the bill should be postponed until the farmers should have got the better of their laborers. Lord Bath thought it was of more importance that people should be fed than that the children of the rural districts should be educated.

Mr. Forster, in the House of Commons, June 26, made an encouraging statement as to the increase of the attendances at school since the Education act was passed. In the last year previous to the act—namely, 1869—the average number of school attendances had been 1,062,999. This last year it had been 1,557,910, so that the total number had been increased in three years by fifty per cent. But yet there were as many more children who did not attend school.

The London *Gazette* announces that the Queen of Great Britain has given her consent to the marriage of Prince Alfred and the Grand Duchess Marie Alexandrovna, of Russia.

The majority in the French Assembly, under M'Mahon's régime, have been taking bold ground against the non-clerical party. On the 21st of June M. Brousses, the member for the Aube, was buried at his own request without any religious ceremony. It is usual for troops to attend to the grave the remains of any member of the Assembly; but on this occasion the officers, learning that no religious service was intended, abruptly quitted the cortége. This created some excitement in the Assembly, which was increased by the knowledge that M. Ducros, Prefect of Lyons, had issued an order that funerals celebrated without clerical aid—thus including a majority of funerals in Lyons—should take place at seven in the morning in winter, and before six in summer. The radicals insisted that this order was intended as an insult, these hours, they said, being chosen because it is at that time that offal is removed. The probable reason of the order was that the funerals might take place without attracting the attention of working-men, who would thus be prevented from hearing the freethinking and exciting speeches often uttered at such funerals. But the religious *animus* of

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the order was unfortunately too evident, the Prefect having almost used the very words of a similar decree issued by the Council of 1666, after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. On the 23d of June, in the Assembly, the government was called on to explain the incident at M. Brousses's funeral, and the strange edict of the Prefect of Lyons. General Du Barail, Minister of War, defended the former, because the order of the troops was to go to church, and because "it was impossible to make soldiers give their lives if their faith was sacrificed." The general was vociferously applauded, notwithstanding the utterly ridiculous nature of his explanation; and M. Ducros's order at Lyons was approved by a vote of 413 to 251. Such action on the part of the Assembly can only tend to imbitter passions which its own interests would naturally lead it to conciliate and appease. Besides, as Gambetta said, "the peasantry have only to suspect that the late government, which delivered France, was overthrown in the interests of the clerics, and their voice would drown these miserable rhetoricians."

Another violent measure of the Assembly is its determination to prosecute M. Ranc, a liberal member, for his connection with the Commune.

The French Assembly, July 19, voted to take a recess from July 27 till November 5.

A second installment (250,000,000 francs) of the last milliard of the war indemnity due from France to Germany was paid July 5. In accordance with the treaty, the Germans have evacuated the departments of Vosges, Ardennes, Meuse, Meurthe, and Moselle, as well as the fortress and arrondissement of Belfort. By the 5th of September the remainder of the indemnity will be paid, and the whole territory will be evacuated.

Señor Pi y Margall announced in the Spanish Cortes, June 23, the resignation of the ministry, and asked time to form a new cabinet. By the 27th he had succeeded in constituting a compromise ministry.

Notice was given in the Cortes, June 29, that the government would present a bill for the immediate abolition of slavery in Cuba, and providing that the same political privileges would be granted to the colony as were enjoyed by the people of Spain. On the 1st of July a bill was passed, 139 to 18, by the Cortes conferring extraordinary powers on the government.

The Special Constituent Committee of the Cortes had by the 2d of July drawn up a new constitution, which embodied the following provisions: The Cortes is to appoint a President of the republic, who shall appoint a President of the Executive Council. The latter shall nominate the ministers, who must be confirmed by the Cortes. The people shall elect the members of the Congress, and the Provincial Assemblies the members of the Senate. The penal code is to apply equally throughout the republic. The President is to hold office for four years. There are to be two sessions of the Cortes each year, the members to receive salaries. Deputies can not accept office as ministers. European Spain is divided into eleven states. Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippine Islands are constituted territories of Spain.

A new ministry, with N. Salmeron at its head, was presented to the Cortes July 20. Its policy was declared to be favorable to a federal republic, and in no way reactionary.

The Spanish government has promulgated a decree annulling all edicts of sequestration placed upon property of rebels and rebel sympathizers in Cuba.

The Italian Chamber of Deputies, June 25, by a vote of 157 to 86, refused to proceed with the discussion of the financial bills of the government. The Lanza ministry resigned the following day. Signor Minghetti, with the assistance of Signor Lanza, constituted a new cabinet, as follows: *President of the Council and Minister of Finance*, Signor Minghetti; *Minister of Foreign Affairs*, Signor Visconte Venosta; *Minister of the Interior*, Signor Cantelli; *Minister of Justice and Ecclesiastical Affairs*, Signor Vigliani; *Minister of War*, Lieutenant-General Ricotti Magnani; *Minister of Marine*, Signor Saintbon; *Minister of Public Works*, Signor Spaventa; *Minister of Public Instruction*, Signor Scialoja; *Minister of Commerce and Agriculture*, Signor Finali. The Parliament was prorogued July 12. There is great discontent among the Italian people on account of the income tax, which is 13½ per cent.

The operations of the Russian army in Central Asia have resulted in the capture of Khiva. On June 2 the united Orenburg and Mangyshlak columns captured Kilai, only three days' march from Khiva. At that time General Kauffman, with the Tashkend column, had arrived at Chraki, about the same distance east of Khiva. In spite of the horrible weather, under which one column succumbed and retreated after sixty deaths from sun-stroke, General Kauffman pushed forward, and on June 3 attacked a body of Khivese cavalry and pursued them to Khasarasp, the strongest fortress in the khanate, surrounded by an immense wall protected by a deep fosse. The Orenburg detachment also occupied Kungrad without a struggle, the people at once flying before a few shells. Khiva was captured June 10. It is reported that the victors found in the city 10,000 Persian slaves. The Khan, reinstated in authority by General Kauffman, on the 24th of June issued a decree forever abolishing slavery in his dominions.

The Khan of Khiva has signed a convention with Russia, under which he agrees to pay to the government of his Majesty the Czar Alexander a sum of money equivalent to ten millions of rubles within ten years, and in virtue of which he is confirmed in possession of his throne.

There is nothing new in regard to the Ashantee war on the west coast of Africa, except that malignant diseases are making serious inroads upon the Ashantees. The wives of the Fantees, after the recent defeat of the latter, received them with indignation, and if they had not been prevented by the authorities, would have themselves made a sally against the enemy.

The English settlers in the Feejee Islands are also having trouble with the natives. There are from 150,000 to 200,000 Feejeeans, most of whom are on the two large islands, Viti Levu and Vanna Levu. In both islands several conflicts have taken place between the planters and the natives. But latterly the outbreaks have occurred almost entirely in Viti Levu, an island containing 4000 square miles, and known as the

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main-land of the group. The centre of the island is mountainous, and is inhabited by tribes of ferocious cannibals, who know nothing of Thakombau or the missionaries. These mountaineers have made descents upon isolated settlers, committing outrages of every sort. The planters united in self-defense, and armed their imported laborers. Thus they have been able to defeat the cannibals on many occasions. But King Thakombau not long since interfered, declaring that self-defense was not admissible, and threatening to hang all imported laborers who used their arms. Thus a collision with the government itself became inevitable. There are about 5000 English subjects on the islands.

The treaty between England and Zanzibar, signed by the Sultan June 5, provides for the immediate cessation of the transport of slaves throughout his dominions, for the abolition of all slave markets, and for the protection of all liberated slaves.

TRANSPORTATION.

An official compilation has been made relating to the operations of railways in the United States during 1872. The number of miles constructed during the year was 6427, as against 7779 in 1871, 5525 in 1870, and 5118 in 1869. Previous to 1869, the year 1856 shows the largest number of miles constructed—3643. The total cost of the railroads, the operations of which are given for the past year, amounted to $3,159,423,057, made up of $1,647,844,113 of capital stock, and $1,511,578,944 of various forms of indebtedness, chiefly of bonds maturing at distant periods. The capital stock amounted to 52.15 per cent., and the debt to 47.85 per cent. of the total cost. The cost of these roads per mile was $55,116. The gross earnings for the year were $473,241,055, of which $132,309,270, or 28 per cent., was received for the transportation of passengers, and $340,931,785, or 72 per cent., for the transportation of freight, including under this head the small amount received from "miscellaneous sources." The receipts per mile were $8256. The ratio of earnings to population was $11 76 per head. The operating expenses for the year were $307,486,682, or 65 per cent. of the gross receipts, leaving $165,754,373, or 35 per cent., as net earnings. The percentage of gross receipts to the total cost of the roads was 15 per cent.; of net earnings, 5.2 per cent. The amount paid in dividends was $64,418,151, or 3.91 per cent. of the aggregate capital stock. The balance of net earnings, $101,336,222, was equal to 6.70 per cent. on the aggregate indebtedness of the roads. The earnings of the railroads of the several sections differed, of course, very greatly, the most productive lines being those embraced in the groups which include the New England and the Middle States. The total mileage of the railroads of the Western States, the operations of which are given, was 28,778—built at a cost of $1,472,625,232—made up of $724,686,046, or 49.20 per cent. of capital stock, and $747,939,186 of debt. The cost per mile was $50,550, against $50,418 for New England, and $79,427 for the Middle States. The gross earnings were $193,826,252, being $13 76 per head of population. Net earnings, $67,317,083. The ratio of gross receipts to cost was 13.1 per cent., against 21.1 in New England and (with the reduced capital) 20.6 per cent. in the Middle States. The ratio of net earnings to cost was 4.57 per cent., against 6.26 for New England and 7.24 for the Middle States. The number of inhabitants per mile of road in the Western States is 433; in the New England and Middle States, 770. The receipts per mile in the Western States were $6735, against $10,636 in New England and $14,565 in the Middle States. The dividends were $20,496,447, being 2.83 per cent. on the capital stock.

The number of granges of the Patrons of Husbandry in operation July 17 was over 4700, with an aggregate membership of about 350,000. Senator Windom, chairman of the Select Committee on Transportation, appointed by the Senate at its last session, has addressed letters to the State granges, inviting their co-operation in the work assigned to the committee.

The new schedule of freight and passenger tariffs went into operation in Illinois July 1. The Illinois Central shows the largest reduction of freight rates. Except on that road and on the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy, the rates are, on the whole, increased. The Railroad Commissioners hold that the provisions of the late railroad act are applicable to through as well as to local freights, "so far, at least, as to require that less should be charged for the transportation of domestic or local freights from one point to another in this State than the sum charged for the transportation of through or foreign freights the same distance within the State, and for its transportation from or to a point without the State. Thus the charges from a point west of the State to a point within the State must not be the same as or less than the charges from the west line of the State over the same road to the same point of destination. So the charges from a point within the State to a point east of the State must not be the same as or less than the charges from the same point of departure over the same road to the east line of the State; so also the charges from a point west of the State to a point east of the State must not be the same as or less than the charges over the same road from the west line to the east line of the State. The general principle is that the charges for any distance within the State must not be the same or greater than the charges for a greater distance." They hold that "a reasonably less rate may be charged per 100 pounds, per ton, or per car, where large amounts of freight are shipped by the same person, than where small shipments are made, without violating the act."

MISCELLANEOUS.

The foreign trade of New York in 1872 was carried on in 60,481 vessels, of which 38,488 were foreign and 21,993 domestic. Of the 38,488 foreign vessels, 19,190 arrived and 19,298 cleared. Of the 21,993 American vessels, 10,944 entered and 11,049 cleared. The aggregate capacity of the foreign vessels amounted to 15,004,106 tons, and of the American vessels to 7,393,224 tons, making a total of 22,397,330 tons. The proportion of foreign vessels as to number, therefore, amounts to 63.6 per cent., and as to capacity 67 per cent.; of American vessels as to number, 36.4 per cent., and as to capacity, 33 per cent.

The Pittsburg (Pennsylvania) prison, under a

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wise system of management, yields a considerable surplus over the cost of maintaining the prisoners confined there. The same statement is true of the Maine State-prison and the Connecticut State-prison, while the New Hampshire State-prison last year yielded a profit of $8000, and has, by the excess of its income over expenses, gathered a fund of $20,000 toward building a new prison.

The "Free High School act" of Maine is one of the most important school laws enacted the present year. It authorizes each town (township) in the State to establish and support a high school, and it pledges the State to pay one-half of the annual expense, with the condition that no town shall receive from the State more than five hundred dollars in any one year. Adjoining towns may unite together and establish a union high school; and when a town refuses to avail itself of the benefit of the act, one or more school districts may do so. Towns in all parts of the State have already taken action under the law, and it is anticipated that a large number of high schools will be established.

The College Regatta took place at Springfield, Massachusetts, July 17. The University as well as the Freshmen race was decided to have been won by Yale.

The Persian Shah's visit in England terminated July 5. During his stay he witnessed a review of 7000 troops had in his honor at Windsor Park, was banqueted at Greenwich, and visited the Bank of England, the city of Liverpool, and the British Parliament. As his vessel steamed out of Portsmouth Harbor, on his departure for France, a parting salute was given by the vessels attached to the Channel squadron.

The weavers of Berlin to the number of 8000 "struck" July 1 for an increase of 33 per cent. in their wages.

A duel was fought in Luxembourg, July 7, between M. Arthur Ranc and M. Paul de Cassagnac—the former a Deputy in the French Assembly, and the latter a noted journalist and veteran duelist. Both were wounded—M. De Cassagnac seriously.

A remarkable book sale took place at Hanworth Park, near London, June 3–7. It was the sale of Mr. Perkins's collection, consisting of 865 lots, which brought, under the auctioneer's hammer, £26,000. The Mazarin Bible, printed on vellum, brought £3400, and a copy of the same, printed on paper, sold for £2690. The first folio Shakspeare of 1623 brought £585.

A telegram from Khartoom, via Alexandria, July 6, announces the arrival at the former place of Sir Samuel Baker from the lake regions and the far south. The expedition had come from Gondokoro by one of the steamers which had been used for the navigation of the lakes. Kabriki, a chief of one of the southern tribes, hearing of Baker's advance, and believing that his intent was a hostile one, sent to his party a present of some jars of pombe—a kind of African beer—which was poisoned. Some of the Egyptian soldiers of the party were nearly killed by this beverage. But their lives were saved by strong antidotes. On entering a negro village of this chief's domain, a number of the soldiers were murdered. Baker, with a small detachment, succeeded in retreating to the province of Rewinka, a chief hostile to Kabriki. Here an expedition was organized against Kabriki, and Baker continued his journey northward. There was another battle on the way, in which Baker's party gained a victory, though losing thirty of his men. Baker has ascertained that Lakes Tanganyika and Albert Nyanza are really one body of water, not less than 700 miles in length, and that it is navigable from the head of Nyanza to Ujiji.

DISASTERS.

June 30.—Powder explosion in Virginia City, Nevada. Nine persons killed and several wounded.—Explosion in the Hoosac Tunnel. Five persons killed.

July 4.—A severe storm prevailed in Ohio, Indiana, Wisconsin, and Missouri, very destructive to the crops and other property.—At Green Lake, Wisconsin, the boats of a pleasure excursion were capsized, and twenty persons were drowned.

July 5.—The steam-ship *City of Washington*, from Liverpool, June 24, to New York, struck on Gull Rock, Nova Scotia, seventy miles west of Cape Sambro, and became a complete wreck. The passengers and crew were all saved, and brought into Port Le Bear. It is reported that the state of the weather throughout the voyage was such as to prevent observations being taken. The Court of Investigation, July 17, decided to suspend the master's certificate held by the captain, William Robert Phillips, for one year.

June 29.—Earthquake shocks in Northern Italy, especially in the region north of Venice, very destructive to life and property.

July 8.—A London telegram of this date reports that eighteen Norwegians belonging to the Arctic Navigation Company's service, who were left on Spitzbergen, were found dead by the party which went to their relief.

OBITUARY.

June 26.—At Truckee, California, ex-Chancellor Abraham O. Zabriskie, of New Jersey, aged sixty-six years.

June 27.—At Florence, Italy, Hiram Powers, the celebrated American sculptor, in the sixty-eighth year of his age.

June 29.—Colonel John A. Foster, at Chicago, Illinois, Land Commissioner for the Illinois Central Railway, and a scientific writer, aged fifty-eight years.—At Roxbury, Massachusetts, William Whiting, member of Congress from Massachusetts, aged sixty years.—At his home in Covington, Kentucky, Jesse R. Grant, father of the President, in his eightieth year.

July 1.—At Marietta, Ohio, Joseph G. Wilson, member of Congress from Oregon, about forty-three years of age.

July 14.—At Albany, New York, General Amos Pillsbury, aged sixty-eight years. He was mainly known for his advocacy of the self-supporting prison system.

June 24.—In Great Britain, Thornton Leigh Hunt, English artist, novelist, and art critic, aged sixty-two years.

July 19.—In England, while riding in company with Earl Granville to Lord Gower's country-seat, the Right Reverend Samuel Wilberforce, D.D., Bishop of Winchester, and formerly Bishop of Oxford, fell from his horse, and was instantly killed.

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Editor's Drawer.

IN years gone by there dwelt in Washington John Guy, a character in his way, in connection with whom Colonel Forney tells the following anecdote, or rather quotes it from Daniel Dougherty, one of Philadelphia's ablest lawyers and most brilliant *raconteurs:*

Guy kept the National Hotel in Washington, and among his guests was General Cass, then Senator from Michigan. Guy dressed like Cass, and although not as portly, his face, including the wart, was strangely similar. One day a Western friend of the house came in after a long ride, dusty and tired, and, walking up to the office, encountered General Cass, who was quietly standing there. Mistaking him for Guy, he slapped him on the shoulder, and exclaimed, "Well, old fellow, here I am! The last time I hung my hat up in your shanty one of your clerks sent me to the fourth story; but now that I have got hold of you, I insist upon a lower room."

The general, a most dignified personage, taken aback by this startling salute, coolly replied, "You have committed a mistake, Sir. I am not Mr. Guy; I am General Cass, of Michigan," and angrily turned away. The Western man was shocked at the unconscious outrage he had committed; but before he had recovered from his mortification General Cass, who had passed around the office, confronted him again, when, a second time mistaking him for Guy, he faced him and said, "Here you are at last! I have just made a devil of a mistake; I met old Cass, and took him for you, and I am afraid the Michigander has gone off mad." What General Cass would have said may well be imagined, if the real Guy had not approached and rescued the innocent offender from the twice-assailed and twice-angered statesman.

NOT far from Toledo, Ohio, lives a gentleman who keeps a hotel, and is known for his occasional use of fine words. Not long since, as one of the guests was leaving, he said to the noble host, raising his hat, "*Au revoir.*"

The noble host promptly and courteously responded, "Alpaca, alpaca!"

And they parted with serenest smiles.

IN these latter times, in courts of justice, it has been difficult to obtain men of intelligence and impartiality to act as jurors, especially in capital cases. At a recent term of the Oyer and Terminer, held in this city, Mr. Justice Davis presiding, this difficulty presented itself. The trial impending was for murder, and the large panel summoned for the purpose was nearly exhausted. The name of an intelligent Hebrew gentleman was called, who took the stand, and was asked the usual questions as to whether he had read the papers and formed an opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the prisoner. He replied that he had not. He was next interrogated as to whether he had conscientious scruples as to hanging in case of conviction for murder. He answered that he had. The District Attorney promptly objected to his being accepted, and the gentleman was about to retire, doubtless gratified at not being compelled to endure the fatigue and anxiety of a prolonged trial, when the counsel for the prisoner said, "Wait a moment, if you please. You say you have scruples in reference to hanging for the crime of murder?"

"I have," was the reply.

"What is the nature of your scruples?"

"*Well, Sir, I am strongly and conscientiously in favor of hanging people who murder!*"

The prompt, blunt, altogether unexpected as well as unprecedented answer raised an audible smile throughout the court-room, and took judge, counsel, and audience quite by surprise. It was, on the whole, however, thought best to let the gentleman depart—especially by the defense—and he emanated from the presence.

WHEN the late Lyman Beecher was settled over the Bowdoin Street Church, in Boston, his son, Henry Ward, used to be one of the boys who on Saturday afternoons would fight the Charlestown boys on Long Bridge. The sexton of the church told young Henry that he had better let the Charlestown boys alone; they were much better than the Boston boys. "Now," said he, "when a Charlestown boy comes over here to dinner he gets a *single slice* of pork for his dinner; but when you go to Charlestown to dinner you will find *a hog at every plate.*" The future man of Plymouth Church replied not, but pondered.

THE following communication, which we reproduce verbatim, was received not long since at the Pension Bureau, Washington. It sets forth what a perfect lady would do with land and opportunity:

—— Wis. *Jan 23.th* 1872.

—— SIR,—Your papers wer reseived the 15. My husband was not at home. had left to be absent five Monts. very sory as i miss the little Pention very much as the winter are Cold and Wood is Deer. *I wish Congress would give me money Enough to by me a farm in the woods* I would show them what a Woman could do. they seam to have plenty of Land to give to Rail Roads Compny. they mite Better sell the Land give the money to Criple Soldiers. *I do want to get out of the village.* Expect Nothing more than We shall be Burnt out The Rebles means to let us. How good it is to have our Citys and villages Burnt and i know very well it is through their influences we are having so maney fiers. I do not think it will be long before we will have a war at hoam people are geting so Dishonis and so Wicked. it would not be Strange if God should Cut them off, for good honest man are as Scerce as angles visets. I Dont know of but one honest man in Toun and that is my Husband *and he is so honest it makes him a pesar Redicklass* and sometimes by that means they often take the Advantages of him. *I think I see you Smile.* But it is the Truth.

Very respectfully —— MRS. SILAS ——

AT a late term of the Circuit Court of the District of Columbia, Washington, Chief Justice Carter presiding, the dignity of the proceedings was quite upset by the following incident: A suit was pending in which the plaintiff claimed full contract price for work partially performed, but not finished on account of fraud on the part of the defendant. The defense was that the plaintiff was not entitled to more than *quantum meruit*, "because the defendant enjoyed no benefit from the work."

The Chief Justice, who is troubled with a slight impediment of speech, speedily settled the point by stating, "If a ma-a-an hires an-nother ma-a-an to r-r-rub him with a br-r-ick, he's g-got

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to p-pay for it wh-whether he *enj-j-joys* it or not."

That's s-so!

A CORRESPONDENT in Wheeling, West Virginia, sends us the following, as a specimen of the wisdom of the West Virginia Legislature. It is copied precisely as it appears in the approved copy of the Acts of the Legislature, for the session of 1868:

CHAPTER 161.—An Act to prevent the destruction of Deer in Webster County. Passed March 4, 1868.

Be it enacted by the Legislature of West Virginia:

SEC. 1.

Syllabus. *Unlawful to hunt Deer with dogs unless Deer be wounded.*

It shall not be lawful for any person or persons in the county of Webster to hunt, chase, catch, or kill, or in any way destroy Deer by dogs. Except that a Deer may be first shot and wounded, and then may be caught by a dog.

SEC. 2.

Penalty for violation of act.

Any person violating this act by allowing his dog or dogs to run, chase, or destroy Deer in said county shall be fined ten dollars for each offense, and the cost incurred, before any Justice of said county; one half to go to the informer, and the other half to the general school fund.

SEC. 3.

Bad habit of dog or dogs. *Notice to owner of dog or dogs.* *Violation of act by dog or dogs.* *Affidavit against dog or dogs.* *Warrant for dog or dogs.* *Arrest of dog or dogs.* *Trial of dog or dogs.* *Sentence of dog or dogs.* *Execution of dog or dogs.* *Fee for killing dog or dogs.*

Any dog or dogs found or known to run or catch Deer, the owner of such dog or dogs shall be notified of the fact, and if the dog or dogs be found *transgressing* this act a second time, *or more*, upon the affidavit of any person who is a lawful witness to testify in other cases before any Justice of the Peace, such Justice shall issue his warrant directed to any constable, to *arrest and bring such dog or dogs before him*, and, on proof of guilt, may condemn such dog or dogs to be killed; and the constable, upon a copy of such judgment, signed by the Justice, shall forthwith kill the said dog or dogs, and shall be entitled to fifty cents for each dog he may so kill, which shall be recovered of the owner of such dog or dogs.

SEC. 4.

Fees to officers.

The same fees shall be allowed to the Justice, constable, and witnesses as are now allowed by law *for similar services.*

SEC. 5.

Acts repealed.

Any act or parts of acts inconsistent with this act are hereby repealed.

We are in great doubt which most to admire, the humanity which prompted the passage of this act, or the ingenuity and humor of the clerk who prepared the syllabus.

IT is a good thing to be a doctor. When rheums and little anguishes afflict, he is your friend—for a consideration, which, out West, he takes in cash, or something else when coin is not obtainable. Now they have in Pueblo, Colorado, a practitioner who is ever ready to rush in in case of ache or accident. Recently a slight smash happened to Mr. Jeff Steele, some fifteen miles from Pueblo, up the Fontaine. He was thrown from his carriage, near the residence of Mr. Royce, to whose house he was taken in a state of apparent insensibility. An aged physician residing a little way up the creek was immediately sent for, who came post-haste to the aid of the sufferer. After feeling of the young man's pulse, and heaving three or four long-drawn sighs, the doctor turned to Miss Alice, daughter of Mr. Royce, and inquired,

"Have you any fresh eggs?"

"Oh yes, plenty of them, doctor," said Alice.

"Well," said the doctor, "get two, and separate the whites from the yolks, and beat them up thoroughly in different vessels."

Alice, aided by her little brother, set about the task with alacrity, which she soon accomplished, full of faith that the sufferer was soon to be relieved from his pains and brought to his senses.

"Now, doctor," said Alice, "your eggs are ready; what next?"

"Thanks," said the doctor; "have you any good whisky?—or wine will do."

The wine was accordingly forth-coming in a twinkle.

"Now get me a tumbler, please," said the doctor.

The young people eyed the doctor closely, wondering what miracle he was about to perform with the eggs and wine. Presently the doctor took the tumbler, rinsed it out carefully, turned into it first the yolks and then the whites of the eggs, took a tea-spoon and stirred them well together, then filled the glass to the brim with the wine, shook it up well, and, thoughtfully surveying the mixture a moment with an air of supreme satisfaction, put the tumbler to his lips and drained it to the bottom. Setting the tumbler on the table, the doctor smacked his lips a couple of times, and then coolly remarked:

"*Well, my friends, Jeff is pretty badly hurt, but, let me assure you, he is by no means dangerous!*"

ONCE upon a time a citizen of Butler County, Pennsylvania, demanded to have the result of a free fight made historical by being recorded among the other deeds. Thus:

Know all men by these Presents that I, Joseph Pisor, on the 29th of July, A.D. 1835, at the township of Muddy Creek, in the County of Butler, did in combat with one William Ralston bite off the said Ralston's left ear, and that it is my desire that the same be recorded.

Witness my hand and seal this 29th September, 1835.

[L. S.] JOSEPH PISOR.

Recorded in Deed-Book J, page 201.

Of course that has passed into the domain of fact. A somewhat similar incident occurred in Kentucky, where a perfect gentleman, after playfully using his bowie-knife, said, "Why, gentlemen, I'm mild and soft and gentle, and, as Champ Ferguson said when he bit Billy Estill's ears off, '*I wouldn't hurt a fly!*'"

AN affecting incident occurred recently in Paris. Several French cooks, tempted by high pay, left Paris for New York. Indeed, when the *chef de cuisine* of the Tuileries departed, society deemed it an irreparable loss. "He was a man of great and unclouded intellect, with acute views as to the clearness of soup; a fine judge of general effect; and, as a composer, has rarely had his equal!"

WE suppose this is to be taken as true, coming to us as it does in a letter bearing the Boston post-mark:

In one of our public schools the following in-

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cident recently occurred: One of the teachers, Miss ——, beyond the teens in years, was exercising a class of small boys in spelling and defining. The word Bedlamite was correctly spelled, but one after another failed to give its meaning. Miss ——, getting impatient, and wishing to help them by a suggestion, asked, in a very vexed tone, "What am I now?"

A youngster instantly replied, "Please, ma'am, an old maid!"

Perhaps it is needless to add that Miss —— gave a still more dramatic illustration of the definition of the word.

An enterprising gentleman from Portland, Maine, while traveling recently in the interior of Missouri, being uncertain as to whether he was on the right road, stopped at a farm-house to inquire. The lady of the house, a stout, buxom white woman, unable to inform him, referred him to her husband, who was at work in a field near by. On going to that place he found the husband was a negro, black as the ace of spades. Stopping a moment at the house on his return, he said to the wife, "How is it that a good-looking woman like yourself should have married a colored man?"

"Oh, that's nothing," said she; "my sister did a good deal worse than that."

"How could that be?"

"Why, *she married a man from Maine!*"

Among the many pleasant things in Colonel Forney's *Anecdotes of Public Men* is the following extract from a speech delivered in Alexandria, Virginia, in February, 1856, exhorting the people of that State to greater energy if they would preserve her power and prestige:

> Commerce has long ago spread her sails and sailed away from you. You have not as yet dug more than coal enough to warm yourselves at your own hearths. You have set no tilt-hammer of Vulcan to strike blows worthy of gods in the iron foundries. You have not yet spun more than coarse cotton enough, in the way of manufacture, to clothe your own slaves. You have had no commerce, no mining, no manufactures. You have relied alone on the single power of agriculture—and such agriculture! (Great laughter.) Your ledge-patches outshine the sun. Your inattention to your only source of wealth has seared the very bosom of Mother Earth. (Laughter.) Instead of having to feed cattle on a thousand hills, you have had to chase the stump-tailed steer through the ledge-patches to procure a tough beefsteak. (Laughter.)
>
> The present condition of things has existed too long in Virginia. The landlord has skinned the tenant, and the tenant has skinned the land, until all have grown poor together. (Laughter.) I have heard a story—I will not locate it here or there—about the condition of our agriculture. I was told by a gentleman in Washington, not long ago, that he was traveling in a county not a hundred miles from this place, and overtook one of our citizens on horseback, with perhaps a bag of hay for a saddle, without stirrups, and the leading-line for a bridle, and he said, "Stranger, whose house is that?" "It is mine," was the reply. They came to another; "Whose house is that?" "Mine too, stranger." To a third; "And whose house is that?" "That's mine too, stranger; but don't suppose that I am so darned poor as to own all the land about here."

For the first time in American types appears the following anecdote of M. Dupin, the eloquent French orator, who died a few years since. For over fifty years he had been before the public as a lawyer, politician, and man of the world, enjoying life, and even retaining all the powers of doing so till the last. Just before his decease he declined in a witty note an invitation to be present at a ceremony. "The room," he wrote, "will be too cold, the ceremony too long, the dinner too good."

There's "body" in this, fresh from Paris:

A small linen-draper went to the Morgue to ask for the body of a missing relative—in fact, an uncle, with a suspicion of Rentes. "Has my uncle come here?" asks the nephew, as if he were speaking of a morning call.

"Many uncles," replies the official.

"But mine is a large uncle; fat, well-dressed, and *must* have arrived within three days."

"Impossible to say," replies functionary. "What would you? So many drop in upon us! Had your uncle any peculiarity by which his body could be recognized after death?"

"Perfectly," cries the relieved nephew; "you would know him at once—he was stone-deaf!"

The policeman of Paris is proverbial for his politeness. Certain individuals, weary with a long walk, had sat down on some rocks which are to be found on the shores of the lake. Up comes a *chef de police*, in full uniform, wearing a sword and spurs, and speaks: "Pardon; but messieurs can sit no longer on these rocks."

"Oh," cries hearty American, "it won't hurt us; they are not damp."

"Monsieur is in error," replies the official; "it is not of him, but of the rocks, that I am thinking."

There is a suggestion in the following, from a Chicago correspondent, that might be made practically available by photographers hereabouts:

Not many months ago a fair lady of Irish descent, living not a thousand miles from here, applied to a photographer to have her two boys taken. She was told to come next day at ten o'clock. At that hour the photographer found the lady punctually waiting in his front-room, with one boy by her side. When he asked after the other child, she replied:

"Sure, didn't I tell ye yesterday that he was dead three years ago; but I'm going to give ye such a description that ye can make a *swate* picture of him!"

To the present generation of theatre-goers no dramatic artist has given pleasure to a greater number of people than Mr. Sothern. His performances in this city during the past season were nightly attended by cultivated and crowded audiences, who never wearied of the cleverness of his personations. A similar success attended a series of his performances in Paris in 1867, in connection with which we find in Whitehurst's new book, entitled *Court and Social Life in France under Napoleon III.*, the following anecdote:

"On Friday evening the Emperor and Empress, accompanied by the Duc de Montebello and Vicomte Olivier de Walsh, were present at the penultimate performance of Mr. Sothern. There was an exceedingly good house, though nobody knew that their Majesties were to be present. It was worthy of note, too, that a great compliment was paid to Lord Dundreary. The Emperor and Empress left off their first deep

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mourning for the Emperor Maximilian only three days before, and this was their first appearance in public. They were charmed, and followed the delightful imbecility of the 'peer and pillar of the state' from the opening to the close of his career. Moreover, they staid to see that Mr. Sothern had the real honors of a recall, and applauded him loudly themselves when he reappeared on the stage. I regret to say that I do not believe the suit enjoyed Dundreary so much as their Majesties.

"'Mon cher,' said a chamberlain to me, 'Your Sothern can't speak English; *and then see how he stutters!*'"

How sizable a chunk of wisdom is contained in the following observation of an old darky in reference to the efforts of the carpet-bagger to give him political enlightenment:

"De white folks may court de nigger, and hug de nigger; but I tell you, my friends, bofe parties are gwine to go for deyselves *ebery time!*"

HERE, now, is a little French story as good as any of the Western ones of Bret Harte. It happened seven years ago, in Paris, and is told in the first person by Mr. Felix Whitehurst, in that bright book of his above alluded to:

"A truce for a moment to serious questions, and let us say, with the refreshed mute, 'Now let us be jolly.' Ah! Mutes remind me of a story. A story! no, a fact. Not many months ago a young lady of the 'hemisphere' found that she owed more money than she could pay. She was painfully affected by the idea of bankruptcy on the day of liquidation. She 'shuddered,' as they say here, then took the fatal plunge, and died. All was ended. Over that misspent life—and I do not deny that there was a good deal else spent besides—let us draw the veil of insolvency and swiftly consequent death. It is too terrible. Cast your thoughts back but a few days. Who more glorious or more golden in that wood of Boulogne? No one so happy, so glittering, so glorious—her very chignon a matter of charity and beauty: charity which, if puffed up, was well paid, or, rather, well owed, for it certainly did not begin or end at home; beauty, because you do not really look your best if you have not on the hair of at least one family. And she died, deeply regretted, especially by those to whom she was indebted for certain things which even the most regal require—diamonds, let us say, and coffee and bouquets and onions (for the soup, of course). So she died, and in debt. Then came a *procès-verbal*, a serious discussion—in a word, a coroner's inquest without the coroner, which, perhaps you will say, is rather like Blondin and the rope without Blondin. The verdict was 'Accidental death,' with, I believe, 'extenuating circumstances;' and she was consigned to the tomb. You may read the epitaph at Père la Chaise, and, if you like, may weep over the everlastings which are there constantly republishing their satire, 'Never forget!' And so, I say, she died, and was buried. And then she took fresh apartments, more glorious than the last. It was, indeed, a sort of upholstery 'resurgam,' with all the decorations. She who was restored to us soon appeared in a carriage, open, with two unequaled ponies. 'So she is alive again?' said the creditors, and applied at her door. 'What wants monsieur?' was the question. 'Simply, and without deranging her, the small note of madame.' 'But madame is dead!' says lady's-maid in waiting. 'Impossible!' says dun. 'I saw her at the window.' 'To the deuce with your "impossible!"' cries the servant; 'for there is the evidence of her death signed by the authorities; *and now I really must leave you and order her carriage!*' That carriage is not a hearse; and the lady in question looked 'nicely' yesterday."

THE active political canvass now going on in Massachusetts recalls an anecdote told by a resident of Gloucester, a town in General Butler's district, the chief commerce of which is fishing vessels and mackerel. One of the large fleet engaged in that calling being out in one of the fine New England storms so frequent on the coast, proved either unseaworthy or was so unskillfully handled as to go down. The calamity cast a gloom over Gloucester, and for many a day the story was "improved" by the marine yarn-spinners of that port. One of these old salts, who had removed from Boston, which he very improperly said he hated, thus described the event: "I expect," said he, "that that was about the *wust* storm that ever happened round Glo'ster. It took the kinks clean out o' things. Good many of the schuners managed to git in, but the *'Tilda Ann* she went down, and every body aboard was lost—*eleven souls* and *one Boston man!*"

THEY have trouble with the women in the "far Oregon," just as we have in the politer region of New York. In the Portland *Daily Bulletin* of June 7, 1873, we find this indication of infelicity:

NOTICE is hereby given that my wife, Belle Williams, has left my bed and board without just cause or provocation, and *not being responsible for debts of my own contracting*, I hope no person will be foolish enough to trust her on my account.

JNO. S. WILLIAMS.

PORTLAND, *June* 6, 1873.

THERE is nothing like perspicuity when one wishes to thank people. An instance of this we find in the *Dallas* (Texas) *Herald* of June 21, 1873, in the form of "A Card," which reads as follows:

I WISH to return my thanks to the many citizens of Dallas for the noble and effective efforts to save my house and all I had left to me from the late fire, from the burning flames on Friday night; for nothing but their timely appearance and manly energy saved my home from ashes; *and I do ask and hope that all good citizens will assist me to ferret out the heartless scoundrels.*

JOHN OWENS.

IN one of the villages of Pennsylvania a professor of theology took tea with a pastor. While at table the pastor expressed his regret that the barking of a neighbor's dog was so annoying, adding that he had been troubled by it for several days, etc. Whereupon this dialogue took place:

PROFESSOR. "I should think your theology would be *dogmatic.*"

PASTOR. "I would put your remark into its proper *category*, but I have no *cat.*"

PROFESSOR. "You ought not by any means to have a *gory* cat."

The pastor made an unconditional surrender.

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OUR LONDON SCRAP-BOOK.



"ALL 'OT, ALL 'OT!"

STREET LUXURIES.

THE love of luxury is a universal passion, shared equally by the rich and by the poor. Indeed, it is a question whether the poor man who looks twice at his coin before investing it has not a keener enjoyment of things that tickle his palate than the opulent one. What enhances a luxury is the difficulty of obtaining it. The rich are without that enhancement. The caterers for the indigent epicure are numerous, and call their wares through every street, changing their stock with the change of the seasons. When London is covered with snow, and skaters skim over the ice-bound Serpentine, and the noise of traffic is subdued to a muffled roll; when the church spires stand thin and white against the sky; when the ruddy sun appears "no bigger than the moon;" when the town sparrows twitter and flutter fearfully, and boys appear marvelously swathed in woolen mufflers; when the north wind makes havoc among the rheumatic—at this season the luxury-monger is peculiarly active, knowing as he does that the cold will beget thoughts of comfort. Heat has become a salable luxury. The most popular vendor during the inclement months is undoubtedly the baked-potato man. His wonderful "engine," so called by reason of its resemblance to a locomotive, is rolled betimes over the yielding snow and deposited in a likely corner. He appears with the first shadows of evening, and does not depart until long after the theatres have closed and the ultimate cab has driven home.

At the northern extremity of Drury Lane one of these engines is nightly superintended by an old Irishman, who has lost his national vivacity, but who still retains a certain amount of solemn humor. He has become slightly cynical in his views of life, which is perhaps not to be wondered at, considering the class of belated humanity whose wants he essays to supply. See how the reflection from the fire under his engine makes a ruddy patch on the white snow, and hear the hiss of the cinder as it falls and expires! Observe the faces of the little shivering crowd surrounding this Hibernian retailer of his native vegetable—haggard women and besotted men; hear how their teeth chatter, and see how they press their thin blue fingers toward the hot iron-work of the engine. With what a practiced finger the Hibernian selects the potatoes that are best done, and how dextrously he breaks them open, displaying the white and mealy interior, piping hot! With what a neat but sufficient shake he supplies the necessary salt, together with an unnecessary impression of dirty thumb, his customers raising no objection! Not that Pat would pay the slightest attention to their protests if they made any. He understands not the toadying obeisances of



THE POTATO ENGINE.

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TROTTERS.

the chartered tradesman. He treats his clients with the easy indifference of a monopolist. As the shivering purchaser accepts the smoking luxury a smile of satisfaction spreads itself over his face, and he passes it—too warm for lengthened pressure—from hand to hand. Its flowery and comforting contents are speedily devoured, the operation causing much spluttering and face-reddening, and the hard skin flung away to make an indentation for itself in the snow. Engines like that of our Irish friend are among the most popular of potato traps, but not the only ones; there are others in constant use of less colossal proportions, which the vendor carries on his arm, perambulating the winter streets with a monotonous but not unmusical cry of "All 'ot, all 'ot!"

The demand for hot chestnuts, although vigorous up to a certain hour, is not continued so far into the night as the demand for potatoes. The latest suppliers of the insipid nut usually retire before the clocks strike nine. They are for the most part young people. Their stock in trade and their roasting apparatus are inexpensive. They stand at the edge of the pathways, their feet in the channel and their stoves on the curb-stone. Along Holborn and more westerly thoroughfares these ovens glow cheerfully in the gloomy air—a not unpleasant sight when

> "fiercely flies
> The blast of north and east, and ice
> Makes daggers at the sharpened eaves."

As for the fruit itself, there is little that is pleasant about it; it has but few attractions for the ordinary palate. The cockney, however, delights in chewing it; its taste resembles that of uncooked Indian meal; and for the sum of one penny he can obtain a dozen—a quantity which would suffice another mortal for a lifetime.

Who are they who purchase trotters—those succulent delicacies that are exhibited for sale outside the doors of taverns? A motherly old woman in a mob-cap and a clean cotton gown sits with her back to the public-house window. She seems to thrive on the trade, but who are her supporters? Breathes there a man who has ever seen her dispose of one of those cooked feet? Those who buy must carefully watch till the street is clear of all curious observers, and then pouncing upon the dame, make their purchases suddenly and surreptitiously, diving back into the tavern from whence they came with precipitation. For what olives and anchovy toast are to the connoisseurs in wine, trotters are to the unskilled toper—they assist the flavor of his drink, and increase the desire for it.

It is scarcely legitimate to call that which is simply partaken of as an appeaser of hunger a luxury, but there are things which, though nominally food, are in reality the merest luxuries, and among such commodities are the sandwiches sold at the gallery doors of the London theatres. What smallest stomach could stay itself on such



COFFEE STALL.

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THE COSTER-MONGER.

infinitesimal morsels? "The Vauxhall slice" used to be a synonym for thinly cut meat; but the old man in the white apron who disseminates ham sandwiches to the occupants of the six-penny gallery has arrived at a skill in cutting ham to a transparent thickness barely compatible with the idea of consistency which would put his disestablished rival to shame. It is the merest scraping, and yet it is a cut miraculously removed from its parent joint—a pink flavor of meat, not a solid portion of flesh.

The most mysterious of all the night vendors is he of the coffee stall. When the baked-potato man, whose commercial enterprise keeps him abroad till after midnight, is beginning to have serious thoughts of retiring to his virtuous couch, the keeper of the coffee stall is only thinking of making his first appearance. His apparatus is highly ingenious. To see him trundle his vehicle you would imagine that he was conveying a simple chest of drawers on a truck. But wait till he arrives at his accustomed stand, and see what an interesting transformation the chest of drawers will undergo. Actual wooden walls are raised up around him, from nails affixed to which cups depend by their handles. There are wonderful cavities in the chest of drawers, from which a stove is produced and ignited. The coffee soon begins to fizz and steam. From other cavities large and delectable hunks of seed-cake are produced, and milk from mysterious depths. Near Westminster Bridge, just at the top of the steps leading to the Thames Embankment, one of these stalls has existed from time immemorial. Do senators from the adjoining House of Commons here indulge in inexpensive refreshment? Or are the regular customers workmen going to early labor? The sellers of salop mentioned in Lamb's essay on chimney-sweepers have disappeared from off the face of the earth. The taste for the essence of the Oriental berry has superseded the taste for that old decoction obtained from "the sweet wood yclept sassafras." *The only salopian house* has gone by the board.

In summer the street luxuries become more worthy of the name. Potatoes and coffee and trotters and sandwiches have some pretense of food about them. The luxuries of the dog-days have the great charm of appealing merely to the taste. He who receives most extended patronage when the sun makes the crowded streets unendurable, when men don the lightest costumes, and the asphalt is burned into blisters, is the coster-monger. The pine-apple, once obtainable only by the rich, and the luscious melon, produced to cast its rotund reflection upon dark mahogany, are by the barrow of the philanthropic coster placed within the reach of the lowliest in the land. The lowliest in the land, indeed, never purchases an entire fruit, but only the modest slice obtainable for a copper coin. Paternoster Row, famous for its publishers, is remarkable also for the fruit sellers that assemble within its celebrated boundaries. Police regulations, inimical to the loiterer, compel them to be constantly on the move. But no sooner does one detected batch leave the end of the Row in obedience to the mandate of the policeman than another detachment files through its entrance. Tempting as the rosy apples, the melting pears, the piled-up grapes, and gratefully odoriferous pine-apples appear spread upon the coster-monger's truck, it is not every one who would care to purchase them. Among a certain class of persons there exists a prejudice against these fruit merchants. Their wares are mistrusted. And the reason is not far to seek. It is certain that the coster-monger does not sell his entire barrowful every day; that is to say, there remains over to-night a considerable quantity of

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PENNY ICES.

unsold stock which will be offered for sale to-morrow. Now where does the coster-monger store his unsold stock during the night? He usually lives in a somewhat shady and not overcleanly locality—the purlieus about Drury Lane, the small streets of Shoreditch. His lodging consists of a single apartment. His barrow he leaves outside the house or in the back-yard. Of course he does not leave his unsold stock *there*. There is only one inference possible, namely, that he brings his residue of fruit into his single apartment. His apartment is generally a small one. Are we not justified in going a step further and supposing that in order to give himself room his unsold stock is carefully deposited under his bed? Reader, when next thou visitest London, and art tempted to spend thy money with the coster-monger, bear in thy mind this theory of storage, and hie thee to "Covent Garden's famed piazzas."

Beloved of newsboys and juvenile messengers, the long-haired Italian who deals in penny ices is an interesting feature in summer street life. His elegant cart, with its green sides and white top and linen awning, is refreshing to look at even. And most pleasant is it to watch the faces of the panting juveniles as they let the cool Neapolitan ices slip down their parched throats. Watch how their eyes expand! And with what intense fervor does that fat youth in the blue blouse (he is apprenticed to a butcher) exclaim, as he licks the empty glass for the last time, "My eye, ain't it nice!" So complete a relief from the hot assaults of the sun could be obtained by no other experiment short of a leap under the fountains in Trafalgar Square.

Shell-fish is another important branch of street trade, and many engage in it, from the brisk blue-aproned man with the light cart drawn by a pony, to the harness of which jangling bells are ingeniously affixed, down to the corpulent dame who trundles her own vehicle. The former merchant sells shrimps, which are purchased for home consumption; the latter disposes of huge and indigestible oysters, to be partaken of by the side of her barrow. The primitive whelk has its admirers, and the snail-like periwinkle causes an active demand. Those who travel about the streets with these delicacies, scorning to take up a position, have different beats for the various days of the week. For one we can speak from observation. On every Sunday evening in the year, be it wet or dry, there passes through Fitzroy Square a very narrow cart drawn by a diminutive donkey. The owner of these properties walks slowly by the side of them, for he is fearfully afflicted with the gout, and calls out in a voice choked with emotion, "Fresh winkles." Never were any of the denizens of that faded old square known to stop the donkey cart and indulge in a sample of its contents. The echo of the cry seems to hang about the drooping trees and mount over the roofs of the houses, but it never invites a solitary customer.

So, while grand emporiums are stocked with costly delicacies for Grosvenor Square and Piccadilly, the palate of Whitechapel is not overlooked—luxury is not unknown to the London poor; and those who cater for the slums have a large and not unprofitable constituency.



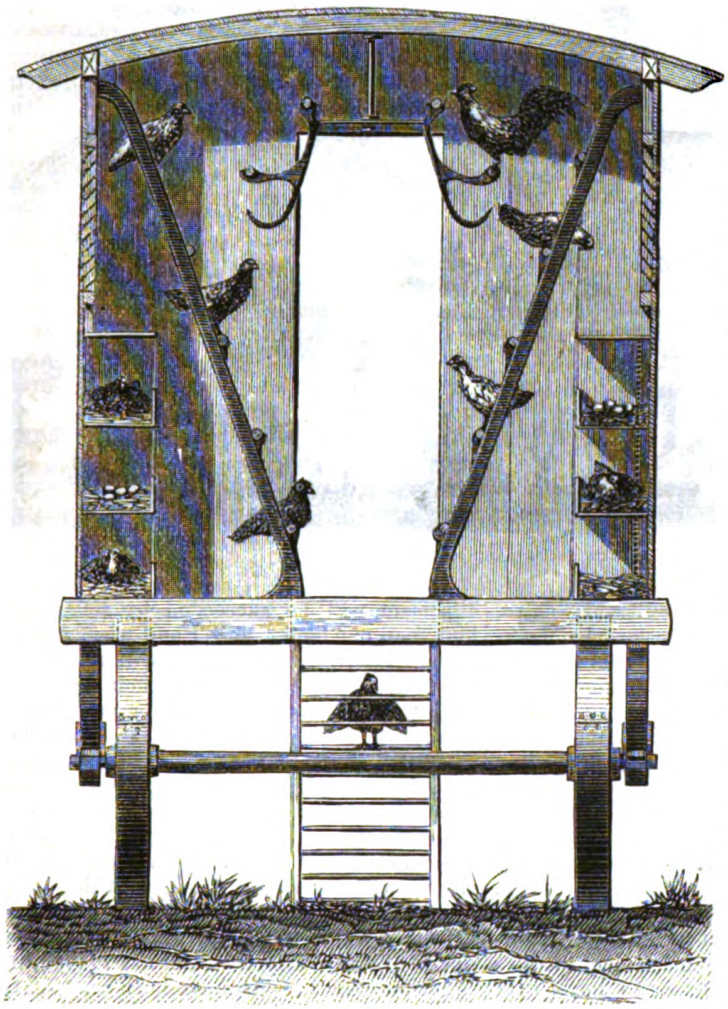
HOT CHESTNUTS.

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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCLXXXI.—OCTOBER, 1873.—Vol. XLVII.

A LADY'S ENTERPRISE.



POULTRY HOUSE ON WHEELS—TRANSVERSE SECTION.

"BELIEVE, dear friend, that no alchemist, not even the magnificent Mégret himself, ever produced from furnace or alembic so rare a treasure as you may obtain from the entrails of your hens, if you only know how to combine labor and delight."

This sentence, says the author of *Poules et Œufs*,* had been written by Prudent le Choyselat over two hundred and fifty years, when chance brought it under the eyes of a young woman radiant with beauty and grace. This was the Baroness de Linas, one of fortune's darlings, whose knowledge of the poultry-yard was confined to the two fables of La Fontaine, *The Cock and the Pearl*, and *The Hen that laid Golden Eggs*. She read the quaint sentence twice, looked at the title-page of the little *bouquin*, and then threw it aside. A *Discours Économiques sur les Poules* could have but slight fascination for a beautiful woman of fashion.

Twenty years later, being left a widow with four children, and in straitened circumstances, Madame De Linas, having failed in several attempts to secure a competence for herself and children, decided to leave Paris, and in the quiet of the country gain time to recover her forces preparatory to a new effort. On her way to Belair she stopped at the *chef-lieu* of the department, a pretty little city situated in a valley surrounded by hills covered with vineyards. She arrived in May, on the day of an agricultural fair, and following the crowd, like the sheep of Panurge, she entered an inclosure where were displayed fine breeds of cattle, farm products, farming implements, and machinery of the most improved kinds. In the

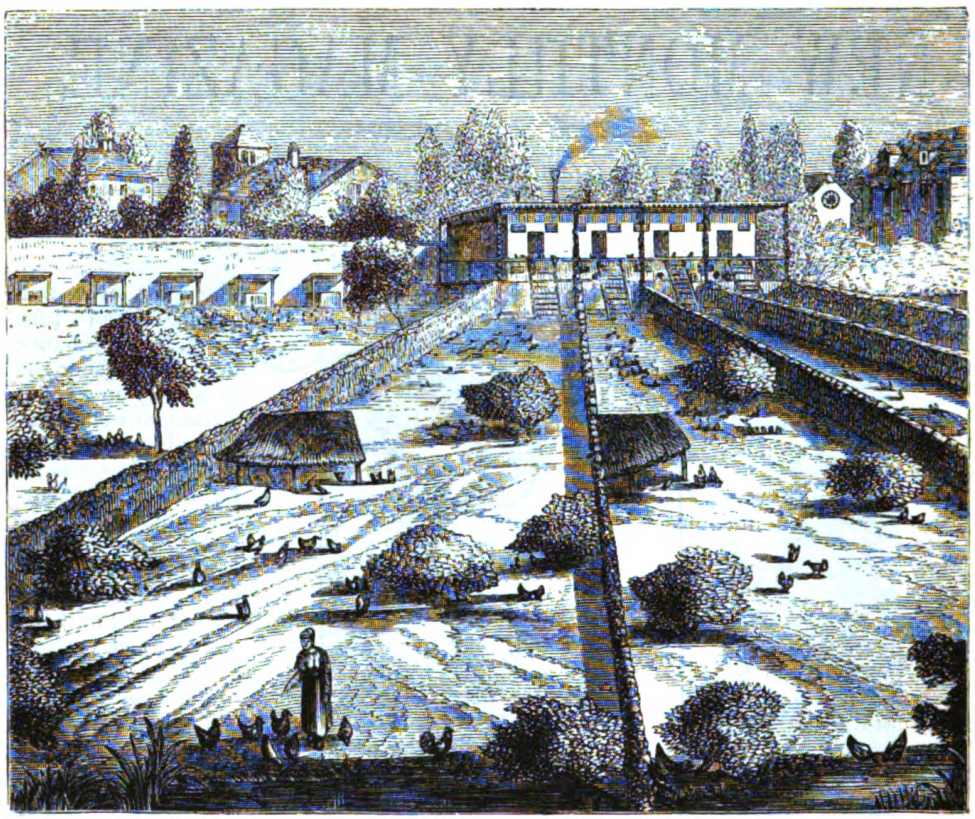
* *Poules et Œufs.* Par Eug. Gayot. Paris: 1872.

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THE POULTRY HOUSE AND GROUNDS AT BELAIR.

midst of these signs of agricultural wealth, so systematically arranged, so varied and perfect, all testifying to the intelligent progress of the farmer, Madame De Linas found herself strangely absorbed. Every thing was new and interesting. She admired the fine specimens of cattle—horses, oxen, cows, sheep—of many breeds, each one a study for an artist like Rosa Bonheur, and then, coming upon the poultry exhibition, she stood long before the inclosure, preoccupied by what might be called the spirit of enterprise. The sentence of the little old book read twenty years before had never been forgotten. It was one of those insignificant things—too insignificant, perhaps, to have ever been mentioned to any one, and yet which will return to the memory again and again, apparently without association, without reason, or common-sense.

Seeing the lady absorbed, a rural gentleman approached her, and commenced a garrulous but, to Madame De Linas, very interesting discourse upon fowls. For his part, he said, he was not satisfied. Expositions of poultry had been of very little use. They presented nothing but eccentricities.

"The education of hens, madame," he went on, "is the fashion of the time, and they say the goddess of fashion is capricious and changing. By-and-by, perhaps, this enthusiasm will be succeeded by reflection, and then our ladies, better and wiser managers of poultry than we are, will repudiate these fancy breeds, despite their brilliant plumage, and choose simply for productive qualities. In this way the tares will be separated from the wheat. It will be a long time, however, if we may judge by the samples before us, for what you see here you see all over France. We have accepted eagerly every new breed that has been offered—varieties with sounding names and doubtful qualities. The strangeness of the voice has attracted some, fantastic plumage has seduced others. Charlatanism has played an important rôle. Some have been represented as producing fabulous quantities of eggs. Giants and dwarfs have been the rage from time to time—giants especially, which are veritable granaries for voracity, bony, coarse in flesh, idiotic, and awkward; for very often they have not sense enough to bring up their young. And yet this question is a very important one. France exports eggs annually to the amount of 18,000,000 francs. This figure has its eloquence. In 1868, before the war, our exportation of eggs reached the enormous sum of 40,000,000 francs. Very well, madame. Do you suppose we owe this income to your lubberly Shanghai or your fancy cross-breeds? No, indeed; we

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owe it to our good little common hen, quiet and unpretending in her beauty, but a good layer and a most careful mother."

In support of his theory the gentleman quoted some words of advice that sounded familiar to his listener.

"Your pardon, Sir, but who was it that gave this counsel?" asked Madame De Linas.

"Oh, madame, an authority of the olden time, one entirely ignored to-day—*Prudent le Choyselat.*"



THE EGG-ROOM.

The baroness thanked the gentleman, and with a graceful salutation left the place. Her decision was made. She determined to devote herself to the "education of hens," or, to be less literal and perhaps more English, "the cultivation of hens." The result of this decision was the present paradise of hens and chickens situated at Belair. It is twelve years since she commenced her enterprise, which is a veritable model of its kind, and has proved a most lucrative investment.

The building is calculated to accommodate about 1320 fowls. It is divided on both the first and second floor into four equal compartments, each of those on the upper floor containing birds of the same age—that is, hatched at a certain time. This prevents any uncertainty as to age. Those of the third department take the place of the fourth when the latter is depopulated by sales. The four compartments on the ground-floor comprise the hatching-room, the kitchen, the grain-room, and the store-room for eggs. The régime at Belair requires that much of the food should be cooked; hence the necessity for the kitchen. This is provided with a furnace range, with hot-air pipes for warming the hatching-room and the four different sleeping and nest rooms above. The egg-room was supervised by Mary, the oldest daughter of Madame De Linas, and, since her marriage, by Mademoiselle Louise. This is simply a cool, well-ventilated room, supplied with shelves and boxes. The age of each box of eggs is marked on a slate, and the number gathered from the nests daily, as well as the number sold or used in the hatching department, is transferred carefully to the register under the article, "Eggs."

On the second story there is a wide veranda or gallery, with a railway and turntables at the corners. This greatly facilitates the service of the establishment. Every morning the four upper compartments are thoroughly cleaned. The floors are then sprinkled with fine sand, and once every week the straw of the nests is removed. The nest boxes, three hundred of them, are then thoroughly washed, and furnished with fresh straw.

Every amateur who has attempted the raising of chickens, beyond the small number usually found about every rural home, has most probably given it up in disgust from inability to cope with the subject of vermin in the shape of small mites that infest the nests of sitting hens, when even they do not take possession of the whole henhouse and its inhabitants. Many a one will remember his dismay at seeing his hens quit their nests perhaps the very day when the chicks were expected, and on examining the eggs, finding them literally covered with these active little animals. Madame De Linas has found the secret of preventing these, as well as disease generally, among her feathered charges; and this secret is simply in absolute cleanliness and fresh air. The rooms where the hens lay, and where they rest at night, are perfectly ventilated by Venetian shutters in the front and rear walls. In exceeding cold nights these are not perfectly closed, and on these occasions the furnace supplies a constant current of fresh, warm air. The interior is smoothly finished in plaster, and the wood of the nest boxes, as well as all the wood of the buildings, has been submitted to what is called the Bouchérie process, the invention of a doctor by that name.

Another very important thing is that the fowls have ample space for exercise. There are parks or yards extending from the four compartments, each containing an acre and a half. These are plowed and sowed with grain and other seeds four times a year, thus furnishing a constant supply of green food, without which no fowls can be maintained in a fine condition. These yards are separated by impenetrable hedges, which extend

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to the veranda pillars of the house. From these pillars to the walls across the gallery space are lattice-work screens that prevent the fowls of one compartment from escaping into the others. These screens are not shown in the engraving. Broad ladders serve the fowls in their entrance to their part of the building. Each yard is supplied with a large shed opening to the south, and these sheds with dry sand, where the fowls can "powder themselves" even in rainy days. Masses of shrubbery are planted here and there in all the yards, serving to protect the fowls from the rain and the heat of the summer sun, while the gooseberries and currants of the shrubbery serve to vary the diet of these pampered pets of the baroness. There were originally elder-bushes in these yards; but Madame De Linas, finding that the odor of their flowers was not agreeable to the hens, had them all pulled out, and raspberries planted in their place. They condescend to eat the raspberries as fast as they ripen!

Gayot, author of *Poules et Œufs*, says he was almost inclined to laugh at this very feminine way of entertaining hens in beautiful shady parks, and wondered if the inside would correspond to this coquettish exterior. On entering their house he confesses himself struck by the exquisite order and neatness of every thing. There was not, he says, the slightest sign of that close, disagreeable odor common to hen-houses; on the contrary, the fresh air that freely entered the Venetians was laden with the perfume of the roses and honeysuckles that covered all the pillars of the veranda. "Why not flowers?" said Madame De Linas, with true feminine instinct. "They cost nothing; and all creatures must, in some degree, be susceptible to æsthetic surroundings."

The hatching-room is on the lower floor at the southern extremity of the building, and opens into a park of one acre. "A veritable orchard," says Gayot, "where the little chickens find at once space, shade without humidity, grass always fresh—thanks to the care of Madame De Linas—myriads of succulent insects, and perfect security against all outside disturbance. Beyond the fruit trees and shrubs, and occupying about half the inclosure, there are planted cabbages, rape-seed, millet, turnips, sorrel, lettuce, chiccory—*que sais-je?*—every thing that may respond to the needs of the mother hen and her brood. No sight can be prettier than these little downy creatures, busily scratching the ground with their tiny feet, or quietly resting from such arduous exercise, sometimes a whole family under the shade of a single cabbage leaf."

When the chickens are small they do not injure the growing plants; on the contrary, they greatly benefit them by the insects they destroy; and at this period the mother hens are inclosed in coops placed under sheds, and about twenty-five feet apart. There are generally about forty-four young broods occupying this park, and they keep the lawns trimmed in the neatest manner. All the chickens at Belair are hatched the last of April at the latest; and the hens are shut in coops, because they are apt to fight at this time, or even to destroy each other's chicks, while this temporary confinement gives the plants time to grow. "Their habit of scratching up the ground becomes a very fury when they have chickens. To secure for these the smallest worm the hen would bore through the globe itself." But as every condition for the development of the chickens is carefully studied, the hens are soon dismissed from their maternal duties to their own compartments.

By the system of examining the eggs for incubation at Belair a comparatively small number fail to hatch. The eggs destined for this purpose are always the finest and largest, and before being placed in the hatching nests they are inspected in a dark room, in a single beam of light through an aperture. An expert examiner can tell instantly whether the egg is impregnated or not. Artificial incubation has not been adopted at Belair. It is a very ancient idea, and, according to the historians of the past, one hundred millions of chickens were annually hatched by artificial heat in Egypt. In China it has always been practiced. But it is a process requiring great care, especially as chickens on leaving the shell are very weak. "The best artificial hatcher," says M. F. Malézieux, an authority on the subject, "in the hands of an inexperienced or careless person, is easily transformed into a mere contrivance for cooking eggs. This is the history of the *thermosiphon* of Bonnemain, of the *hydro-incubator* of Cautelo, and of many other inventions." After reading Malézieux and others, Madame De Linas prudently decided to delay, at least for the present, the experiment of artificial hatching, and trust the process to the natural instincts of the hens themselves.

With regard to rare breeds of fowls, being a student of *gallinoculture*, and withal very enterprising, the baroness did not escape the temptation to try certain renowned varieties; and the conclusions she arrived at may be useful to our people, who just at present have a passion for every thing extraordinary in the way of hens. There is at this time a giant race advertised for sale at the modest sum of twenty-five dollars a pair. It reminds one of an ostrich, though less graceful in its carriage, and doubtless we shall soon hear no more of it.

A Jerseyman lately purchased six of this monster's eggs at some fabulous price, and set them under a quiet old turkey, not daring to trust the precious things to the more capricious nature of the hen. The turkey,

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as is well known, is the most indefatigable sitter among birds. Twenty-one days and more elapsed, and not a chicken appeared. The turkey, with sublime faith, patiently continued her work; but the Jersey-man became anxious, and complained to the seller of the eggs. Thirty days, he said, had the turkey sat on the eggs, in the most exemplary manner, and not a chicken had been hatched. The speculator listened very composedly, and then shamelessly answered,

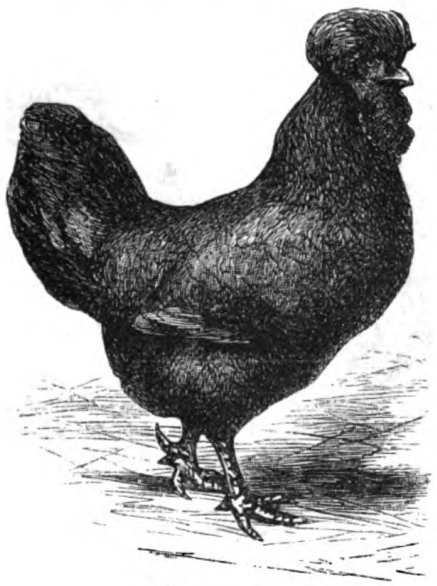
"Well, Johnson, your old turkey's time is not very valuable. Suppose you just let her *set!*"

Johnson was by no means amused at the pleasantry, and he became furious at his wrongs when, on examining the eggs, he found they had all been boiled! This was a trick of the speculator to prevent a too rapid increase in number, and the consequent decrease in price, of the precious stock.



CRÈVE-CŒUR COCK.

But to return to the experience of Madame De Linas, who maintains, apart from her standard stock, what she calls an experimental establishment, where a few of the most famous breeds have been carefully cultivated, and their qualities compared with each other and with the common race. The Crève-cœur, said to be of Norman origin, she places first among these rare breeds. They are large and well-formed; the eggs often weigh three and a half ounces, and the full-grown hen six and a half pounds. This breed furnishes the finest fowls of the Paris market, and the quality and flavor of the flesh is excellent. Unfortunately the hen, though a good layer, is a bad sitter—so awkward as to often break her eggs, and so impatient over the long process of incubation that she frequently gets discouraged and abandons her nest. The turkey, however can be used to counterbalance this defect. Where flesh alone is of importance, this breed is the very best.



CRÈVE-CŒUR HEN.

The Houdan, light in its bony structure, like the Crève-cœur, always a sign of fine flavor, is about equal to that breed in merits and defects. Its plumage is beautifully dappled white and black. The Houdan hen is also a bad sitter. The cock has a very singular physiognomy, irresistibly suggesting something human in its expression. This results from the square and flat crest, which gives somewhat the effect of a bald front head, added to the loose reversed feathers of the head, the whisker-like cheek feathers, the nose-like beak, and the wattles, which are long and something like a beard. The head of the hen is very different; it resembles nothing so much as a tarred ball rolled in feathers. Her eyes are quite hidden, and she can see only the ground directly in front of her. Victim of her beauty, she knows nothing of what is going on about her, and shrieks with fright at the slightest noise.

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HOUDAN COCK.

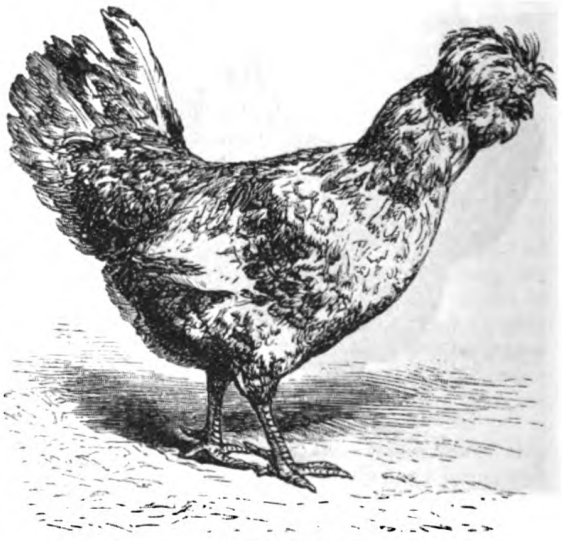
Of course this head-gear would prevent her vagabondizing even were she not sedentary by taste. She never wanders far from where you set her down, and to enjoy any quiet within the sound of her execrable voice is a thing impossible.

The Flèche is counted by Madame De Linas as the finest of the French breeds. It is a very old race, and somewhat resembles the Spanish. It is taller than the Crève-cœur or Houdan on account of its long legs; but it is easily fattened, and the male at ten or eleven months weighs eleven pounds or more. It has a proud and rather aristocratic carriage, is robust, and but little subject to disease when well cared for. Like all pure races, any mixture of breed is fatal. When full grown it is not fastidious about its food, but the young must have coarse wheaten meal.

The Flèche is voracious, and develops too much fat if not stinted in its food. The special characteristic of this breed is its fine flavor; but as it is a slow grower and an enormous consumer of grain, it has thus a double defect, in addition to the fact that the hen is the worst sitter imaginable.

The Bréda is originally from Holland. Its appearance is singular from the fact that its crest is black, its edges but slightly raised, while its centre is depressed. The weight of the fowl is about the same as that of the Houdan, and its flesh is highly esteemed. The hen has but little attraction to the ennui of incubation — the fault of all good layers which at the same time fatten easily.

The Dorking is the best of the English breeds, and is considered a rival even of the Crève-cœur. It is gentle, and timid even to cowardice; therefore it must be kept apart from all other fowls, for it will endure being persecuted even to death before it will violate its principles of non-resistance. Like all the English fowls, it requires dough of barley and oatmeal, varied by cooked barley and maize. Without this it does not flourish, and it does not resist the cold well, nor the effects of dampness. But for these considerations the Dorking would be a greater favorite, for it is a rapid grower, and for the table unsurpassed. The flesh is less dry than that of most breeds, though this is probably not so much the result of race as of diet. The Dorking is magnificent in its port, and as it grows old assumes a patriarchal aspect. Its weight is about that of the Crève-cœur, its eggs medium size, and the hen is a good layer and sitter, and takes excellent care of her brood.



HOUDAN HEN.

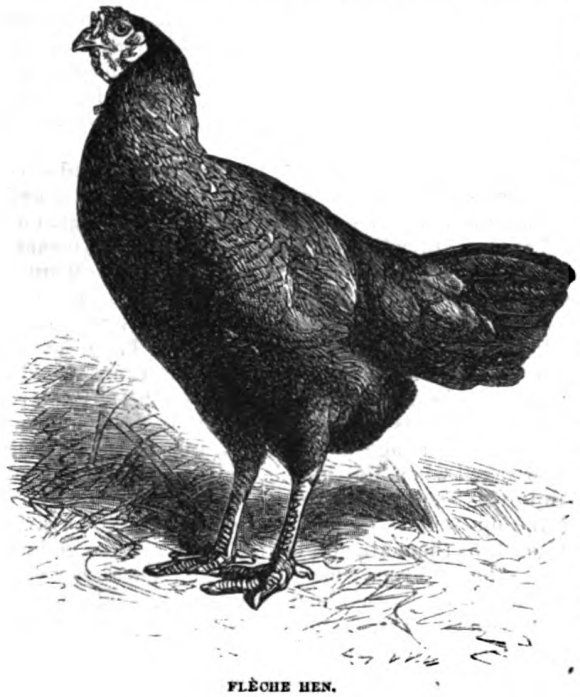
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The Nankin, or Shanghai, called also the Cochin China, is a recent importation in Europe, and during the first excitement over this wonderful acquisition a single hen sold for one or two hundred francs, and every possible virtue was claimed for this gigantic creature. It is really, however, a bony fowl, ugly in form, awkward in gait, while its voice is simply excruciating. The flesh of the young fowl is good, that of the full-grown dry and tough; and as its size is mostly due to bones and feathers, nothing is gained, even in weight, over the Crève-cœur or La Flèche. Unquestionably the Shanghai hen is a good sitter—in fact, she is too lazy to care much for any other occupation; and this fact, coupled with her enormous quantity of feathers, renders her an easy prey to vermin.



FLÈCHE COCK.

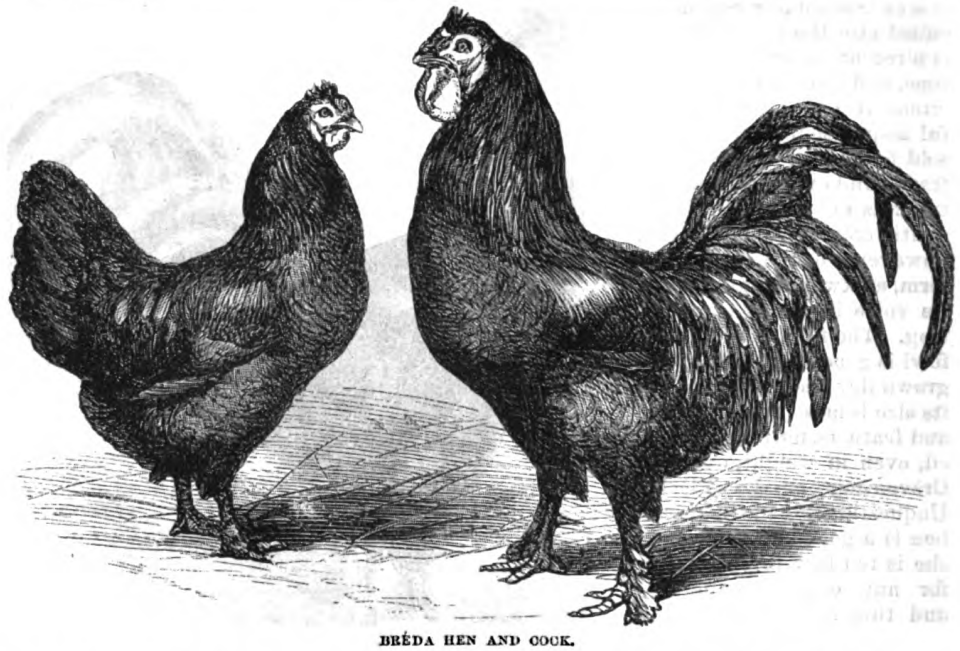
Finally, the common fowl, under the careful "education" of Madame De Linas, has nobly triumphed over all its audacious and brilliant rivals. It is a great vagabond, to be sure, but then, and for this reason, it is exceedingly industrious in the quest of its food, and no bug, moth, pupa, or grub can escape its penetration. Under the ordinary unfavorable conditions it is doubtless unattractive, but Madame De Linas has demonstrated that under a proper régime it improves in every particular, and presents a sum of qualities to be found in no other. It is extremely hardy, very easily nourished, its osseous system is small, it is exceedingly prolific, sits well, is a most careful mother, while its flesh is fine and delicate. Moreover, being a very active fowl, it is not subject to vermin. No sooner does the hen quit her nest than she rushes to some heap of sand or ashes, where she makes her toilet—powders herself, as the French say—and any hen that does this persistently will be healthy and clean, even during the trying period of incubation.



FLÈCHE HEN.

It can not be denied that the common fowl is a terrible scratcher, and for those who can not or will not inclose its territory it may be wiser to cultivate the hooded and veiled Houdan, which can not see to scratch, or the Shanghai, which is too lazy. Another way to prevent the effects of scratching is that practiced by good housewives in New England. This is to sew up the toes at planting-time in a kind of leather stocking—a preventive more shrewd than kind, to say the least. A

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BRÉDA HEN AND COCK.

wiser course, and one now rapidly coming into favor, is to inclose the hen-house in the fruit orchard, and keep the fowls there until the crops are out of danger, when they can be set free. Every one will be quite sure to go back to the house at night, and meanwhile what myriads of present and prospective destructive insects will they not destroy!

In this connection it is important to mention one of the institutions of the establishment of Madame De Linas, which may seem laughable to certain people who affect to despise the economy of the French, comparing it to that of the Chinese, who save the trimming of their hair and nails to fertilize the soil of their flower-pots. Doubtless in a new and rich country like this there is no call for the minute economy of a densely populated region of China; but we are a wasteful people, and would do well to study the economical system, if not of the Chinese, at least of the French. They are never ashamed of any real economy, but, on the contrary, regard any wasteful person as lacking in order and common-sense. The institution alluded to is the *poulailler roulant*, or traveling hen-house. It is not original with the Baroness de Linas, and not possessing large agricultural domains herself on which to make this invention serviceable, she had much difficulty in introducing it, until the marriage of two of her daughters to large land-owners in the neighborhood furnished the opportunity. She then had one built on the plan of M. Giot, the author of a work on gallinoculture. It is twenty feet long, nearly seven feet high, and about the same in width. The front is separated from the rest by a partition, and forms a little chamber for the guardian, having a door and window. It accommodates from 350 to 370 chickens very comfortably. They enter the door at the rear end, which is provided with steps like an omnibus. On the side walls are nests, for during the four or five months that the carriage is in service many of the pullets will have commenced to lay. One guardian can easily manage three of these carriages, which are placed in line two or three hundred feet apart.

The present guardian of the Belair *poulailler roulant* is a young man of eighteen; in body a Hercules, able to fell an ox by a single blow of his fist, but in mind almost an idiot. He is the most perfect chicken shepherd imaginable, and very proud of his success.

In the morning Matthieu cleans and sweeps his carriage with great care as soon as his flocks are out in the fields. The guano he spreads over the soil, and then, by means of a cable and capstan, he draws forward the carriage. In the evening he brings water sufficient for the coming day, and gathers the eggs, if there are any. These he takes to Mademoiselle Louise de Linas, to whom he is very devoted. His constant companion is a fine watch-dog that sleeps under the carriage and guards it, and the chickens also, when Matthieu is away. Toward sunset all the chickens "come home to roost," like the curses of the old adage. Matthieu knows them all, and counts them as they go in.

From time to time he secures the young cocks that manifest a tyrannical and fighting spirit, and carries them to the establishment. At the end of the season he will have eliminated all but about thirty, which remain

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with the three hundred pullets. These eliminated specimens are in great demand, and are sold at a high price as choice stock of a carefully improved breed.

The *poulailler roulant* enters the grain fields when the harvesters and gleaners have finished their work, and still the chickens find millions of seeds of the grain, and of weeds, besides the grubs, insects, larvæ, and the chrysalides that lie dormant for the devastation of crops the ensuing year. In addition to this great advantage to the farmer, the fertilization of three or four hundred chickens is no insignificant benefit; so that Madame De Linas must be right in her opinion that farmers would be wise even to pay for the services of these armies of "disciplined scavengers." The fruit growers of New Jersey, for example, who have for the last ten years seen every individual plum and apricot and nectarine destroyed by the curculio, or other pest, will in time, perhaps, look with favor upon the services of chickens. And to what other source can we look for relief from that pest that devours our sweet-corn? This is a curious animal. It is so small when it commences its work that you can hardly see it. It is a beautiful worm (entomologically considered), gold and green in color, and in a few days grows an inch and a half long. By that time it has transformed half, if not all, the kernels into a soft yellowish dough. This horror is the result of an egg, we are told, laid by an insect, and the insect of a pupa that lies in the ground all winter, and which ought to have been devoured by some omnivorously beneficent chicken.



DORKING COCK.

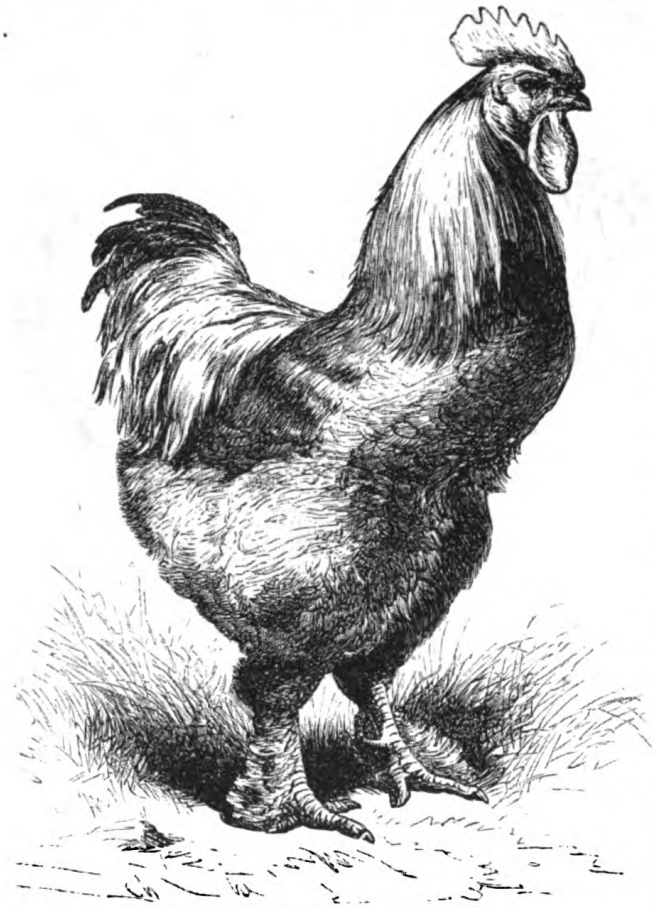


DORKING HENS.

At the Belair establishment the hens and chickens have to look to the soil for their animal food. Its mistress is of the opinion that meat renders their flesh inferior, like that of all carnivorous animals. But their diet is quite varied, according to the effect to be produced. It comprises barley, buckwheat, crushed corn, vetch (*Vicia sativa*), sunflower and hemp seed, millet, rice, and oats, with cabbage, carrots, turnips, beets, potatoes in winter, and growing verdure in the other seasons. The food of the very young chickens is grated bread and hard-boiled eggs, with chopped lettuce or cabbage. This is not made into a dough, but sometimes it is moistened with a little wine, which has been found to have an excellent effect. In all the messes prepared for the fowls salt is used, the functionary who has charge of the feeding department having absolute faith in its efficacy.

In fattening the fowls for market they are shut up in coops, and given milk to drink instead of water. The fattening process *à la mécanique* is not adopted at Belair, because not in harmony with the ideas of Madame De Linas. However, it seems to be generally admitted by *gourmands* that no chickens

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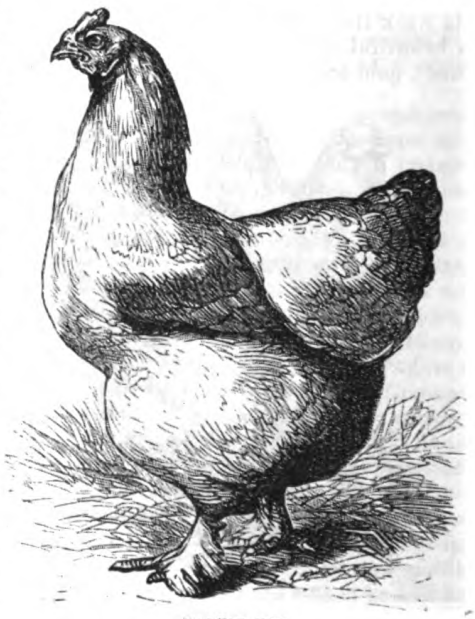


NANKIN COCK.

have such exquisite flavor as those submitted to this process. In the Gardens of Acclimatation at Paris it is very scientifically practiced under the direction of M. Odile Martin. "Its advantages," say the authorities, "do not consist in the rapidity of the process alone, but above all in the special quality of the meat thus produced. It is solid, very tender, exceedingly fine-grained, not overfat (which would not be an advantage), very white in color, and of a flavor quite exceptionally excellent."

If this is so, of course there is no help for the chickens. They must perforce enter their *épinettes*, and be mathematically crammed. Behold here the ingenious contrivance of the Gardens of Acclimatation for manufacturing this "exceptionally excellent" flavor.

It is a huge cylinder with fourteen faces, each in five stories of three compartments each. It holds, therefore, 210 fowls. The cylinder is hollow and empty, except for the axis on which it turns. This hollow construction renders it easily ventilated and kept clean. Before it is a box for the operator. This box, or carriage, moves up and down by pulleys. The *gaveur*—that sounds less offensive than crammer—operates thus: Commencing at the bottom of one of these fourteen faces, he seizes with the left hand the neck of the chicken, and pressing on each side of the beak, the bird is forced to open its mouth, as any lady knows who has doctored a sick chicken or canary. The *gaveur* then introduces the metallic end of the rubber tube into the throat of the chicken, and by a pressure of the foot on a pedal the food rises, and at the same time the amount passing through the tube is indicated on a dial in front of the operator. It is therefore a skillful operation; for the *gaveur*, whatever other motions are necessary, must pay strict attention to the needle on the dial, or he will give his chicken too much or too little. The three chickens duly fed, he turns the cylinder on its axis a little, and the next face of it is before him. When he has completed the round he turns the crank, and the carriage rises to the next story; and so he goes on to the top. Having completed the upper circuit, every chicken in that *épinette* is duly fed. Then he turns the crank in the other direction, and the carriage de-

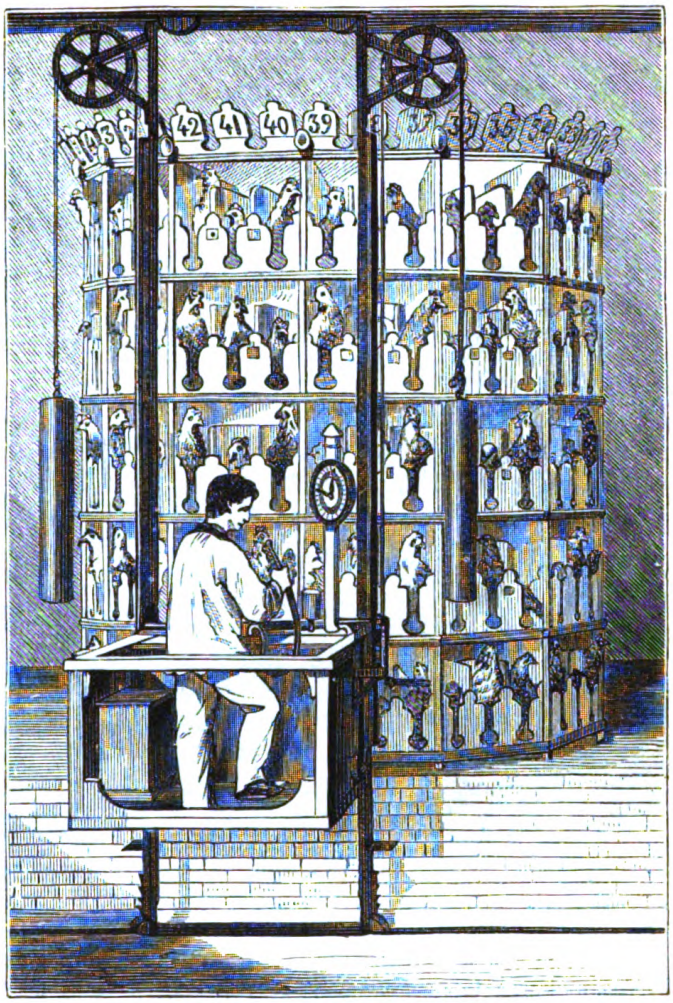


NANKIN HEN.

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scends to the floor, where it rests on a railroad. It is then moved along before the next *epinette*, and the whole operation on 210 more chickens is repeated. *A skillful operator will gave, or cram, 400 chickens in an hour!* That is less than nine seconds to each one; for the time to move the cylinder, to move the carriage up, down, and to the next *epinette*, must be counted out.

Under this *epinette* régime it requires an average of fifteen days to fatten a duck, eighteen for a chicken, twenty for a goose, and twenty-five for a turkey. The food used for chickens is barley and corn meal mixed with milk into a dough so thin that no other liquid is necessary. The ordinary quantity given is from ten to twenty centiliters, or from seven-tenths to one and four-tenths of a gill each time; but this quantity is reached gradually. When the maximum that any chicken can assimilate is found, the number indicating this quantity is placed before its compartment, and the *gaveur* must measure it exactly on the dial.



THE EPINETTE.

Truly this is an age of wonders. What a labor-saving invention this *epinette* must be to the chickens! Maybe it is not wise to give these details. What if some enterprising American should be thereby tempted to invest his whole fortune in a grand improved automaton steam-power *epinette*, warranted to feed ten thousand chickens a minute!

It is to be presumed that the mechanical process of fattening will not be adopted in the charming establishment of Madame De Linas, as her principal object is the exportation of eggs. There is something repulsive in the idea—at least to women. Her establishment is a grand success, extending over thirteen years, and is another instance in proof of the fact that the business qualities of women are rapidly asserting themselves under the encouragement furnished by modern ideas and modern methods of treating all questions. Say what we may of the beauty of dependence in women, dependence is not charming except in weak and inferior creatures. Woman has tasted the forbidden fruit of pecuniary independence in many fields; and henceforth she is to know "good and evil," and develop the moral force to choose the good as the end of all human effort.

L'ENVOI AND SONG.

Last night Sleep slept afar; so Song and I were fain,
Albeit wayworn, to rise and light the lamp again.
Take thou our work, though neither rich nor sage—
A mere bright drop of heart-blood on a page.

A LOVE-WRECKED girl held a dove to her breast:
Coo, dove! coo, dove! wave, willow, wave!
"Dove, does the other dove pine in her nest?
Fly down the night, dove, fly down, and save."

A love-wrecked girl to her breast held a dove:
Coo, dove! coo, dove! weep, willow, weep!
"And I would that, like thou, I could fly to my love,
Or die ere the dawn in my dream-sick sleep."

And the girl in despair cast the dove from her breast:
Fly, dove! fly, dove! wave, willow, wave!
"Thou, dove, and I, dove, will soon be at rest:
Thou in thy nest, dove; I in the grave."

ALFRED H. LOUIS.

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GENERAL SHERMAN IN EUROPE AND THE EAST.

[Third Paper.]

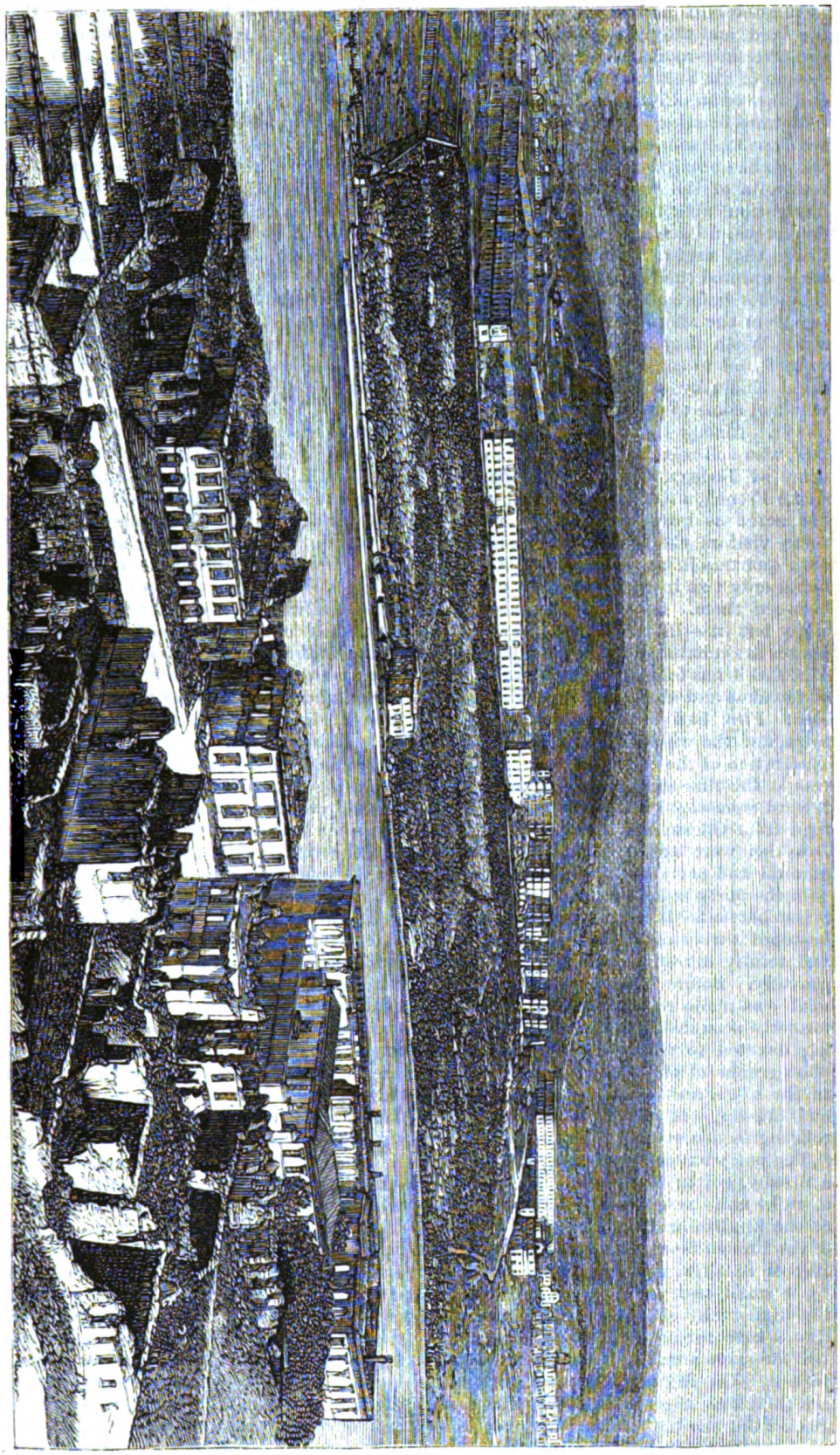


CASTLE OF EUROPE AND VILLAGE WITHIN ITS WALLS.

THE yacht which conveyed the party from Constantinople to Sebastopol had been presented to the Sultan by the Viceroy of Egypt, and was in every way worthy the wealth of the donor. The decks were made of nicely fitting pieces of wood; the staircases were very wide and handsome; while the grand cabin, or *salon*, was large, furnished in satin, and the floors were covered with Turkey carpet. There was a very extensive state-room for the Sultan, containing a bed large enough for three persons; and opening from this were smaller state-rooms, bath-room, and dining-room. A caterer, with the necessary edibles and attendants, was sent along, the whole being under the command of an admiral of the Turkish navy who had been at the siege of the city to which the party was destined. The day, in point of beauty, was all that one could wish to see. The shores were covered with the green of early spring, and appeared in strong contrast to their wet sward of a few days previous. After passing the Robert College, the first object of particular interest was the ancient fortification (Castle de l'Europe) built by the Turks during their final attack upon Constantinople. The period when this took place was some time about the year 1492. The fortification was a stone wall of heavy masonry, with towers, and in shape resembling the initial of the Sultan. (Upon the Asiatic shore was a similar fortification, both being used like the modern têtes-de-pont. In case of failure in the attack they would have given refuge to the retreating army). The accompanying illustration will give some idea of this work, it being on the European shore of the Bosphorus. The point of land beyond is Therapia. The houses which line both shores of the straits are of wood, one, two, and three stories high, and browned by the heat of the sun. About Therapia, which is the fashionable summer resort, are some very handsome palaces, the principal of which belong to the Viceroy of Egypt, and the English, French, and Austrian legations.

Through the Straits of the Bosphorus we entered the Black Sea. On the two points at the entrance are some fortifications, but not of a character to cause any apprehension to a determined passage. The water of this sea looked like that of any other. Probably to the early Greeks the change from the Sea of Marmora to the dark water of the Black, caused by the reflection of the clouds and fog which often envelop it, gave the impression which justified them in bestowing the sombre name. When night closed

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THE CITY OF SEBASTOPOL AS IT NOW IS.

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in the *Sultanieh* had passed well away from the land, and the party retired to their respective state-rooms, the general taking possession of the Sultan's bed with all the nonchalance of an old traveler.

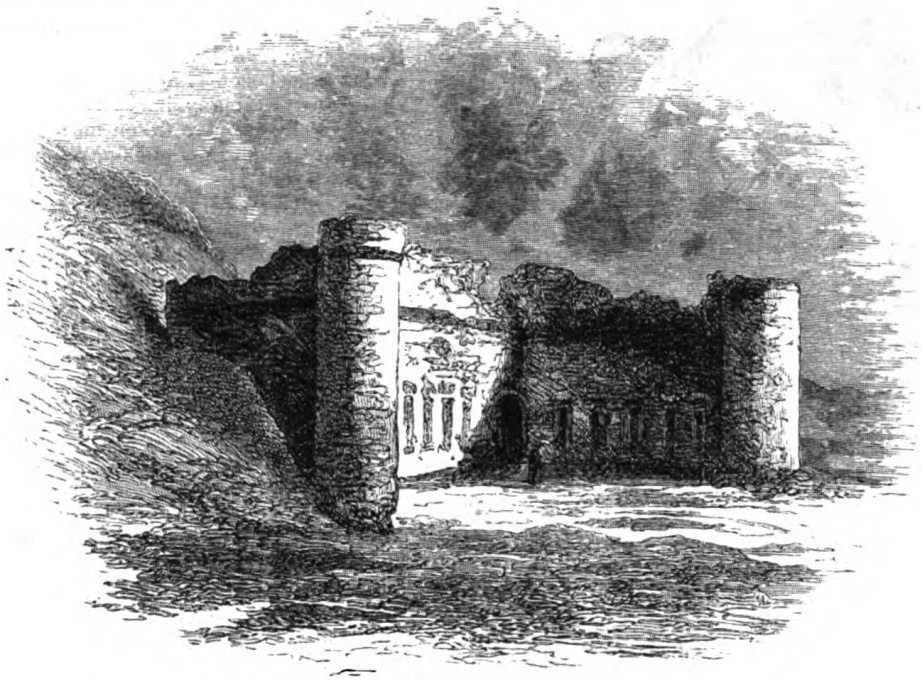
Toward evening of the next day we could see Cape Chersonesus of the Crimean shore; but as the admiral in command feared the remnants of the wrecks which still made navigation about the Bay of Sebastopol dangerous, no attempt was made to anchor inside that night. With daylight the *Sultanieh* entered the bay, and had hardly come to anchor before a boat was seen approaching from the shore containing several officers. When they had come on board they were found to consist of the governor, Admiral Kislinsky, and his principal officers, who had come to offer every civility in their power. Among them was a Major Roschkoff, who had been born in a Russian settlement at Bodega, California. This officer spoke French, a little English and Spanish, and acted as interpreter. After receiving these visitors the party went ashore and took quarters in an indifferent hotel, there being only two in the place, and no choice between them. Sebastopol stands as the siege left it—in ruins. But few of the houses are inhabited, and from a population of 80,000 it has fallen to one of 8000. Signs of the shot and shell are every where to be seen. Fire had also swept through the town, and the whole appearance was a full illustration of the effects of war. Attention was at the time of this visit being directed toward Sebastopol, and the survey for a railroad from Odessa had already been made. Droskies were engaged, and the Turkish admiral and some of his officers invited to join the party in an excursion over the different battle-fields. The country about Sebastopol is a series of high rolling plateaux, and totally divested of trees. The soil is gravelly. Before starting on this drive a visit was made to the museum, the house formerly occupied by General Totleben being devoted to that purpose. It contains photographs of the generals who took part in the siege, and books, maps, engravings, and drawings of all kinds and languages relating to this event.

The party having been counted off two to a drosky, got in motion, and after a drive of eight miles reached Balaklava, the dépôt of the English army during the siege, that of the French being at Kamiesch Bay. The Bay of Balaklava is small, and is entered by a small and winding channel between the high rocky shores. Indeed, it is more like a cove for a single vessel than a harbor for such numbers as must have occupied it. On the heights overlooking this are the ruins of an ancient Genoese castle. Back from the bay a short distance is the scene of the battle, and a narrow escape the English had from losing their dépôt. Cross the ridge, and the scene of the charge of the six hundred is reached. It is a tempting place to charge, and well the Russians anticipated the movement. From the surrounding heights the inactive had a splendid view of the battle. Following the road which runs through the hills at the point where the Russian batteries were posted, we reached the Tchernaya and crossed the old stone bridge, known as the "Traktei," and passing down the valley between high chalk hills, ascended these by a long and steep road to the battle-field of Inkerman. This is about five miles out from Sebastopol. Here as well as at Balaklava a granite monument has been erected to commemorate the event. The country at this point is high, and the fight must have been very severe. By the ditches, forts, and approaches, built and dug during the siege, we reached the Malakoff Hill, the capture of which decided the conflict. Upon this hill originally stood a tower of heavy masonry, around the base of which the fort was built, and named for a sailor who was the first one killed. The place is strong, and the key point for defense, as from it one looks right into the city, only one and a half miles distant. There is from there a good view over the bay and town, which is built close by the water, and is much lower than the country around. Upon the parade ground the troops were being drilled. Some of them were engaged in gymnastic exercises, others were marching with and without muskets, and in order to mark the time they were singing some Russian song. The rolling country, the ruined city, the beautiful bay, and the strong voices of the men made altogether a strange environment.

On the north side of the harbor is an artillery camp, and a cemetery in which the Russian dead are buried, the chapel to which cemetery is very beautifully frescoed. The dead are all buried with their faces toward the east. Here are the remains of 200,000 men who were killed or died during the siege. They lie in vaults, each vault containing from fifty to three hundred men. The French have likewise taken care of their dead; but the English, ever ready to find out and deplore the faults of others, have left their dead about the hospitals in which they died, or on the field where they fell, raising no stone to their memory.

The breakfast to which the general was invited by the mayor on Friday was a success, and did not differ much from other European breakfasts, excepting that before sitting at table every one helped himself from a side-table, on which were the brandies of Russia, slices of ham, sausages, small fish, caviare (sturgeon roe), radishes, cheese, etc., and of these some ate enough for an ordinary meal. Toasts were drank, which

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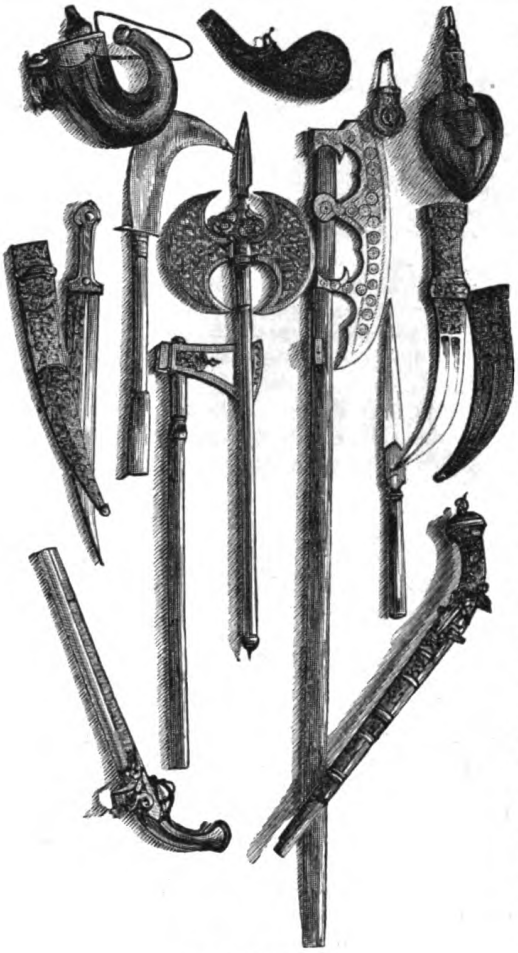
MALAKOFF.

were interpreted by a Russian officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Prince Dolgorouky, a most amiable and pleasant gentleman, who spoke fair English, and who was of great service to the party in their after-movements. The President's health was drank, at the conclusion of which many broke their glasses, thus indicating that they should never be put to a more ignoble purpose.

The day before the arrival of the steamer from Odessa, bound to Poti, the general, Mr. Curtin, Colonel Audenried, Prince Dolgorouky, and a correspondent of the New York *Herald*, who attached himself to the party, having been invited by Mr. Curtin, started early by carriage for Yalta, about fifty miles distant, at which place they would take the steamer. Lieutenant Grant and young Mr. Curtin remained at Sebastopol to take the steamer there. The road, called the Woronzoff, after a prince of that name, ran through the battle-field of Balaklava, and then through a mountainous country for about twenty-five miles, for which distance it was about 2000 feet above the sea. Approaching what looked like, and indeed was, an arch built across the road, a most beautiful scene burst upon the view. Two thousand feet below lay the Black Sea, the descent to which was bright with the green verdure and flowers of spring. On the left hand rose the rocky heights 3000 feet above, the whole making a picture impossible to describe, and almost unrivaled in its beauty. For twenty-five miles the road ran by the sea, which lay at an average from 800 to 2000 feet below, crossing clear, leaping streams of water, passing through villages, by vineyards, the horses, four abreast, going at the gallop. It is one of the most beautiful drives, and far surpasses the famous Corniche Road from Nice to Genoa.

At the palace of Prince Woronzoff, near Yalta, we passed an hour very pleasantly. The palace is built after the style of a feudal castle, and is situated off the main road close by the sea. The grounds are wild and very pretty. As the family was absent, we did not see the interior of the palace. Before reaching Yalta we had met a basket phaeton drawn by two large, handsome black horses. The driver was alone on the box, dressed in the flat cap or hat and long coat of the Russian coachman. There was no footman, and inside sat two ladies and two boys, apparently mother and children. These were simply dressed, but were the Empress of Russia, her daughter, and two sons, who were staying at the Summer Palace, about two miles out from the village of Yalta. Through the grounds of this Summer Palace the party drove. They are large and very prettily arranged, the house of the Emperor, as well as that of the Crown Prince, being somewhat Swiss in its style. Yalta has a lovely situation, but an expensive and very indifferent hotel. Offers of carriages, etc., were made from the Empress's household, and the Empress sent a message to say that if General Sherman intended remaining any time, she would be pleased to receive him. The general, however, had only come for the ride, and as the steamer

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CIRCASSIAN ARMS.

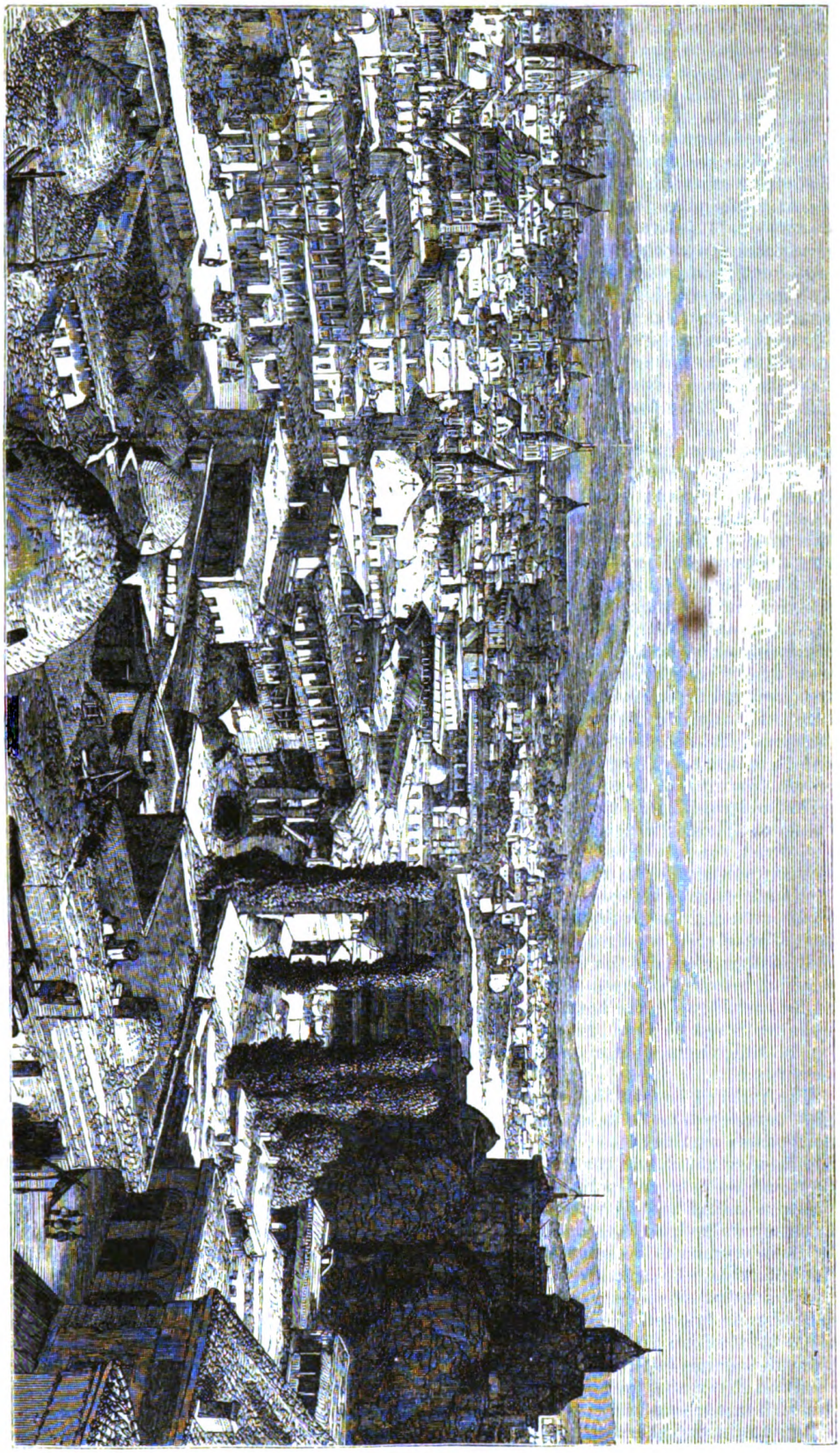
actually arrived about 9 A.M. the next day, they embarked for Poti, the Empress having sent her boat to take them off to the steamer.

Here those left at Sebastopol were again added to the party, as well as Colonel Dolgorouky and the New York *Herald* reporter. The steamer, called the *Alexander*, was quite fair, and the table very good. There were many steerage passengers, who passed their time in lying around the deck, and about twenty cabin passengers. At one place a company of Russian infantry was taken on board, who sang and danced to some very wild music. The Russian soldier is not very clean, and his food consists of three pounds of sour black bread per day, with some hominy and occasionally meat. His pay is less than three dollars a year, and such luxuries as sugar and coffee are unknown. The steamer touched at Theodosia, and should have been at Kertch early the next day, but lost twelve hours in a fog, and did not actually reach there until midnight, anchoring three miles out, and though only drawing twelve feet, stirred up the mud with her keel. The town has about it some strong fortifications, and lies in the Straits of Yenikalé, which connect the Black Sea and the Sea of Azov. After leaving Kertch the shore line becomes mountainous, and there are not many harbors. Freight and passengers were taken on and put off at several places, and finally anchor was cast off Poti, which lies at the mouth of a small river named Rion. The swell was about as much as usually occurs in the Gulf of Mexico. The small steamboat which was to have come out to take off the passengers could not or would not come, so the captain proceeded some twenty miles further to the next port below, called Batoum. Here was quite a nice little harbor, but the town was a miserable, dirty place. It is upon Turkish soil, and the history of its belonging to that country is curious. In making a treaty with Turkey, in defining the boundary between the respective territories, instead of writing the name *Tchorok*, the clerk who copied it wrote *Tcholok*. The former river would have given the harbor of Batoum to the Russians, who now have none at that end of the sea, while the Turks have quite a good one, which, according to the English engineer of the *Alexander*, arose from writing a "hell" (l) instead of a "har" (r).

During the delay at Batoum the Russian consul entertained the party at breakfast. The next day the wind subsided, and the small steamer came down and carried the passengers back to Poti. The Caucasian range of mountains stood out in bold relief, their tops and sides covered with snow. Poti, according to the map, was a large place; in reality, it was quite a small place, with wide, dusty streets, situated on the river Rion, a stream navigable for fourteen miles. The country about was flat and swampy, the whole resembling towns on the Lower Mississippi. There were bales of cotton (from Persia) and piles of wood lying about, just as one sees in America. At Poti the mayor was awaiting to drive the general about the place, leaving time only to take a very hasty breakfast before the train would leave for Koutais. A railroad was in the course of construction to Tiflis, 260 miles, and was in running order beyond Koutais, about 100 miles from Poti. An English company had the charter, and the cars were a mixture of English and American models. The governor of Koutais had sent an aid to meet and accompany General Sherman to that place.

The country from Poti to Koutais is flat and partially wooded. There were a number of stations along the way, about which clustered the natives in Circassian costume. As to the beauty of the women in that portion of the world, the observation of the

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party went to show that the stories told were *stories* in reality. Compared to the dark visages of the Turks and Egyptians, they were to be admired, but in other respects they fell below the average of European women.

In the afternoon we reached the station for Koutais, and from there to the town the distance was about five miles. The town is a quaint old place, and has a very tumble-down look. It is situated on the Rion, which goes dashing over the rocky bed. The country about is mountainous and very pretty. The hotel is very indifferent—and very expensive. Here the night was passed, and the next morning at eight o'clock the party started for the railroad, the governor, Count Levashoff, accompanying us. On the way a company of Circassian infantry was inspected. These soldiers came from the Guriel, on the border of Asia Minor, and carried, in addition to a musket, their native weapons, consisting of a long pistol and knife, both beautifully mounted in silver. Their dress was native also, and consisted of a close-fitting dark woolen jacket like a Cardigan, and doubtless the original pattern, woolen trowsers, full in the seat, and fitting close to the leg down to the foot. Their shoes were without lacing or heels, and on their heads they wore a red "bashlik" turban fashion. They were ordered to follow to the railway, and came at a run, the horses to the carriages trotting. Taking short-cuts across the hills and along the road, they reached the station as soon as we did, the distance being five miles, and running at the rate of six miles the hour. The cartridges were carried across the breast, the jacket having fluted pockets for that purpose. The officers wore the Circassian dress, which consists of black pantaloons worn tight over the boots or shoes, a long kind of shirt, over which is worn a long coat, fitting close to the body, the skirts reaching below the knees. The front is fluted for cartridges. The hat is a high Astrakhan, with red on top. A sword is carried by the side, and a shorter one hangs across the body.

The railroad beyond this station, though now completed to Tiflis, at that time was not open to regular travel. A special train had been prepared, and the party was taken for about an hour and a half further on to where a tunnel was being made. Around this they walked, the baggage being carried by the workmen to a construction train on the other side, which consisted of the engine and a dirt car. Seated upon this, they started, and were taken to Melette, some seventy miles in all from Koutais. The road ran through a gorge in the mountains made by the Rion River, and the scenery was beautiful, such as one sees in Switzerland. An occasional ruined castle on the peak of some high hill was passed, showing what in early times defended this pass. Seven in all were seen before Tiflis was reached. At Melette two carriages were awaiting the arrival of the party. These had been sent from Tiflis, and presuming that they would not be sufficient for all, Mr. Curtin and his son remained behind one day longer at Koutais. Though these were very dilapidated conveyances—one being open, the other a species of stage-coach—they were quite stylish for that country, the ordinary post-wagon, or drosky, answering to the following description: Take four wheels, and put them on rude axles; across the axles lay two poles; split a hogshead lengthwise into halves, and place one half on the two poles, and then fasten them all together; to the front axle attach two rude shafts; put one horse in the shafts, and tie his rope traces to the ends of the fore-axle, where they project beyond the wheels; over the neck of the animal erect a heavy hoop about two and a half feet high, the ends being fastened to the shafts, at which points fasten the other end of the rope traces; on each side of this horse place another, and tie his rope traces any where; have some hay put in the half hogshead, and if there is any baggage, fasten it on the poles behind the half hogshead. Get in. A dirty driver will sit in front, and with the exclamation, "God be with us!" off you go to the music (?) of the bell or bells hanging from the hoop. Such is the post-wagon; and such a conveyance carried the baggage of the party, which at the end of the journey had on top what had been in the bottom at starting. Four horses, driven abreast, were attached to each carriage, and the rate of speed traveled was about eight miles an hour. The road to Gori, about fifty miles from Tiflis, was splendid. It ascended the mountains along the river Rion, while beautiful wooded hills, mountains, and valleys were every where to be seen. The rhododendrons were in bloom, the trees in full leaf, the day fine, and the whole scenery enchanting; and as the strains of the conductor's bugle echoed among the hills, it seemed as though the acme of travel had been reached. The head waters of the Rion once reached, the road descended into a lovely and rich valley, well cultivated. Country people, in their queer wagons, were passed; trains from Persia, loaded with box-wood, cotton, and Persian goods, were also met; while at one place a caravan of camels had halted, and were in camp. The country wagon is even more rudely constructed than the post. It consists of two rude wheels, on the axle of which are fastened some poles, which make the floor. Some hoops are bent across this, sustaining a mat or other article sufficient to make a top. A pole goes to the front, to which are harnessed two or four, as the case may be, buffalo or oxen. Upon the floor sit the family, and if

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the baby goes along, its cradle is placed in the back part, where it rides apparently well contented. At Poti attention was attracted to a woman who was riding a horse—and they all ride straddle, like men—while behind, on foot, trudged the "lord and master," with a cradle on his back in which was the baby. Gori was reached at 9 P.M., and at the stage station a fair supper of meat and eggs was obtained. Travelers are supposed to carry their own food and bedding along.

A luncheon the party had provided themselves with, but no bedding; so that night hay was placed on the floor of the house, and, wrapped in their overcoats, they lay "like warriors taking their rest." At 4 A.M. they were astir, and succeeded in getting some weak coffee, and in an hour were again on the road. The morning was cool from the rain of the previous evening, during which one of the most magnificent rainbows that could be imagined was seen. It extended from one side the horizon to the other, and the colors were beautifully brilliant.

The country from Poti to Tiflis was not a land of barbarians. For the first twenty miles after starting it is about the same as one sees along the Mississippi, flat and wooded. When the higher ground was reached the road ran through villages, the people of which were at work in the fields, and the general aspect differed little from that of Spain or Italy. At Koutais, as well as at Tiflis, there were persons in the hotels who spoke French and English, and during the journey Prince Dolgorouky acted as interpreter. It must be remembered that if an ancestor of a Russian family had been a prince, no matter how many centuries back, every male descendant is entitled to that title, no matter what his occupation may be.

The situation of Tiflis was a disappointment to the party. Instead of being built upon high ground, overlooking a rich country, it is built in a gorge of the river Kur, which runs to the Caspian Sea, and surrounded by bald and barren hills. It was the capital of old Georgia, and is now the principal town of the Caucasus. The population varies, being greatest in summer, when the caravans come in. The most permanent population is about forty thousand. The town is divided into two parts, the old and the new, the former being built down by the river, and has narrow and dirty streets like Constantinople. Near by is a hot spring, at which there are baths for rheumatism. The new town is built more up the hill-side, and has quite good houses and wide streets. There are three hotels, at one of which ("Hôtel de l'Europe") the party stopped, where the accommodations were quite good. There is no correspondent to any banking house in Western Europe, but money can be easily obtained on a letter of credit.

On the summit of the overhanging hill on the south side of the town there is a castle in ruins, and apparently inaccessible. This, however, is not the case, as there is a winding road, and behind the castle is quite a pretty botanical garden. Across the Kur—which is spanned by a good stone bridge—on the high plateau, are extensive barracks, and about this on the Sunday of our arrival there was held a festival. Large numbers of the inhabitants were assembled. There was not much to amuse them, but still they seemed happy. Some circular swings, some dancing, and rude music something like the bagpipes, some drinking tents, at which the patronage was as large as at any of the kind in America — these afforded the pleasure. Although most of the men carried knives, they seemed perfectly peaceable. The public buildings are handsome, and the palace of the Grand Duke Michael, brother of the Emperor, who is the governor, is very neat. Near this are some pretty grounds; and there is quite a fine public park, in which ladies and gentlemen were walking, while the children played about, and played games such as are known to American children. Though the costumes were as varied as the nationality of the pedestrians, still the impressions created were not such as one forms far away from this, to Americans, almost unknown country. Among the women the only distinguishing mark of the country in the dress was the flat hat of straw, fitting to the head something like a close cap, without vizor, sometimes richly embroidered, and from about which hung a long white veil. Their beauty was not calculated to excite unusual admiration.

There were churches with their gilded spires, and these were attended; and but for the lonely feeling that one has in a country where the language is unknown, there were familiar scenes. In a church near the hotel a wedding was celebrated the evening of our arrival. Permission to attend being asked and obtained, after dinner we went, and arrived after the ceremony had commenced. The bridegroom was an officer with the rank of major. The bride, who was about eighteen, and rather pretty, was dressed in a white silk, with the usual veil, orange blossoms, etc., to be seen at home. She was attended by seven bride-maids, who were dressed according to fancy as regarded color, but whose dresses were made as in Western Europe. These young ladies talked among themselves during the ceremony, and seemed to be having a very pleasant time. The church was small, and as there were no seats, every one stood. The ceremony was conducted according to the Greek Church. In the middle of the church, away from the main altar, stood a smaller one. Before it were two priests, dressed in handsome robes embroidered in gold-thread,

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and upon the head of one was a hat, apparently of felt. Their hair was long, hanging to the shoulders, and parted in the middle, the usual way of wearing it among priests of the Greek Church. These priests stood facing this smaller altar, while behind them were the bride and groom, who stood upon a piece of red satin, each holding in one hand a wax-taper. Upon the altar were burning large wax-tapers. From a richly bound Bible one of the priests read extracts, during which the bride and groom at intervals crossed themselves twice each time. The choir of men in the corner near the main altar sweetly chanted the responses. Occasionally the priests turned toward the bride and groom, who had, previous to the arrival of General Sherman and party, exchanged rings, and who now alternately took three sips of wine from a flat cup, crossing themselves in doing so. After this followed some more reading from the Bible, when two crowns were brought, and the sign of the cross made with them before the couple, who likewise made the sign and kissed the crowns, after which they were held over the heads of the bride and groom by two of the groomsmen, who were relieved by others in turn as their arms became tired. This was followed by more reading, and then the bride and groom, each taking hold of the robe of one of the priests, passed three times around the altar. After this a third priest, or patriarch, magnificently clad in robes embroidered in gold and worked with silk flowers, wearing upon his head a gold crown inlaid with pearls, came from behind the main altar, and pronounced the benediction. The bride and groom, having received the congratulations of their friends, passed to the main altar, knelt, said some prayers, kissed the images, and then departed for their home, where a supper was served. The ceremony lasted an hour, and during it the bride spoke to the groom, and smiled on some of her friends.

As soon as General Sherman's arrival was known, the Grand Duke Michael sent an aid-de-camp to inquire his wishes, as did also Baron Nicolai, the civil governor of the city. The party had not reached Tiflis without paying their expenses. Telegrams had been sent along the railroad without their knowledge in regard to trains, and the bills were afterward presented to them for payment. The Grand Duke sent carriages to meet them at Melette, and they were compelled to pay not only for these conveyances from Melette to Tiflis, but also for the journey from Tiflis to Melette when empty, and for the greasing of the wheels, and the "pour boire" to the drivers. This was well intended, but was, in fact, an unnecessary expenditure. The Tuesday following their arrival they were received by the Grand Duke Michael in his palace. They were in full uniform, and on arriving at the palace found the anteroom filled with officers, who were arranged around the four sides, all in full uniform. A Russian officer is never without his uniform and sword. The first received into the Grand Duke's presence were General Sherman and Mr. Curtin, Colonel Audenried and Mr. Grant being obliged to wait, according to Russian etiquette. In about ten minutes they were called in, the Grand Duke receiving them all very cordially. He is about forty, tall, hand-



GRAND DUKE MICHAEL.

some, and very soldierly-looking. After an interview of about half an hour, during which maps were examined embracing the proposed route after leaving Tiflis, the conversation being in English, which the Russian royal family speak quite well, the Grand Duke invited them to dinner for the next day, and the party took their leave. The next morning a review of about 4000 men was had in honor of General Sherman. This constituted the garrison of Tiflis, although there were in all over 200,000 of the pick of the Russian army stationed in the Caucasus. The review was held outside the city, upon an open plain, which the party reached in carriages, where horses were in waiting, according to orders given. Leaving their carriages, they mounted the animals provided, and rode to where the troops had been formed in close column by division. They were dressed in dark green coats, white trowsers, white foraging caps—for, though only early May, the weather was warm—and top-boots, which all the army wear. Sometimes the trowsers are tucked in the boot leg, as in this case, sometimes worn over the top; in either case, however, being uniform. As General Sherman rode down the line the troops of each battalion followed him with their eyes until he had passed.

In the evening the party dined with the Grand Duke Michael. There were some thirty at table, consisting of his staff and some general officers, many of whom spoke English. Previous to the dinner the guests were assembled in a room into which the

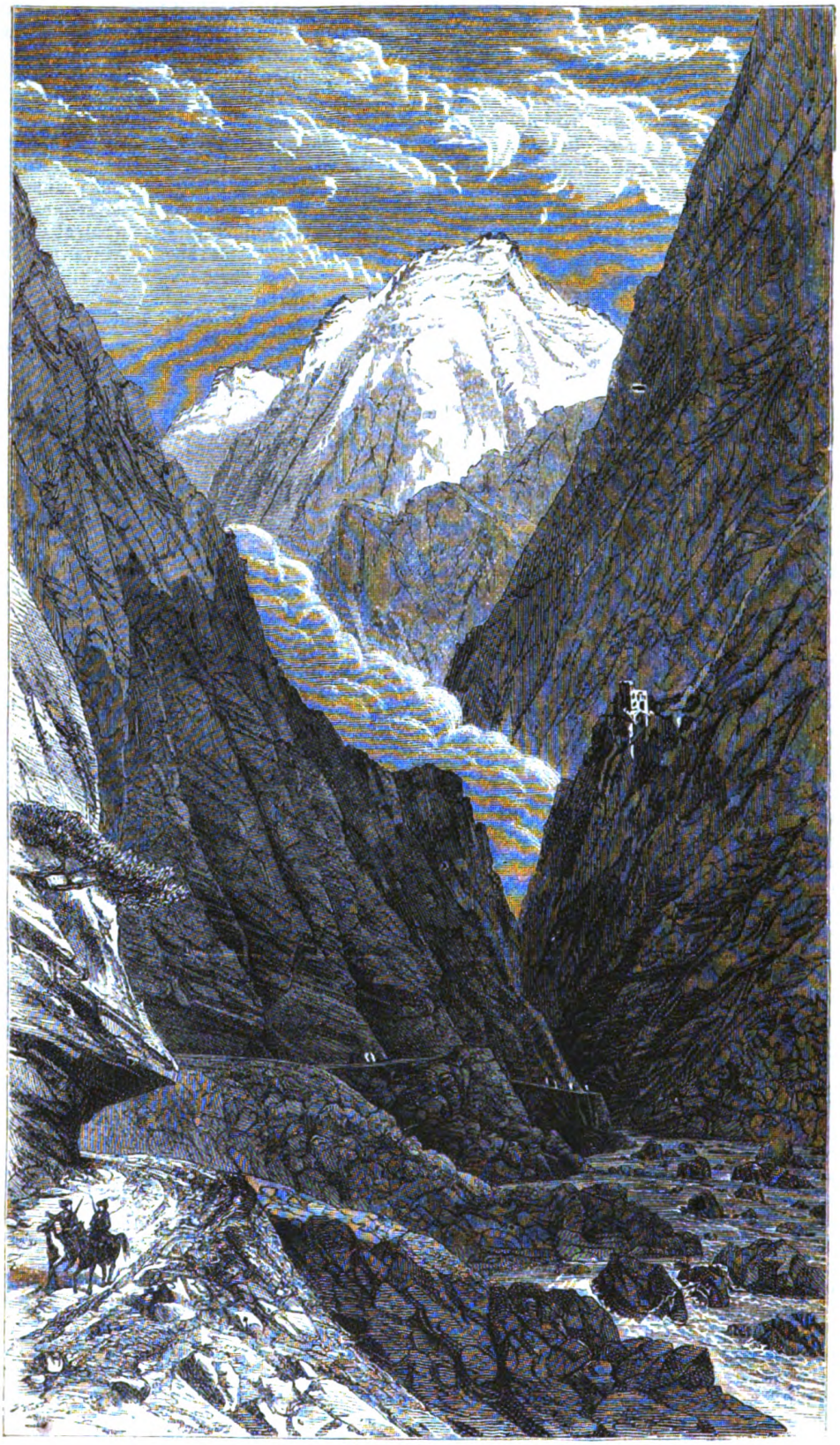
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Grand Duke came. He shook hands with General Sherman and party, after which they all passed into a larger room, arranged after the Persian style of stucco-work and small mirrors, where was a side-table upon which were the usual edibles and drinkables which precede a Russian dinner. In an end of this room was the dining-table, at which they seated themselves after the "lunch," Mr. Curtin, as the American minister, being on the Grand Duke's right hand, the general sitting on his left. Opposite the Grand Duke sat the former governor of the Caucasus, with the governor of Turkestan on his right, and the governor of another province on his left. A band stationed in a balcony played during the dinner, and among the pieces played were *The Star-spangled Banner* and *Yankee Doodle*. Before eating the Grand Duke took a small piece of bread, made with it the sign of the cross, placed salt upon it, and then laid it by the plate of General Sherman. This said, "May God bless you; you are my brother," the highest token of Russian hospitality. The dinner was good but plain, and after it the party retired to another room to smoke, and then walked in the garden, which is large and pretty. Returning to the house, where were arms and pictures of various kinds hanging about the walls, the Grand Duke showed a beautiful water-color executed by his wife, the Grand Duchess Olga, and photographs of all his family, and spoke very pleasantly and familiarly with all, after which the party broke up.

Four days had been passed in looking about Tiflis, and General Sherman, having consulted with the Grand Duke, changed in part his plans. The original intention was to go to the Caspian Sea, and by boats ascend the Volga to Nijni-Novgorod. As the Grand Duke thought it very improbable that any regular steamer could be found running upon the Caspian, the general decided to go north by conveyance, crossing the Caucasian range of mountains, and in 900 versts, or 600 miles, reach the railroad for Moscow, on the river Don, at a place called Rostov. For this purpose a calèche of two seats, drawn by four horses abreast, a heavy carriage with four seats besides the driver, drawn by six horses, four abreast and two in front, and a spring wagon for the baggage, drawn by six horses alike arranged, were engaged at a cost of about $500 in gold. In the first rode General Sherman, Mr. Curtin, and one other of the party, while the rest were provided for in the second carriage.

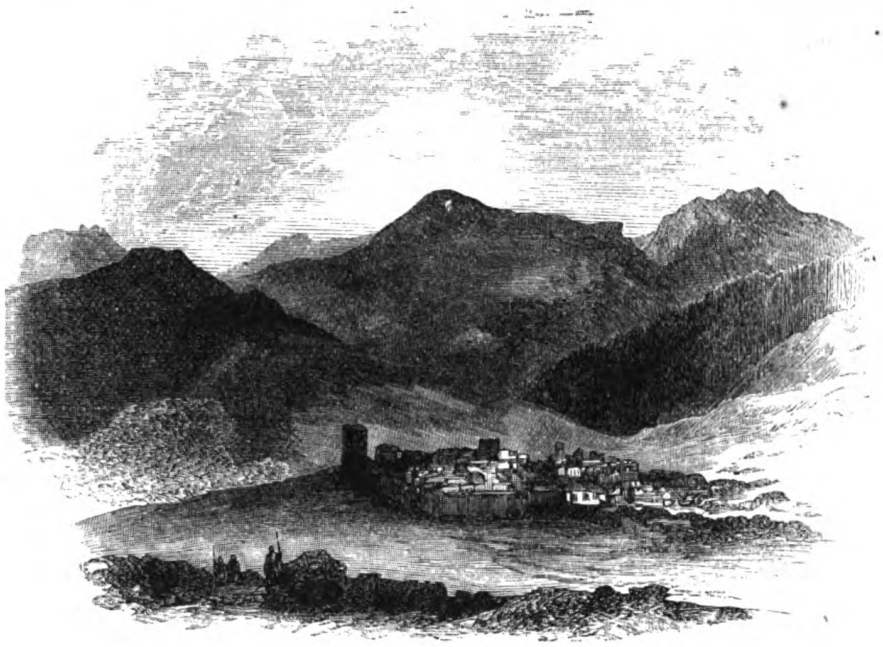
On the bright morning of Thursday, May 9, the carriages drew up before the hotel, about which had gathered many persons to witness the departure of the "Americans." Having seated themselves, the order to move on was given, and with the exclamation from their Russian companion, Prince Dolgorouky, of "God be with us!" they were off. This gentleman had been so very serviceable on the trip from Poti that he was invited by General Sherman to accompany him until the railroad was reached. Dolgorouky was very anxious to do this, but had not the necessary leave of absence. Upon General Sherman making his wish known to the Grand Duke Michael, he was informed by his highness that he could not grant the leave, but would telegraph the request to Dolgorouky's commanding general, at Odessa, which being done, the leave was granted. This shows the discipline of the army. The road for twenty versts was the same as that by which the party had come from Poti, and at the end of which distance it turned north toward the Sea of Azov. The road was a good turnpike, and after a few hours the mountain range was directly approached. Upon the southern slope the ascent is gradual and the country cultivated. Upon every side the most beautiful mountain scenery is seen, while above all rise the high peaks of the Caucasus Mountains. This range lies between the Black and Caspian seas, running diagonally, and bordering the former sea upon its northern side. Their height is about 18,000 feet, the same as that of the Alps, and their length about 700 miles. From any point about Tiflis this range of snow-clad mountains can be seen, with the mighty Elburz to the northwest, and the Kazbek due north. Away to the south lies Mount Ararat, occasionally visible, and situated in the great highway from Asia to Europe. Apart from its interest as the resting-place of Noah's ark, it has witnessed the mighty surging to and fro of the masses of human life, pushed by unseen causes from overpeopled Asia to the newer European camps. Here have tarried remnants of the Medes and Persians, the Turks and Tartars, the Greeks and Romans, and until a very recent period the inhabitants constituted some dozen or more patriarchal governments—Circassia, Lesghia, and Daghestan on the north of the range; Imeretia, Guriel, Mingrelia, and Georgia to the south—but the mighty empire of the Russians has gradually and irresistibly annexed them all, the last resistance being that of Schamyl, who fell into the power of the Russians about the time the civil war closed in America. He is described as a fine old man, of chivalric character, and was treated with royal honors, carried to Kiev, in Lesser Russia, and treated as a king. About a year ago, being a Mussulman, he sought for and obtained permission to visit Mecca, and on his way back died. For a description of this chief's camp and the method of his carrying on the war, reference should be made to a work published in London, entitled *The Captive Princesses*, which, though historically correct, possesses all the interest of a romance. Now all is quiet in the Cau-

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PASS OF DARIEL.

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SCHAMYL'S VILLAGE, GUINIB.

casus, and the best system for that part of the world prevails, where the people are divided into so many different tribes.

The first day 80 miles were passed over. The road began to ascend the mountain by zigzags protected by heavy masonry. It was after sundown when the stage station for the night was reached. Snow lay about, and the weather was very cold. The government provides for the carrying of the mail, and at intervals of about every fifteen or twenty versts are stations for changing the horses. The whole is of course under the charge of the Post Department, and for travelers there is a system by which conveyances are furnished, stipulations being made by contract for the number of horses at so much the verst. At the station are houses of one or two rooms, utterly unprovided with accommodations of any kind other than shelter. Travelers are expected to carry their own bedding and edibles. In this case none were carried. In lieu of the former hay was placed on the floor, upon which the party slept, covered by their overcoats. Such refreshment as the keepers of the stage stations were able to furnish was had, excepting when towns were reached. The first night was passed in such a station, and a cold one it was. The next morning the summit of the pass was reached, 7729 feet high. Snow lay about in every direction, and above the road rose high the peak of Kazbek, 17,000 and more feet, glistening in the morning sun. After passing the highest point, the road descended through a deep gorge between the bald, rocky mountain-sides, passing quite frequently the ruins of some ancient castle. The roadway was very well built, broad and winding. The coachmen did not spare their horses, and the rate traveled was about ten miles the hour. Through the gorge ran a stream of water, and from one side to the other passed the carriage-way. Soldiers were employed in keeping guard over this passage, as over it come most of the supplies which are intended for the army. Some fifty versts before reaching the town of Vladi-Kavkas ("Key to the Caucasus") a guard of seven Cossacks placed themselves in front and rear of the carriages, and were relieved in turn by others as the stations were passed. Some seven miles before reaching the town a company of Cossack cavalry, in number about sixty, had been stationed by the road-side, and as the party passed wheeled to the left, and on the level ground on both sides of the road began a series of evolutions. The mountain slope ceases very abruptly on the north side, when the plain immediately commences. These evolutions consisted in riding furiously, firing their old-fashioned muskets, throwing themselves backward on their horses, jumping to the ground and mounting while at a full run, standing up in the stirrups, which had been crossed on the saddle, and stooping to pick up objects from the ground. Occasionally some would quickly dismount, and after causing their horses to lie down, make of them a protection, from behind which they would fire upon an imaginary enemy. Their horses are small and thin, but very enduring, the saddle something like the M'Clellan, from which the latter was doubtless copied, having a cushion on the seat which causes

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COSSACKS.

the feet to be elevated to the horse's sides. In riding they closely hug the horse with the legs, like the Comanche Indians, the stirrups being worn quite short. Instead of spurs, they carry a whip with a short stick and lash. Taking the bridle-rein between their teeth, away they go like so many Indians, whom they closely resemble. For pursuit they may be quite efficient, but for the attack a steady stand would soon disperse them. Their dress consisted of pantaloons tucked inside long stockings, over which leggings and shoes like moccasins are worn, long coat fitting tight to the body and reaching below the knee, standing coat collar, and high Astrakhan hat. Their arms consist of the old Circassian musket, pistol, and sabre, the two former being loaded at the muzzle, and with flint locks.

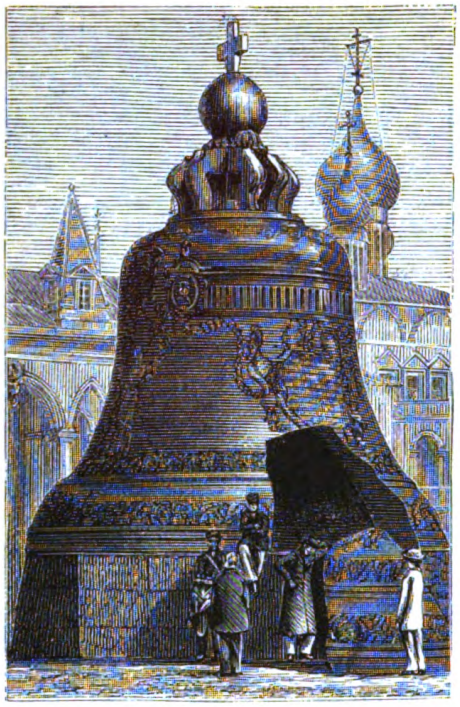
At Vladi-Kavkas a dinner was given by the governor's aid (the governor being at Tiflis) at the club, which was quite a good building. It was nicely served in European style, during which an orchestra, composed of the Cossacks, supplied good music. After dinner some native dances were danced by the soldiers, and the party then took their departure, accompanied for several miles by the Cossack company. As the party was leaving, an officer reported to them that it was customary to give something to the troops, and what was supposed to be complimentary cost just seventy dollars in gold. Small guards continued to attend until night came on, to whom in turn it was necessary to give a "pour boire," until, finally, at the earnest request of General Sherman, who disliked this pomp, they ceased their attentions. The road, after leaving the mountain range, passed through a country varying little from the plains of America, and one could, were it not for the costumes of the natives, as well as their odd wagons, imagine himself in Western Kansas. Camps were established by the wayside, from which the camp-fires shone in the night, and the whole had an appearance quite familiar to army people. The land is much more fertile than in the Colorado prairies, being about equal to that of Middle Kansas. Immense quantities of wheat and other cereals are grown. At intervals native villages were passed, the houses of which were built of wicker-work plastered with mud, then whitewashed, the roofs being thatched. Some were also built of logs. After leaving Vladi-Kavkas, where they had been delayed for several hours, the party drove along until midnight, when they reached a village, Mosdok, of more pretensions than the others. Here there was a poor hotel; but this they did not see, for an Armenian, here established as a merchant, threw open his house to them, providing them with supper and sleeping-places, and rising early to see that they had a good breakfast before starting. The memory of this gentleman and his kind hospitality will ever be cherished in the hearts of those who shared in it. Stavropol came like an oasis

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MOSCOW.

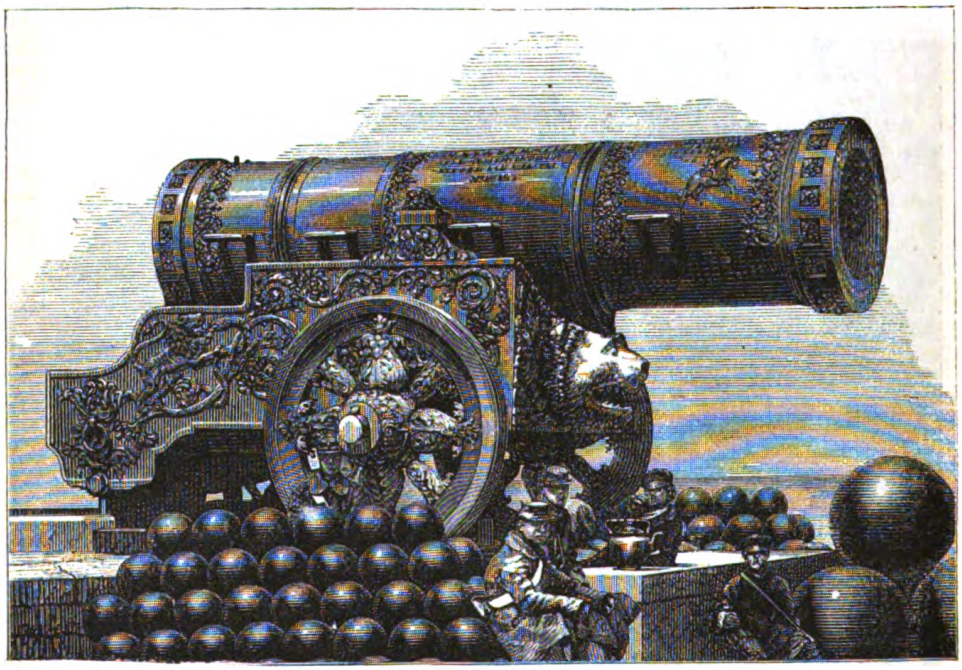
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GREAT BELL AT MOSCOW.

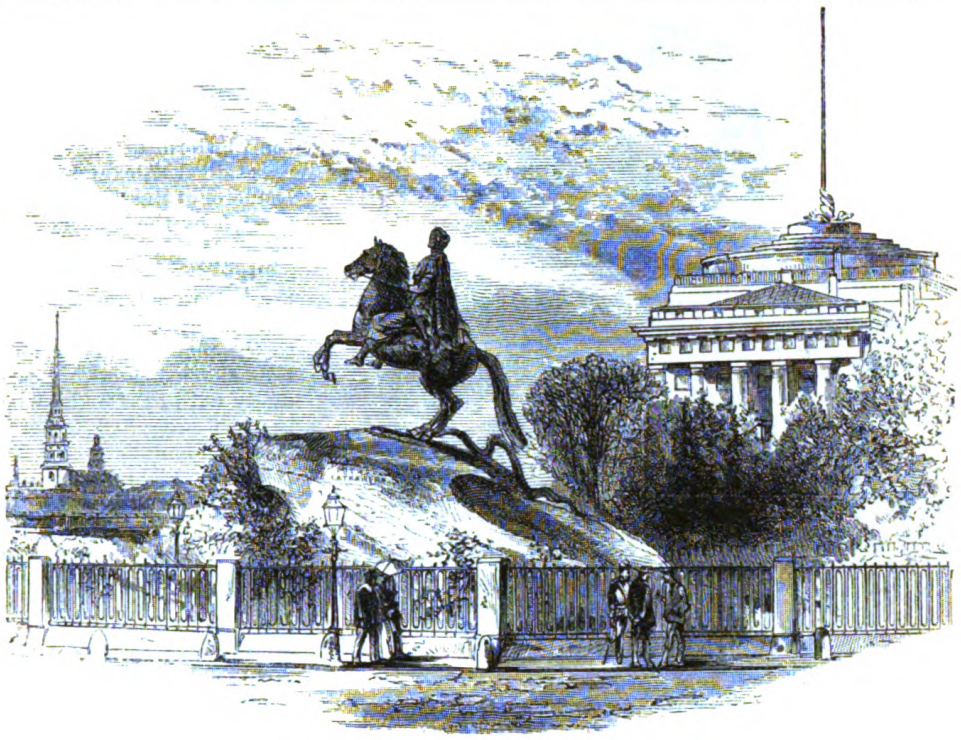
in this desert, and at this town of considerable size a very good dinner was obtained. Here the authorities had provided accommodations at quite a good hotel, but the cry being "onward," sufficient stop alone was made to dine. Large and many trains of wagons drawn by oxen, going and coming to and from the railroad, were passed, showing what an immense amount of travel is done. The journey from Tiflis occupied six days, during each of which about one hundred miles were passed over. The towns and villages all had their churches, the spires of which rose above the tree-tops, surmounted by the Greek cross, which emblem the drivers never passed without taking off their hats. The natives, both male and female, were hard at work. The men are tall and well-proportioned, but mentally inferior; the women brawny, with their dresses reaching to the knees, below which appeared their strong and well-shaped bare limbs. It was the evening of the sixth day that Rostov, on the river Don, was reached, where the train for Taganrog was taken, and at 4.30 A.M. this town was reached, where, after wandering about for a while, accommodation was got in an indifferent hotel. This city is quite scattering, and is built on the shore of the Sea of Azov. There is not much to interest the traveler. The sea is very shallow, and in it in the evening bathe men and women, without much regard to appearances.

In Taganrog the party remained but one day, and on the Thursday morning following that on which they left Tiflis started by rail for Moscow. The railway company provided them with a special car, arranged somewhat like the sleeping-cars in the United States. Prince Dolgorouky still continued along until the next morning, when he left, going to make a visit to his sister, who lived not far from a certain station of unpronounceable



GREAT GUN AT MOSCOW.

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STATUE OF PETER THE GREAT, ST. PETERSBURG.

name. His departure was a source of sincere regret, for he was a most agreeable companion. His chief trouble while with them was in not understanding why, in America, an educated negro should not be eligible for marriage in any white family. After his departure the party had many amusing scenes in making themselves understood, as the Russian language was alone spoken. As the letters of the alphabet are entirely different from those of Western Europe, they could not even read the sign-boards. The general carried a guide-book, and read from it such words as he there found. Once a lady took compassion on them, and acted as interpreter, she being an educated Russian, most of whom speak English. On one occasion ice was desired, for the weather was quite warm. This word could not be found in the general's book, and the question arose as to how they should make themselves understood. Young Mr. Curtin solved it by calling up a waiter, pointing to his glass of water, and then shivering as from cold; the man was quick enough to understand. Notwithstanding these trials, Moscow was safely reached on Saturday, and quarters taken in the Hôtel Dessau. The first day was passed in visiting the Kremlin, which is the part of the city containing the Palace, Treasury, Cathedral, and other public buildings. This is surrounded by a high wall, entrance through which is had by several gates, over one of which is the Virgin and Child, which gateway has become sacred on account of a scene which there took place when the French evacuated the city.* Before passing through it every one, even the Emperor, is required to remove his hat. The approach to the city is quite pretty. It lies in a plain on the river Moskwa. The streets of the new town are wide. The old town is surrounded by a wall, through which are gateways. Inside the old town is the Kremlin, which, as has been described, has about it a wall. The paving is very bad, and there is no pleasure to be had in driving. Outside the city is a very pretty park, in which are restaurants, dancing-rooms, and an open theatre. One of the favorite places for driving when the roads are good is to the Sparrow Hills, the point from which Napoleon is said to have first looked upon Moscow. It is about seven miles from town, and where the banks of the Moskwa are high. From them a beautiful view is had of the city, in which are 360 churches, the spires and cupolas of which are gilded, and shine brilliantly in the sun's rays. The red houses, with their green roofs, showing from among the trees, are very pretty to look at. The roads at this visit were quite heavy from mud.

Sunday morning is the day for the "rag

* Napoleon ordered it to be blown up with powder. The explosion took place, but failed, from the divine protection of the Virgin, whose portrait now hangs over the gateway.

Inside these walls are also the immense bell and famous cannon of Moscow. The bell, after being hung, fell from its tower, and had broken from the side the piece noticed in the engraving.

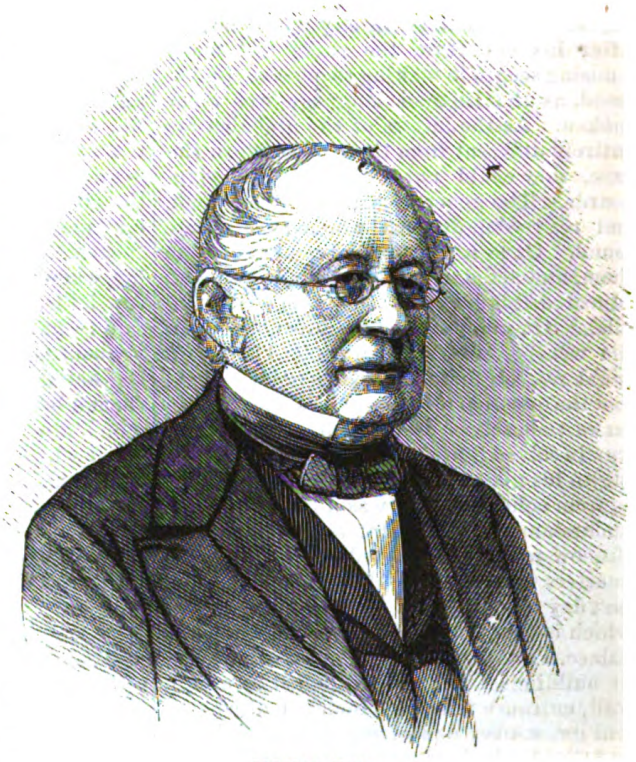
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EMPEROR ALEXANDER II.

old. They both spoke English quite well. To them the party were presented. Soon after the special train came slowly in, and upon the platform of one of the cars stood Alexander II., Emperor of Russia, who was saluted by the officers and cheered by the people. First calling his sons into his car, where he remained a few minutes, he descended to the platform of the station, shook hands very cordially with Mr. Curtin, who in turn presented General Sherman and his party. To the general he spoke in English, asking some questions concerning his journey, and then passed on, speaking to some of the older officers present. In about ten minutes he again took the train without any further notice of his children. Those to whom he gave his hand at leaving kissed it, and one old officer he took in his arms and kissed on both cheeks. The Emperor was dressed in plain uniform, without sword or decoration. He is over six feet high, has blue eyes, weighs about 250 pounds, has rather a stern counte-

market," and is a feature to be seen, as here are sold all manner of articles that have been stolen. In passing along the street the vegetable market was passed, and exposed for sale were asparagus, radishes, lettuce, etc., very much the same as in America. While at Moscow the Emperor passed on his way to join the Empress at Yalta. Through the governor of Moscow, Prince Dolgorouky, one of the same family as the before-mentioned prince, General Sherman was notified that the Emperor would stop at the railway station to receive him and his companions. At 2 P.M., the hour appointed, they presented themselves at the station, where had already assembled most of the officials at Moscow, with some ladies, and quite a number of the inhabitants. Also awaiting the Emperor's arrival were his two sons, whom the party had seen in the carriage with the Empress at Yalta, and who were then on their way to St. Petersburg to school. They were both officers in the army—the eldest, Sergius, about fourteen, a tall, fine-looking fellow; the youngest, Paul, about eleven years



GORTSCHAKOFF.

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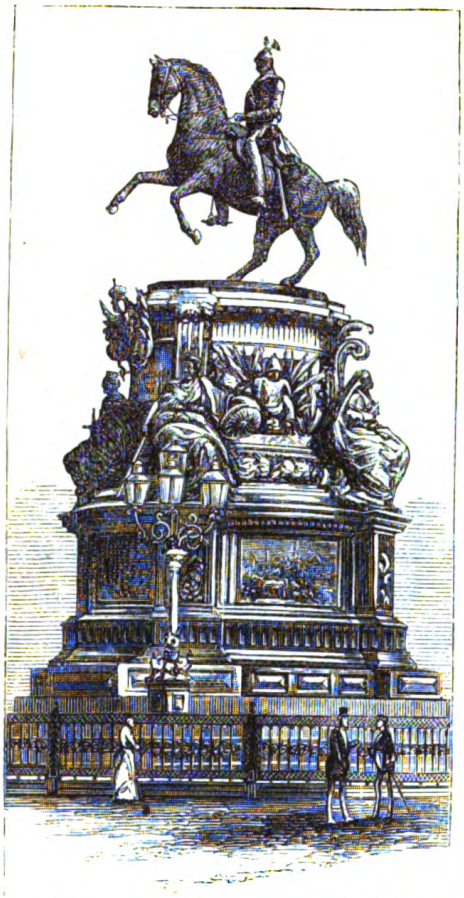
GRAND DUKE AND GRAND DUCHESS.

nance, wears a mustache and side whiskers, and looks very much like one of our own old-time officers. His coat was a dark green frock, with two rows of buttons, the cuffs and collar trimmed with red, while his pantaloons were dark blue, with a narrow red stripe down each leg.

A visit was made through the Palace, the old part of which is interesting on account of its Oriental style. The new part is very handsome, some of the doors being particularly so. The rooms devoted to the orders of St. George, St. Andrew, and St. Catharine are quite fine. In the Treasury near by are kept the crowns of Peter the Great and some nine others, all of them rich in jewels. Here may be seen the rusty-looking old walking-stick of Peter, and the boots and clothes said to have been made by himself. There are, in addition to these, a large collection of arms, presents of gold and silver articles from other nations, carriages dating from 1600, a portrait of Catharine II. dressed as a man and mounted on horseback, and many more things of great interest, but of which the want of space forbids a description. There is in Moscow a church which is particularly to be noticed. It is called the Church of the Saviour, and has been in the course of erection fifty years, and twenty-five more years are required to complete it. The building is in the form of a Greek cross, and is built mostly of a light stone found near the city. The first tier is of beautiful granite brought from Finland. There are five domes, one in the centre, the others on the four corners, and the exterior of the church has some fine groups in bass-relief. The doors to the four entrances are of bronze, and very handsome. There is little yet completed on the inside, though from what has been finished an idea can be formed of its grandeur. There is a wainscoting of porphyry and Russian granite, above this marbles of Italy, while the remainder of the wall, as well as the ceiling, is to be richly frescoed. The chief dome is partly finished, as is a fresco of the Lord, the Child, and the Holy Ghost, represented by a dove. About these are angels, while below are paintings of the Russian saints, each figure being seventeen feet high. The Lord has his arms stretched as though blessing, and the distance between the hands is forty-nine feet. The whole is very magnificent.

In the Museum are many noticeable things, among them life-sized figures of the different nationalities of Russia and its possessions, all clad in their native costume. A visit to Moscow would be incomplete without seeing the Foundling Hospital. This is a very large building of five stories, and costs in its maintenance $5,000,000 per year. There were at that time 860 babies in the institution, all under six weeks old, and that was regarded as a small number to what it sometimes had. It has a pretty chapel, and there are dormitories in which are beds for the nurses and cradles for the children. There is a "sick bay," which is divided into compartments

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STATUE OF NICHOLAS I., ST. PETERSBURG.

according to the nature of the sickness. In one room are placed those vaccinated, the vaccine matter coming from calves, which are always kept ready for that purpose. There is a garden for walking, linen-rooms, laundry, and to the building is attached an infirmary for the nurses. The institution was founded in 1770, and since then has averaged 10,000 children a year. In one room are placed babies who are prematurely born, and these are kept in a warm cradle of brass or copper, heated constantly until they are ready for other wards. There is a room into which the person desiring to leave the baby enters. No questions are asked as to its parentage. The name of the saint upon whose day it arrives is given it, unless the depositor mentions a name. It is then thoroughly washed at a stand for that purpose; a number is then attached to the child's neck; the number, name of the child and that of the nurse, are placed on a card which is attached to the cradle. The nurse is then assigned. These nurses come from the country, and the supply is greater than the demand. The next day the child is baptized, and then vaccinated, and after its recovery is taken to the country by its nurse, who keeps it at about two dollars the month for the first year, one dollar the month the second, so diminishing until fourteen years have passed, when the child takes care of itself. These nurses are only required to be healthy, and are a hard-looking set. As to the policy of such an institution there are many "pros" and "cons."

From Moscow General Sherman and his party passed on to St. Petersburg, where every attention was shown them. The Grand Duke Alexander and his wife received them at their country place, Tzarsko Selo, sixteen miles from the city. The Grand Duke Nicholas, the brother to the Emperor, also gave them an interview; while the Grand Duke Constantine loaned his own yacht and an aid-de-camp to take them to Cronstadt. They called on Prince Gortschakoff, who spoke English well, and who was very affable. He referred freely to the Catacazy trouble, and said that if Mr. Curtin had been permitted to come to him in Switzerland—where he was at the time—he would have removed Catacazy at once, as he would never allow a minister to remain where he was disagreeable to the authorities of the country to which he was accredited. He is a fine-looking old gentleman, and spoke in the most flattering terms of Mr. Curtin. Two weeks were passed in St. Petersburg, each day occupied in seeing something new. Space does not permit of a detailed account. The home of Peter the Great, the Church of St. Isaac, the statues of Peter and Nicholas, the Winter Palace, the drive along the Neva, the gardens, all were visited and all enjoyed. The night did not really come, and at midnight one could read the papers without any other light than that of the twilight.

From there they passed on to Berlin, stopping at Warsaw. In Berlin they remained only four days; and it was the only capital visited in which General Sherman did not receive any hospitality from the authorities. Upon his arrival he informed Mr. Bancroft, the American minister, that he desired to see the Emperor, Crown Prince, Bismarck, Von Roon, and Von Moltke. Count Bismarck and General Von Roon were absent; but upon General Von Moltke they called, and had a pleasant interview. Cards were left at Count Bismarck's house, and then a visit made to General Schwartzkoppen, during which Mr. Bancroft stated General Sherman's desire to be presented to the Emperor. General Schwartzkoppen, the governor of Berlin, undertook to arrange this. Monday the general visited Potsdam, and on Tuesday night a note was received by Mr. Bancroft from General Schwartzkoppen stating that if General Sherman would go to Potsdam on the 10 A.M. train Wednesday, he would go along. The general could then witness the review in honor of the Prince and Princess Royal of Italy, and afterward General Sherman *might* be presented to the Emperor. The general asked if the note—

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which was written in German—in any way expressed the Emperor's desire to see him. Mr. Bancroft said no. The general then asked if he could decline to accept this invitation of the governor of Berlin without any discourtesy to the Emperor. Mr. Bancroft said yes, as no mention was made about the Emperor's desire to receive him. The general then said that, while willing to remain in Berlin to await the pleasure of the Emperor, if he desired to receive him, he did not consider it becoming his position to go as indicated by General Schwartzkoppen, and therefore declined to go. Prince Rice, the Prussian embassador to St. Petersburg, afterward said that the difficulty arose from Mr. Bancroft's not making the proper official notification of General Sherman's visit.

With the general's departure from Berlin we will leave him, as this article is sufficiently prolonged, simply saying that, after a tour of ten months, he returned to America impressed with what he had seen, but not the less satisfied with his own country.

THE LORDSHIP OF CORFU—A LEGEND OF 1516.

By PAUL H. HAYNE.

What time o'er gory lands and threatening seas
Fair Fortune, wearied, fled the Genoese—
What time from many a realm the waters woo
In the warm south, "*Who now shall rule Corfu!*"
Rose with the eager passion and fierce greed
Of those who preyed on every empire's need.
Then fell upon that isle's disheartened brave
A wild despair, such as in one dark grave
Might well have whelmed the prostrate nation's pride,
Her honor, strength, traditions—all beside
Which crowns a race with sovereignty. Sublime
Above the reckless purpose of his time
Their Patriarch stood, and such wise words he spake
The basest souls are thrilled, the feeblest wake
To some high aim, some passion grand and free,
Some cordial grace of magnanimity,
By whose unwonted power they yield their all
To him who came, as if at Godhead's call,
To save the state, whose stricken pillars reel.

How works the Patriarch for his people's weal?
Calmly he bids them launch their stanchest keel—
A gorgeous galley: on her decks they raise
Great golden altars, girt by lights that blaze
Divinely, and by music's mystic rain,
Blent of soft spells, half sweetness and half pain,
Fallen from out the highest heaven of song.

And there, to purify all souls of wrong
And latent sin, he calls from far and near
Nobles and priests and people. Every where
The paths are full, which, sloping steeply down
From the green pasture and the walléd town,
Lead oceanward, where, anchored near the quay,
That sacred galley heaved along the sea—
Her captain no rude mariner, with soul
Tough as the cordage his brown hands control,
But the gray Patriarch, lifting eyes of prayer,
While o'er the reverent thousands, calm in air,
The sacred Host shone like an awful star.

"Children!" the Patriarch cried, "if strong ye are
To trust in Heaven—albeit Heaven's message sent
This day through me seem strange, and strangely blent
With chance-fed issues—swear, whate'er betide,
When once our unmoored bark doth fleetly glide
O'er the blue spaces of the midland sea,
What flag soe'er first greets our eager view,
Our own to vail, and humbly yield thereto
The faith and sovereign claims of fair Corfu."

They vowed a vow methinks ne'er vowed before,
The while their galley, strangely laden, bore
Down the south wind, which freshly blew from shore.

Past Vido and San Salvador they sped,
Past stormy heights and capes whose rock-strewn head
Baffled the surges; still no ship they met,
Till, sailing far beyond the rush and fret
Of shifting sand-locked bars, at last they gain
The open and illimitable main.

There in one line two gallant vessels rode;
From this the lurid Crescent banner glowed,
From that the rampant Lion of St. Mark's!

Much, much they wondered when athwart them drew,
With glittering decks, the galley from Corfu,
Lighted by tapers tall of myriad dyes,
And echoing chants of holy litanies.

Soon unto both the self-same message came;
For loud o'er antique hymn and altar flame
Thrilled the chief's voice, "Hearken, ye rival powers!
Whichever first may touch our armèd towers*
Thenceforth shall be the lords of fair Corfu!"

Changed was the wind, and landward now it blew;
Smiting the waves to foam-flakes wild and white.
All sails were braced, the rowers rowed with might,
But soon the island men turned pale to see
The Turk's prow surging vanward steadily,
Till five full lengths ahead, careering fast,
With flaunting flag and backward-swooping mast,
And scores of laboring rowers bent as one
Toward oars which made cool lightnings in the sun,
The Paynim craft—unless some marvelous thing
Should hap to crush her crew or clip her wing—
Seemed sure as that black Fate which urged her on
Victor to prove, and that proud island race
To load with sickening burdens of disgrace!

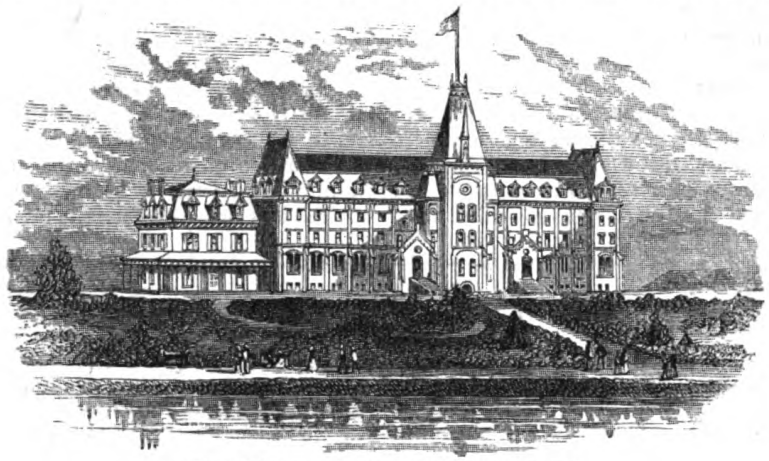
And now on crowded decks and crowded shore
Naught but the freshening sea wind's hollow roar
Was heard, with flap of rope and clang of sail,
Veering a point to catch the changing gale,
Or furious lashes of the buffeting oar!

Just then the tall Venetian strangely changed
Her steadfast course, with open port-holes ranged
'Gainst the far town. Across the sea-waste came,
First, a sharp flash and lurid cloud of flame,
Then the dull boom of the on-speeding ball,
Followed by sounds which to the isle men seem
Sweet as the wakening from some nightmare dream—
The sounds of splintered tower and crashing wall!
Then rose a shrill cry to the shivering heaven—
"*Thus,* thus *to us your island realm is given!*"
Burst as one voice from out the conquering crew;
"*Thus Venice claims the lordship of Corfu!*"

* These "Towers," we must remember, were built in with the substance of the city walls, which rose abruptly out of the waters of the sea.

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THE HAMPTON NORMAL AND AGRICULTURAL INSTITUTE.



THE HAMPTON INSTITUTE—THE NEW BUILDING.

THE ten years that separate us from the Proclamation of Emancipation have wrought some natural but curious changes in public sentiment both North and South. The nation that was born in a day has shown no signs of possessing an ephemeral nature. It does not seem to be obligingly melting away before the consuming presence of a superior race, nor has it taken itself *en masse* to Liberia out of our way. Its existence and its continuance seem to be undoubted facts, and it is wonderful how we have become hardened to them. We do not trouble ourselves much more as to what we shall do with our prize elephant. That unblessed word, "miscegenation," has ceased to frighten us. We do not anticipate a Sabine raid from Dixie's land, or suspect the daughter of our people of Desdemona's leanings.

One of the most important questions that the years have settled is that of negro education. The best thinkers of the North and South, however distant their stand-points, are no longer apart in the conclusion that it is of vital importance to the nation. This conviction is shown at the South by the action taken by most of the reconstructed States in embodying some provision for the negroes in their free-school system, and quite as remarkably by the increasing favor, or tolerance, to say the least, extended to the schools and colleges for freedmen established in them by Northern benevolence. In other directions there may be no great change. However the negro may be feared as a political power, or made the tool of demagogues of both parties—and this is his greatest danger—most of our Southern friends would doubtless sympathize with the constituent of a certain honorable gentleman in the Virginia Legislature who thus feelingly set forth the case:

"'It ain't the Republican party I object to,' says he. 'I hain't no objection to the Republican party,' says he; 'but,' says he, 'it's the *niggers*,' says he—'it's the NIGGERS!'"

But, however the South may object to the negro as a companion at the polls, she knows she must call him to her side in the cotton fields. She is awakening more and more to an appreciation of her need of skilled labor to develop her neglected resources, and to the fact that she can look for it only to the emancipated race.

At a meeting of the National Agricultural Convention, held during the past year in Washington, the committee reported as follows: "Two evils that have thrown a heavy shadow upon our agricultural advance have been, first, the painful slowness and uncertainty of progress, and second, the enormous waste of misdirected energy."

As a result of this view, resolutions were adopted advising the establishment of agricultural schools and colleges upon the following principles: first, that while no branch of learning should be neglected, they should be distinctively agricultural in their government and teaching; second, that actual manual labor should be practiced and taught; third, that females as well as males should be admitted as pupils.

It is a curious fact that the only institution south of the national capital which meets these demands, and offers to destitute youth an opportunity to earn at once a solid English education and a valuable industrial training, is a college for negroes. The Normal and Agricultural Institute of Hampton, Virginia, and its rapid growth and success, prove the adaptation of its system to the public needs.

Another demand of the South, which may be expected to continue and increase for

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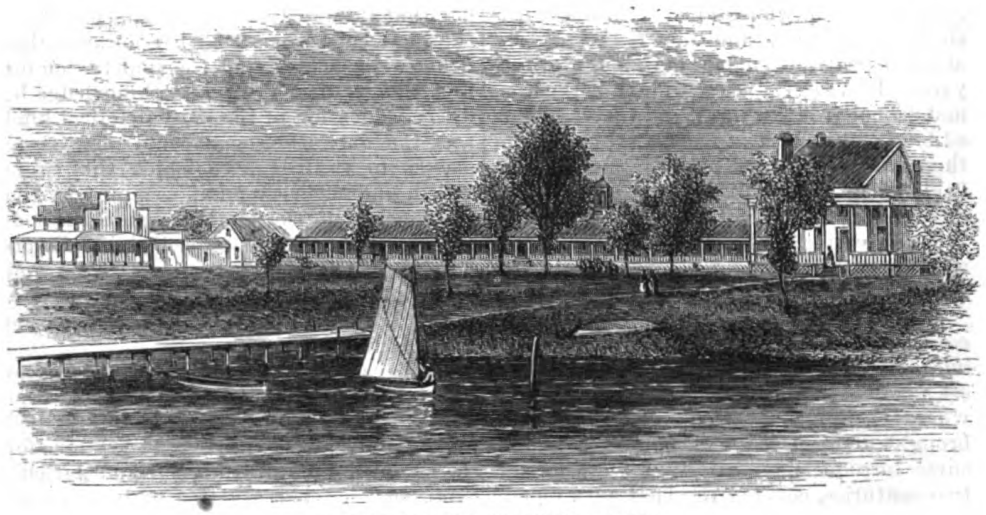
some time, is that of colored teachers for its colored schools. And these two demands, for teachers and laborers, are not two—as they would be at the North—but one. It is true with the colored teacher, as with the missionary to Africa, that the more comprehensive and practical his training, the better. He is called upon not only to teach in the school-house, but in the cabin; to advise the people how to build better houses, and raise better crops, and be better citizens. He is to be a little centre of civilization among them, and help, in his proper degree, to elevate his race by the power of his own life. His education should not unfit him to dwell among them; a poor man himself, he should be able at any time to enter the workshop or the fields, and make up the deficiencies of his often ill-paid salary.

However this combination plan of education may be finally regarded under other social conditions, the case is settled for the South by its necessities; as is also the further question, Shall the manual-labor system be simply educational, or attempt to be self-supporting? While taking ground that its primary object should be a thorough training for future usefulness and the creation of a respect for labor, and therefore requiring it of all her students, Hampton provides for that large class of them who are destitute of money the means of paying their own way, in whole or in part, by their own work in the printing-office, the workshop, the industrial room, or the farm. Self-help is thought to be a much healthier principle of growth for the student and the school than entire dependence upon charity.

The practical working of this principle has been attended by a remarkable degree of success. For the first three years, at the end of which the school numbered eighty-six, the young men were boarded, lodged, and clothed mainly from the avails of their own labor. Increase in numbers makes the supply of profitable labor to all more difficult; but new industries have been added, and the last year was most encouraging financially. In March, 1872, the General Assembly of Virginia passed an act appropriating one-third of the interest accruing from the proceeds of the State college land scrip to this institution as an endowment of its agricultural and mechanical departments. This gift, from which it will secure five per cent. on $95,000, will enable it to extend the opportunities it alone of all colleges for freedmen offers of industrial training and self-help.

These distinguishing characteristics give Hampton a certain claim upon the consideration of those who feel an interest in freedmen's schools, and may make some description of it welcome in the North, where the question of combining manual labor with mental training is receiving so much careful thought.

The Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute stands upon Hampton River, which is nothing, after all, but a creek—one of those, it may be, which the adventurous Captain John Smith used to explore for a northwest passage to India. Two miles below, Fortress Monroe frowns at the entrance of the quiet harbor that was once the scene of the battle of the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac*. It is hidden from sight by the dome of the National Military Asylum for Veterans, once a flourishing seminary for the daughters of the first families of Virginia. Half a mile above sits, in the mud, all that is left of the once-fashionable little watering-place of Hampton, that Magruder burned, you remember, to satisfy his taste for the dramatic—it just occurs to me that a Hampton "Preparatory's" definition of the word



TEACHERS' HOME AND GIRLS' QUARTERS.

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WALLS OF ST. JOHN'S CHURCH.

is "something relating to a *dram*." Though two-thirds of the population are colored, and the desolated hearths of the chivalry are chiefly represented by huge misshapen chimney stacks, each with a negro's cabin crouching against it for warmth, a ghost of aristocracy still lingers about the little place, rustles on Sundays through the aisles of St. John's Church, whose ancient walls withstood the flames, and hovers harmlessly about the patrician names in its quiet graveyard. It is careful never to invade the Normal School grounds, but it must have haunted long and lovingly a lonely house opposite their gate, which kept its front blinds tightly closed for four years, to shut out the sight of a Yankee school for niggers. But even this is yielding to the progress of the age, and letting in the light, for I have seen its blinds turned.

One who has a fondness for the curious coincidences in which history at times indulges must enjoy the poetic justice that has set a college for freedmen on the very shores where the first ship-load of slaves ever brought to America was landed, and the curse introduced which, after working for two centuries, covered the land with blood. Here, too, the bondmen were first practically set free, when Butler opened his heaviest gun on the rebellion, and cut the Gordian knot of slavery with a single word. Here the "contrabands" flocked till ten thousand of them were gathered under the shelter of the old flag. Here they knelt upon the shore to pray for the victory of the little *Monitor*, on which their fate hung. Here the first freedmen's schools were established by the American Missionary Association.

The Normal and Agricultural Institute is a natural outgrowth of these earliest efforts. In 1867 General S. C. Armstrong, a young man who had distinguished himself in the battles of the Peninsula at the head of the Ninth United States colored troops, was stationed at Hampton as superintendent of a department of the Freedmen's Bureau. His experience during and after the war among the loyal people he had led gave him a quick sense of their needs. The thronging thousands that had come up out of bondage at the first call of liberty and occupied the land were too many for the primary mission schools to manage. The sufferings and vices incident to such numbers were prevalent, and there was danger that the freedman would slip back into the inert contentment with ignorance that belongs to slavery, and the impetus of his first hunger and thirst after knowledge be lost. Education of the most practical kind was the only lever that could raise these masses to the plane to which they were called, and the very point occupied by the Freedman's Bureau station seemed the specially appointed fulcrum for it, lying directly in the focus of the swarming camps, and of a system of waters reaching their farthest limits, and commanding easy access to the North by the coast.

By his earnest representation of these facts General Armstrong induced the American Missionary Association to buy the "Wood Farm," which was the bureau station, for the establishment of a normal and agricultural school. The position of its superintendent was given, entirely unsought, to

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himself, and he has been ever since its inspirer and prime mover. As far as any great work of the kind can be ascribed to one man's agency, this is the result of his enthusiasm and foresight and almost unlimited executive abilities.

No models existed at the North or South for an institution of the kind. It has had to be developed by the necessities of the people, but he was assisted in forming his plans by his acquaintance with the manual-labor schools of the Sandwich Islands, founded forty years ago for the elevation of another race by our earliest missionaries, among whom was his father, the late Rev. Dr. Armstrong, also for many years Minister of Public Instruction at the Islands. Rev. Dr. Dwight Baldwin, another of these veteran missionaries, writes in a letter to General Armstrong:

"The Lahainaluna school has been a great light in the Sandwich Islands for forty years—a mighty power to aid us in enlightening and Christianizing the Hawaiian race. It has always been a manual-labor school. This arose partly from necessity; but a second reason was that all our plans for elevating this people were laid from the beginning to give them not only learning, but also intelligent appreciation of their duties as men and citizens, and to prepare them in every way for a higher civilization. The plan pursued here in this respect is the same, I believe, essentially, as you have pursued at the Hampton Institute. It is the plan dictated by nature and reason, and if you pursue it thoroughly and wisely it will make your institute a speedy blessing to all the freedmen of the South."

In June, 1870, the institute was incorporated by act of the General Assembly, a board of trustees created, including men of character and influence both of the North and South. And to this board the American Missionary Association deeded the entire property of the school.

The Wood Farm purchase consisted of one hundred and twenty-five acres of good land, eighty of which are now under cultivation. The school buildings stand on the shore of Hampton River. The old Wood mansion, a roomy brick building, with a generous Southern veranda, is shared by the superintendent's family and the teachers. The girls' quarters are the buildings on the left—the long, low, wooden barracks, with their picturesque belfry, and the brick house at the end. The common dining-room is also in the barracks, and the school kitchen, presided over by a coal-black genius, Uncle Tom, as much a character in his way as his famous namesake, though in less danger of translation, to judge from his own account of himself. He insists upon declaring himself an infidel, and has a superior way of asserting the opinion that "Any fin's good nuff for dem niggers," taking much pride all the while in proving himself better than his principles, and in keeping their table piled with steamy mountains of corn-bread, that looks good enough for any body. He has a quick, bright eye, and decidedly a Roman profile, and as he stands at the kneading trough, with his paper cap on his little grizzled head, and the charcoal shadows of his handsome little face startlingly intensified by some comically high lights of flour, he makes a picturesque figure which I should have liked to add to the illustrations of this article, but no persuasions could induce him to have his picture taken. He seemed to have some strange superstitious dread of the operation, and after chasing him into the depths of a dark cellar, whence he was brought with suspicions of tear tracks on his powdered cheeks, our artist was obliged to give up his persecutions.

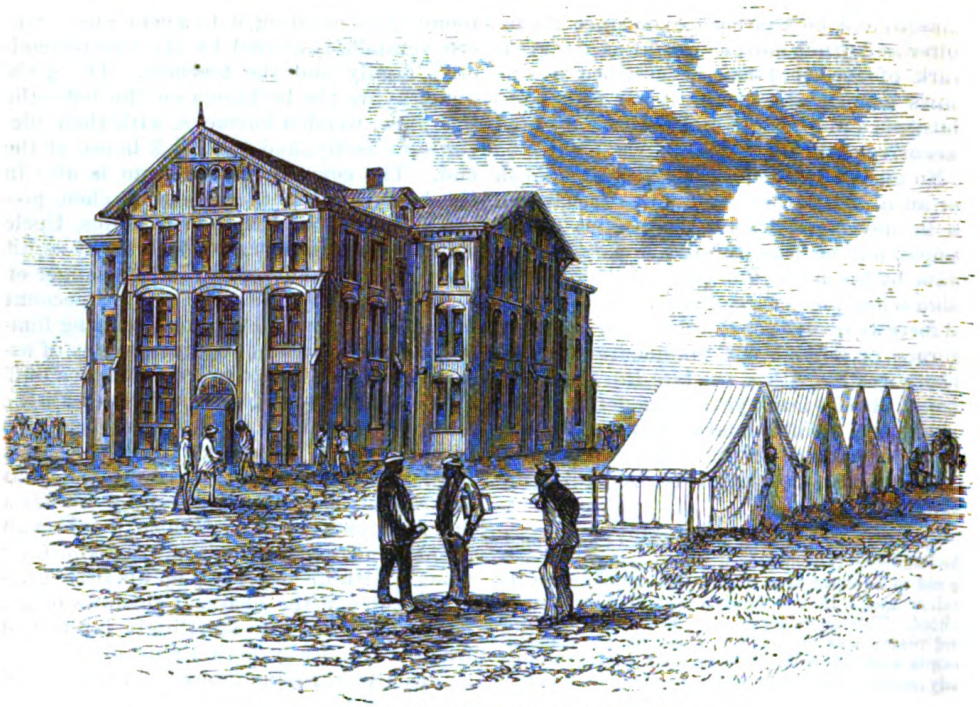
"You knows, missis, I'd jess do any fin for de general, but I can't have no pictur' took. Loisa she's wanted my pictur' afore now, but I done tell her no. I doesn't 'prove ob pictur's. I don't want to look at no pictur's. Uncle Tom will die jess as he is, an' be forgot. Don't want no pictur' took."

So we will have to let him pass into his coveted oblivion.



CHAPEL AND FARM MANAGER'S HOUSE.

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WINTER-QUARTERS IN FRONT OF INSTITUTE.

On the other side of the "Teachers' Home," about three hundred yards from it, stands the new Academy Hall, completed in 1870 by the assistance chiefly of the Freedmen's Bureau, whose noble-hearted president, General O. O. Howard, has always been a friend to the institution. It is a handsome, three-story building in the form of a Greek cross, one hundred and ten by eighty-five feet, built of brick made on the farm, and by the labor, in part, of the students. The first two stories are devoted to school-rooms and offices, and the third to the young men's dormitory. The printing-office is also in this building.

Five minutes' walk from here, over the cultivated part of the farm, brings us to the manager's house and the other farm buildings, some of which are only the temporary substitutes for a fine barn destroyed a year ago by lightning. We pass on the way to them a large peach orchard and three acres of a feathery asparagus forest. Beyond the farm buildings the land sweeps round the United States Cemetery, where six thousand lie whose blood paid part of the great price of freedom. The handsome granite monument to the soldiers is in full sight from the institute, which is itself a nobler monument to their work. The little Bethel Chapel in the cemetery is filled every Sunday by the scholars and teachers, with a few loyal people from the village, and its pastor is the chaplain of the institute, a man specially fitted for his position by the simple, practical, and earnest character of his words and his life. While this school is entirely unsectarian in its character, it is thoroughly Christian in the instructions of the pulpit and the Sunday-school, and, what is still more, in the atmosphere of its daily life.

Still beyond the cemetery is the Butler School-house, a large wooden building where one of the earliest of the freedmen's schools was established. The institute gives the use of it to the town for a free school, reserving the nomination of the teacher. This year one of the normal school graduates holds sway over the two hundred funny little specimens of the inevitably rising race, many of whom, no doubt, have aspirations to the big school-house "over at the missionary," as they say. I listened to some creditable reading here—the colored students have strong elements of fine readers in their rich, sympathetic voices and their love of picturesque expression—and heard of an amusing instance of their habit of interpreting words by the sound. The word "halloo" is thus darkly suggestive to them. It is universally regarded as a "swear word," and a visitor to the Butler chancing to use it, intending a cheerful salutation, was astounded to see one of his audience roll off his seat in fits of laughter, screaming with impish delight, "Hi, hi, hi—Massa Knox done cuss! Massa Knox done cuss!"

The Butler School often serves as a preparatory to the normal, though most of the normal scholars are boarders. Out of the two hundred and thirteen of its present number only twenty-five are day scholars.

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This peculiarity makes its influence much more positive and permanent than if it had a larger but more fluctuating roll. The great majority of those who pass through its Junior class are graduated from its Senior.

Of the industries of Hampton the most important is, of course, the farm. This is cultivated entirely by the boys, under the direction of the farm manager, who exhibits much skill in keeping his large corps of laborers busy and in order. There is a supply of "hands" here which would delight the heart of a Northern farmer. For convenience in providing work, and to interfere as little as possible with recitations, the students are divided into five squads, which are in rotation assigned one day in each week for farm labor. All the boys also work on every Saturday forenoon. Each student has, therefore, a day and a half every week of labor on the farm, for which he is allowed from seven to ten cents an hour, or from one dollar to a dollar and a half per week. If he wishes, as some do, he can work all of Saturday, and add to his gains.

Tuition and the use of public buildings are made free to all, being provided for by the institution through donations and scholarships of seventy dollars a year, or two hundred and ten for the whole course. Each contributor of a scholarship is put into direct communication with the student he provides for, and the correspondence thus established often becomes mutually interesting and profitable.

A specimen of these letters by one of the Hampton boys may interest some of the million readers of the Monthly. It is unaltered from the orginal.

"*Mrs.* ——:

"DEAR MADAM,—You have asked me to send you some account of my life.

"I was born a slave in 1853. Though quite young, I had some idea of the horrors of slavery. My mother, with the assistance of my father, hired her time, and paid for it by washing clothes. Her children being too young for service, were allowed to stay with her. It would be just to say that these advantages were obtained from a family through whose veins flowed Quaker blood—a race of people who always act with clemency. These privileges were seldom had.

"I left my mother in 1860 to live with the man who owned me. Then I found the sting of slavery. Though I had seen but a few years, yet I had learned to value



NEGRO CABIN AT HAMPTON.

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the blessings of freedom, and to appreciate their worth. Often did I ask my mother to explain to me how it was that I should be considered property, but she did not give me any satisfaction, and told me not to talk that way; it was not safe. I might say my master did not treat me severe, when I view the condition of others and make a comparison; but when I view the injustice of being held as a slave, I must say I was dealt with in a manner discreditable to a civilized and intelligent people. I was not more than seven years of age and quite small, yet the work required of me was inconsistent for a boy of my size, and I was often severely whipped because I did not perform the work assigned to me that I was unable to do. For nearly two years I tasted the bitterness of slavery, hoping for the dawn of a brighter day when I would enjoy the rights of a freeman. I have been whipped, half fed, and overworked until death would have been welcome, yet my treatment was not without variation, and at times was executed with leniency.

"During my slave life I had a desire to learn to read, but did not have any one to teach me; but unexpectedly, and against the prevailing sentiment of the South, the youngest servants owned by my master were on Sunday evenings taken into his sitting-room, and there we would spend the afternoon in trying to learn the alphabet, assisted at times by him. I had an eager desire to learn, and bought myself a large book containing painted letters and pictures. This book I obtained from my so-called master's store, and in it I learned over half of my letters. I procured this book with a silver dime.

"Being familiar with the fact that war was fast approaching, I was cheered by the hope I would be able to read at no distant day. My aunt, who could read well enough to read newspapers whenever she could get one, would inform us of the state of the country. She could not obtain one often, our owners knowing she could read.

"Well do I remember when the news was echoed from one end of the town to the other—the Yankees are coming. They met a warm reception from the slaves. I had the privilege of seeing the first ones who came to our town in uniform. I often visited the soldiers, who were very kind to me. My uncle with twelve others ran the blockade and boarded a man-of-war. This action created a great sensation, as they were the first who had left their masters. Soon after others began to leave, until at last few families had any one left to perform the work. My aunt, who left before we did, came back after her daughter, but instead of getting her she was tied and whipped, but was taken down by some soldiers. Soon after this we all left. My mother being dead, I lived with my grandfather.

"In the early part of 1863 I went to a school taught by a colored man. The studies taught were limited to reading and spelling. It seemed to me I would never learn to put letters together; and when I was put into words of two letters, I was almost ready to give up studying. I studied hard, and persevered till I could spell words of two syllables, when the school was given to an old man who was a soldier, who had been a teacher in the North, and was fully qualified for the position. The days I spent under him as a scholar are among the brightest of my life. After he closed his school the American Missionary Association sent teachers South. They all took an interest in me, especially one who would spend whole afternoons with me on my lessons. I made greater progress under her than under all the rest of my teachers, and loved her better.

"After having been sent to school all this time by my father, and attained an age in which I could be of some benefit to him, I thought it no more than right that I should do something. I began to teach school about fifteen miles from home. Here I found difficulties that almost made me give up. I was placed among an ignorant people who I were to teach, and make some attempt, though small, to elevate; while I had the hatred of the white people, whom I had reason to dread, because not many miles from where I was teaching a preceptor had been hung for instructing his own race. When I went home on Saturday I had to walk fifteen miles, and get back Monday to open school at nine o'clock. I continued my school for four months. I think I gave satisfaction, because they wanted me to teach again; but I took one nearer home, only five miles off. To this I walked every morning, teaching six hours. I taught two sessions here, and enjoyed it very much, though it required considerable patience. In this way I helped my father to build a house, and sent my sister to the Hampton Normal School.

"In the place I came from the colored people were more intelligent than the white people, who are very degraded and wicked. The colored people act very silly in worshiping God, and seem to think if one don't halloo and shout at the top of their voice, you are not a Christian. I have visited the North, and seen its energetic and enterprising people encircled in prosperity and surrounded with wealth, with which they have been able to do so much to alleviate the ignorance of the once poor and degraded slave.

"I am now in the middle class of the Hampton Normal School, where I trust to make myself a good and useful man, and become great in that from which true greatness only is derived."

The charge for personal expenses—board, washing, lights, etc.—is ten dollars a month, and as this would not be met by the regular weekly labor, every student is liable to be called upon at any time during the term, as the exigencies of the farm may require, for any number of days not exceeding twelve. And they have the further opportunity to pay off all arrears by labor during the summer vacation. About forty are expected to remain this year. Usually not more than half of the personal expenses is paid by labor, the opportunity being left for the most destitute.

The farm is steadily improving in productiveness. It has thirty-six acres of corn, sixteen acres of oats, and ten of clover, and a plantation of over two thousand fruit trees —peach, pear, cherry, plum, and quince—in a thriving condition. Three acres of asparagus and a hundred and fifty Concord grapevines have been set out in the past year. Temporary barns and a blacksmith's shop have been built. The market-wagon runs daily with milk and vegetables, and the meat wagon three times a week, to Hampton and Old Point Comfort. Peaches, potatoes, and cabbages are shipped to Baltimore and the North with very satisfactory returns, and the boarding department is principally supplied from the farm. Its report for the past year shows a gain of receipts over outlays more than sufficient to cover the salary of the manager. Student labor costs about one-fourth more than that of hired men, because work is sometimes given to them at a disadvantage to enable them to earn their expenses.

More attention than ever has been paid to stock this year, and at the Agricultural Fair of Virginia and North Carolina, held in Norfolk last October, the Hampton Institute took the first prizes for the best Ayrshire and Alderney bulls, the best heifer calf, and the best stallion over four years old. This

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prize stallion, a powerfully built French Canadian, with massive mane and sweeping tail, is the general's favorite saddle-horse, and the admiration of the country people, black and white, who throng into Hampton on market-days in their characteristic turnouts, a two-wheeled cart, drawn by a miserable little steer, guided by ropes tied to his horns, or a fancy matched team of a cow and a mule.



LION AND JOHN SOLOMON.

A special understanding exists between Lion and John Solomon, his groom, who also has a claim to be included in the prize list of the farm.

"This man and brother," said the general, as we drove over the very rough road from Old Point on the frosty moonlight morning of my introduction to Hampton, "is my highest-priced hand. How much are you worth, Solomon?"

"Well, Sah, dey use' to say I'd fotch all o' tree t'ousan' dollar," said John, with a chuckle.

"Yes, that's what his old master held him at; but I wouldn't take that for him."

"I shall run him off North the first chance I get," I boldly declared.

"Oh, you needn't bring any of your abolition talk down here; it won't go down," replied the general, solemnly, to the great delight of the appreciative man and brother. John Solomon does not boast much of his extraction from the Eastern Shore of Virginia, which is regarded as a sort of Nazareth in the Old Dominion. One old darky, who was asked his age, replied, "I's thirty year old, massa."

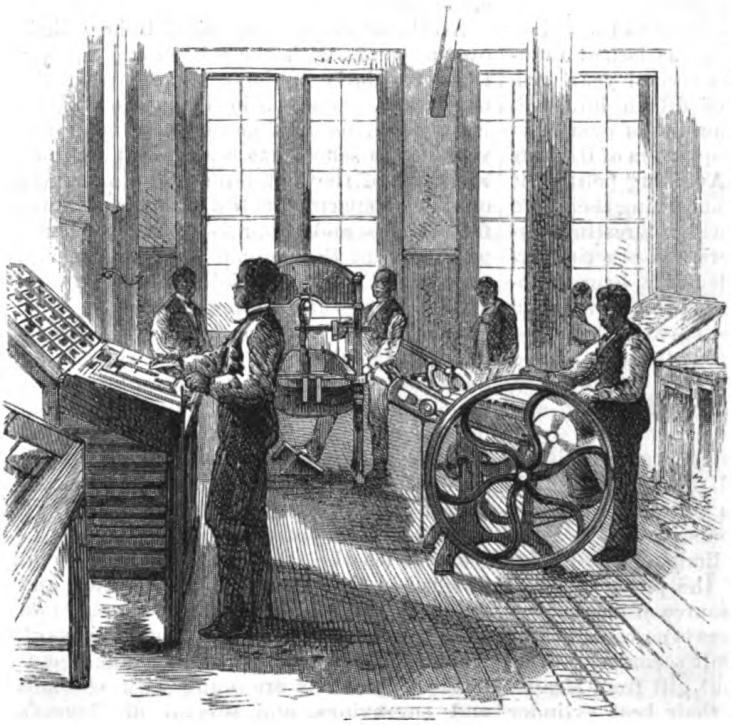
"Nonsense; you're twice as old as that."

"Well, massa, look yere; I *did* live twenty year on de Eastern Sho', but I hope de Lord ain't gwine to count *dat* against me!"

"Why haven't you been at school here, Solomon?" I asked.

"I'd 'a liked mighty well to go, madam; but I hab a wife a-dependin' on me, you see."

How much Mrs. Solomon feels her dependence is questionable. In a conjugal quarrel, during which John had to go to Norfolk for the general, she revenged herself while he was absent by taking down the chimney against which their little cabin leaned. Not one brick did she leave upon another, sacrificing her dinner-pot to her boiling indignation. On his return the wise Solomon meekly rebuilt it.



THE PRINTING-OFFICE.

Next to the farm the most prominent industry of Hampton is the printing-office, opened in November, 1871. The report of this office after the first eight months of its operation showed that it had more than paid expenses, besides giving the students employed in it the opportunity of learning a useful trade. One of them has acquired sufficient knowledge of

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GIRLS' INDUSTRIAL ROOM.

the business to pay his way in school by his work in the office out of school-hours. The students are employed in both type-setting and press-work, and with the exception of one boy and, for a short time during the sickness of the foreman and extra press of work, one man, no outside help has been employed.

The first number of the *Southern Workman*, an illustrated monthly paper, edited by officers of the school, and devoted to the industrial classes of the South, was issued January 1, 1872. It began its second year with a monthly circulation of fifteen hundred, and a paid-up subscription list of over eleven hundred. Over three-quarters of its issue goes to the freedmen. Avoiding politics, it gives them intelligence concerning their own race and the outside world, interesting correspondence from teachers, and practical articles upon science, agriculture, housekeeping, and education. It is well printed on good paper, and is supplied with first-class illustrations by Northern friends, among whom are the publishers of the *Nursery*, the *Christian Weekly*, *Every Saturday*, and *Harper's Magazine*.

As much as this has been accomplished with only two very small and inferior hand-presses, upon which the printing could be done only by a slow process, and at a great disadvantage, seriously limiting the profits and the possibilities of the printing-office, which might well be a source of actual revenue to the school, as there is no other nearer than Norfolk. This result seems now to be assured by the munificent gift from Messrs. Hoe and Co. of one of their best cylinder presses, valued at $2250, which they have just presented to the school, in the interests of Southern education.

Besides these industries of Hampton, there is the carpenter's shop, which gives constant employment to four good student workmen, and the shoe shop, in which three of them do all the repairing for the school. There is also a mason and a tinsmith among them, who have occasional work at their trades.

The industrial room for the girls shows as good a record as any of the departments. The report of its fourth session, of 1871–72, gives a balance to the credit of the institution of $126. The department has been conducted on the proceeds of sales, with the exception of sixty-five dollars, donations. Thirty-one young women had been employed, of whom twenty-six had been taught the use of one or more of the four different sewing-machines in use. Besides the manufactures for sale in market, six hundred and forty-three articles, which the students could obtain in no other way, have been made and issued to them at low prices on long credit. The girls also find employment in the kitchen and laundry, doing all their own washing and that of the boys.

All the students are required to keep their own accounts with the school, and present them regularly to be compared with the treasurer's. The various reports will be largely increased, of course, in the present year, as the school has nearly doubled since the close of the last term. The managers of all the departments testify to the uniform faithfulness and progress of the students, proving that the manual-labor system is a success not only financially, but in its ultimate object—the elevation of the people.

Coming now to their Academic Hall, we find the two hundred and thirteen young men and women gathered in a large and handsome assembly-room, well lighted, and furnished as comfortably with desks and blackboards as any Northern school-room. The ceiling is beautifully inlaid with a mosaic of the Southern yellow pine, stained and in its natural color, and the walls are wainscoted with the same. Opposite this, and finished in the same way, is the library and reading-room, the great windows around two sides of it commanding magnificent views of Hampton Roads and the distant blue Chesapeake. Its walls are hung with chromos and engravings, and several of Rogers's groups add to its attractiveness. The table

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is covered with the very best periodical literature of the day, sent in exchange to the *Southern Workman*, or contributed by the generosity of Northern and Southern publishers. The students have free access to this room out of school-hours. The library is small, but is about to be increased somewhat by a generous donation. The choice of books drawn from it shows a special preference for history and biography.

The recitation-rooms are no less ample and comfortable in their arrangements.

Our Southern friends drop in occasionally, look curiously round upon these appointments, and take a wholesome object-lesson upon the respect due the negro.

The practical common-sense spirit of the institution is carried into its academic department. The young men and women who enter its Junior class with little preparation beyond the ability to read and write, and the severe lessons of remembered slavery, must go out in three years to supply, as best they may, the demand of their people for teachers and civilizers. The course of training must be as short as is consistent with the attainment of its end, for the need is pressing. With a membership that has increased in five years from twenty to two hundred, an aggregate of fifty graduates doing duty as teachers, and sending out a large class of under-graduates every summer to teach during vacation, the Hampton Institute has not been able to supply one-quarter of the demand made by Virginia school-officers alone. The Superintendent of Schools in North Carolina has also urgently applied for teachers for that State, writing that this school is the only available one of its class for the freedmen in North Carolina.

It is evident that, to secure substantial results in this limited time, the most practical course of study is essential. No attempt is made, therefore, to give instruction in any language but English, which is itself sufficiently foreign to these untutored tongues to occupy three years of the student's attention to advantage. Reading, spelling, writing, grammar, and composition are carried through the entire course. It includes the other ordinary branches of an English education, with special attention to the principles of natural science. Instruction is also given in book-keeping, drawing, and music. The Senior class studies geometry, mechanics, physiology, English history and literature, and the outlines of universal history, the science of civil government, and moral science. It is drilled, besides, in the practice of teaching.

Within these limits there is room to lay the solid foundations of education, and lift the superstructure high enough to give the student an outlook upon the regions beyond, that will guard him from the self-complacency that so commonly endangers the newly rich.

The average capacity of the colored students is, to say the least, fully equal to that of the white pupils in Northern common schools, and often seems to exceed it when the immense difference in their starting-points is considered. Their almost entire want of any capital of general information is a disadvantage difficult to estimate. They have, indeed, picked up broken bits of knowledge behind their masters' chairs, and one is constantly surprised both by what they know and what they do not know. For example, after hearing a bright boy in your reading-class express the opinion that the first Napoleon was an Indian chief, and Shakspeare a Russian general, it is somewhat startling to find him intimate with the oracle of Delphi, and able to tell what is meant by a *Fabian* policy. I found it difficult to explain



READING-ROOM.

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THE ASSEMBLY-ROOM.

or remove a general impression that the British fought us in the Revolution to abolish slavery. Washington is regarded with suspicion, because he was a slave-holder; and in strong confirmation of their distrust I was repeatedly assured that all his statues represent him stretching his hand southward, and saying, in the inscription beneath, "Send all the negroes south." I did what I could for the Father of his Country, but never attempted the ungracious and futile task of shaking the faith, inspired by gratitude, in the saintly virtues of General Butler.

An hour of every Friday afternoon is devoted to giving general instruction by short lectures upon interesting topics of science, history, or travel, and a résumé of the principal events of the week. A daily bulletin of news is also made up from the New York papers, and always studied with eagerness, as is any thing relating to the country they have so lately learned to think of as their own. The science of civil government, and the history and Constitution of the United States, have special fascination for these new citizens. One of a number who were asked to state their intended pursuits in life wrote, "I wish to be a statesman, for the good of my country." I doubt whether all their hearts are not even thrilling secretly to that intoxicating whisper which has lost its inspiration for Northern school-boys, "What if I should yet be the President of the United States!" However we may smile at this idea, the places of political power are already so far within their reach as to make their education a grave necessity to the country.

As a people the negroes are fond of social organization and combination, and without the most general enlightenment this peculiarity will place them and the whole South at the mercy of unprincipled leaders. Not to tell too many tales out of school, I can find no more amusing illustration of this fondness, and, at the same time, of their curious ignorance of English, and delight in its largest words, than in the books of the Freedman's Bank of Norfolk. Two hundred societies of freedmen have deposited money there, some of them having excellent objects of mutual benefit. But perhaps the very

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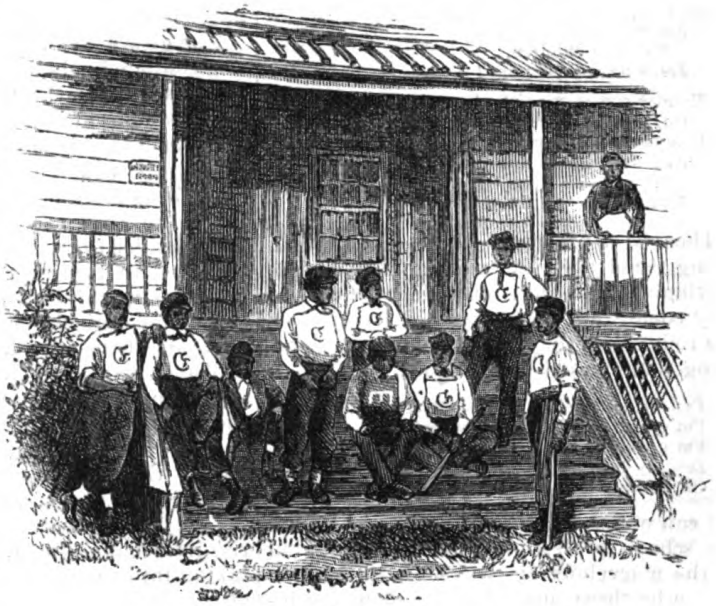
"intelligent reader" will find the names sufficiently descriptive, and I will give a few. Among the two hundred are the Wandering Pilgrims, Noble Sons of Israel, Rising Stars of Jerusalem, Enterprising Daughters of Galilee, Sons of Simeon, Benevolent Daughters of Noah, Evening-Star Tabernacles, *Corinthian Traveling Sons and Daughters of Colenia!* Laboring Sons of Stars, Union Doves (these "doves" being old men of sixty brief summers), Loving Sons of Levi, Rising Daughters of Italian, Humble Sons of God, Love Lodge of Good Samaritans, Independent Sons and Daughters of St. Paul, Sons and Daughters of the Silver Keys, Seven Wise Men of Portsmouth, Female Israelites of Portsmouth, Wrestling Sons and Daughters of Jacob.

One of the most striking signs of the student's progress is the rapid moderation of such extravagances as these, which they regard as the clinging rags of slavery, and put off as soon as possible. The pupils in Northern seminaries might often take a lesson from the pains with which these colored students correct their own rough speech, and put into immediate use the lessons of the class-room.

This spirit makes the question of school discipline a simple one. The dread of expulsion or suspension from the advantages they appreciate so highly is all that has been found necessary to preserve order, and such extreme penalties are seldom required. The great excess of the number of applicants for admission beyond the room to receive them makes it easy as it is important to select the best material for the very practical purposes of the school. The colored students are generally gentle-natured, and easily led by a teacher possessing patience and sympathy and some knowledge of human nature.

The experiment of teaching both sexes together has proved as eminently successful here as in many white schools and colleges. Woman suffered most from slavery, and every thing that can raise her in her own and others' respect is of the utmost importance in the moral elevation of the race. The girls and boys are together in the school-room and classes, and have occasional opportunities of social intercourse at the public meetings of the debating clubs and temperance societies and ball matches, or in the teachers' parlor, or the attractive house of the school's genial friend and treasurer, General Marshall, where a few at a time are often invited to spend a pleasant evening. On great holiday occasions they are sometimes indulged in what they call a "play"—a sort of general frolic, something between a children's round game and a contra-dance, which is entered into with great zest by the younger part of the company, though the seniors are apt to look upon it as somewhat too rude and childish.

An officer of the United States army, who had been familiar with the South both before and after the war, remarked to me recently, "The negroes have lost their lightheartedness. They don't sing over their work as they used to in the old times." Accustomed to hear Hampton's walls ring morning and evening with their rich sweet melodies, I was disposed to quarrel with an assertion so contrary to my first impressions. But closer observation shows me this degree of truth in it. Those upon whom the new responsibilities of self-support and citizenship have pressed so suddenly are naturally too much engrossed by them for singing. It is the difference between the crew chanting at the ropes and the captain silently walking the quarter-deck. Is it less happy to think over one's own work than to sing over a task-master's? There is, furthermore, a somewhat natural though deplorable desire in many of the freedmen to forget as fast as possible this old-time music. Looking at it in the half-light of their transition state, they see only a badge of slavery, failing to perceive that they will one day cherish every fragment that re-



BALL CLUB.

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mains, as we now cherish the hymns of the Church of the Catacombs.

The younger ones, whose memory of slavery is briefer and their hope for the future higher, sing at their work and after it. Indeed, the negro can not help singing. Music is this people's natural and best expression. I believe that with as facile a language they would be as true improvvisatori as the Italians. Their musical sense is wonderful. I was struck with this in visiting the Butler School. Part of the entertainment offered the visitors was, of course, to hear the children sing. They were more than ready, and at the first signal the whole dusky band started off upon one of their wildest shouts, every one in a key of his own choosing, in an indescribable discord and din. In a Northern primary school one's ear would have been tortured to the end; but here, before the close of the first verse, every one had felt for the right key and found it, and all the little voices were blending in a rich harmony of the parts within their range.

The air of Hampton is seldom unstirred by song. I know no pleasanter recreation after a day's work in the school-room or editorial office than to drift out into the purple sunset of Hampton Roads and listen idly to the wild strains that come floating over the water, the rude song from the picturesque little oyster boats gliding by, and the richer harmonies from the shore where the boys are strolling from their evening meal.

"Did you hear my Jesus when he called you—
Did you hear my Jesus when he called you—
Did you hear my Jesus when he called you
For to put on your long white robe?

"When de moon puts on a purple robe,
De sun refuse to shine,
And every star shall disappear,
Jesus he will be mine!
My little children,
Jesus he will be mine!

"Yonder comes my sister!
Oh, how do you know it's her?
I know her by her long white robe,
And her ha'r all tinkling with gold,
My little children,
And her ha'r all tinkling with gold."

There is a pathos in these songs, which is suggested even by reading their simple rhythmical refrains; but their effect, as they come wailing through the twilight on the rich voices they were made for, is something that can not be described.

"I'm gwine to climb up Jacob's ladder,
I'm gwine to climb up Jacob's ladder,
I'm gwine to climb up Jacob's ladder;
Den my little soul's gwine to shine, shine,
Oh, den my little soul's gwine to shine, Lord!"

I can not close a description of the Hampton school for freedmen without speaking of the marvelous eagerness for instruction shown by these children of bondage and ignorance. It can hardly be overstated. It is a constant surprise to the teacher, and makes the fascination of his work. How many white boys could be found in this generation, I wonder, who would, in spite of lameness, walk sixteen miles daily in all weathers, and over a rough Virginia road, for their schooling? How many sisters could bear them company? How many would voluntarily rise before daylight all the cold winter mornings, to gain an hour for unrequired study? There are Hampton students who make these sacrifices, and greater ones, for the privilege of an education.

On the shore, by the school-house, stand five hospital tents, in which thirty at a time have been encamped since last fall, when the school opened with double its former number. Rather than be turned away from its crowded doors, all the young men have cheerfully taken their turn in the hardships of camp-life through the severest winter Virginia has known since the war. The rejoicings over the warm blankets which reached them on Christmas-day, the gift of generous friends in the North, and over the tiny stoves, which were delayed by northern storms till the worst need of them was past, showed what their hardships had been; but I never heard a complaint made, though asking one of the boys one morning how he had passed the very stormy night before, his answer was, "Oh, first-rate, ma'am, only my head ached some from the snow-drift that blew in on it." It is expected that when the next term opens, three times as many tents will be required, and as cheerfully filled.

If the beautiful school-house is a monument to Northern philanthropy, this little camp in its shadow is surely as noble a witness to the true American spirit of these brave boys.

The girls are exhibiting an equal patience and courage in their dark and overcrowded barracks, where the wind and rain are almost as much at home as in the tents. Many more than ever before are asking for admission to the next class, and must be turned away if no more provision can be made for them. For their necessities especially it has been decided to erect at once one more brick building, to furnish dormitories for them, and the larger dining-hall, chapel, and other rooms imperatively demanded by the general wants of the school.

The same manful energy and promptness of action which have made the institution the power it is to-day have been brought to bear upon this exigency. The plans are all ready; the bricks are lying at the brick-kiln of the farm, and the ground is broken for the foundations. The new building will rise just behind the girls' present dormitory, taking into the design the two brick houses at the end, which will be altered for the accommodation of the larger corps of teachers

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that will be needed. The old barracks must necessarily be left standing till the new quarters are completed, but they are expected to disappear before the beginning of another year.

The $75,000 which this building will cost must come in great part, of course, from the North. All the outlays of the institution have hitherto been met from appropriations by the American Missionary Association, the Freedmen's Bureau, the Peabody Fund, and by private donations. Of all these dependencies almost the only one left is the last; but it is amply sufficient, for the enterprise stands now upon its own merits, and the great results it has already accomplished are a guarantee of its permanency. America is not making the mistake that England did of leaving her work half done —freeing her slaves to let them slip into the worse bondage of ignorance and vice.

The spirit of self-help in which the school was founded is carried into this plan for its future. The young men will be employed as far as possible upon the actual work of construction, and much of the necessary funds will be won directly or indirectly by the personal efforts of the students.

The idea of utilizing their wonderful musical talent for the good of their people has been for years a favorite one with their enthusiastic superintendent, and the necessities of the hour have at last brought it into execution. In March the chorus of "Hampton Students" entered the field to give concerts for the benefit of the new enterprise. Its reception has proved that the successful campaign of the Jubilee Singers, who had just preceded it on a similar errand, had but excited a public taste for the plaintive music of the past, and roused an interest in its singers. The peculiar strength of the Hampton chorus is the faithful rendering of these original slave songs. Their leader, Mr. Thomas P. Fenner, of Providence, has been remarkably fortunate, while cultivating their voices to a degree capable of executing difficult German songs with a precision of harmony and expression that is delicious, in that he has succeeded in preserving to them in these old-time melodies that pathos and *wail* which those who have listened to the singing on the old plantations recognize as "the *real* thing."

These Hampton Students are all expecting to return to Hampton to finish the education that has been interrupted willingly for the good of their people. They have brought their school-books with them to improve what chances for study they may get, and they are anxious to go back to the school-room, if need be to the tents, but let us hope not to the barracks.

At a private reception given to them at the White House after their first concert in Washington, President Grant said to them:

"It is a privilege for me to hear you sing, and I am grateful for this visit. The object you have in view is excellent—not only good for your people, but for all the people, for the nation at large. The education you aim at will fit you for the duties and responsibilities of citizens, for all the work of life. I wish you abundant success among the people wherever you go, and success to those you represent in reaching a high degree of knowledge and usefulness."

I think that no one can listen to this touching music and look on these dark faces, remembering the tragic story of their past and the brave struggle they are making for their future, without echoing the President's God-speed, and recognizing a prophecy as well as an aspiration in their simple refrain:

"I'm gwine to climb up higher and higher,
I'm gwine to climb up higher and higher,
I'm gwine to climb up higher and higher;
Den my little soul's gwine to shine, shine,
Oh, den my little soul's gwine to shine, Lord!"

Since the foregoing description was written the corner-stone of the new hall has been laid, with interesting ceremonies, in the presence of many visitors whose names are known throughout the North and South and England, drawn to Hampton by the interest of this occasion and of the Commencement exercises of the school, and by their desire to inspect the successful operation of the manual-labor system in Southern education. The prize oration of the day was delivered by the student whose biography has been given in this article, and who, as his letter shows, ten years ago did not know how to put letters together.

In announcing the design of the new hall General Armstrong said, "As security for its completion we have our faith in our own earnest efforts, in the people of this country, and in our God."

MEMNON.

I WANDER through a desert vast and wide,
And turn with longing gaze to either side;
I fain would stop and rest my weary feet:
Hot, burning sands alone my vision meet.
The heavens above me are as burning glass,
The simooms scorch and blind me as they pass;
Through all this trackless waste there is no life;
By God forgotten, let me cease the strife!

The weary day again glides into night;
The darkness slowly melts, and it is light.
With morning's golden beam a distant sound
The sleeper's dull ear reaches, on the ground.
Arouse thee, faint heart! List! 'tis Memnon's call!
Throw off the gloom that shrouds thee like a pall!
The fresh oasis green thou soon shalt see;
High palms are waving, fountains flow for thee!

No wilderness so vast but in it glows
The life of God: His Love, which ever flows;
It bids the desert blossom like the rose,
And brings to weary hearts its sweet repose.
As Memnon guideth to a goal at last,
Where pain remembered is a dream that's past,
The soul once dead through love is newly born,
And wakes from darkness into brighter morn.

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"DAT TADDEUS."

"OH dear! what shall I do? I just wish Hetty was here, or even Dick, though he is such a torment!"

Poor little Ellie! A whole week at Grandma Peyton's had exhausted the endless stock of fun and adventure she was so sure of finding in Kadesh. But there was good reason for that now, because the child was there alone—quite another thing from summer vacation, with Hetty and Dick and Ruth and John, to say nothing of Robie and the baby.

Dear Uncle Will was off on a long voyage. Grandpa Peyton was quite blind now, and so old he wanted to sleep all the time, and mustn't be disturbed. Grandma was very handsome and stately, to be sure, with her snowy caps and snowier curls, her thick black silks and her lace ruffles; but, somehow, she cared more for her foreign correspondence and the Blue-stocking Club than for little girls. She didn't understand them at all. Ellie's mamma wasn't her own child; and Madam Peyton had never known how sweet a thing it is to pet and cuddle and love a little tumbled-frocked, tangled-curled girlie of her own; if she had, she would have understood the wistful, longing look with which poor homesick little Ellie greeted her with her good-morning and good-evening kiss.

It was all so cold and cheerless and proper, when Ellie wanted so much to throw her arms round her grandmother's neck and hug and be hugged, squeeze and be squeezed, as Hetty and the boys were doing at home with papa and mamma and dear old Dinah!

There was Mehitable Jane Johnson, who reigned in the kitchen, to be sure; but she was tall and angular and fierce, with her scanty gray locks twisted into a tight little button on the top of her head. Ignorant and forlorn to the last degree would have been the child who should look to her for endearment! If cleanliness is next to godliness, Mehitable was a long way on the heavenly road. She was always "*jest washed up*," and the fresh flavor of soap that attached itself to her premises as well as to her person would have been a trusty landmark if Egyptian darkness had prevailed throughout the land.

"Lud sakes alive, child! what air ye mopin' for neow, I'd like ter know? Here, don't ye go trackin' my floor agin; I've jest got washed up from yer medder muck and the flower mess ye brought in. What possessed ye, I'd like ter know, down that there swamp? Ye might 'a gone clean through ter the bottom, if Tim hadn't heern ye yell, and hauled ye aeout. Any way, yer shoes air half-way ter Chany by this time!"

"I guess, Mehitable, I shouldn't have got *clean* through, any way, judging by the amount of mud Tim put down on the floor with me when he brought me home. It was the lovely scarlet cardinal-flowers I wanted; any way, I held on to them tight, and you can't say they don't look pretty in the old brown pitcher with the smoke-plant. They are just like streaks of fire."

"Wa'al, ye're right enough both ways. If ye'd follered yer shoes clean through to Chany, ye'd both 'a been dirty enough by the time ye got there, and them there cardinals *air* kind o' fiery, and pooty too."

"Oh, Mehitable, can't you tell me something I can do? I am so tired of being alone. Grandma says I mustn't go out of the garden to-day; indeed, I can't go any where till mamma sends me some new shoes. Can't I hunt for eggs?"

"Hunt for eggs! I du declare, Elizabeth Adams! Didn't Miss Peyton say she wouldn't hev ye climbin' the wood-pile and pokin' reound the barn chamber no more? Didn't ye hev enough yesterday, I'd like ter know, tumblin' off the top with yer clean dress, and yer new apron full of eggs, ter say nothin' of breakin' up old Grizzel-top's nest. Would 'a hatched out next week; fifteen as likely chickens as we should 'a had for Thanksgivin'. *And* the muss ye made of yer white dress and silk apron! No, ye don't hunt no eggs to-day!"

"Please let me churn, then? I won't upset the churn again. I was making believe it was a ship on fire and we had to work the pumps, and I turned too hard and too fast. You know I was real sorry when the thing tipped over, and the cream spilled out on the cellar floor."

"'Real sorry' don't pick up spilled cream nor spiled butter. I guess I've hed enough of yer churnin'. Tell ye what ye may do, though: Tim's pickin' the pease, and if ye'll shell 'em cleau, and not put the pease in the pod basket, I guess I'll give ye a book to read as 'll keep ye quiet one while."

"A book! a book! Oh, Mehitable, I haven't read a book since I came here! Mamma wouldn't put any in my trunk, because Dr. Felton said 'my eyes were too big, and I was too white and wise.' I don't know what he meant, but papa said I was '*to go to grass*' for a while, and grandma was to lock up the book-case. Do you think I may read it?"

"Of course, child: d'ye think I'd give ye any thing would hurt ye? It's my book; had it ever since I was a gal no bigger'n you. That and my Westminster, *and* the Bible, of course, are all my libr'y. Ye can sit deown on the front-door step—that's gone to grass, anyhow. I told Tim this mornin' he jest better fetch his scythe reound 'fore Sunday, or he'd ketch it, sure."

Pea shelling was good fun, any way, without the prospective bribe of a book; but, to deserve the treasure, Ellie devoted all her thoughts to the pease and the just distribu-

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tion of pease to the pan, pods to the basket, with a scattering assortment of each on the floor, to be sure; but they were clean dirt, however, even in Mehitable's eyes, who grunted satisfactorily, and proceeded to keep her part of the agreement.

Oh, happy hour of perfect, unalloyed delight, possible only to childhood! Ellie was a passionate book-devourer; mere print had a fascination for her. It was a family legend, better founded than some received traditions, that, debarred from school-books and story-books at one time, for some good reason, which, however, did not prevent her from wearing a generally disconsolate and woe-begone aspect, Ellie had been discovered one day after a prolonged search, flat on the floor in the attic, poring over a musty ship's calendar, her face radiant with delight.

For a whole week she had not opened a book! Think of having *Thaddeus of Warsaw*, in four pudgy brown volumes much the worse for wear, placed in her hands, without any sting of conscience, either, about the reading, because when Grandma Peyton went to Woodstock she had told Ellie to mind Mehitable.

No more weary homesickness; no more moping; no more vain asking, "What shall I do?" no more scrapes. Mehitable blessed her lucky thought that had so easily rid her of trouble and care. And Ellie! Will there ever come any more hours like those to the little girl, seated on the broad, low step before the porch of the great old fashioned house?

The summer air, fragrant with roses and honeysuckle, that with the ivy and woodbine contested the glory of covering the gray stone wall, and musical with the whir of the grasshoppers and the hum of the bees; the sweet, warm stillness of a day in June; ten years old, and the first romance! Well for the little girl it was good, pure Jane Porter's book, and not some that came before and after.

Reluctantly she left her treasure for dinner and supper, more reluctantly still for bed-time, only consoled by taking the precious volumes to bed, to wake at daylight and weep again over the sorrows and misfortunes of Thaddeus, the Noble, the Glorious, the Injured!

How she adored Miss Beaufort and Lady Tinemouth! how she hated Diana and Miss Euphemia! how her heart throbbed at the thought of the good King Stanislaus! with what vengeance she recalled the Prussians and the cruel Cossacks! The *Battle of Prague!* A new glory attached itself to the very name. She would ask mamma to let her learn it when she went home. She wouldn't grumble once about the tedious practice hour.

It was the second morning that Ellie had passed in this unreal world. She was in a state when nothing would have surprised her—a message from the king, or a summons from Thaddeus himself in prison.

A shadow deeper than the flickering shade from the elm-tree fell athwart her book. She raised her head, and looked out of her great dreamy gray eyes at a strange figure that stood, gaunt and silent, in the garden path. A slouched hat that would have disgraced a scarecrow of average sensibility half concealed a huge green patch over one eye, and did not at all conceal a very red nose, long black hair and beard, both ragged and unkempt; a coat of many colors, that might have been Joseph's, and defied the elements ever since, hung with dangling sleeves from one shoulder, disclosing an exceedingly dirty shirt, closed at the throat with a wisp of yellow handkerchief; a red velveteen vest, guiltless of buttons; and pantaloons that might have formed part of that famous Irish gentleman's wardrobe,

> "Whose ventilation garments through
> The wind most beautifully blew."

A crooked stick over his shoulder, sustaining a small dirty bundle, bare feet that looked as though their owner had come through the "medder muck," and a regular Irishman's dhudeen in his mouth, completed the picture.

The new-comer looked at Ellie, and Ellie looked at him.

"Git me someting to eat—me hungry."

Ellie silently handed him her bowl of bread-and-milk which she had brought out for her lunch, and which stood forgotten and untouched by her side. The man devoured the contents eagerly. When he had drained the last drop he said, fiercely,

"More! meat!"

There was an air of authority that Ellie never thought of questioning. She laid her precious book down on the stone, and went into the kitchen to find Mehitable. She was not there. It was the custom of the house to give food to all who asked, and Ellie took from the pantry a huge slice of beef and some bread and cheese. When she returned with her burden the man was turning over the leaves of *Thaddeus* with an approving smile.

He accepted graciously the bread and cheese and meat, devouring them and the book simultaneously, stopping occasionally to cross-question Ellie about the book and her admiration for the hero. Her enthusiasm knew no bounds when the dirty foreigner—who immediately became glorified in her eyes—assured her he, too, was from Warsaw, and knew the King of Poland well. "Yes, he had fought in the battle of Prague—shared his tent with General Butzou!"

Her face kindled with enthusiasm, her eyes grew moist with sympathy, as her vivid imagination painted the scenes he

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"BEHOLD ME! I AM DAT TADDEUS!"

must have witnessed. His invention became more daring, his eloquence irresistible, when he quoted, in the very words of Thaddeus, though in somewhat broken English,

"'So driven, O Poland! from thy ravaged plains,
So mourning o'er thy sad but loved remains,
A houseless wretch, *I* wander through the world,
From friends, from grandeur, and from glory hurled.'"

How could she question even his sublime

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audacity when he added: "You veeps! It is for me. Behold me! *I* am dat Taddeus!"

O blind, unquestioning faith of childhood, that could discern the beloved hero in this strange, repulsive guise!

Her only thought was of sorrow that she should not have recognized him sooner; that she had not bid him enter; that she had not served him on bended knees with a silver salver. Would he forgive her, and know how she adored him?

"My lord Thaddeus Constantine, Count Sobieski, how can I serve you?" Certainly that was the proper way to address him.

"Some monish, quick! I must go." Ellie had a gold pocket-piece and two dollars in her purse that mamma had given her for spending-money. It was her own. Oh, how lovely to be able to give it to Thaddeus! Thaddeus suffering and in distress! She no longer envied Miss Beaufort, who probably had been unable to succor him in prison, since he—Thaddeus himself—was here and in need, and she could relieve him.

She flew to her room, to her trunk, and with throbbing heart brought her all and laid it in her Thaddeus's hand. It was a very dirty hand; and she didn't like the kiss with which he thanked her, for it smelled of rum and onions; but she was happy—sorry only that Thaddeus was in such a hurry, and could not stop to tell her any more about Poland and Marsovia and the Palatine.

The book lay neglected on her lap, as she sat with folded hands dreamily wishing that Thaddeus hadn't sold his glittering uniform and sword and his sable pelisse, though it would have been uncomfortable in summer. At last she fell asleep, and there Mehitable found her, when, after repeated calls, she failed to come to dinner. At the abrupt but not unkind touch on her shoulder the child started up, exclaiming, eagerly, "I have seen him! oh, I have seen him!"

"Seen who, child?"

"Thaddeus! Thaddeus himself! And he was poor and hungry, and I gave him my lunch and my gold piece!"

"Is the child crazy? Where's the big silver spoon that was in the bowl? Thaddeus, indeed! A tramp! a vagabond! a thief!"

Poor Ellie! Her dream was shattered rudely enough.

Mehitable got it all out of her by degrees through cross-questioning, but she felt guilty herself for having given the child the book, and more still for leaving her alone so long. She soothed the heart-broken little girl as well as she could, and honestly took all the blame herself when she told the story to Madam Peyton on her return that evening.

Tim scoured the country for many a day, but nothing more was ever heard of "*dat Taddeus.*"

WHO WAS RIGHT?

"I DO not believe it," I said, laughingly. The person to whom I ventured to make this unequivocal, and possibly discourteous, remark was my cousin, Grace Stanley, a young lady about my own age, and my most especial friend and crony. We had gone into the country together in the summer to pass a week or two at our uncle's, who still retained the old family homestead; and as it had been the birth-place and early home of my mother and aunt, Gracie and I were naturally charged with many kind messages and remembrances to the old people of their native place, and, among others, to an old lady who, as dress-maker, had worked for them both in their girlish years.

The person in question, Miss Lorinda Mason, lived at some distance from my uncle's, but one day of surpassingly fine weather we determined to make the expedition on foot; and as we loitered along the cool, green, pleasant country roads, by flowery fields, we had fallen, I know not how, into a sort of discussion, in the course of which I used the words quoted above—"I do not believe it."

"You do not believe it?" retorted Grace.

"No, dear, not the first word of it."

"Well, I must say you are remarkably civil."

"Oh, not *uncivil*, I hope, dear Gracie. You understand I do not question *your* belief in the least, only I can not agree with it. Surely you do not think there is any incivility in taking the opposite side of an argument, do you?"

"An *argument*, Nellie! Did you say an *argument?* For the mercy sake, dear, did you mean that we were arguing?"

"Certainly I did. Why, what else did *you* think we were doing?"

"*Talking*, of course. Arguing? no, indeed. I never attempted such a thing in all my born days. Men and lawyers *argue*, but women only *talk*. Don't you know—

> "'A woman reasons with her heart, not head,
> And therefore *wrong*!'"

"Oh yes, I remember that. Rather a sweeping condemnation too, is it not? But never mind such invidious remarks. We are not women's rights people, you and I, so we will let that pass. But to go back to our conversation. If you will not call it an argument, I think that you said—"

"I do not remember just what I did say, but nothing much to the purpose, I dare say."

"I think you said that romance, poetry, and sentiment were dying out, did not you?"

"Something to that effect, I believe; not just *exactly* those words, but I think that is true."

"And I said I did not believe it, and I do not. I do not think there was ever more

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romance, real, true romance, in the world than there is at present, only perhaps it lies deeper, is less superficial, and does not make itself so demonstrative as it used to do."

"Oh, Nellie, how can you say that? Just think a minute of the lovely crusades and the knights-errant, and the tournaments and the troubadours, and all those grand and beautiful old things! And what is there *to-day* but steam-power and cotton-mills and telegraphic communications, geology, archæology, demonology, and Darwinology, if you please? Oh, I know it is a most wonderful age; I grant you that; but it is terribly hard and stern and prosaic. Romance is out of date, Science is master of the situation now, and Utility sits on the vacated throne, while Imagination has turned alchemist, and deals in silver and gold. Faith and Hope have gone into the money-market, and trust only in greenbacks and coupon bonds."

"Oh, Gracie, Gracie, stop! You profane scoffer at holy things, you know better! Shame! shame! How *can* you?—how *dare* you?"

"Why, is it not *true*—every word of it?"

"No, no—ten thousand times no!"

"Very well, then, if I am wrong, please show me my error. I am open to conviction. Show me the romance of the present age, if you can."

"*If I can*, you little smiling unbeliever! Of course I can. I need not go far for an illustration either: take the opening of the late war."

"Well, take it, and what can you make of it?"

"*Every thing*, infidel! Just call to mind how our people rose in arms to uphold the right, to put down the wrong! Think of the armies of noble men, young and old, who met the call unawed, without delay! Think how they came pouring in from their quiet homes and peaceful pursuits—from the plow, from the anvil, from the counter, from the bar, from the study, from the pulpit, and, ignorant of war, and of the very munitions of war, grasped arms and banners, and marched forward, unfaltering, to meet the horrors of the terrible scenes which they knew their darkest imaginations could not picture! Was there no grandeur in that? Was *ever* a crusade so inspired? Was ever tournament so chivalrous? And was there no romance, no fervid sentiment behind all that heroism?"

"Oh yes—I suppose so—*possibly*. But then, you know, martial music *is* very inspiring, and gold-lace and epaulets are *very persuasive*."

"Oh, Gracie, *don't!* How can you talk so? *You*, of all people in the world, to assert such a monstrous scandal! Did a love of gold-lace and buttons, or 'the squeaking of the wry-necked fife,' lead forth *all*, think you, who bled upon the battle-field? Did your—"

"Hush, Nellie! We are not to descend to personalities, if you please; that would be in bad taste. Besides, I think, in the beginning, we were not discussing these great and shining lights; we were talking of *women*, if I remember rightly."

"Very well, then; take our sisters, if you prefer. Were they any less prompt or less ardent in the cause? I tell you, no! I chanced to be in the street on one of the very early days of the war, when the first of the brave volunteers were leaving their homes. As I passed a recruiting office a party of men were about to raise a large American flag across the street. They stood with the ropes in their hands, ready to run it up, just as two young girls were coming down the sidewalk. 'Wait for the ladies,' said one of the workmen, respectfully, removing the cordage out of their way.. 'Do not delay a moment for us, gentlemen,' said the youngest girl. 'We feel only too much honored to stand beneath its folds.' And as the flag ran up and opened to the breeze the excited girl stood, with curving lip and glowing cheeks and flashing eyes, a very picture of enthusiasm; and as the glorious old flag of her country spread its bright folds upon the free blue air above her she looked up at it in tearful reverence; then she smiled and bowed with an air of proud stateliness: 'Thank you, gentlemen; you have done us honor!' and they walked on. But as they passed on their way I heard a free, hearty cheer ring out upon the breeze. Doubtless the fair young girl believed it was in honor of the floating banner, and never dreamed that her simple words and involuntary action had given a new energy and strength to the hearts and arms of those men, and made them more eager to strike their vigorous blows in defense of the fair land whose women were as patriotic as they were beautiful!"

"Really, now—a very pretty little incident. But—forgive the question, Nellie—*do* you suppose that was the *first* rehearsal?"

"Yes, you incorrigible jester, I *do believe* it. I happen to know something of those girls; and I do not think ten days before the war broke out they knew *exactly* what their country's flag was. But the hour of trial came, and it called out the latent feeling."

"Rather a sudden conversion, then, it would seem, was not it? Well, I must say, that sort of thing—enthusiasm, ardor, or patriotism, or whatever you may choose to term it—was wonderfully contagious in those days, as catching as measles or erysipelas. Oh yes, more so; it was infectious—a regular epidemic in the air, like typhus fever or influenza. I suppose it was a sort

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of electricity, which passes round from hand to hand, no matter how wide the circle."

"For once I agree with you; your illustration is correct. Yes, *that sort of thing* did spread like the electric current. But what else is all popular enthusiasm? What else gathered your favorite crusaders, or filled the ranks of Peter the Hermit or Jeanne d'Arc? What was it but this, which you jestingly call the electric current of enthusiasm? Can you not recall how mothers and wives and plighted maidens spake martyr-like their brave farewells, and sent out their best-beloved to the battle-fields with 'words of lofty cheer?'"

"Oh yes. Bless you, yes, I remember; that was all very well. But then, you know, they were not expected to go *themselves;* and I suppose it is one thing *to send*, another *to go!*"

"I acknowledge that. But which was the *hardest*, I wonder? Do you remember the day, that gloomy, terrible day, when—"

"Don't bother, Nellie! Remember the land is at peace now. Let me be so too."

"Of course I will, only— But look, Gracie! Do you see that old house under the hill yonder? That is Miss Mason's; so we must close our remarks pretty soon, only remember I still affirm there is just as much true romance and lofty, tender sentiment in the world now as there ever was."

"Then why does it not show itself?"

"Because as society grows more refined and cultivated it becomes less demonstrative. Educated people are, as a general thing, more reticent—that is *one* thing; and another may be that you do not see it because you do not know where to look for it, or how to call it forth. All *true* feeling is deep, not superficial; but as there is no water so stagnant that it will not break into bubbles if you stir it deeply enough, so, I believe, there exists some latent romance in every heart which will come to the surface whenever a strong, deep feeling stirs its slumbrous depths."

"Amen! so be it," said Gracie. "And now, may it please you, if the perambulating debating club has finished its present session, and you can bring your mind down to earthly matters, will you tell me something of the worthy woman we are going to visit?"

"I tell you?" I said. "I guess you know as much about her as I do."

"I? No, indeed! I don't know any thing."

"Why, Gracie, seems to me you are wonderfully pugnacious and contradictory to-day. Miss Lorinda Mason was a dress-maker, and worked for our mothers when they were girls."

"Yes, I do know that; but I have never seen her. I think you said you had. Please prepare me for the coming interview. Tell me what she is like."

"Something like other people, I suppose."

"No, I rather think not, if she was made so long ago, for 'the fashions of this world pass away.' Can't you tell me what sort of woman she is?"

"Do you mean in mind, body, or estate?"

"All three, I guess. Suppose you take them in course."

"I should judge her to be of fair average mind, but very uncultivated. Having had little acquaintance with books or society, her mind has never been polished by the attrition of other minds, and consequently she is very conservative, like most persons who have led the lonely, isolated sort of life she has done. I suppose it is a very natural result. Those persons who pick up their ideas ready-made, second-hand, from books or society, hold them lightly—'easy come, easy go;' but those individuals who from any cause have had to depend upon their own wits, who evolve their own opinions and work out their own conclusions, are apt to value them in proportion to what they have cost, and do not easily surrender them. I should judge that Miss Mason's mind was not of the progressive order, and that whatever she had thought and believed years ago she would be very likely to think and believe to-day. There; will that do?"

"Yes, I suppose so. Making due allowances for your metaphysical flummery, I gather that she is narrow-minded, self-opinionated, obstinate, and dogmatical. Am I right?"

"Possibly the idea is, but you have exaggerated all the symptoms."

"I dare say—I am apt to. Now for the person. Is she pretty?"

"Why, Gracie! at sixty and over? What a question! But I imagine she is probably as good-looking now as she ever was. I doubt if she was pretty at sixteen. Some people seem never to have been young, and so never seem to grow old."

"Convenient, very, but scarcely desirable. What is she like?"

"Tall and straight and rather thin; keen gray eyes and a determined mouth, with an *occasional* but very *rare* sweet smile. So much for person. As to estate, I think she is independent. Her father was what is called a substantial, well-to-do farmer, and owned his own farm. But in those primitive days the daughters of such men were accustomed to earn their own living by teaching, or needle-work, or in some other way. And Miss Mason chose dress-making, it seems. But I imagine that now, when she is the sole inheritor of the old place, she finds it quite ample to meet all her simple and inexpensive tastes and needs."

"Then she does not ply her vocation still?"

"Bless you, Gracie, no. I imagine the art of dress-making in the days of our moth-

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ers' youth was not a very difficult thing to acquire. But think of the intricacies of the present style—the *under*-skirts and *over*-skirts, the paniers, the flounces, the ruches and sashes, the pleatings and flutings—they would certainly drive her insane!"

"Then she does not aim to be herself a walking fashion-plate, like our very accomplished Madam C——?"

"Judge for yourself. This is the house."

As we walked up the little flower-yard in front of the old farm-house I whispered,

"One thing more, Gracie: Miss Mason is an inveterate talker. I forgot that."

"So much the better," replied my companion. "Encourage it; it will save our own powers. My first observation confirms the accuracy of your description," she added, giving a quick, comprehensive glance around her; "for *conservatism* is revealed in these old-fashioned flowers—lilacs, hollyhocks, pinks, larkspurs, and marigolds; not a day-lily, a verbena, a dahlia, or a gleichen—not a flower the seed or root of which might not have come out of the ark, in the pocket of Mrs. Ham, Shem, or Japheth."

I said nothing; but while my cousin was vainly seeking for a bell-pull, I lifted the heavy black knocker, and gave a peal that caused my unsophisticated and sensitive Gracie to jump like a nervous grasshopper.

"Why, what in the world did you do *that* for?" she asked.

"Oh, that is the primitive way of asking admittance; door-bells are modern innovations."

Voices were heard, then an opening and shutting of inner doors, then a slow, heavy step came along the entry, and the front-door stiffly unclosing, revealed Miss Lorinda Mason in person. She was neatly dressed; but a little flour still adhering to her hands and to her white apron betrayed the fact that she was engaged in some household duty, and fearing my cousin might mistake her for a servant, and inquire for her mistress, I hastened to introduce them, and named myself also, and our parentage.

Miss Mason's calm gray eyes perused both our faces for one moment in thoughtful silence; then she said, kindly, "Well, I *declare now;* I'm *real* glad to see yer, both of yer, for yer ma's' sakes 'specially! You jest walk right in;" and she flung open the door of an inner room as she spoke. "You two jest go in there, won't yer, an' set down an' rest a bit while I go an' slick up a little? Yer see, we've been a-making pies this forenoon."

"Then I am afraid we are an interruption," began Grace.

"No, yer ain't—not a mite of it. I hev jest got through, an' was going to tidy me up when yer came. You take chairs now, an' set right down. I won't be long. I want to see yer. Law suz! I want to see if you look like yer ma's any." And not in the least disconcerted at being thus found *en déshabillé*, she coolly left us to go and make her toilet.

The room in which we were left was very small, and scrupulously neat, but hopelessly wanting in any thing suggestive of taste or refinement; the coarsely painted wood-work which went half-way up the low walls was of a dull greenish white, which, with the dingy brown and pink hues of the paper that joined it, made a contrast almost sickening, which the fresh, staring red, green, and yellow of the large-figured carpet did not tend to relieve.

A small looking-glass between the windows was profusely decorated with dried everlasting flowers and honesty; a tawdry tea-tray of very coppery bronze, and very gaudy nondescript flowers, was reared up in front of the glass as if it had been a picture; and to keep it from slipping from its post of honor were two large sea-shells, and a huge pincushion made in the form of a heart, and worked in brilliant colors. Alas! like many another heart, wearing a gay exterior, but very heavy to carry.

I had seated myself, and was resting, but my more volatile and impressible cousin was cruising round the room, examining all these objects and taking observations. At the fire-place she made a full stop, scrutinized its ornaments a few moments in silence, then, turning to me with a pale, startled face, she signed to me to join her. I did so. Over the mantel-piece were the usual ornaments: two tall kerosene glass lamps, two palm-leaf fans, and two or more black oval frames, containing smoke-dried silhouettes; then came the conventional sampler, under glass, with a silken chanticleer on one side and three worked strawberries on the other, and the inscription, "Martha Ann Hooker fecit," wrought at the bottom; then came the almost equally universal "mourning piece," in which a tall female, in scant drapery and unbound hair, standing upon the very tips of her painful toes, with her lower limbs in a hopelessly entangled condition, bent, wildly weeping, over a very tall monumental urn, while a slender, unhealthy-looking little willow-tree, evidently frightened out of its growth, illustrated the doctrine of retribution by weeping over her. These two agreeable and enlivening objects Gracie had inspected calmly, although with evident symptoms of distaste. *But the third!*

Possibly it may not be a familiar fact to our city readers that in some of the rural districts of our land the silver plate which bears inscribed the name and age of a departed individual is only the *temporary* adornment of that individual's obsequies. It is *lent*, not *given*. It is not expected or allowed to fulfill what we are accustomed to consider its legitimate duty; it does *not*

"Go to the grave in all its glorious prime;"

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but, having done what it can to shed lustre upon the sombre occasion, it is removed at the last moment by the careful superintendent, and restored to the nearest and dearest survivor—the father, mother, husband, or wife—to be kept as a tender memorial of the worth of the departed, and their friends' very liberal recognition of it.

The object then under Gracie's notice was a square black wooden box, with a glass in front, like a picture-frame, only something deeper, within which, upon a ground of black cotton velvet, were displayed four or five of these lugubrious spoils of the grave; and shudderingly she read the names of "Jerathmeel Mason, aged sixty-nine;" "Martha Ann Mason, aged forty-two years;" "Lucy Mason, second wife, aged thirty;" "Martha Mason, aged four years;" and "George W. Mason, aged twenty-one years."

"Did you ever see, ever *imagine*, any thing half so terrible?" said poor Gracie, turning her horrified face toward me.

"Oh, it is a very common thing here," I said. "You will see them every where."

"Common? Oh, how can they endure the sight of it? I should think it would kill them."

"Kill! Oh no; custom reconciles us to any thing."

"But is it possible any body can live and eat and drink in the rooms with such ghastly things? Why, I should feel as if I was a ghoul!"

"Oh, I dare say our friend here sits and looks at them with a melancholy pleasure."

"If she *does*, Nellie, if she *can*, then I say she is utterly incapable of feeling or sentiment. I'll tell you," she said, as we returned to our seats; "I will take *her* for my test—for my representative woman; you may *stir* just as much as you like, and if you can stir up one touch of romantic tenderness or sentiment in her, I will give in, and if not—"

"Stop, stop!" I said. "I do not agree to your proposition." But just then Miss Lorinda, returning, put an end to our discussion.

Our hostess had evidently "slicked up," as she termed it; that is, she had washed her hands, combed her hair, laid aside her apron, and changed her dress; but the dress she now wore, *if another*, was so much the *same* that, although she seemed to feel more in company trim herself, we saw little difference, except in the absence of the white apron and the scattered grains of flour.

"I'm real glad to see yer, gals!" she said, drawing up a chair in front of us. "It was real pretty in yer to come, an' I'm ever so glad I was at home, too. Now you take yer bonnets right off, both of yer—won't yer?—an' let me see if yer look like yer ma's. Well, yes, I guess yer do, *in a measure*, but yer ain't so good-looking by a long chalk; yer can't neither of yer hold a candle to what *them* gals was! Yes, yer pretty good-looking gals too, as gals go now; but, dear suz! at yer age, them two gals would ha' jumped right over yer heads, clean out of sight, for beauty—they *would so!*"

"So every body tells us, Miss Mason; we are used to hearing that," I said, meekly, hoping to conciliate her by an unconditional surrender. And it had its effect.

"Well," she said, "nobody hain't a right to say so to yer, a-hurting yer feelings, on'y jest me, coz I knew an' loved 'em. You see, I thought they was jest the best an' han'somest gals I ever set a stitch for. I used to work for 'em both—made all their wedding-gowns, I did. Dunno as you knew?"

"Oh yes; indeed we did; that was the reason we called." And then out came the kindly messages and the pretty and useful presents.

These were very satisfactory, and many were the loving inquiries, remarks, and remembrances in regard to her former patronesses, whom she always called our "ma's." Then followed a long and rather desultory conversation, leading to the changes in her native place.

"I conclude yer ma's hev heerd of dear old Parson Potter's death, hain't they?"

"Oh yes, indeed," said my cousin. "He was too shining a light not to be missed and mourned."

"He was *so!* He was a real good man, an' the *powerfulest* preacher! I guess 'twill be many a long day before we shall find the parson's equal."

"My uncle thinks a good deal of the new minister that has just settled here," said I.

"Yes! Well, I dunno; I s'pose he's about as good as any of the ministers they make nowadays. But, law sakes! just compare him with our Parson Potter, he ain't nowheres!"

"I know," I said; "but then Parson Potter had had a whole lifetime's experience, and Mr. Ainsworth is a very young man, is not he?"

"Oh yes, exactly; he is jest married. I s'pose you know the gal he's married, don't yer?"

"Not at all. I have heard her pleasantly spoken of, and I heard she was very pretty."

"Yes, she is pretty good-looking."

"Then you have seen her?"

"Oh yes. She sot up bride last week, yer know, an' I went. Didn't you?"

"No, we were not here last week."

"Well, I'd call now, if I was you, for her house is sot out till it's a sight to behold! I never see sich a lot of new-fangled things in all my born days. Did not know the use of half of 'em, but s'pose you would. I reckon she came from your place, didn't she?"

"I believe so; but I never knew her. She is said to be very amiable and very pretty."

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"Yes, that's a fact; she is real pretty-looking, on'y dreadful riggy in her dress; and real pretty mannered too; cheery and social, not a bit stuck-up an' proud like; an' I conclude she's quite faculized. I know she's a real good needle-woman, an' that's good in a minister's wife."

"A good needle-woman?" queried Grace, doubtfully; for she evidently did not see how this truly feminine accomplishment could have found room for exhibition in a formal morning call.

"Yes, she showed me lots an' lots of needle-work. She did not *say* she did it all herself, but I conclude she did. Why, there was one great pictur' as big as that" (holding up her hand). "Oh my! it must hev taken a 'nation sight of time to do it, I know."

"Oh, you mean worsted-work—embroidery?"

"Yes; it was all worked out in beads an' crewels. It *was splendid!* I never!"

"And what was it?" I asked.

"Well, Miss Ainsworth called it a *screen*, or a *scene*. I ain't sure which she said."

"Yes, but the subject? What was it a picture of?"

"Oh, it was a man. An' all worked out jest as natural as the very life."

"A man! Who was he?" we inquired.

"That's more'n I can rightly tell. I reckon it was one of them old fellows that used to play on the harp, I thought it was; an' she being a minister's wife, I made up my mind it was one of the old Bible characters; an' as she seemed real pleasant an' chatty, I made bold to ask her whether it was David or Solomon. An' she laughed an' blushed, an' said, 'No, it warn't neither of 'em. It was intended for 'Pollo.' So I warn't none the wiser than before. I'm sure I don't know who she meant, unless it was the young man that Paul said done his watering when he was a-planting. Do you s'pose that *was* what she meant? He hadn't any watering-pot in his hand as I could see."

"How *was* he represented, then?" asked Gracie, bravely stifling her laughter.

"Represented! Why, he wasn't a Representative at all, as I know of—nothing of that sort; an' it wasn't Washington. If it had been, I could hev told jest as soon as I laid my eyes on him. I don't think he was an American at all, for I never see nobody look like him."

"I meant to ask how was he pictured. Can't you describe him to us?"

"Oh yes; you mean how was he took? Well, he was a youngish-looking man, an' he had on a loose kind of white night-gown, an' he had a lot of green leaves sorter bound round his head. So I conclude he was enjoying poor health when he sot for his pictur'."

"But what was he *doing*?" persisted the incorrigible Gracie.

"Well, I can't rightly tell. I couldn't see as he was regularly doing much of any thing. He had a harp in his hand, as I told yer, so I conclude he was a harper, an' I s'pose he was a-harping; but I minded his eyes they was rolled up consid'able, an' I thought he was going to hev a fit; but I didn't like to ask any more questions. But that was on'y one thing. She had lots of others—big crickets an' little crickets, benches an' mats, an' rugs an' cushions an' chairs, all in needle-work. *I never!*"

"Bridal gifts from her friends, probably," I suggested.

"Do yer s'pose they was? Well, like enough; I never mistrusted but that she did 'em all. Well, she was real chirpy an' sociable, an' tried to be polite to us all. There was near a dozen of the parish in there at once, an' she talked with us all; an' so did the new minister. He came an' sot down by me, an' tried to make talk, but I didn't get on so well with him. Yer see, I hedn't got the hang of him. He said he s'posed I'd seen all his *predecessors*. Well, I didn't know what them was, an' I concluded it was his books, an' I told him, 'No, I guessed I hedn't.' An' when I come home I looked it out in the dictionary. See what a mess I made of it! Well, what *do* yer think she did? I must tell yer. Afore we come away up she jumps an' went to a table, an' fetched her cake an' passed it round *herself!* Did yer ever hear the beat of that? Now I know she keeps a hired gal, for my Salome knows her; an' *shouldn't* you hev thought she'd hev hed her in to pass the cake instead of demeaning herself to do it? An' she a bride too! Now did you ever hear of sich a thing?"

"Yes, I have," I said. "I suppose she thought it was more easy and sociable; and besides, I really think it was meant as a compliment to wait upon you herself."

"Well, maybe it was; but if you'll believe me, there warn't one of 'em setting there that hed common civility enough to say, 'I wish you better business, ma'am,' when they took it, only old Miss Babbidge an' me! I should hev thought any body *that knew politeness* would hev done *that;* but they didn't, as sure as you're alive, for I watched 'em. But do tell! I want to know if that was fashion?"

"I rather think so," said Gracie.

"Oh, well, all's right, I s'pose, if it's on'y the fashion, but I never see sich ridiculous fashions as they hev nowadays. I want to tell yer something else I saw that very same day. As I was walking home who should I see coming along but Squire Bartlet's gal, little Susie Bartlet, that's jest come home from boarding-school. Well, Susie's an on'y daughter, yer know, an' of course her father an' mother they make sweetmeats of her; an', to be sure, Susie is a pretty, bright,

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pleasant sort of a gal. Well, she was driving of herself in that little fly-away rigmarole cockle-shell of a one-horse shay that Squire has jest hed made for her. Lordy! I believe he'd feed her upon greenbacks an' cowpen bonds if she could eat 'em! Well, when she see me she stopped to speak (I allers liked little Susie), an' to ask me how I liked her new phantom. Well, I jest see out of the corner of my eye, as it were, that there was a tall young officer-looking kind of a fellow, all buttons an' gold-lace, a-setting up on the back seat behind Susie, an' I s'posed, of course, it was her brother James, for Squire told me himself last summer that Jim had grown up quite a young man, an' he hed sent him to West P'int. So, though Jim was allers no end of a torment to me, an' regularly stripped my currant-bushes, an' worried my cat's life half out of her, an' once cut her tail off, still, at the same time, I didn't want to bear malice, an' I thought now he'd grown up, an' got to be cadetter an' all, he might hev sowed all his wild oats, an' so I'd jest pass the time of day with him at least. Well, what do yer think! I wonder what will come next! When I turned round to speak to Jim, lo and behold, *it warn't him!* it was Squire's *hired man*, an' a great gump of an Irishman at that. An' there he sot on the back seat, with his arms folded, jest as easy as you please, as if he hed been President, or Gov'nor at the very leastest—he all dressed up, and Miss Susie a-driving of him! Well, I *did think!* 'Fore I had time to say a word an' a half to Susie, I see her cousin Almira Whiting coming down the street, dressed to kill. 'Hullo, Susie!' she sings out; and 'Hullo, 'Mira!' says t'other one. 'Oh, Susie dear, yer do look prime!' says the Whiting gal; 'are yer going out to drive? Don't yer want to take me?' 'Yes, indeed,' says Squire's gal; 'jest the figure. Jump in, dearie.' An' sure enough, jump she did; an' there sot that great, grinning, dunderhead of a Paddy all the time as cool as yer please, as if it was no business of his; never got down, never helped her in. So she helped herself, settled her own skirts, tucked herself up in the cradle quilt Susie hed over her lap, an' she says, says she, 'This is *bully!* I'm *jolly* glad I met you;' an' they nodded good-by to me, an' off they drove. Now I want to know, is this one of the new fashions too?"

"I rather think it is, Miss Mason," I said. "Young ladies do many things now that did not use to be considered just the thing for them. You know they ride and drive, and row and swim and skate, and a dozen other things. It is said it makes them more healthy."

"Oh, that's nonsense. I don't believe in't. I s'pose gals is made now pretty much as they used to be, an' I hain't no faith in a gal's horsing about so. But I jest want to know, if that great grinning fellow ain't a-going to drive or do nothing else, what do they take him for at all? Why not leave him at home, an' spare the horse the weight of his lazy carcass?"

"Oh, partly because it is the fashion, I suppose, and partly because it is safer in case of any accident; and then he is there to take the horse if the young ladies stop or make calls."

"Oh, that's it, is it? But is he a-going to ride there, an' listen to all them silly gals may say?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

"*Well!* much good may it do him, *an' them too;* for I should think he'd make no end of mischief telling of all he may chance to hear. I never see sich manners in my day. I on'y wish yer could hev seen Madam Dudley ride out, as I used to see her when I was a child. That was a sight worth seeing! First place, she hed a carriage that *was* a carriage—as big an' heavy as the stage-coach. It hed winders all round, and shot up as close an' snug as a setting-room (we used to call 'em clost carriages); an' it was a carriage that made a noise in the world, I tell yer, and made the dust fly too! Why, yer could hear it a-coming, rumbling along, long afore ever you'd see it—half a mile off, for-I-know. An' there madam 'd set inside, dressed all in her furs, or her beautiful silks an' satins, 'cording to as the weather was, like a lady, as she was, to be sure! An' then, when they hed occasion to stop any wheres for madam to get out, her man David (an' he was an American, too, an elderly, well-to-do, respectable man, that hed lived in the family ever so long, an' was much trusted by them)—well, he'd get down from his box, an' hold the reins in one hand, an' open the carriage door with t'other, an' he'd bow (laws! I can see him now), an' then he'd put his hand on the door, an' kinder crook out his arm, an' make it jest as firm as the banisters of the stairs, an' madam she'd lay her little, nicely gloved hand on his arm, an' trip out as nice an' stately as yer please, an' he a-looking straight between his horses' heads all the time; for of course he knew it warn't his business to be looking at her ankles, an' ladies did not wear trains or boots in them days. Oh, it was jest as good as a pictur' to see it. Ladies was ladies *then*, an' servants was servants. An' that man, David Stone, civil an' obedient as he was to her, an' allers knew his place, was a very self-respecting man, whose father was a fore-handed farmer, an' a justice of the peace up where he lived when he was at home, wherever that was. But dear me! I get running on so, you'll be tired to death, for-I-know; an' I've never remembered to offer yer a mouthful of cake after yer long walk, and a glass of our currant wine."

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As our kind entertainer bustled about to carry out her hospitable intentions she opened the door of a small corner cupboard, or, as it is termed in country phrase, "*the bow-fat*," and as the door swung open it disclosed quite a row of books, neatly arranged in order, upon one of the upper shelves.

"Tadmor in the desert," whispered my cousin to me, with a look of surprise. "Why, Miss Mason, you have quite a little library in there. What are they?"

"My brother's books," said Miss Mason, quietly handing out the cake and wine. "I have never read 'em."

"Your brother?" I said. "Why, I did not know you had a brother."

"Oh yes," she said, gravely. "A very dear brother; but—he is not *living*—not in *this world*."

Up to this moment Grace had been glancing little telegraphic messages of triumph at me; now I ventured to return one to her, and by the slight uplifting of her delicate eyebrows I found that she too appreciated the change.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Mason," I said; "but I really did not know you ever had a brother."

"Didn't yer?" she said. "I guess yer ma did." And going again to the corner cupboard, she returned with a common black miniature case in her hand; opened it, breathed upon the glass, polished it with her handkerchief, regarded it with a long, wistful gaze, and then silently put it into my hands.

It was a daguerreotype, taken in the very infancy of the art, which has since been brought to such brilliant perfection. It was one of those provoking things, half picture and half looking-glass, where the misty, vanishing features seem almost purposely to evade you, and at first I saw only an unflattered portion of my own nose, and half the ball of my right eye; but, by dint of turning it in various lights, I caught the face at last. It represented a very young man of almost marvelous beauty, a broad, high brow, full of intellect and energy, large, clear eyes of mingled fire and softness, a well-shaped nose, and a mouth whose exquisitely chiseled lips would have been almost too full of womanly sweetness had they not been redeemed by the firm character of the square but beautifully moulded chin.

"What a beautiful face!" we both exclaimed, for my cousin had risen, and was standing looking at it over my shoulder. "And was this your brother—your own brother?"

"My own brother in *love*—my half-brother by *birth*," said Miss Mason, who was busy putting aside our glasses and the wine.

"*Is not it beginning to stir?*" said Grace, in low tones, pressing her hand on my shoulder.

"What did yer say, dear?" inquired our hostess, returning.

"Is there not a little more air stirring?" said Grace, her cheeks flushing guiltily with the consciousness of her innocent evasion.

"I dunno but there is," said Miss Mason; "but there's no wind to speak of. I suppose," she went on, "yer thought that *couldn't* be my brother, coz we was so unlike; but I'll tell how that was, if yer want to know; but I wonder yer never heerd yer ma's speak of him—they knew him, he was not far from their own age, an' he was with 'em a sight. I know one time I kinder thought—" She paused.

"It is strange, but I never heard either of them mention your having a brother," I said.

"Well, maybe not; but I don't believe they've *forgot* him, anyhow! Yer see, my own mother she died when I was a good slip of a gal, an' father married for his second wife a gal a good deal younger than his first was, as I guess widowers mostly allers generally do. Folks all said it was a very imprudent thing in father to marry a gal not much older than I was, an' foretold no end of trouble; but it did not come, for she was as pretty and sweet-tempered a young woman as ever entered a man's house—jest the merriest, lovingest, innocentest creetur that ever lived! Folks talk an' run out ag'inst mother-in-laws as if they was the Evil One's own special servants. Well, *I* don't say so; some of 'em may be—I can't say they ain't—but I doubt if my own mother could hev been kinder to me. We lived together jest like two sisters, an' never a hard word between us, an' I don't take no credit for it neither, for I know I was naturally kinder cranky an' cantankerous like sometimes; but nobody couldn't quarrel with mother, if they'd wanted to, an' I guess nobody that looked in her sweet face would ha' wanted to.

"Well, when I was about seventeen, my brother was born. I never knew nothing 'bout any children, never lived in the house with a baby before, an' I was tickled to death—why, I was fairly bewitched with the little creetur. I don't really think his mother loved him a bit better than I did. And she—well, she was real generous—she kind of shared him with me, an' allers called him *our baby*, till I seemed to own him as much as she did; an' she said I might choose a name for him. I did want to call him for father; but his name was Jerathmeel, an' that seemed too heavy somehow for a pretty little baby, an' so I called him George Washington, for I knew that would allers be respectable. An' oh! the lot of comfort I had in that baby!

"Well, when George was going on for three years old, mother was took suddenly very sick. She said in the very first on't she'd never get over it, an' the doctor he said pretty much the same. Oh dear! that

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was a hard time. I was over her day an' night; but nothing helped her. She was very quiet an' patient, an' hed her mind; an' the day she died I sot close by the bed, with the baby on my lap, for I knowed well enough, by my own self, she'd want to look at him as long as she could see any thing. An' so, as I sot there, holding her hand in mine, she says to me, softly, 'Lorie dear'—she mostly allers called me 'Lorie,' but father called me 'Rindy'—so she says, 'Lorie dear, you've got to be mother an' sister both to our boy when I'm gone.'

"Well, I filled all up so, seemed as if I couldn't speak, nohow; so I jest kissed the baby's little curly head, as a sign like. 'Yes, I know you do love him, dear,' she says, as if she understood me. 'I can trust him to you; I am sure you will allers be kind to him, Lorie.'

"'As you hev been to me, so help me Heaven!' I sobbed out.

"'Yes, dear; but listen, Lorie. Father is getting to be an old man—he is old *now*—he will be very old when Georgie has grown up; now remember this, dear. Old folks an' young folks don't allers think alike. Young folks think old folks are hard an' stern an' stingy; and old folks think young folks are foolish an' wild an' heedless. Now if this should ever happen between our boy an' father, I trust to you to stand between the two, and draw them together. Begin early, dear. Teach Georgie allers to love an' reverence an' obey father, an' try to make father tender an' loving to him. Promise me this, dear.' An' I said, 'Mother dear, I do promise.' An' that evening she died.

"Oh, she was a dreadful miss to us all! It seems to me the very sunlight had gone out of the world when she, with her sweet, cheerful temper an' pretty, loving ways, was taken out of it. I did the best I could for father, an' tried to be cheerful, an' keep things as she liked to hev 'em; but it was hard work, an' I dunno but I should hev died too, if it hed not been for the baby. Nobody can tell what he was to me. I hed him pretty much to myself now, for though father sot great store by him, an' loved him, an' was proud of him, an' all that, yet a man's love for a little child—why, it ain't like a woman's. I hed that child with me night an' day, an' I tended him through the measles an' whooping-cough an' scarlet fever, an' he grew an' throve with me, an' he grew prettier an' smarter every blessed day. Every body loved him an' made much of him, for he had his mother's fair face, an' her pretty little winning ways, an' father's firmness an' resolution an' straightforward honesty. An' he was a good scholar too; allers at the top of his class, an' allers bringing home certificates an' testimonials an' rewards of merit.

"There! I s'pose I *am* an old fool to tell yer all this, but I can't help it, for I thought he was jest about right, an' that there never was another child born *equal to him!*

"Well, time slips by faster than we think, an' one day when he was standing by my side I see his head was higher than my own.

"'Why,' I says to him, 'Georgie Mason, if yer don't grow jest like pig-weed! I'll be whipped if yer ain't taller now than I be!' An' he laughed.

"'Yes, sissy,' says he, 'I'm getting my head up in the world. I'll be a young man before yer hev time to think of it, sha'n't I?'

"'I believe yer,' says I. 'Why, let me see; you'll be sixteen—is it?—come next June. Well, I declare! it's most time for yer to be leaving school, an' making up yer mind what you're going to be.'

"'I don't know,' says he, sadly. 'I hate to think of leaving school.'

"'Well done!' says I. 'That is curious. I thought gals an' boys was allers glad to quit school.'

"'I don't feel so,' says he; 'I'd like to keep on with my lessons.'

"So I waited a while, and then I said, 'What do yer think you'd like to be, Georgie, my boy?'

"Then he turned round, an' I see tears in his eyes, an' he said, 'Oh, Lorie dear, I don't know! I don't want to give up my books, an' I don't want to do *any thing* that I *can* do. I don't want to be a farmer, or learn a trade, or go into a store.'

"'Maybe you'd like to go to college, George?' I said, jest to banter him.

"'Yes, Lorie,' he says, an' then he sobbed right out, 'that is what I would like. Oh, I'd work my fingers to the bone, if there is any work in me (which I'm afraid there is not), if I could on'y earn enough to go to college!'

"I was all taken aback. 'Why,' says I, 'George, yer could not do it. Boys has to study awful hard that go to college.'

"'That's what I'd like,' says he. 'I ain't afraid of study.'

"'But I don't expect yer could ever get in,' says I.

"'Why shouldn't I, sister?' says he. 'Orrin Potter and Hapgood Maynard are going, an' I'm above them in every class.'

"'Yes, but Orrin is Parson Potter's son, an' Hapgood's father is a lawyer, yer know.'

"'Yes, yes, I know it; an' I am on'y a farmer's boy. I *don't expect* it; I *know* my father can't afford to send me. But if I hed their chance, I guess I'd go before them there, as I hev done here. But it's no use talking about it; I know I can't go, an' that *ought* to be enough.'

"'But, George,' I said, 'yer never talked like this before. I didn't know yer felt so.'

"'No, I never mentioned it,' he says, 'for I knew it was no use. But I hev allers wanted to go; an' now, hearing the boys talk so

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much of being fitted has made me feel worse. But don't yer mind it, Lorie; don't let it worry yer, dear. I won't speak of it again—I don't know how I come to now—an' I'll get over it somehow; don't yer mind it.' An' he kissed me, an' went off.

"But when he had gone I kept thinking it over, an' of my promise to his mother; an' the more I thought of it, it didn't seem so onreasonable in the boy, for he was the best scholar in the whole school. An' at last I made up my mind to speak to father about it, an' sound him a little, an' see if any thing could be done. So that evening, when I was alone with father, I broke ground about it, an' give him an inkling of what George hed said.

"At first father he on'y pooh-poohed at it. 'Oh, pshaw! no, Rindy—nonsense—*no!*'

"Well, I did not say much jest then, for, as they say, 'a screw may go where a nail won't;' an' so I waited, an' went on with my knitting.

"After a while father he broke out: 'The idea of *me* sending my son to college! Wouldn't the folks laugh at me, Rindy?'

"'I don't see whose business it is but your own, father,' says I.

"'And do you really s'pose the boy has got the wit in him for it, darter?' says he, next.

"'I don't see why not,' says I. 'The masters all say he is the best scholar in the whole school; an' if Orrin Potter and Hapgood Maynard can get in, I don't see why he shouldn't. The on'y thing I see is if yer can afford it. Can yer?'

"'Well,' says father, laughing, 'as yer said jest now, that's *my business*, not *your'n!* I reckon, Rindy, if I hed a mind to do it I could do it, an' not come upon the town for it nuther. You let me alone a bit. I'll think it over, an' chew upon it a while, an' then I'll let you know what I've made up my mind to. Does the boy know you've asked me?'

"'No,' says I; 'for I didn't think of asking yer when he told me.'

"'So much the better,' says father. 'Keep dark to him a while, an' I'll think on't.'

"Well, I felt encouraged; so far it had worked better than I looked for. I see, plain enough, that father was mighty tickled at the idee. Yer see, we warn't scholarly people, none of us—never hed been. Father was a hard-working man, an' so was all his folks, an' the thoughts of a son of his going through college was jest nuts to him, though he wouldn't hev liked to own up to that, even to me.

"Well, I never said another word about it, good nor bad, but I kept thinking an' turning of it over in my mind what I could do to help; an' the next day father he says to me, sort of whispering like, 'Rindy, what do yer think *she* would ha' said to it?'

"'I guess there's no doubt about that,' says I. 'She'd hev been out an' out pleased, I know.'

"'Then,' says he, 'if yer think so, he *shall* go, by the living gingerbread, if I hev to sell a cow every year to maintain him there!'

"'Stop a minute, father,' says I. 'I've got a little nest-egg laid by, yer know, an' I can make more. I can pay one-third, if you can the rest.'

"'No, yer don't, Rindy,' says father, 'not a cent, though I thank yer all the same; but I sha'n't beggar my darter to eddicate my son, not if I know it, I tell yer. I'll do right by both my children, if I know what right is. Don't yer be worried; I guess I can fetch it as well as the parson or the lawyer. I hev worked hard, airly an' late, an' made my money "by the sweat of my brow," an' now, if I can't send my on'y son to college, if *I choose*, I guess I hain't made my wages, that's all! So you may tell the boy he *can* go if *he wants to;* it's your doings—you understand him better than I do. But mind you, now, Rindy! you tell him *this:* if he goes, he's got to work an' come up to the mark. If I find the money, I shall expect my money's worth in larning. I ain't going to send a boy to college to row boats an' smoke cigars an' eat ister suppers. Let him understand all this, Rindy!'

"Well, I was so pleased seemed to me I couldn't wait for George to come home; and when he did I took him into my room, an' I told him. Oh, yer never see a boy so opsot as he was! He cried an' laughed an' danced, an' I dunno what he didn't do; an' then he hugged an' kissed me, an' said he knowed it was all my doings, an' that I was allers the best an' dearest sister in the whole wide world! An' then, when I had got him a little quieted down, he went an' thanked father in the prettiest little speech you ever heard. I bet it made father pull off his spectacles an' wipe the glasses; an' he put his hand on George's shoulder an' said, 'God bless you!'

"So it was all settled. Father he spoke to the master himself, an' George was to be fitted with Orrin and Hapgood, an' when the time come he went in better than either of 'em. Hapgood told me so himself.

"Well, time went on, an' George took a high place in his class, an' kept it. He was too modest to tell me that, but, you see, Parson Potter an' Squire Maynard having their own boys there, naturally knew all about it, an' jest as sure as they heerd a word about my boy they'd allers come an' tell me.

"Well, it got to be the last term of the last year. The boys they was to graduate at the coming Commencement-day, an' our George hed got the first part, what they called the 'English Oration.' Parson Potter he come to tell us of it, an' he all but cried, he was so pleased. He said he did not really know but he was better pleased than if it

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hed been his own son (though Orrin hed the next best).

"Well, the vacation come, an' the boys come home. George hed his oration to write. It was a terrible hot summer, that was, hot an' dry an' onhealthy, an' I thought George looked pale an' thin, an' warn't quite so chipper as usual; but when I asked him if he was sick, he laughed an' put me off. '*Sick?* No, indeed, not he; he was a little fagged: he hed been studying his very hardest; but he should soon pick up again, now he was at home.'

"But it didn't seem to me that he did. He seemed sorter absent-minded like an' dull, an' though he was sweet-tempered as ever, I thought he was restless an' nervy like, an' I told him so a second time; but he said, 'Oh no, his mind was busy on his part all the time: he hed the headache, that was all.'

"But one hot day, jest late in the afternoon, I was in the garden, an' George come out an' stood by my side. 'Well, George,' says I, 'what you out here for?'

"'Jest to rest a little,' says he; 'I feel tired.'

"'*You tired?*' says I, laughing. 'I shouldn't think there was any *tiredness* in reading an' writing. I guess if yer hed done all the mess of work I hev done to-day, yer would say yer was tired, an' hev reason to.'

"'Maybe it would rest us both if we could change our work—you an' I,' says he.

"'I guess that wouldn't do,' says I, laughing. 'I couldn't do yer work, I know, an' I guess yer wouldn't like to do mine.'

"'Let me try an' help yer now,' says he; 'can't I?'

"'It would be a pretty business,' says I, 'to let yer spoil yer pretty white hands a-weeding!'

"When I said that he stood a minute or more looking silently down on his own hands, an' they was soft an' white as milk, with slender, long fingers like a lady; an' I looked at him as he stood there, an' I thought he *was* the very han'somest creetur that ever I did see. He hed come out without his hat, an' the light wind hed blowed his soft dark curls back off his white forehead, an' his great, clear, beautiful eyes was bright an' sparkling like diamonds, an' his cheeks hed more color in 'em than they'd hed since he come home; an' I jest thought, 'Oh, what would his mother say if she could see him now?' Well, there; *maybe she did.* Who knows?

"Jest then there was a little noise outside in the lane; it was the oxen going along. They was yoked together, and the ox-chain was dragging along between them. George he started, an' looked at me kinder wild like; an' he says, in a sorter whisper,

"'Oh, Lorie, what was that?' So I told him what it was.

"'Whose cattle are they, an' where are they going?' says he, next.

"'Our oxen, dear; they are going down to the forge.'

"'*Don't let them.* Oh, don't let them go, Lorie!' says he. 'Ain't yer afraid?—*they'll tell.*'

"'*Tell?* Tell *what?*' says I. 'What is there to tell?'

"'Tell what we say—tell what we think of,' says he.

"'Why,' says I, 'George, what *are* yer talking about? Are yer crazy?'

"When I said that he sorter shivered like from head to foot, an' he turns round an' come an' caught hold of my sleeve as if he was frightened, an' I see his face was flushed an' his eyes full of tears; an' he says to me,

"'Oh, Rindy—sister—what did I say? Hev I said any thing wicked?'

"'Why,' says I, 'George Mason, how yer talk! What in the world ails yer to-night? *Wicked?* No. I guess yer never said nothing wicked in yer whole life, or *thought* it either.'

"An' I don't really believe he ever did, for he was allers the innocentest child that ever breathed; an' as to the truth—why, he was as clear as rock-crystal.

"'Oh yes, I hev,' says he; 'I hev terrible thoughts sometimes. Oh, Rindy, if yer only *knew!*'

"'I'll chance yer,' says I; 'I'll go bail for all the wickedness yer ever did, an' welcome!'

"'But *what did I say*, sister? Tell me. I forget.'

"'Laws! so do I, child!' says I; 'it was too silly to remember.'

"'Oh, Rindy,' says he, 'don't yer—*don't* yer tell father—*will* yer?'

"'Tell him *what*, George? What is there to tell?'

"'Oh, that I talked silly to yer, yer know. I suppose, sister,' he went on, 'it would be a great disappointment to father.'

"'*What* would be, George? I don't understand.'

"'Why, if any thing should happen; if—if I shouldn't make a good figure, yer know, at Commencement-day.'

"'A disappointment!' says I; 'I reckon it would: I think it would kill him. Why, yer might about as well shoot him at once.'

"Then he kinder shuddered agin, an' then he says, laughing, 'Oh, well, I guess nothing ain't a-going to happen. I will do my best to satisfy him. Yer see, dear, I've got the headache, an' I am so anxious about the Commencement that I think I am a little bit nervous an' fidgety about it;' an' he laughed again. 'But my part is half written, an' Commencement will soon be over, an' then I will rest, an' laugh at myself for being so silly. I think I'll go in an' lie down on the old settee a while; an' at tea-time,

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dear, please make me some very strong tea to clear my head, for I must write a good deal to-night.'

"'Yes, George,' I said, 'never fear; I'll make the tea as strong as yer can drink it, as I hev all this week; but I should *think* it was bad for yer nerves. Don't it keep yer awake?'

"'Well, I don't know,' says he. 'Is it apt to? Then it *may* be that.'

"'Why, do yer lay awake much, George?' says I.

"'Yes,' says he. 'I hev hardly slept at all since I come home; but it will soon be over;' an' he went in.

"Well, I felt a little worried about what he hed told me, but not much, for I thought, as he said, the day would soon be over, an' then he should rest an' enjoy himself, an' I planned out rides an' picnics an' amusements for him after Commencement; an' then I fell to thinking of what a fine young man he was—so tender an' respectful to father, an' so kind an' loving to me, an' he so sweet an' grave an' wise that we really looked up to him (the baby) for advice, an' felt he'd be our protector in our old age, father an' me. An' come tea-time I made his tea, an' he drank it, an' said his head felt better, an' I fixed his table an' lighted his lamp, an' he sot down to write.

"Well — an' so then — the next — well, there! it ain't no use to put it off. I've got to tell it, first or last. That very night he broke down. Commencement-day come, an' he was raving wild in a brain-fever, an' he never was himself agin till he died.

"The doctor said he hed overworked himself—hed studied too hard; that he was a kinder delicate, nervous, sensitive make, an' his ambition about learning hed carried him far beyond his strength.

"Parson Potter an' others that read the onfinished oration (I warn't no judge of it) but they all said the first half of it was splendid—wouldn't done no discredit, they said, to the best scholar in the country; but *the rest on't*—oh, *that* was all bosh; jest words, words, words, an' no meaning to 'em. His thoughts seemed all knotted up, they said, like a tangled skein of silk.

"Folks was very kind to us; the college faculty, as they called 'em, they sent a beautiful letter of condolement to father, calling George their most brilliant scholar. An' all his class they come up an' walked together, two an' two, at the funeral, with black crape tied round their arms, an' Parson Potter he preached the beautifulest elegy you ever listened to, on'y he cried so he couldn't speak hardly. But laws! what sort of comfort did all that *give me*? I hed lost my baby, my pretty Georgie, my only brother, an' worse than all the rest to bear was, I was partly to blame, for I hed, ignorant as I was, urged him on—I that loved him more'n my own life—oh! more'n my own soul's salvation too, I'm afraid—I that would cheerfully hev laid my body down in the dust to make it soft for the soles of his feet—*I hed urged him on!* Oh, well—yes, I knew it was all right. God knows best. I hed sot up an idol, an' it was right it should be broken. But oh!" she said, pressing her thin hands convulsively together—"oh, if my punishment could hev come in any way *but that!* Oh, if the blow could on'y hev fallen on my head, and spared that boy! But there," she said, closing the picture-case, replacing it in the cupboard, and locking the door with a loud, impatient snap, "what in the world ever sot me out to tell yer all this? I reckon it's talking of yer ma's an' old times put me up to it. But it's a poor way of entertaining yer, young ladies. Come, don't yer want to come out an' see my bees?"

OUR GIRLS.

EVER since the time of Jane Taylor it has been customary to speak of "finishing an education" with a half apology for using the phrase. One is almost sure to add, "That is, I leave school, you know—of course I never expect to finish my education," this being considered the proper and becoming thing to say. It is certainly true that all life is education in a general sense; but we do not gain much clearness by using the two words as synonymous, and the style of insisting upon doing so savors of cant. There is certainly a propriety in speaking of completing an education, for education, in so far as it is a voluntary thing—and it is in that sense that we wish to speak of it—consists in changing a state of dependence into one of independence. The child comes to us perfectly dependent upon us. Its first utterance is a cry, as if for help. Without this it will die. But it is just as dependent with regard to its mental powers, for unless they are trained and guided, they too will die. It must be taught by others. It can not teach itself. The isolated human being would sink below the brute. Both as regards physical and mental development it must be cared for by some one who is able to take care of himself—that is, by some one who has grown to be independent—and who is thus in a position exactly the reverse of that of the child. The difference between the two is wide. The process of education consists in gradually destroying this difference by means of the progress of the child. Every year, every day, witnesses a nearer approach to equality between teacher and pupil, and when the little girl has been so trained that she is able to care for herself physically, and rationally direct her own action—when she has reached the point of independence—it is proper to say that her education is finished.

The aim of the work we do in schools for

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girls should be to give them this education. They ought to leave school with not much experience of actual life, it is true, but fortified with a completely fashioned will, which will know how to adapt itself to the exigencies of a woman's life, whatever these may be; with power to judge for themselves mentally; with knowledge which will enable them to retain their health physically. If our girls are so educated, they are ready to enter upon the active life for which all their school life has been a preparation, and their education is finished.

It will be at once seen that education in this, its only true sense, demands great wisdom on the part of the educator. It by no means consists in a mere accumulation of isolated facts. Unless the knowledge is organized, no number of sciences studied, no number of languages fluently spoken in the line of common conversation, can constitute an education. While in all spheres of education an immense activity now prevails, and the questions connected with it are, even in our most conservative communities, eagerly discussed, the question of the education of our girls is that which engages most attention, and, in fact, that round which all the others cluster.

But all interest and all inquiry so far have only revealed the fact that on no subject is there so much uncertainty and so much experimenting, so few well-established foundation principles. In one city large sums are lying unemployed because those having charge of them can find no one to state with any degree of assurance how best to dispose of them. There is no lack of means to carry out plans, but the plans are not forth-coming. This is hardly strange. It is comparatively but a few years since it has been deemed necessary or even desirable to give to girls any systematic education save that pertaining to household duties, and the accomplishments which would serve to make life pleasant to the other sex. As in the old chivalry days, it has been considered sufficient for them to know how to adorn themselves, so as to make the balcony beautiful while the knights fight below, and to confer the token of victory. But the years, and especially the New World, have made new demands; civilization has freed woman from the need of seclusion, and has placed her in new circumstances. What wonder, then, that while the necessity is felt for a greater certainty as to her mental education, the greater certainty has not been reached? Our American girls—what do we want to make of them by our education, and what material do they offer to the educator? What shall they study? These questions it is becoming more and more imperatively necessary for us to consider.

The first has been already partially answered. We do not want, except in special cases, to train a girl for any special line of activity, but we do want to develop in her the self-ordered power which can adapt itself readily to any circumstances that may present themselves, the insight which will make her purposes rational, and the steady will which will enable her to carry them out. Her work is naturally more varied than that of man. She must be able to do not only one thing but many things well—to turn her power now in one, now in another direction. Her sympathies are quicker, and, without insight as to causes and effects, she is more prone to act on impulse, and hence often is obliged to retrace her steps. Her life, as a general thing, will be externally in a more contracted sphere than that of man, and she must be fortified against mental narrowness, often the sad result of such, by insight wide enough to prevent her from falling into routine: for routine does not inhere in the nature of the work done so much as in the manner of performance and the spirit with which we attack it. Any work is routine if it is simply formal and external, its parts isolated. Nothing is routine if it be seen in its relations to the whole. It is because our girls have been confined to comparatively narrow views on comparatively narrowing studies that our women so often fall into mechanical routine, and seem to have their sight bounded by a very contracted horizon, within which all objects appear of unnatural importance. Broader insight would correct this. Lastly, the untrained will is capricious, and must be self-fashioned into character. Such are the ends we want to attain. What is the material upon which we have to work? What mean the mystical words, "*Das Ewigweibliche zieht uns hinan*," with which Goethe, as his wisest utterance, completes his masterpiece? Man is more of a fact, woman of a prophecy—man the definable and predicable, woman the indefinable and unexpected. She can not be so easily formalized by rules. She does not so easily reduce herself to one of an organization. She is the genius which creates for itself its own rules. She is the whole, the individuality, the personality, which will not readily surrender itself as a part of a whole. It is this element of uncertainty, of prophecy, in her which constitutes a large part of her indefinable charm to others, and makes her a perpetual revelation to herself. Such she is in her especial sphere; this is her prerogative. The intellectual world, the world of the understanding, she shares alike with man, her intellectual work, however, being always modified by her greater rapidity of perception and her feminine versatility.

Woman transplanted from the Old World to the New, our American girls growing up in the free atmosphere of America, present a type peculiarly their own. While European

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nations shut their girls up in conventual privacy lest they should be sullied by contact with the world, our girls walk abroad; nor do they lose the purity of their own fresh hearts by the knowledge which they gain of actual life. We trust them to form their own acquaintances, and to entertain them, and there is nowhere else to be found the young girl who, while she is free to receive attention, is so well able to repel with dignity any presumption. She marks out her own limits. She is left to decide her life for herself, and is not considered as a piece of property to be retained or alienated by her parents.

With a charming freedom she combines a certain womanly reserve which is not any outside mannerism, but the result of the inward conviction, which all American life forces on her, that she is considered an independent and responsible agent. If she be unbalanced, the excess is on the side of liberty, showing to the educator the tendency which his preventive measures ought to take. Such girls we must rule through winning their own conviction on the side of right. They will not blindly obey what seems to them arbitrary rules, or, if they do, the natural exuberance of life checked in one direction will spread itself out in another, in a lawlessness and foolish bravado which we shall find it impossible to control. Any set, formal rules, any regulations as to uniform dress, are directly opposed to the spirit of our institutions, and can at best secure but a formal compliance for the time, a result which can not be considered as any part of a real education. The work of the teacher must always look beyond the present, aiming as it does at permanent and not temporary results, and must, in America, appeal directly and indirectly to self-control. The educator has in his hands, as the result of our climate, government, and society, an exquisitely sensitive and nervously developed organism, a spirit which knows its rights, and will assert and maintain them, an effervescent girl life which is to be reduced to a gracious womanhood, but without impairing its individuality. Is it not manifest that no system based on European life can be adequate to the skillful solution of such a problem? Our American girls, if treated in school as it is perfectly correct to treat French and German girls, are thwarted and perverted into something which has all the faults of the German and French girl without her excellencies. Our work is for a peculiar class, under peculiar circumstances, and we must model it anew for our necessities.

We have the finest material the world has ever produced, and the best chances for its development. Our girls' schools ought to send forth the finest women that have ever blessed and beautified the world, the strongest and truest wives, the wisest and tenderest mothers, the most intelligent and worthy citizens; and there ought to be no places as pure, healthful, and inspiring as the homes presided over by American women. If we do not find these results, the fault must be that of their education.

The matter of physical education does not lie within the predetermined scope of the present article. What and how shall our girls be taught in the sphere of intellect? In accordance with the general idea of what constitutes an education, we have to say that intellectually it consists, after giving the mere tools of thought—the ability to read, to write, and to calculate—in so training the mind that it will be able afterward intelligently to direct its own work, and any school life which leaves its pupils with a distaste for books has in it something radically wrong. For the work of cultivation must follow that of education. No one, during her school life, can have time to read enough history to give her any really valuable knowledge thereof. At the best she will have gained merely a well-constructed skeleton, as it were, which is afterward to be clothed with the form of life by years of reading. And the vast domain of literature must be carefully and leisurely explored, if she would know the treasures there waiting for her enjoyment. If, therefore, our girls leave school with a dislike for standard books, and with no power of self-teaching, we certainly have lamentably failed, and must expect to find them seeking enjoyment in other ways, driven about by a restless desire which impatiently seeks, but never finds, any lasting reality. Under such circumstances, what wonder that the health suffers? There must be healthful mental action to insure a sound physical condition, and nothing makes a woman grow old so fast as narrow and shallow thinking, while nothing keeps her young and fresh so long as broad and deep mental activity. We seek afar for the fountain of youth, while it waits to spring within us.

Since our girls have very much to accomplish in fewer years than is allotted to the education of our boys, it is evident that great economy of time must be used, and therefore that they must, from their earliest years, have the best teaching. There is no mistake more fatal than to suppose that it makes no very great difference about the first years of teaching; for it is just then that those false habits are acquired which prove afterward a perpetual stumbling-block both in themselves and in the distaste for labor induced by the endless repetitions inevitable whenever the whole study is not systematized. The amount of time often spent now over the study of grammar, arithmetic, and geography is sufficient to learn all the important facts in those studies a hundred

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times over, while the mental confusion created is lamentable to contemplate, and our girls spend years in endeavoring to commit to memory the contradictions and absurdities of English grammar, losing thus the very valuable mental training which grammar, properly taught, brings with it. And when their geography is simply a list of names and disconnected facts, what wonder that they are glad to escape from it?

The study of language affords the best mental training, and also that which, in its simplest forms, the child can most readily grasp. It should, therefore, be begun very early, and most certainly with the Latin. Not considering the value of Latin as a mental discipline—for in a large school one can almost invariably distinguish in any class by their greater power those who have studied Latin—it is impossible to appreciate our own language without it. For the language of common conversation, perhaps, we could dispense with a knowledge of it, but the moment we rise to the level of science, all the terms which express general ideas are inevitably Latin in origin, and that mind must be comparatively narrowed which does not comprehend them. It is a matter for rejoicing that the German language is demanding more and more of the time which was formerly monopolized by French—a language which, for purposes of mental discipline, bears about the same relation to German that botany does to history. French we must learn, but, after we have learned it, of what use is it as a key to unlock any valuable literature? while, with the German at command, whole treasure-houses of science and of art, of learning and of beauty, fly open at our bidding. After some acquaintance has been gained of these languages it is time enough, no matter how late it be, to attempt any logical study of the English language, which has been so hospitable to them all. And when, after such preparation, the English begins to unfold its riches of strength and beauty to the consciousness, no mind can fail to recognize that it possesses as its birthright in English literature a boundless field of enjoyment for all the future, and a perpetual city of refuge from the petty cares of daily life.

The question may be very earnestly asked, if the hours spent by those girls who have no special talent for music in practicing upon the piano had been given to the study of English literature, whether the general level of our women would not have been appreciably raised. We do not undervalue music, but in view of the general results attained after years of practice, and the expenditure involved, is the profit at all commensurable to the outlay? Would not the same amount of time and of patience, if turned into other channels, produce more valuable results on the majority of our girls?

The one-sided training of mathematics we must also have, and the dislike so often expressed for it by girls does not arise so much from any inherent want of capacity as from want of thoroughness in the first teaching, and the reckless way in which they are driven through arithmetic into algebra and geometry, until at last the accumulation of confusion becomes too great for the forcing power of the teacher, and the books are closed forever. There is nothing more sad than unused possibilities; and to hear, as we so often do, the dislike of all mathematics forcibly expressed by girls who only needed proper time and proper training to enjoy them is indeed pitiable.

The drift of modern thought is in the direction of physical science, and while we plead for a thorough study of language, we do not omit to ask that our girls may also be led into the wonders which science is daily revealing. An insight into the great unalterable laws of nature, which, like the car of Juggernaut, crush down mercilessly him who opposes his individual will to their resistless force, will be a valuable lesson to the arbitrariness with which woman is so often justly charged, and lessons may be deduced which will be valuable in other spheres when our girls realize that man can utilize even the destructive forces of nature by ranging himself on their side, and thus appropriating their powers to himself. The recreations of botany and zoology will lead their thoughts healthfully and pleasantly up into the mysteries of creative life, where woman, more than all, should walk always with reverent tread.

But, meanwhile, the time is not all appropriated by direct school-work, and reading as well as study must be directed; for children are not able to choose for themselves. Much good school-work may be more than neutralized by the indiscriminate reading allowed at home. Surely there are books enough of all kinds which are good. If the girl is living through the imaginative stage when she craves fairy stories, she should have them as her natural food, but always only the true fairy stories, not the miserable imitations, without beginning or end, and with no possible meaning, which flood children's libraries. There are no people who have made a study of children, as such, so thoroughly as the Germans, and they will bring us out of their riches all we can demand. Let the fairy stories be what we may call the world's nursery songs, those never-dying myths which, clothed in different poetic forms, reappear in all ages and all countries, because they bear in their bosom the germ of ever-living truth. Children should read the literature of the world's children—the nations of the East. This is pure and quiet, simple and not involved. The very worst reading for a child is that literature

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which treats of the complications of our modern life. It is in vain for the best teachers to try to make true women of our girls unless their efforts are aided by a careful home supervision over their reading, and nothing is more surprising than the indifference with which parents allow their children, whom they guard carefully from even too strong a draught of air, to read whatever may come to hand. The kind of reading they need will differ with their age, and all kinds they should have, but it should be always the best of the kind.

As the school life draws to an end our girls will have room, if the previous work has been properly done, for some appreciative work on the constitution of their own country, on psychology, and on political economy, and there will be no need of warning a girl whose education may be considered to be now approaching its completion that all that she can accomplish in school in these latter days can comprise but the merest elements of sciences whose far-reaching scope demands the results of all others for their raw material.

The real study of history will have been prepared for by what she has been led thoughtfully to do in that line during all her school life, and if, when her education is finished, she does not know as many historical facts as her European sister, or if she can not recite lists of kings and emperors, or tables of dates, she has at least recognized that "the centuries behind her like a fruitful land repose," and she has been made to see their grand interaction, so that she will be eager to know what is the promise "closed by the present."

She is ready now to visit the Old World, and to absorb what she will find there in its atmosphere of history and of art; nor, if she have any taste for drawing, will she be confined to photographs or her memory alone for sketches of the scenes she shall visit, for she will have been trained all through her school life, in the intervals of study, to sketch from the objects around her, and she has not spent the time devoted to drawing in making copies of engravings and lithographs.

An American girl, trained in the manner indicated, will assume the responsibilities of active life not thoughtlessly, or with an idea that it is to be merely a round of pleasure, and while she will give her daily attention to its varied duties in their smallest particulars, her horizon of thought will not be bounded by what lies immediately around her, and she will seek and find rest from petty cares in a higher and more serene atmosphere of thought. In her household there will be no confusion, for she will plan and wisely direct its workings, and the quiet dignity of her gracious, self-possessed womanhood will find no opposition to her ruling. Her daughters will find in her their most charming companion; her sons will not need to leave home to find rational entertainment; the heart of her husband will safely trust in her as an equal; and if misfortune come, she can never be an unreasoning burden, but, in her power to comprehend, will stand as his wisest counselor. And this will be because her education was an organic unity, not an accumulation of facts—an organic unity fashioned to suit the needs of American girls, and determined by the demands of the present time—a unity subordinating all details to a mental discipline so thorough and true that she can never afterward fall into shallow egotism, or cease to grow into a higher development with every varying experience and every passing year.

A distinguished writer has said, "The mind of woman is by nature less capable than that of man of impartiality and suspense, and the almost complete omission from female education of those studies which most discipline and strengthen the intellect increases the difference, while, at the same time, it has been usually made a main object to imbue them with a passionate faith in traditional opinions, and to preserve them from all contact with opposing views, and contracted knowledge and imperfect sympathy are not the sole fruits of this education." To our day belongs a different system. Delicate machinery is taking from the hands of our girls the needle. Their time is not to be employed in the performance of household drudgery. Shall we give them such instruction as will force them blindly to fasten their faith upon others, or shall we educate them into rational women?

Shall their school life, in its broken and heterogeneous work, give them a distaste for those branches which they have never pursued thoroughly enough to find enjoyment, or shall it leave them with a healthful appetite for farther discovery, and with trained and disciplined minds which will enable them to find their highest gratification in its pursuit?

THE WORLD AND I.

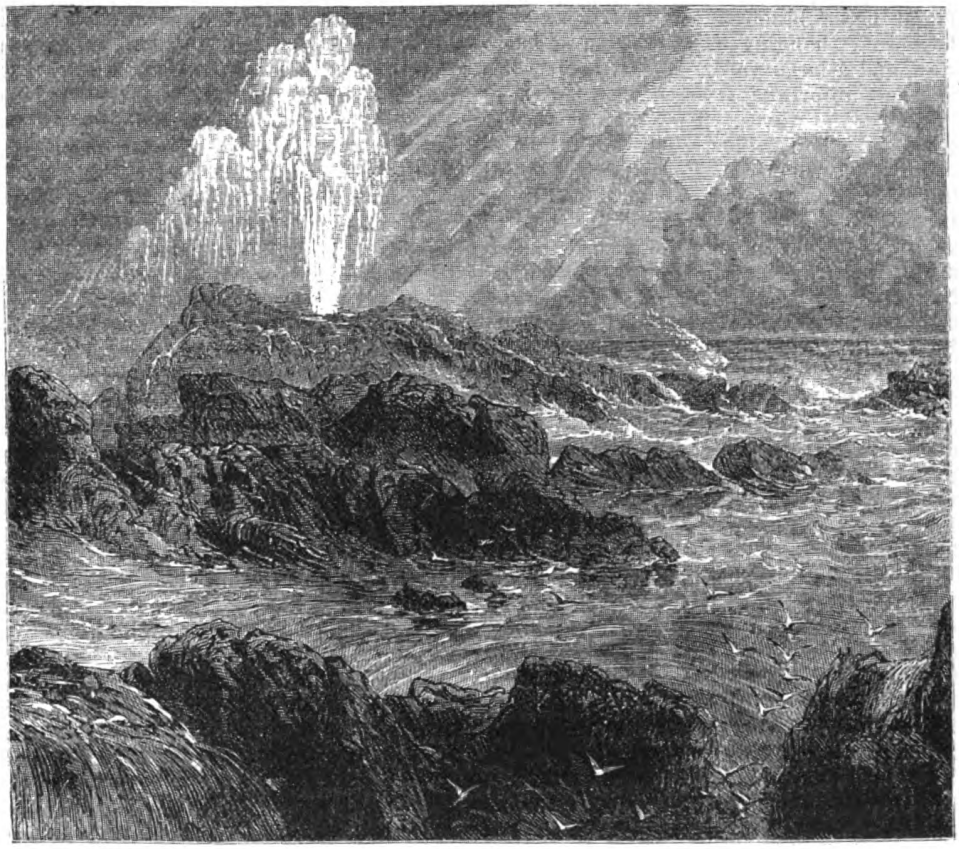
Whether my life be glad or no,
The summers come, the summers go.
The lanes grow dark with dying leaves;
Icicles hang beneath the eaves;
The asters wither to the snow:
Thus doth the summer end and go,
Whether my life be glad or no.

Whether my life be sad or no,
The winters come, the winters go.
The sunshine plays with baby leaves;
Swallows build about the eaves;
The lovely wind-flowers bend and blow:
Thus doth the winter end and go,
Whether my life be sad or no.

Yet Mother Nature gives to me
A fond and patient sympathy;
In my own heart I find the charm
To make her tender, near, and warm:
Through summer sunshine, winter snow,
She clasps me, sad or glad or no.

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THE HOME OF PAUL AND VIRGINIA.*



"THE SOUFFLEUR."

THE picturesque island of Mauritius, the scene of Bernardin de St. Pierre's exquisite romance of *Paul and Virginia*, lies about five hundred miles directly east of Madagascar, and seventy-five miles northeast of the island of Bourbon. Its greatest length is thirty-six miles, its width about twenty-five. The coast-line is picturesquely irregular, and the interior presents a charming variety of plain, hill, and mountain scenery.

The island was discovered in 1505 by Dom Pedro de Mascareguas, a noted Portuguese navigator, and named by him Cerné. The Portuguese did not, however, immediately avail themselves of their new acquisition, but contented themselves with fixing its geographical position, and landing some deer, goats, monkeys, and pigs, the descendants of which are still found wild in retired parts of the island. There is no record of native inhabitants. The island appears to have been wild and solitary. No settlement was made by the Portuguese, though they retained possession of the island till 1598, using it chiefly as a naval station, where their ships employed in the Indian trade were accustomed to stop for water and fruits, and no proclamation of the discovery was made. They hoped to keep the secret to themselves.

An accident led the Dutch to its shores in 1598. In the spring of that year a squadron of eight ships, under the command of Admiral Wybrand van Warwick, left the Texel for Batavia. The vessels were dispersed off the Cape of Good Hope by a violent storm, and on the 17th of September several of them, including the admiral's ship, sighted an unknown island. Ignorant if it were inhabited, the admiral used great caution in landing. A capacious harbor was discovered on the southeast coast, and here he landed a large party of his men, taking up positions to guard against a surprise by savages. On the following day boats were sent out to examine the other parts of the island, and find out if there were any inhabitants. His men met with a great variety of birds, which sur-

* *Sub-Tropical Rambles in the Land of the Aphanapteryx. Personal Experiences, Adventures, and Wanderings in and around the Island of Mauritius.* By NICHOLAS PIKE. With many illustrations. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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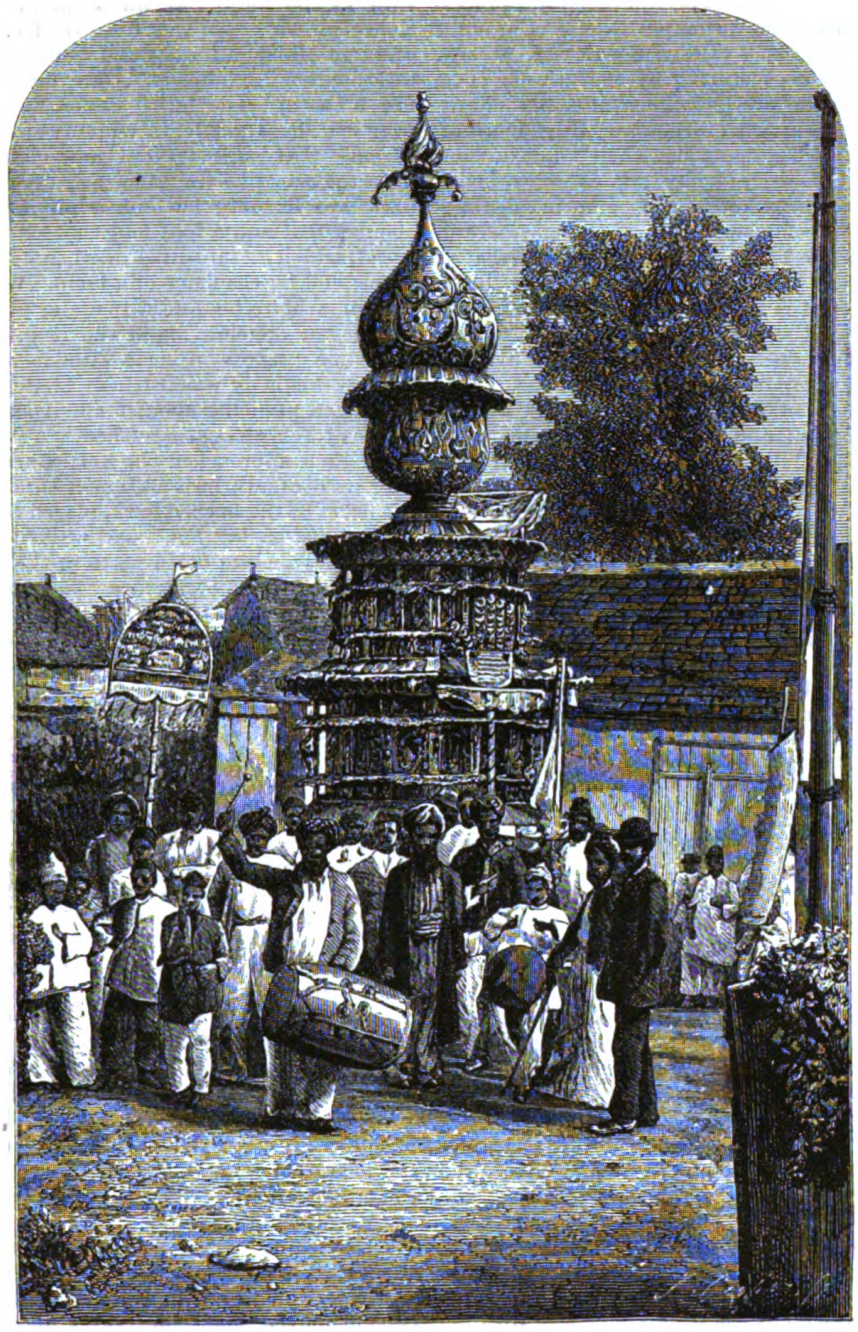
prised them by their familiarity and the facility with which they were taken. They discovered water in abundance, and an astonishing vegetation. On the shore was found three hundred hundred-weight of bees-wax, a hanging stage, the spar of a capstan, and a large yard, evidently the relics of some unfortunate vessel that had been buried in the waves. They found no other trace of human beings. The island was as solitary as when the Portuguese admiral landed ninety-three years before. After returning thanks to God for bringing them to so fair a harbor, the admiral named the island "Mauritius," after Count Maurice of Nassau, then Stadtholder of Holland, and the port "Warwick Harbor," after himself. He left no settlers on the island, but ordered a board to be fixed to a tree bearing the arms of Holland, and planted a piece of ground with vegetable seeds as an experiment on the soil. A year after he returned to Mauritius, and was enabled to supply his ships with abundance of fish, fowl, and fruits. Thus were the Portuguese cheated out of their discovery.

In 1613 Mauritius became a favorite resort of the daring pirates who infested the Indian seas and preyed with entire impartiality upon the commerce of all nations. Many fruitless attempts were made to root them out. It was not till 1644 that the Dutch finally assumed control of the island and made a permanent settlement on its shores. The first governor was Van der Mester, who introduced slaves from Madagascar to improve the resources of the colony. These people belonged to a superior and high-spirited race, and immediately on being landed they made their escape to the mountainous regions of the interior. There, banded together for protection and aggression, they increased in strength and numbers, and were called Maroons, or outlaws. They continued to harass the Dutch to such an extent that about the commencement of the last century the island was abandoned to its savage inhabitants. It was soon afterward seized and colonized by the French, who changed its name to Isle de France. From their possession it passed, in 1810, under English control, where it has since remained. The old name was restored and retained by its present owners.

Under English rule the island of Mauritius has attained great prosperity. The population is divided between several races, the English, the descendants of the French colonists, the Maroons (as the Indians are still called), Arabs, and Lascars. All forms of religious worship are permitted, and side by side with the Christian church rises the mosque of the Crescent and the heathen temple. One of the most interesting religious festivals of the island is the one known by the local name of Yamseh, celebrated with great solemnity by the Mohammedan inhabitants on the night of every eleventh new moon. The festival took its rise from the disputes among the followers of Mohammed on the question of prophetical succession. The Turks and Arabians recognized Abou-Bekr, Omar, and Osman as the rightful successors of the Prophet; the Persian and Indian Mohammedans denounced these three caliphs as usurpers, and regarded Ali, the Prophet's son-in-law and minister, as his religious and political heir. The disputes ended in a sanguinary contest, in which Hossein and Hossan, the sons of Ali, were slain, with sixty of their relatives. The Yamseh is celebrated with most pomp and circumstance at Port Louis, the capital of Mauritius. As soon as the slender crescent of the new moon is visible a procession is formed, headed by the priests, which proceeds to the river Latanier, a shallow stream just outside of Port Louis. Here a priest dives into the water to bring up their "Bon Dieu," buried the previous year in a hollow prepared in the bed of the river. This consists of two stones, or lumps of paste so hardened as to be impervious to the water. They have a double signification, representing not only God and his Prophet, but also the two murdered brothers. The newly found treasure is conducted with great ceremony to the temple, where strict watch is kept over it during ten days and nights. Prayers are offered up incessantly while the watch continues, the priests receiving a small sum from each applicant for a share in these supplications. Certain kinds only of food are permitted, and the faithful are required to perform constant ablutions. Frequent processions are made through the streets to levy contributions to defray the expenses of the festival and the making of the Gouhns, or pagodas. These Gouhns are made of bamboo, bound very strongly together, covered with gold and silver tinsel and many-colored papers, and mounted on wheels. They consist of three stories, tapering toward the top, and terminating in a dome. Pretty Chinese paper lanterns are hung from all the corners of each story, and at night the interior of the Gouhn is also illuminated. One very large Gouhn is constructed with great ceremony. Each of the three stories is built in a separate hut, the walls of which are thrown down when the work is finished to allow the sacred structure to be carefully lifted out. Touching the threshold of the door in doing this would be regarded as an evil omen. The several parts are then bound strongly together and taken to the temple, when the river-found representatives of God and Prophet are placed within it, and a watch is kept over it day and night till the Yamseh is over.

On the evening of the ninth day the "Little Procession" takes place. The inferior

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THE YAMSEH.

Gouhns are carried on the heads of negroes hired for the purpose, not Mohammedans. Lighted lanterns, flags, brass crescents, and stars are carried aloft on sticks, and men, half nude and daubed with paint, fight with clubs, and give and parry strokes with great dexterity. They parade through all the suburbs of the city, dancing and screaming till midnight, when they join the revelry at the temple.

Those who do not participate in the procession break in upon the monotony of the long religious festival by a scene of wild enjoyment. In an inclosure of ropes hundreds of men, women, and children congregate around great blazing fires, eating rice, cocoa cakes, and sweetmeats, and watching the performances of trained wrestlers and gymnasts. The solemnity of the festival is over, and the people indulge in laughing, singing, and shoutin- in all the dialects of the East.

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On the tenth day occurs the grand procession, when the principal Gouhn is brought out and carried toward the river to a slow, monotonous chanting by the priests. One part of the procession contains the mourners for the two brothers, wearing cloth of the sacred green about their loins, beating their breasts, and howling. Contests with blunt swords and sticks go on in all directions in commemoration of the massacre in which the brothers died. The lion that is fabled to have watched over the remains of Ali's sons is represented by a brawny follower of the Prophet, whose skin is painted a tawny color. A goat-skin thrown over his shoulders represents the lion's mane. This terrible creature, held in check by a cord, makes frantic efforts to break loose upon the crowd, and utters the most hideous yells and roars. Groups of men, whose costume is little more than horns, tail, and paint, represent devils rejoicing over the death of Hossein and Hossan, and they create endless confusion as they leap and run among the crowd.

On reaching the river-side the principal Gouhn is reverently lowered to the water's edge, and the representatives of God and Prophet again descend to their receptacle, where they will repose in undisturbed peace until the recurrence of the festival. The procession then breaks up, and the people finish the day in feasting and merry-making. The true Mohammedan element is said to be dying out of this festival, Indian superstitions usurping its place, and few Mohammedans of the higher class taking part in its ceremonies.

In August or September the Hindoo inhabitants of the island hold a festival in honor of Doorga, chief among the female deities, and the most potent and warlike member of the Hindoo pantheon. At Roche Bois stands a temple erected to her honor, and there our author witnessed a grand festival. Thousands of Indians were assembled on the grounds about the temple, their yellow, pink, or scarlet robes wrapped in graceful folds around them. The men had massive gold or silver ear, toe, and finger rings, anklets, etc. The women wore the same, with the addition of large necklaces, often of heavy coins; bracelets half-way up their arms; many of them with a blaze of jewelry in their jet-black hair, twisted into the curious one-sided knots that seem *de rigueur* in the toilet of an Indian belle. Some were seated cross-legged in groups, others were amusing themselves singing, riding on wooden horses, swinging, dancing, or with the music of a small drum called the tom-tom, which is beaten at one end with a stick and at the other with the fingers.

A large circle was formed in one part of the square, in the centre of which stood an old man entirely nude. The old fellow's skin looked more like an alligator's than that of a man. He was fully six feet high, of large frame, all skin and bone—a most pitiable-looking object. After building a fire between some large stones, he placed over it a brass kettle, in which were pieces of bark that soon ignited and emitted a pleasant odor like frankincense. While the bark was burning he took a roll of cloth about a foot and a half long and six inches broad, which he saturated in oil, and lighted at one end by the flame of a lamp. When it was in a blaze he placed it under his arm, and began dancing round the ring, chanting some prayers in some Hindoo tongue. Though his body was fearfully blistered, he continued prancing about for half an hour, till the torch was extinguished.

He then approached the kettle, and stirring its contents, he took out a handful of the ashes of the burned bark, placed them in the palm of his left hand, and walked round the circle, holding out a plate in the right. Men, women, and children pressed forward, and each, on depositing a small coin on the plate, received a dab of ashes on the forehead; then, holding up the right hand toward heaven, each one gave solemn thanks that he had been permitted to be blessed by so holy a man. A number of fanatics then submitted to a severe scourging at his hands; they were then marked with ashes and scarlet paint, and retired, proud and happy, from the scene of their pious torture.

In the centre of the grounds was an open space, where a large pile of wood had been consumed, leaving a bed of glowing embers. Two men, entirely naked, armed with long iron rakes, were employed in getting out the unburned pieces of wood, and distributing the embers over a square of about twenty-five feet. An excavation was made on one side about a foot deep and six square, in close proximity to the bed of embers, and filled with water. During this raking, several people were employed dashing water over the men to prevent their being scorched by the heat, which was almost intolerable even at some distance from the spot.

Every thing being pronounced ready by the priest who superintended the whole, music was heard in the distance, and a procession moved along the grassy plain, preceded by men bearing on their shoulders a small platform, on which was an image dressed in Indian costume, loaded with jewelry. They came on in silence, and halted near the burning mass. Presently another similar procession advanced from the opposite side, and faced the first. At a given signal, an old man, with only a cloth round his loins, bearing a child in his arms, stepped into the square, and walked unflinchingly across the glowing bed of embers. Three young men followed, and then a dozen rushed in and ran across, stopping for a moment to

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LES TROIS MAMELLES.

cool their feet in the trench filled with water. The contortions, screeching, and yelling of these latter were terrible. This part of the rites is designated by a phrase which signifies running upon fire.

The scenery of Mauritius is singularly wild and picturesque. One of the most attractive regions in the island is that of which the mountain peaks known as "Les Trois Mamelles" form the most remarkable feature. These are three rocky pinnacles, springing from the top of a mountain at the height of a thousand feet above the level of the sea. The loftiest peak rises, bare and rugged, to the height of three hundred and forty feet from the highest spot attainable by climbing, and has the appearance of having been cut straight down from the summit to the base. Volcanic activity is every where apparent. The island can boast also of several magnificent cascades. The most impressive is said to be the Dya-Mamore Falls, on the Grand River. These falls are about a hundred feet high, and not less than fifty in breadth. The Tamarind Falls, seven in number, on the river of the same name, form

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CASCADE OF THE RIVER SAVANE.

a series of cascades of singular beauty. They descend, in all, a distance of over three hundred feet. A curious, if less beautiful, cascade is that of the river Savane. The course of the river is interrupted by a wall of black basalt composed of the most regular geometrical prisms, separated and broken by the action of the water, and forming a thousand angular projections. As the river surmounts the rocky barrier, and breaks into innumerable streams, flung back from point to point, and sending up showers of spray sparkling in the sun with rainbow rays, it equals in beauty any in the island, and even in the dry season is most romantic. As it descends into the plain below, the waters meander peacefully along, bordered with the large-leaved nymphæas, and overhung with the elegant wild bananas, raffias, and bamboos, and the scene changes to one of the most perfect repose.

The famous Grand Bassin, a beautiful sheet of water filling the crater of an extinct volcano, offers many attractions to the tour-

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ist. To reach it one must traverse a part of the country called the Bois Sec, or Dry Woods. It is dreary in the extreme. Thousands of dried-up skeletons of trees, blanched to a snowy whiteness, meet the eye on every side; and but for the tangle of lianes and plants showing fresh life about their feet, we might fancy it to be a forest of primeval days over which some blight had passed, and left it a monument of ruin for all time. The lianes *Premna scandens* and *Seea arborea* twine round the rugged stems and hide their barrenness. Formerly here grew the *Syzygium glomeratum*, spreading its lordly branches far and wide; but now it is rarely seen, being replaced by the *Syzygium scandens*, which is a mere climbing shrub. Two species of lycopodium grow here. Acrosticheæ, adiantums, and asplenïums are plentiful, and the elegant *Cyathea excelsa*. The trunks of the latter are covered with concave plates, whose sections are in waves, closely arranged in a circle next the bark. The stems are marked with long scars, broken into ragged projections, showing where the leaf has fallen, and thus produced these scars. It is not uncommon to see various polypodia, vittarias, and other ferns growing out of the scars, giving the tall bare trunks a singular appearance; or a delicate jasmine or other creeper will twine round the rugged stem, covering it with tender verdure; while over all spreads the exquisite crown of fronds that makes it the king of ferns in Mauritius.

The Grand Bassin lies at the height of 2250 feet above the level of the sea, and has an area of about twenty-five acres. It is nearly surrounded with dense woods, which cover the slopes of the hills. This great reservoir receives the tribute of many streams in the rainy season; but the body of water varies little in depth the whole year, being fed from under-ground springs that percolate through the porous lava at the foot of the mountains. The accounts of its great depth are incorrect. Mr. Pike could not get soundings over sixty feet, though he tried in many places as he swam over it, there being no boat there at the time of his visit. The water is delightfully clear and cold. The party were told not to plunge in on account of the monster eels; but though they fished for them a good while, not one put in an appearance. There were plenty of Dame Ceres, or golden fish, and two fine black swans were sailing majestically about the lake.

One of the curiosities of the coast of Mauritius is the Souffleur. The coast at this spot forms a line of abrupt rocks, rising sheer from the deep water, and the waves break upon it unchecked by reefs. By the action of the waves numerous caverns and fissures are worn in these rocks, even the mightiest boulders not being able to resist their violence, as they work their revenge on them for the time when, as molten rivers of fire, they broke down the giant crater walls, and forced back the waves of the ocean itself to a great distance, laying the foundation of the great coral reefs that are spreading far and wide.

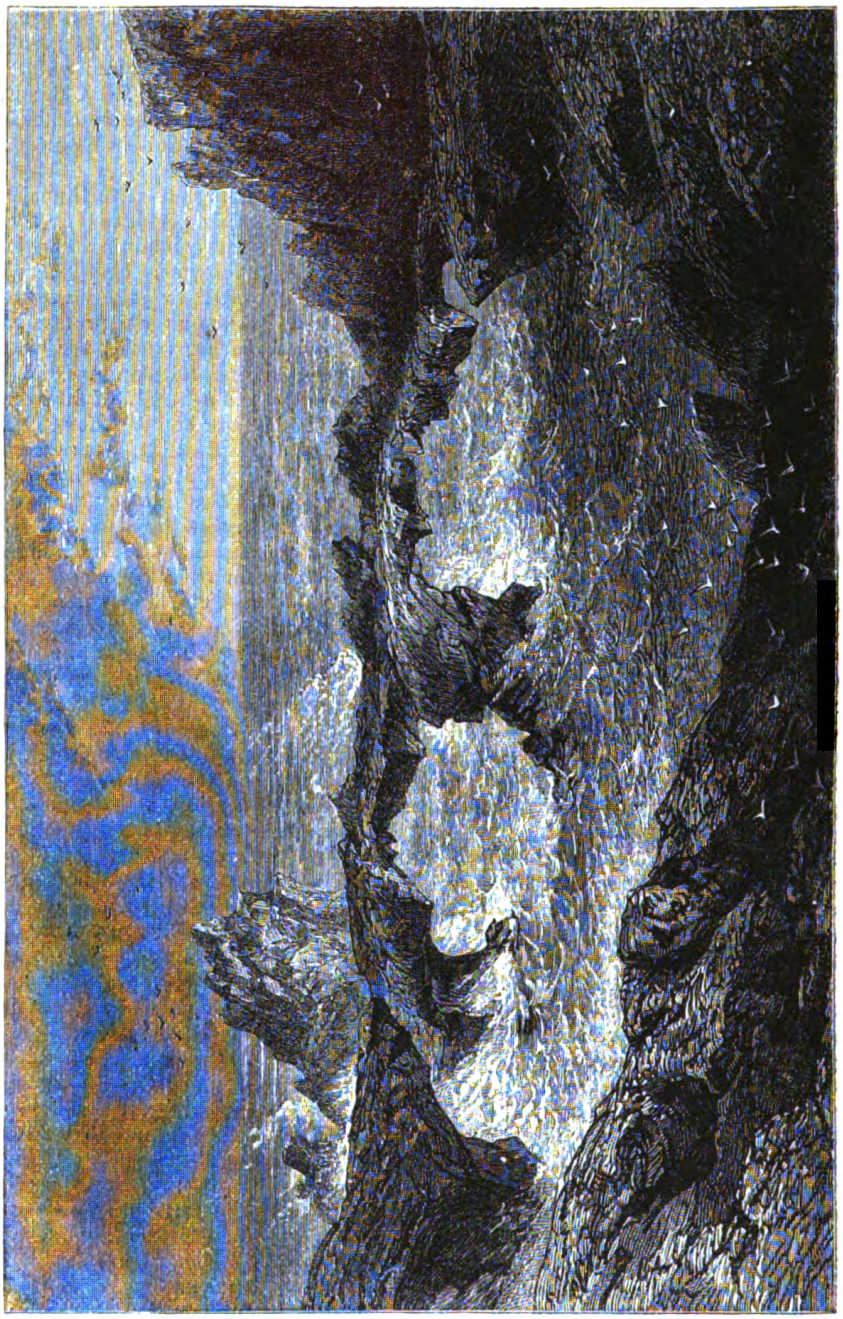
The name Souffleur, or Rock Spout, has been given to an enormous block of black basalt connected by a broken ledge of rocks with the main-land. It rises nearly forty feet above the sea, exposed to the full force of the waves, and is perforated to its summit by a cavity that communicates with the ocean. When there is a heavy swell the waves rush in and fill up the vacuum with terrific fury. Wave on wave presses on, and there being no other outlet, the water is forced upward, and forms a magnificent *jet d'eau*, ascending to a height of fifty or sixty feet. The noise can be heard for two miles, and when the Souffleur growls and roars it is a sure indication of rough weather.

The rocks are now greatly undermined, and the spout is so enlarged that it is daily losing its former grandeur. When in action it emits a singular rumbling sound, and the rocks tremble and vibrate so much that it causes a most unpleasant quivering all over the body when watched from the adjacent rocks. So great are its powers of suction that a stone placed within ten feet of the adit was quickly drawn in. It is only when in a state of tranquillity that it can be approached without danger. The wet rocks are covered with slimy weeds (cladophora, valonioides, and *Fucus minimus*), which make the foothold very precarious.

At a little distance along the coast from the Souffleur is another curious monument of ocean activity, the "Pont Naturel," or "Natural Bridge." It resembles an artificial structure, with a central pier and two arches, through which the sea swirls and rushes with the greatest impetuosity. The chasm is daily widening by the foaming billows breaking against the rocks, and the arches are being gradually undermined, so that some future cyclone will cause their total disappearance.

It was during the French occupation of Mauritius that the terrible shipwreck took place which furnished Bernardin de St. Pierre with the motive for his beautiful and touching love-story, *Paul and Virginia*, the scene of which is laid in this island. In 1744 drought and a plague of locusts had occasioned a terrible scarcity in Mauritius, then called the Isle of France, and the following year the *St. Geran* was sent out from the mother country, richly laden with provisions, to the relief of the starving colonists. About four o'clock one fine afternoon Round Island was sighted from the ship, and the captain, M. De la Marre, wished to profit by a fine moonlight night to enter what is now known as Tombeau Bay, or the Bay of Tombs, but was persuaded to lie outside until morning. Ignorant of the coast, the officer allowed the ship

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LE PONT NATUREL.

to drift during the night upon a dangerous reef about a league from land. The sea always runs high there, and the *St. Geran* was driven with great violence among the breakers.

Every effort was made to lower the boats, but some were crushed by the falling masts, and others were swept away by the waves. In a short time the keel was broken in two, and the ship became a total wreck. At the captain's request the chaplain pronounced a general benediction and absolution, and the "Ave Maria Stella" was sung. Then ensued a scene of indescribable confusion. Numbers of the crew flung themselves into the sea, grasping planks, oars, yards; but the heavy waves tore them from their frail supports, and nearly all perished. A brave sailor named Caret made great efforts to save the captain, whom he implored to take off his clothing; but M. De la Marre, who displayed in this catastrophe much greater personal courage and piety than seamanship, refused to do so, on the ground that it did not become the dignity of his position to land without his uniform. Caret at length

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succeeded in placing his captain on a plank, and by swimming alongside endeavored to get him safely to land. Encountering a raft on which some of the crew had sought refuge, the captain thought he would be safer with them. He left the plank, and succeeded in reaching the larger support. Caret plunged to avoid collision, and on rising to the surface again was horror-struck to find that the raft with all on board had been ingulfed.

On board the *St. Geran* were two lovers, Mlle. Mallet and M. De Péramon, who were to be united in marriage on reaching the island. The young man, as anxious and agitated as the girl was calm and resigned, when the others left, was making a sort of raft on which to save her who was dearer than his own life. On his knees he implored her to descend with him on to the frail but sole hope of safety; and to insure a greater certainty, he begged her to take off the heavier part of her garments. This she steadily refused to do. When he found his most earnest solicitations vain, and all hope of saving her lost, though she entreated him to leave her, he quietly took from a pocket-book a tress of her hair, kissed it, and placed it on his heart. With his arm round her to shield her as far as he could to the last, he calmly awaited the terrible catastrophe at her side. Nor had they long to wait, for they were soon washed from the deck. Their bodies were picked up the following day, clasped in the close embrace in which they awaited death.

This touching incident formed the groundwork of the beautiful story over which so many tears have fallen. Mauritius was then but little known, and St. Pierre's pictures of its life and scenery were all drawn from imagination; but the story has invested the far-off island with an atmosphere of romance. Two structures at Pamplemousses known as the tombs of Paul and Virginia are still shown to visitors—two dilapidated piles of brick, still betraying traces of whitewash on their crumbling sides. When visited by Mr. Pike, who had been asked by a romantic young lady to gather for her some flowers from the tombs, he found the surrounding grounds converted into an impassable swamp by recent rains. Romance is evidently at a discount in Mauritius.

IN A TOBACCO FACTORY.



BREAKING.

THERE is no department of industry more carefully guarded from intrusion than a tobacco factory, none where visitors are more in the way; and it was therefore by special courtesy that, one bright morning last October, we found ourselves in the office of one of the largest factories in Richmond, Virginia, with the polite proprietor ready to show us through the establishment.

On the first floor we were introduced to the steam-engine, the motive power of the whole concern, which does double duty in also heating the building, so that, unlike the planter, who is entirely dependent on times and seasons, the manufacturer regulates his own climate, and asks no odds of the weather.

All tobacco brought to the Richmond market is sold by sample. These samples, each ticketed and marked with the name of the planter by whom the crop of which it forms part was grown, the weight of the hogshead net and gross, the name of the commission merchant who sold it, the warehouse where it was inspected, and the price per hundred paid by the manufacturer, tell the whole history of the tobacco. Thus, in case of accidental or intentional fraud, it is easy to affix the blame where it lies, for should the contents of a hogshead vary in the least from the sample, the manufacturer can at once refer to the party from whom it was purchased.

Should buyer and seller fail in such case to come to an agreement, the matter under dispute is decided by a committee of arbitration, composed of three members of the Board of Trade.

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SORTING.

Once at the factory, a steam-elevator raises the hogsheads to the stemming-room, in the upper story; and here, in a close little compartment, partitioned off, and rendered as nearly air-tight as possible, the tobacco is exposed to what the manufacturers term "live steam"—*i. e.*, a steam bath—until it becomes in order for stemming. It is then taken out and placed in bulk, being carefully covered with blankets to keep the steam in until it is distributed to the stemmers. These operatives, who are usually women or children, take the leaves, which have under the foregoing process become as soft and pliant as the finest kid, strip them of the midrib, or "stem," and tie them in bundles, with a stem for the band.

The choicest of these stems, not used for this purpose, are packed in hogsheads and shipped to Bremen, where they are pulverized and converted into snuff.

The stemmers are paid by weight—so



STEMMING.

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BOILING LICORICE AND DIPPING.

much per pound for the tobacco they stem; and the superintendent of the stemming-room, with scrupulous exactness, keeps tally of every parcel as it is placed in his scales, and credits the stemmer therewith on the slate which lies on his desk for the purpose.

The bundles of stemmed leaves are now strung on sticks and hung in the drying-room until they become perfectly dry, when they are ready for the application of the mixture of sirup and licorice which imparts to the chewing tobacco of commerce its sweetness and flavor.

By the side of the huge kettles in which this mixture is prepared men stand all day long stirring it with wooden paddles to prevent its burning.

In the factory which we visited 200 gallons of sugar-house sirup are daily used, and this, cooked to a candy, is mixed with Spanish licorice, which has previously been dissolved.

As soon as this concoction attains the right consistency it is poured, boiling hot, into a large trough, and into this steaming fluid the tobacco is dipped as fast as it is brought from the drying-room. The leaves must be *bone dry* when subjected to the licorice bath, for the least dampness will render them white with mould in a few hours—as hopelessly



SPRINKLING THE FLAVORING.

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TWIST-ROOM.

ruined as the growing plant on which a black frost has fallen.

The heat of the mixture causes the pores of the leaf to expand, and the sweet sirup penetrating every fibre impregnates it thoroughly.

All the licorice used in this process is imported from Spain, and pays a duty of ten cents in gold per pound. It is rendered still more expensive by the fact that a few drops of salt-water will ruin a whole case, "killing" the licorice, and making it as hard and porous as cork. A portion of nearly every cargo is lost in this way.

The "clippings"—as the odds and ends of the tobacco leaves are termed—are too small to be dipped with the bundles, and to them the mixture of sirup and licorice is applied by means of a watering-pot.

From the vat the dripping bundles are carried out on the flat roof of the factory and there exposed to the sun. "For," said our guide, "one day's sunshine is worth more to tobacco than any thing else we can do for it; it gives it a sweetness which nothing else will."

"How do you protect it in case of a sudden shower?" asked one of our party.

"Protect it!" was the reply. "If a shower comes up we order out all hands, and hustle it in through that door in about two minutes."

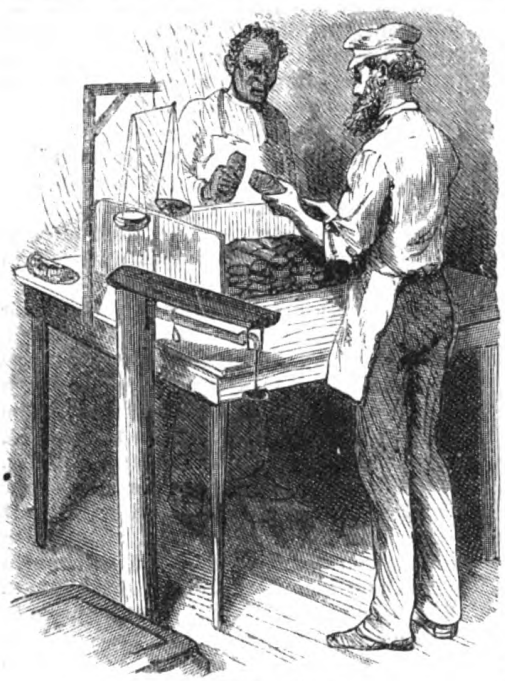
After this the leaves are taken into a second drying-room, where the thermometer during the day is kept at ninety degrees. At night the whole power of the furnace is turned on, and the heat is so intense that in the morning the room has to be cooled off before the operatives can enter it. When the tobacco has, under this powerful heat, become perfectly dry, it is sprinkled with the best New England rum, and flavored with various essential oils as carefully as the confectioner seasons his candies or the pastry-cook his pies, and thus prepared, and again blanketed, it is ready for the "lumpers and twisters," as the next class of workmen are styled.

The arrangement of the twist-room reminds the unmechanically instructed visitor strikingly of a school-room. At the upper end is the superintendent's desk, and down the long room, in parallel rows like the desks of the scholars, are ranged the tall work-benches of the operatives. Each man is supplied with a gauge for regulating the length of his lump, and a scale in which to verify its weight, that it may fit exactly into the shapes when taken to the press-room.

Nothing goes by guess in a tobacco factory; every thing is done by rule and measure, and these rules and measures are themselves carefully tested.

Taking a handful of the medicated leaves, the "lumper," with nimble fingers, rapidly moulds them into shape, and around the lump thus formed he wraps a virgin leaf, which, still in the state in which it left the

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EXAMINING WORK.

plantation, has undergone neither the licorice bath nor flavoring process. This is used for the outside wrapper in order to prevent sticking to the machinery, licorice and sirup being notoriously adhesive. As fast as the lumps are made the lumper slips them into his gauge, cutting off the superfluous length with an instrument somewhat resembling a tiny guillotine, weighs them in his scale, adding or removing filling as they fall short of or exceed the required weight, and when correct, places them in the receptacle provided for that purpose on the bench in front of him. Every lumper has for assistant a boy, whose principal duty it is to stem and hand him the leaves for his outside wrappers, and who waits on him exclusively.

The lumpers engage and pay these boys themselves from one to two dollars per week—their own earnings, if they be experts in their trade, varying from twelve to fifteen dollars for the same time. They, like the stemmers, are paid by weight, the price varying in ratio to the number of lumps required to make a pound—those who work in "pocket pieces" of two ounces each gaining the highest, and the makers of "pounds" the lowest wages in proportion to the aggregate weight of their work. In regular rotation the lumpers take their work to the superintendent of the twist-room for inspection. He weighs every lump separately, rejecting all which vary, be it never so little, from the standard. Those which have been found correct are then weighed a second time collectively, and the operative is credited on the superintendent's slate with the amount. The defective lumps must be remade until they conform to the standard. As one operative leaves the superintendent's desk the next in turn comes up, keeping that functionary busy all day long.

"How do they fix them when they are not heavy enough?" asked one of the visitors. "Do you let them wrap another leaf round the outside?"

"Not if we can help it," answered the proprietor; "but they do it sometimes in spite of us. John" (to the hand whose work was then undergoing inspection), "tell the lady how you make your lumps heavy enough when they are too light."

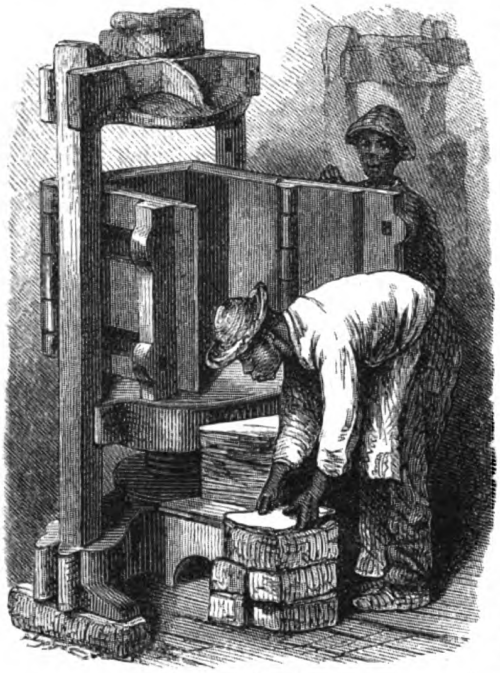
"Put mo' fillin' in," grunted John; while a twinkle in his eye showed his appreciation of the conversation, and full acquaintance with the sharp practice referred to.

Every operative in the twist-room is furnished with a case, in which he or his assistant packs the lumps as fast as they are inspected; and when these boxes are filled to their utmost capacity they are taken to the press-room. Here the lumps are fitted into the "shapes," large shallow pans of sheet-iron, subdivided into compartments, into which the rolls of tobacco fit with the



MAKING NEGRO-HEAD.

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OPENING FINISHING POT.

greatest exactness. Each shape has a thick wooden cover faced with sheet-iron, and intersected by grooves, into which fit the strips of iron forming the subdivisions in the shape below. These shapes when filled are placed in one of the hydraulic presses which extend in a long line from one end of the room to the other, and are subjected to a force of three hundred and twenty-five tons, which brings the two parts of the shape together, and drives the blocks into which the upper portion is cut down upon the lumps in the pan below, making the tobacco as flat as a pancake, and giving it the form of the plug of commerce. But when the pressure is removed, and the cakes are taken out, it is found that the side next the wood is a little ragged at the edges; so every piece is turned and put under press again, that these edges may be made as smooth as the others. Every time the moulds are used they are carefully oiled to prevent sticking, none but the best olive-oil being used for this purpose.

This process over, the plugs are taken to a second row of presses, where, after having been fitted together on sheets of tin as precisely as a lady joins her patchwork, and placed so that between every two sheets of tobacco comes a sheet of tin, they are a third time pressed.

And now the cause of all the great precision taken heretofore in the measurement of lumps and shapes becomes apparent. These tins are exactly the shape and size of the bottoms of the cases in which the tobacco is put up for market, and a given number of any given size will cover one of them; therefore, when the plugs come to be packed in the cases in which they are shipped from the factory, they fit in their places as nicely as do the parts of a Florentine mosaic.

The timber used for these cases is button-wood, or sycamore, and is imported from Canada. Vast quantities of it are consumed in this way, from twenty-five to thirty thousand feet being used weekly in this factory alone.

After packing, the cases are placed for the final compressure in a third row of presses, where, for protection against the immense force employed (a force which would else bend the cases outward in the middle and crush them into fragments), they are fitted into what are termed billies.

A billy consists of a case formed of four thick pieces of wood, turned with great care in a lathe, and bound about with stout iron bands, which hold them in place, and keep the packing cases intact. The application of the hydraulic press to this work is of comparatively recent date. Previous to its introduction the power was obtained by means of the old-fashioned screw-press, at much greater expense and with less satisfactory results than by the present method.

Each case is grooved for the insertion of the revenue stamp, a precaution necessary to prevent the abrasion thereof; and the government guards against a second use of the same stamp by requiring the manufacturer to sink the heads on the stamp (which are surrounded for this purpose by a line of perforations similar to those on a card of postage stamps) into the wood by means of a steel die, thus effectually preventing the removal of the stamp in an unmutilated condition.

Marked with the name of the manufacturer and the brand of tobacco, and duly fortified with the revenue stamp—for the government still lays a heavy hand on this staple, though the taxes have been much reduced of late—the work is done, and the cases are ready for shipment.

The manufacture of smoking tobacco is a much less intricate and troublesome process. The tobacco as it comes from the plantation is dried to the utmost, and passed through a mill in which a revolving cylinder armed with small projections grates it into tiny particles. It is then by the same machine sifted through a series of sieves similar to those of a wheat fan, that which is left on the upper and coarser sieves being passed and repassed through the mill until sufficiently fine for use. For this it is unnecessary to stem the leaves, the refuse stems being themselves used in the manufacture of the inferior grades, and the sweepings of the stemming-room are devoted to a

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like purpose. These last are first carefully examined, to make sure that nothing is left in them to break the mill, no nails or stones to injure the machinery. A man on his hands and knees was picking over a pile of sweepings the day we visited the factory, seeming as intent on his task as the searcher for pearls in the oyster pits of Ceylon.

The inferior grades of lugs, etc., can be used only for smoking. Indeed, no leaf is worthless for the manufacture of one or another of the innumerable brands somewhere between the golden chaff with which the millionaire fills his costly meerschaum and the black mixture which Paddy smokes in his clay pipe as he drives his dray—there is place and use for it all.

Smoking tobacco is generally put up in bags holding from two ounces to one pound each, a pound being the limit allowed by government for any single package. The packing is done by means of hollow iron cylinders, over which the bags fit closely and are tightly drawn. Into these the tobacco is poured, and by working a treadle a wooden mallet is forced into the cylinder, compressing the mass into the smallest possible compass. This operation is repeated until the bags are full, when the cylinders are withdrawn, leaving the closely packed tobacco in the bag.

The number of bags required for this business may be imagined from the fact that in the single factory visited by the writer their manufacture furnishes a support for fifteen poor families, besides which a large number are made by persons who merely do the work as a source of pocket-money. The manufacture of tobacco is the principal industry of Richmond, outstripping even iron in the revenue which it produces. The largest income listed last year in the State of Virginia was that of a Richmond tobacconist, and what the Bourse is to Paris, the Stock Exchange to New York, that the Tobacco Exchange is to Richmond.



THE OLDEST AND THE YOUNGEST HAND.

Physicians and moralists may prescribe and lecture against the use of the weed, but in vain, for all over the world, ever since Newton's pipe drove his servant-maid into hysterics, when, coming upon him unawares, she thought his head on fire, and Johnson's snuff-besprinkled ruffles disgusted his lady friends, its consumption has been steadily increasing, and among all nations it is now the favorite nerve stimulant.

"Much meat doth gluttony procure,
To feed men fat as swine,
But he's a frugal man indeed
Who on a leaf can dine.
He needs no napkin for his hands,
His fingers' ends to wipe,
Who has his kitchen in a box,
His roast meat in a *pipe*."

LOTTERY.

By JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

A SOBER life, far-lit with promised joy;
A jovial life, yet scenting distant ill.
The promised joy, the dreaded ill, draw nigh;
The sober life loses its grave alloy,
Its fortunate fate full trusting to fulfill.
The darkening dread of dismal destiny
In riftless shadows wraps the outcast Jollity.

Now strikes the hour! each draws, and holds, his breath.

Behold! the rainbow hope is snatched away:
A thunder-bolt strikes Joy's fond aspirant dead;
But breaks his chains who had looked forward to death.
So shifts Life's lottery from day to day.
Yet Justice governs all: who lives in dread
Of nothing mates with who on phantom joys is fed.

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DETECTIVE PINKERTON.

By GENERAL R. B. MARCY, U.S.A.

THE rapid and progressive expansion of organizations for the detection, pursuit, and apprehension of malefactors within the last decade has doubtless been commensurate with, and a necessary sequent of, the great augmentation of the criminal record in this country.

Twenty years ago such a personage as a professional police detective was rarely met with or heard of out of Paris or London; but now nearly every town of magnitude in the United States has its corps of police experts, who find continued calls upon their services, and receive ample compensation therefor.

This branch of police enterprise was first inaugurated in Paris, and has probably been more elaborated and systemized there than any where else, as the marvelous achievements of Vidocq and his successors at the head of the French police bureau fully attest.

Of course many corporation police agents who have received appointments through political influences possess but few if any of the qualifications essential to an astute craftsman. Indeed, unless one has been endowed by nature with certain peculiar faculties which neither education nor experience can impart, he will not be likely to become proficient in this vocation. He must intuitively, as it were, possess the ability to read at a glance the complex workings of the human mind in all its phases, and the skill to decipher the infinite variety of emotional permutations of the facial muscles, which often reveal secrets that are understood only by the initiated, and afford a key to the incentive as well as the effect of action. Besides these, courage, energy, and activity, as well as discretion and patience, are equally indispensable. But as these requisites are rarely found united in one individual, experts in this profession are scarce.

Among those who have figured conspicuously in this country, probably the most skillful, persevering, and successful organizer and leader of individual detective enterprise has been Major Allan Pinkerton, whose exploit in safely conducting President Lincoln through the sanguinary rebel gauntlet at Baltimore previous to his first inauguration is a matter of historical record.

Of the major's early antecedents I know but little, save that he was born in Scotland, came to this country alone and penniless when a boy, and for some time afterward earned a meagre but honest livelihood by sawing wood at the not very remunerative wages of fifty cents a day.

His aspirations, however, soon soared above the "buck and saw," which he disposed of at an early date, resolving thenceforth to follow some more lucrative occupation, and shortly afterward he found employment as assistant to a secret police agent. His first efforts in this direction proved so successful that he soon discovered that to be his proper vocation, and in a few months commenced business alone; and from that time, through the force of his own indomitable energy and tenacity of purpose, and despite the persistent opposition he encountered from corporate police organizations, he continued to inspire and retain the confidence of his patrons, and to extend the scope of his operations, until he attained the most exalted position in his profession.

I first encountered the major at Cincinnati in 1861, when he was attached to General M'Clellan's command, in charge of the secret service force with the Army of Western Virginia, in which capacity he continued with the general (to whom he became devotedly attached) until he was relieved from the command of the Army of the Potomac, in 1862, when, notwithstanding he was urgently solicited by Secretary Stanton to remain with M'Clellan's successor, he could not be prevailed upon to do so, and from that time to this has devoted his exclusive attention to business on his own account. He is now, I should say, about fifty years of age, has a well-developed physique, nearly five feet ten inches in height, with an erect, compact, and muscular frame, and rather a grave and dignified demeanor, which, with the usually plain and somewhat clerical cut of his coat, surmounted by a white "choker," gives him more the appearance of a country parson than of a man thoroughly cognizant of all the arts, wiles, and iniquities of a demoralized age.

His sedate, unpretentious, and taciturn, but always polite and courteous, deportment when in the presence of strangers tends to convey the impression that he is stolid and unsocial; but this is not so, for with his friends he is one of the most genial and companionable men I know; besides, he has a natural exuberance of vivacious wit and sparkling humor, combined with a keen sense of the ludicrous, and as a *raconteur* of amusing incident or racy anecdote he is unsurpassed. His principal office is at Chicago, where he has made his head-quarters; but he has auxiliary stations at New York and Philadelphia, in charge of competent and trustworthy superintendents. The entire establishment is denominated "Pinkerton's National Detective Agency."

Some conception may be formed of the magnitude of his operations from the fact that at one time when I visited him he employed, in his Chicago branch alone, thirty-two clerks, and his income was then upward of $40,000 per annum; and this was not, as I am aware, an exceptional period, for the different railroad and express companies have, as I have been informed, paid him large retaining fees and stipends, which, with what

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he has received for developing extensive robberies, and other important professional services, must continually have swollen the aggregate of his receipts to a high figure.

I must confess that for some time after I was introduced to Major Pinkerton I was rather inclined to avoid him, for the reason that I imagined all men of his calling, if not unscrupulous knaves who would hesitate at nothing to accomplish their purposes, were by no means desirable associates for gentlemen. But after having been officially thrown in contact with him, my ideas changed materially, as I found him during ten years' acquaintance one of the most upright, reliable, and true men I ever knew.

In the course of conversation one day I remarked to him that I took it for granted the most of his subordinates were selected from the most debased classes of society.

"Not at all," replied he; "on the contrary, I have seldom taken into my service a man whom I did not believe to be thoroughly honest and reliable. Moreover, I do not indorse the old adage of 'Set a rogue to catch a rogue,' for my experience has shown me that an honest man who possesses the other requisites makes a more efficient detective operator than a villain."

He took occasion to remark at the same time "that most persons were of opinion that men of his profession must necessarily be not only callous and unsympathizing at heart, but totally insensible to those more refining and purifying impulses which ameliorate and reduce the salient asperities of the human character. This," he added, "may be partially true in my own case, as I always endeavor to divest myself of all feeling of commiseration for criminals until they are apprehended and brought to trial; but then the sympathetic element in my nature preponderates, and irresistibly impels me to hope for lenity and mercy. For I am firmly convinced there are but very few men who ever become so degraded and befouled by crime that a white spot can not be found in their natures, and although its lustre may have become so tarnished and discolored by depravity as to be nearly obliterated, yet I invariably am disposed to search for it, and, when found, 'rub it up,' in order that its effulgence may reflect upon the conscience and bring forth better fruit."

The major now has in his corps several men and women who have served him for many years, and the uniformly kind and liberal treatment they have met with at his hands has insured the most zealous discharge of their duties, as well as a lively interest in the success of his undertakings.

As an evidence of this I remark that about the time the Army of the Potomac left Washington for the Peninsula, Pinkerton dispatched three of his men to Richmond for the purpose of obtaining information concerning the Confederate army, etc., and while there they encountered a woman who had been arrested as a suspicious character at Washington, and ordered out of our lines. This woman pretended to recognize the men, reported them as Federal spies, and upon her testimony they were arrested, tried, convicted, and hung.

These men had families living in Illinois solely dependent for support upon what they received from Pinkerton, who, as soon as he obtained reliable tidings of their execution, applied to the authorities for pensions to the widows; but this, unfortunately, could not, under the laws, be granted, notwithstanding the men had suffered martyrdom in the service of their country, and the major, who was under no legal or moral obligations to do so, in the goodness of his heart continued for several years afterward to pay the widows from his own pocket the same amounts their deceased husbands had received, and ultimately purchased and gratuitously donated to them comfortable farms. Such high-souled magnanimity could not fail to attach his employés to his interests, and this has doubtless largely contributed to his success.

There is not sufficient space in a communication of this character to narrate many of the achievements in the eventful career of this wonderfully successful expert, as the entire calendar would fill volumes. I propose merely to present succinctly a few illustrative incidents that either came under my own knowledge or were communicated to me through what I conceived to be reliable sources, giving the latter as I received them, believing them to be strictly veracious, and disclaiming any further responsibility should they not prove literally authentic in all their details. These will, I dare say, suffice to exhibit the man's great executive ability, quick apprehension, and rare genius in unraveling, analyzing, and working up the most complex, puzzling, and mysterious detective problems from exceedingly meagre data.

The speedy discovery and apprehension by Pinkerton of the audacious perpetrators of a robbery of an Adams Express car upon the New Haven Railroad some years since, and the immediate recovery of the greater part of the large amount of money taken by them—and this after the New York city police had exhausted all its powers ineffectually—is known to the public.

His swift pursuit and apprehension of the notorious band of highwaymen and assassins who for years held the people of Southern Indiana in terror, and who, among other atrocities, in broad daylight ran off an express car and locomotive from a station upon the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, are also well known.

At one period during the execution of this

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last perilous service, learning that Pinkerton's emissaries had been unleashed, and through their keen scent were then close upon their heels, and that unless they could be thrown off the trail their capture would be inevitable, the robbers offered an agent of the express company at Cincinnati a large sum ($90,000, if I am not mistaken) to discharge Pinkerton from the case in hand. But, strange as it may appear, the bribe was not accepted, and the chase continued until several of the outlaws were caught and promptly lynched by the infuriated populace who had suffered from their diabolical outrages.

Two of them who escaped into Canada were tracked, apprehended, and brought back by Pinkerton, under the provisions of the extradition treaty; and he came very near losing his life from one of their confederates snapping a loaded pistol at his head while crossing the river at Detroit on his return.

Just before the outbreak of the rebellion, Pinkerton, while traveling through the Southern States in the exercise of the mysteries of his vocation, stopped for the night at a hotel in a well-known town, where, after supper, he was called upon by a man who introduced himself as the president of a bank in the place, and requested a private audience, knowing his reputation as a detective. When they were alone, the object of the visit was disclosed, from which it appeared that about a year previous the bank he represented had been entered in the night, and the cashier, who slept therein, murdered; and although every effort had been promptly made by the authorities to discover the author of the deed, yet up to that time not the slightest clew to the mystery had been obtained.

The president admitted that from the first his own suspicions had rested upon one of the most prominent and wealthy citizens of the place, but his convictions were based upon evidence so entirely circumstantial and indirect that he dare not assume the responsibility of officially reporting it to the authorities.

The man he alluded to was supposed to have been a warm friend of the cashier. Their social relations were most intimate, and a day seldom passed during which they were not frequently together in the bank. As before stated, the cashier had been in the habit of sleeping in the bank, and usually opened his doors at an early hour; but the morning after the murder, to the surprise of the president, the doors remained fastened so late that, fearing all was not right, he had the lock forced, when, to his horror, the corpse of the murdered man was discovered upon the floor. After taking a hurried glance at the surroundings in the bank, he locked the door, and immediately reported the facts to the cashier's friend, requesting him at the same time to return with him as a witness and view the ghastly spectacle. He seemed greatly agitated at this proposal, and earnestly begged to be excused, upon the ground that such frightful scenes invariably wrought most deleterious effects upon his nervous system; whereupon he returned to the bank alone, examined the vaults, and found nothing missing, but in a fire-place he discovered a mass of burned papers, among which was one that had been a note of hand drawn by the man he mistrusted in favor of the bank for a considerable amount, and although it was charred to a cinder, yet the ink upon it retained a shade of color distinct from the paper, and still exhibited sufficient traces of the chirography, including the autographic signature, to establish its identity with the original document. This he carefully spread out upon a sheet of white paper, and securely sealed a tumbler over it.

Another circumstance that tended to augment the force of his convictions was the singular fact that from the time of the murder this man had never been known to enter the bank or make visits to his neighbors. Indeed, he seemed to have lost all desire for society, and became melancholy and misanthropic, secluding himself in his house during the day, and wandering about his grounds alone at night. These, with other suspicious circumstances, which were narrated in detail to the major, induced him to believe that the president's conjectures were not altogether groundless. Nevertheless, this evidence was of such adventitious character that it would not be regarded by a jury as sufficient to convict him of the crime of murder. Additional corroboratory evidence would be indispensable for a successful prosecution of the case.

After some further consultation upon the subject, Pinkerton told the president he would give the matter serious reflection during the night, and lay before him the result of his cogitations in the morning. Accordingly, when he called the next morning, the major inquired if he could procure a man and woman who would obey his injunctions to the letter, and in whose discretion the most implicit confidence could be placed.

He replied that he thought he could find such persons, provided the parts he proposed having them enact would not involve them in any legal entanglement.

"There is not the least danger of that," said the major. "What I shall require of them is this: I understand you to say that, in consequence of the man's peculiar vagaries, his servants generally remain with him but a short time. Now I propose to make it an object for our confederates to enter his service, and, by a zealous compliance with all his requirements and whims, to gradu-

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ally ingratiate themselves into his confidence, so that in time he will give them free access to every part of his premises; and when this is accomplished I will instruct them to sprinkle his towels, napkins, handkerchiefs, and other linen, as well as the leaves of the white flowers in the grounds where he resorts, with water colored crimson to resemble blood; and they will occasionally put the initials of the murdered man's name with the same liquid upon his handkerchiefs. This, if he is guilty, and his conscience troubles him, will probably act powerfully upon his sensitive nervous organization. But if this should not prove sufficient, I will direct them to bore a hole through the partition into his chamber in such a position under the head of his bed that it will not be discovered, and into this they will insert a small speaking-tube which I will provide for the purpose, and after he goes to bed, and gets soundly asleep, the man will awaken him by giving utterance through the tube to loud, deep, and agonizing groans, and now and then calling the murdered man's name in a solemn, measured tone of voice. I will also direct him, whenever the suspected man takes his solitary walks at night, to envelop his person in a white sheet, conceal himself within the foliage of a tree overhanging the walk, and as the man approaches, suddenly but noiselessly drop down in front of him, simultaneously uttering distressful groans like those he passed through the speaking-tube. And I predict," added he, "that if these instructions are faithfully carried out, the imagination of the conscience-stricken victim will be so wrought upon that he (provided he is guilty) will in a short time do one of four things, viz., he will either run mad, abscond, commit suicide, or acknowledge himself to be the murderer." This proposition was acceded to by the president, who without difficulty secured the services of two assistants well suited to their purposes, and they at once entered upon the performance of the parts assigned them in the foregoing programme.

They easily obtained employment in the household of the suspected man, and by dint of assiduous attention to all his requirements so rapidly gained his confidence that in a short time he gave them unlimited control over all his domestic affairs, thus enabling them successfully to enact the opening scene in the drama which had been foreshadowed by Pinkerton.

The continual appearance of the red spots upon the linen, which he took to be blood, with the occasional startling exhibition of the murdered man's initials upon his handkerchiefs, produced so powerful an effect upon the man's disordered imagination that instead of going to bed, he walked his chamber until daylight, night after night, in the most agonized state of mind.

At a late hour one night, after he had retired to his room, and was talking to himself and gesticulating in a manner indicative of intense mental perturbation, his incoherent soliloquy was abruptly broken in upon by loud groans, accompanied by a smothered articulation of the murdered man's name, which appeared to proceed from within his bed, and gave him a shock as if he had been struck by lightning. His blood seemed to stagnate and freeze in his arteries; his limbs became rigid and powerless; every individual hair upon his head stood on end, with no two pointing in the same direction; his lower jaw dropped, and his teeth rattled like drum-sticks beating the "long roll;" his knees knocked convulsively together, and his entire frame quaked with deadly terror; while the pupils of his eyes, dilated to their utmost tension, were, with a frantic expression of intensified horror, directed toward the bed. He was, indeed, the personification of conscience-stricken guilt and remorse, and with his hands raised in a suppliant attitude, he exclaimed in excruciating accents of agony and despair, "O my God! my God! have mercy! have mercy! have mercy!" And when the dread name was repeated in a still more solemn and heavy tone of voice, his legs, no longer obedient to his volition, gave way entirely, and he sank prostrate upon the floor, overpowered by the manifestation of what he verily believed to be a retributive ghostly visitation from his murdered victim.

On the following night, to the astonishment of his neighbors, the man mysteriously disappeared from the town, and up to 1865 his whereabouts had not been positively ascertained, although circumstances rendered it probable that he went to Texas, where he would most likely have been tracked and brought back by Pinkerton had not intelligence of the firing upon Fort Sumter arrived just then, which made it imperative upon him to hurry out of the Confederate States to avoid arrest himself.

At a certain period, some six or eight years ago, the officers of one of our principal railroads had good reasons for believing that some of the conductors upon a particular section of their road were in the habit of rendering inaccurate returns of their receipts from "way-passengers;" and as they were unable to fix the defalcation upon the particular individuals, Pinkerton was employed to investigate the matter, and test the accuracy of their suspicions. For the execution of this delicate service he selected a sufficient number of his best men to furnish four for every car in a train, one to be seated at each door and two in the centre of the car, the latter facing to the front and rear, so as to see every person who went in or out. These men were directed not to recognize each other, but to pay their fares, and otherwise

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deport themselves like ordinary travelers. Each one was provided with pencil and paper, and instructed to keep an accurate record of every person that entered or left the cars, noting the stations to and from which they traveled, etc., so that if at the end of the trip their notes were in accord, it would be good evidence of accuracy. In this manner the major was enabled, in the course of a few days, to make a detailed report which showed conclusively that nearly every conductor upon the section of road under surveillance had been guilty of swindling. He also ascertained that one of these delinquents owned property to a large amount in Philadelphia. Whereupon, as I was informed, Colonel S——, the vice-president, sent for the man, and the following dialogue ensued:

"Mr. ——, how long have you been employed as conductor on our road?"

"About seven years, Sir."

"What pay have you received during that time?"

"Eight hundred dollars a year."

"Do you own the house No. — upon —— Street?"

"I do, Sir."

"Have you other property in this city?"

"I have."

"What is its value?"

"Well, Sir, I can't tell precisely, but it is considerable."

"What estimate do you place upon your entire assets?"

"Something like forty thousand dollars."

"Were you the owner of any portion of this property when you entered our service?"

"Not a dollar's worth, Sir."

"You have a family to support, I understand?"

"I have a wife and three children."

"Will you do me the favor to inform me how you have been able in seven years to support your family and accumulate a fortune of forty thousand dollars upon a salary of eight hundred?"

"I have not the slightest objection to answer your question, Colonel S——, provided you will suffer me first to propound a few pertinent interrogatories to you."

"Very well, Sir, I've no objections. What are they?"

"Will you, then, be so kind as to inform me how long you have been connected with the —— Railroad?"

"Something like ten years."

"What, allow me to ask, has been your salary during that time?"

"I suppose it may have averaged about $5000 a year."

"You have a family to support, if I am not mistaken?"

"Yes, Sir, I have a family."

"If it is not an improper question, Colonel S——, will you suffer me to ask what is the amount of your fortune?"

"Well, Sir, I don't know precisely, but it is something handsome."

"Would you estimate it at half a million dollars, colonel?"

"Yes, I dare say it is."

"That being the fact, Sir, if you will do me the favor to disclose to me the secret of the process by which you, in ten years, have been able to transmute $50,000 into ten times that amount, without any visible means outside your salary, I will most cheerfully tell you how I have managed, by turning an honest penny now and then, to amass the comparatively insignificant amount I have named."

"That is all very well," replied the imperturbable vice-president, "but you seem to have forgotten that there is a slight difference between your status and mine upon the —— Railroad, in that you are responsible to me for stealing the company's money, whereas I am not accountable to you for my transactions. In view of this fact, it now becomes my duty to inform you that your services are no longer required upon our road."

The facetious conductor probably anticipated this result, and with his characteristic coolness remarked: "In that event, Sir, it may at some future time become necessary for me to seek employment upon another road. Would it be asking too much for you to give me a letter setting forth your estimate of my ability to perform the duties of conductor?"

"If you desire it, I certainly have no objections to giving you a testimonial to the effect that I look upon you as the most unscrupulous and unblushing knave that has ever disgraced the catalogue of our employés, and that any company having any thing to do with you will be morally certain to be robbed."

Some time during the summer of 1869 (I think it was) an agent of a life-insurance company in Chicago called upon Pinkerton and informed him that the association he was connected with had that day been notified to liquidate a policy of insurance amounting to six thousand dollars in favor of the widow of a man who had been drowned in Lake Erie under the following circumstances:

It appears that the deceased had been employed as a common sailor upon a schooner which plied between Buffalo and Chicago, and that upon the arrival of the vessel at Buffalo after her last trip the captain reported the man as having been lost overboard during the voyage. The mate of the vessel, who seemed to take great interest in the matter, immediately called upon the widow in Buffalo, and aided her in procuring the evidence necessary to obtain the insurance. This included his own affidavit to

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the fact that upon one dark night, while the vessel during his watch was beating against a stiff head-wind nearly opposite Cleveland, the man had been knocked overboard by the boom, and although he had ordered a yawl to be lowered and manned as soon as possible, yet the wind was blowing so fresh, the sea running so high, and the schooner moving at such a rapid rate at the time that all their efforts to find the man proved abortive, and he had no hesitation in swearing that he must have been drowned. The captain, who was in his berth at the time the accident happened, soon reached the deck, when the facts were reported to him, and his evidence corroborated that of the mate. Besides, the man's identity was fully established, and every thing connected with the affair seemed so clear and conclusive that the company unhesitatingly resolved to pay the insurance on the following day.

The agent narrated all these circumstances to Pinkerton, and asked his opinion as to whether there could possibly be any fraud in the case. He replied that the evidence adduced by the claimant certainly presented a very plausible aspect; nevertheless, the active and zealous part taken by the mate, his intimacy with the family, and the pressing anxiety evinced by him for a speedy settlement threw a shadow of doubt upon his mind, and he was unable to resist the force of his own convictions that there might have been collusion between the parties to swindle the company. In view of this, he advised them to suspend the payment until he could investigate the matter more fully, which was acceded to.

Fortunately for the successful execution of Pinkerton's designs in working up the case, he happened to have in his employ an intelligent and reliable man who was a mariner by profession, and had sailed upon the lakes for several years.

This man, after having been fully informed upon all that was known of the affair, was directed to engage himself as one of the crew of the schooner, which was then lying in the port of Chicago, with the same officers that were upon her when the man was lost overboard.

He was at once employed, and forthwith went aboard, with instructions to endeavor, by a zealous discharge of his duties, and a respectful and obsequious deportment toward the mate, to gain his confidence to such an extent that, in time, he might be induced to make disclosures which would aid them in reaching the truth.

The vessel sailed shortly afterward, making a round trip to Buffalo and back, when the man reported to Pinkerton that he had made considerable progress in securing the good-will and friendship of the mate, who already began to treat him as an equal, and had several times spoken of recommending him for promotion, should he ever become master of a vessel himself.

This was quite satisfactory to his chief, who directed him to make another voyage, and continue his efforts to augment the confidence of the mate, hoping thereby to secure a speedy consummation of his plans.

One calm night, after they had passed Mackinac, when every body was asleep except the mate and himself, who were alone upon deck, they became engaged in a confidential conversation upon the subject of their early lives and their future prospects, the last of which the detective assured him were rather inauspicious, so far as he was concerned; whereupon the mate asked him if he would like to make a thousand dollars within a very short time. This, he replied, would be the most acceptable proposition that could be made to him, as his purse was unusually low just then, and therefore he could hardly conceive of any thing he would not cheerfully do to replenish his finances with so large an amount.

"Very well, then," said the mate, "I will put you in the way of accomplishing this, provided you can keep a secret, and obey my instructions to the letter."

Upon his assurance that he could fulfill both requirements, he then disclosed to him the whole secret of the scheme for defrauding the life-insurance company, which he acknowledged to have been conceived by himself, and executed through the co-operation of the supposed drowned man, who was to be joint recipient with him in the proceeds.

He further said that during the night of the casualty he ran his vessel very near the shore, and as he was "coming about," the man, provided with life-preservers, quietly let himself down into the water and swam ashore. He had been assured of this from the individual himself, who was then alive and well, but had concealed himself until the insurance money could be secured. He also informed him that the company had declined making the payment until they produced evidence that the man was not still living.

"Now," continued he, "what I want you to do is to get discharged from the vessel at Cleveland, then go to the cemetery nearest the lake shore, find the grave of a man recently buried, hire a reliable man to accompany you, and in the night-time exhume the body, dress it in sailor's garb, and deposit it upon the beach, in the vicinity of the town, where it will soon be discovered, and present the appearance of having been washed ashore from the lake. Before doing this, however, you will telegraph in my name to the woman at Buffalo, directing her to come at once to Cleveland to receive tidings of her husband; and, as soon as the body is discovered, have her on hand to view and recognize it as that of her dear departed. And this exhibition,

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if there happen to be spectators present, should be attended with appropriate demonstrations of lamentation and mourning.

"She will then, with your assistance, have the body reinterred with such funeral ceremonies as the solemn occasion calls for; after which you will both return to Buffalo, where I will meet you, with an affidavit prepared for her to execute, establishing the identity of the body, which, with your testimony that you assisted in the burial services, etc., will doubtless secure to us the liquidation of the insurance." Then shaking him cordially by the hand, he concluded: "Now, my friend, if you carry out faithfully these injunctions, I pledge my honor as a man that the moment the insurance money is paid, you shall receive a thousand dollars."

He of course promised implicit compliance with every thing required, and without difficulty obtained his discharge on the arrival of the vessel at Cleveland; but, instead of executing the remainder of the compact, he went directly to the telegraph office, sent off a cipher dispatch to Pinkerton reporting progress, and took the next train for Buffalo, where he soon found the disconsolate widow, and made her acknowledge her participation in the plot, together with the fact that her husband was then in Mobile, Alabama. From thence he returned to Chicago, and reported the solution of the mystery to his employer.

If the reader's patience has not already been exhausted, and he is disposed to follow me a few minutes longer, I will conclude this lengthy and somewhat rambling sketch by attempting to describe another incident that occurred at Washington in 1861, which will serve to illustrate the ruling propensity of the hero of our narrative for practical joking.

At the period referred to Colonel Stager, who was in charge of the extensive military telegraphic operations of the War Department, held intimate business relations with Major Pinkerton, which frequently brought them together; and as they were both sensible men, equally social, and disposed to look upon the sunny side of passing events, they were in the habit, during their leisure hours, of lightening the burden of their arduous duties by entertaining conversation, in which humorous anecdotes, sparkling bonmots, and good-natured raillery predominated. Upon one occasion a prominent police officer arrived at Willard's Hotel upon the track of a man who had perpetrated some criminal act in New York city, and was supposed to be then in Washington. I do not remember the man's name, but the officer had it, together with his photograph and a minute description of his person.

While searching for the culprit through the large concourse of people assembled in the vestibule of the hotel, the officer encountered a man who, after a close scrutiny, seemed to bear a striking resemblance to the photograph, and to fulfill all the conditions of the description; yet, as he was not absolutely certain of the identity of this individual, he accosted Colonel Stager, who happened to be near, and taking him aside, confidentially imparted his secret, and inquired of him (pointing to Pinkerton, who was standing upon the opposite side of the hall) if he knew who that was, and expressed his conviction that he was the very man they were in search of.

The colonel, who, it appears, could not resist the impulse of the moment, replied that he was not altogether positive, but felt quite confident the person indicated was in some way or other connected with rogues and suspicious characters. "Indeed," said he, "if I am not mistaken I have myself seen him in company with them this very day, and, under the circumstances, I believe it would be perfectly safe to arrest him. But," added he, "it would not surprise me in the least if the fellow should flare up, and feign indignation when you indicate your purpose to arrest him—perhaps give you an assumed name; and it is not unlikely he may insist that he is himself a detective; for that is a common subterfuge with such characters."

The officer said he knew how to deal with men of that stamp; and approaching Pinkerton, placed his hand upon his shoulder, and showing him his warrant, informed him that he was a prisoner, and must forthwith accompany him to New York. As may be conjectured, Pinkerton was considerably exercised at this brusque salutation, and indignantly turning upon the stranger, said, "Who the deuce are you, Sir; and who do you take me for, I should like to know?"

"Never mind," replied the officer; "you'll find out directly who I am; but I know that you are the man who escaped from the police last night in New York. So come along instantly, or I shall take steps to compel you to do so."

"You will, will you? You stupid ass, if you had any brains at all, you might easily have found out from almost any one here that I am Allan Pinkerton, chief of the detective force of the United States army, Sir."

The officer was a little staggered at this defiant assumption, but remembered what Stager had predicted, and shook his head incredulously, as he replied, "No, no; that won't do, old fellow. That game is played out long ago. I know who you are very well." Then taking him by the arm, he attempted to pull him through the crowd toward the door; but as they were passing Stager, who was looking on convulsed with laughter, Pinkerton instantly suspected him to be the author of the joke, and, shaking off the officer, he appealed to him for recognition; but Stager feigned not to know him from Adam, and he was obliged to call upon the hotel proprietor before he got released.

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He took the matter very good-naturedly, however, merely remarking to his friend Stager that the sell was a very clever one indeed—very clever; and expressed the hope that at some future time he might have the pleasure of reciprocating the compliment.

During this period of the war we had a good many spies and other offenders confined in the Old Capitol Prison, then under the supervision of Pinkerton; and shortly after the occurrence above related Colonel Stager evinced a curiosity to visit the establishment, and asked his friend Pinkerton if there were any objections to his doing so. "Not at all," said he. "Any time you wish to go there, just let me know, and I will give you a permit which will throw the doors open to you instanter."

Having a leisure hour one day, he called for the pass, and it was written and duly signed by Pinkerton, directing the warden in charge to conduct the bearer through the entire prison, etc., which phraseology was in accordance with a preconcerted formula, understood by the door-keeper, and signified that the visitor was to be held in confinement until further orders. No sooner was the pass presented by Stager than he was politely invited in, shown to a comfortable apartment, and a chair offered him by the official, who then asked to be excused for a moment, and went out, turning the key of the door upon him, and the amiable superintendent of military telegraphy was unconsciously but securely "bagged."

After waiting a while for the return of his cicerone, he went to the door to look for him, and found it locked, but supposing this to be accidental, it gave him no concern, and he sat down again, and waited patiently for a good while, expecting to see the door open every moment. He then knocked loudly upon it, but received no response, when, thinking the turnkey might unexpectedly have been called away, he hallooed and shouted most vociferously, at the same time shaking the door with all his might, and at length he succeeded in calling the turnkey, who made his appearance at a small aperture in the door, and in a peremptory tone of voice said, "You are violating the regulations, and disturbing every body in the prison, Sir; and if you don't stop your noise at once I shall confine you in a cell where you can't be heard."

This announcement exasperated him immensely, and drew forth several emphatic but not very complimentary ejaculations of wrath; and he threatened, if he was not instantly released, he would have the warden severely punished. To all of which the faithful functionary gave no heed, except to repeat the assurance that if he did not remain quiet he might expect more rigorous treatment.

He soon discovered that threats had no effect, and gradually cooled down a little, telling the man there certainly had been a mistake in his being incarcerated, and if he would allow him to send a note to Pinkerton he would be set at liberty forthwith.

His manner was so calm and plausible now, and his entreaties so earnest, that the turnkey finally consented to his wishes, and the note was soon dispatched; but several hours elapsed and no answer came. He then sent a more pressing demand for instant action, which, after another protracted suspense, finally brought an order for his release. Whereupon he proceeded directly to Pinkerton's office, flushed with excitement and rage, and prepared for active hostilities; but the facetious detective met him with a most bland smile, and reminded him of the little comedy in which he had enacted the chief rôle at Willard's, and at the same time observed that in his judgment their accounts were now nearly balanced; which brought about a reconciliation; but it was some days before the corrugated brow of the colonel resumed its usual placidity.

HERO WORSHIP.

"He is not what you think." O judges wise,
Can we not have Valhalla of our own
Within our hearts, where all the souls we prize
Shall sit in state, each on his royal throne?
What matter if we do not always choose
The few whose names, well weighed, ye write above
As laurel-worthy: do ye then refuse
Our heart's free right to honor whom we love?

Rest regnant in your reasonable choice,
The two or three ye crown with cautious care;
Nor they, nor ye, need miss our wanting voice
Among the plaudits filling all the air.
The crowd will have its god with robe and crown
To worship; but for us, we must be free
To follow when the stars seem pointing down,
To love when souls seem full of royalty.

Ye smile because we cherish still a throng
Of students of the hue, the form, the tone,
The verse, the stage, the romance, and the song,
Not for deep reasons, but for love alone.
We do not coldly wait till death shall place
The seal upon their works; but here and now
We love them, as we see them face to face;
Before them, warm in loyalty, we bow.

Those whom we cherish may not all attain
A crown so bright that the whole world can view;
But is it not a diadem to gain,
The having been a glory to a few?
Should one prove false to all our hope and trust,
Should our fair marble turn to common clay,
Silent we lay the pall over the dust,
And from our temple bear our dead away.

What is one false among a thousand true—
A thousand opening lives so well begun!
"He is no hero, as you think," say you?
Well, then, our faith shall help to make him one.
Back, judges, to your work of weighing, slow,
The dead ye destine to Fame's courts above!
But leave us free to worship here below
With faith and hope the living whom we love.

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A SIMPLETON.

A STORY OF THE DAY.

By CHARLES READE.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MRS. STAINES uttered a sharp cry, and seized the ring. Her eyes dilated over it, and she began to tremble in every limb; and at last she sank slowly back, and her head fell on one side like a broken lily. The sudden sight of the ring overpowered her almost to fainting.

Falcon rose to call for assistance; but she made him a feeble motion not to do so.

She got the better of her faintness, and then she fell to kissing the ring, in an agony of love, and wept over it, and still held it, and gazed at it through her blinding tears.

Falcon eyed her uneasily.

But he soon found he had nothing to fear. For a long time she seemed scarcely aware of his presence; and, when she noticed him, it was to thank him, almost passionately.

"It was my Christie you were so good to: may Heaven bless you for it: and you will bring me his letter, will you not?"

"Of course I will."

"Oh, do not go yet. It is all so strange: so sad. I seem to have lost my poor Christie again, since he did not die at sea. But no, I am ungrateful to God, and ungrateful to the kind friend that nursed him to the last. Ah, I envy you that. Tell me all. Never mind my crying. I have seen the time I could not cry. It was worse then than now. I shall always cry when I speak of him, ay, to my dying day. Tell me, tell me all."

Her passion frightened the egotist, but did not turn him. He had gone too far. He told her that, after raising all their hopes, Dr. Staines had suddenly changed for the worst, and sunk rapidly; that his last words had been about her, and he had said, "My poor Rosa, who will protect her?" That, to comfort him, he had said he would protect her. Then the dying man had managed to write a line or two, and to address it. Almost his last words had been, "Be a father to my child."

"That is strange."

"You have no child? Then it must have been you he meant. He spoke of you as a child more than once."

"Mr. Falcon, I have a child; but born since I lost my poor child's father."

"Then I think he knew it. They say that dying men can see all over the world; and I remember, when he said it, his eyes seemed fixed very strangely, as if on something distant. Oh, how strange this all is. May I see his child, to whom I promised—"

The artist in lies left his sentence half completed.

Rosa rang, and sent for her little boy.

Mr. Falcon admired his beauty, and said, quietly, "I shall keep my vow."

He then left her, with a promise to come back early next morning with the letter.

She let him go only on those conditions.

As soon as her father came in, she ran to him with this strange story.

"I don't believe it," said he. "It is impossible."

She showed him the proof, the ruby ring.

Then he became very uneasy, and begged her not to tell a soul. He did not tell her the reason, but he feared the insurance office would hear of it, and require proofs of Christopher's decease, whereas they had accepted it without a murmur, on the evidence of Captain Hamilton and the *Amphitrite's* log-book.

As for Falcon, he went carefully through Staines's two letters, and wherever he found a word that suited his purpose, he traced it by the usual process, and so, in the course of a few hours, he concocted a short letter, all the words in which, except three, were fac-similes, only here and there a little shaky; the three odd words he had to imitate by observation of the letters. The signature he got to perfection by tracing.

He inserted this letter in the original envelope, and sealed it very carefully, so as to hide that the seal had been tampered with.

Thus armed, he went down to Gravesend. There he hired a horse and rode to Kent Villa.

Why he hired a horse, he knew how hard it is to forge handwriting, and he chose to have the means of escape at hand.

He came into the drawing-room, ghastly pale, and almost immediately gave her the letter; then turned his back, feigning delicacy. In reality he was quaking with fear lest she should suspect the handwriting. But the envelope was addressed by Staines, and paved the way for the letter; she was unsuspicious and good, and her heart cried out for her husband's last written words: at such a moment what chance had judgment and suspicion in an innocent and loving soul?

Her eloquent sighs and sobs soon told the craven he had nothing to fear.

The letter ran thus:

"My own Rosa, — All that a brother could do for a beloved brother Falcon has done. He nursed me night and day. But

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it is vain. I shall never see you again in this world. I send you a protector, and a father to your child. Value him. He has promised to be your stay on earth, and my spirit shall watch over you. To my last breath, your loving husband,

"CHRISTOPHER STAINES."

Falcon rose, and began to steal on tiptoe out of the room.

Rosa stopped him. "You need not go," said she. "You are our friend. By-and-by I hope I shall find words to thank you."

"Pray let me retire a moment," said the hypocrite. "A husband's last words: too sacred—a stranger;" and he went out into the garden. There he found the nurse-maid Emily, and the little boy.

He stopped the child, and made love to the nurse-maid; showed her his diamonds—he carried them all about him—told her he had thirty thousand acres in Cape Colony, and diamonds on them; and was going to buy thirty thousand more of the government. "Here, take one," said he. "Oh, you needn't be shy. They are common enough on my estates. I'll tell you what, though, you could not buy that for less than thirty pounds at any shop in London. Could she, my little duck? Never mind, it is no brighter than her eyes. Now do you know what she will do with that, Master Christie? She will give it to some duffer to put in a pin."

"She won't do nothing of the kind," said Emily, flushing all over. "She is not such a fool." She then volunteered to tell him she had no sweetheart, and did not trouble her head about young men at all. He interpreted this to mean she was looking out for one. So do I.

"No sweetheart!" said he; "and the prettiest girl I have seen since I landed: then I put in for the situation."

Here, seeing the footman coming, he bestowed a most paternal kiss on little Christie, and saying, "Not a word to John, or no more diamonds from me," he moved carefully away, leaving the girl all in a flutter with extravagant hopes.

The next moment this wolf in the sheepfold entered the drawing-room. Mrs. Staines was not there. He waited and waited, and began to get rather uneasy, as men will who walk among pitfalls.

Presently the footman came to say that Mrs. Staines was with her father, in his study, but she would come to him in five minutes.

This increased his anxiety. What! She was taking advice of an older head. He began to be very seriously alarmed, and indeed had pretty well made up his mind to go down and gallop off, when the door opened, and Rosa came hastily in. Her eyes were very red with weeping. She came to him with both hands extended to him; he gave her his, timidly. She pressed them with such earnestness and power as he could not have suspected; and thanked him, and blessed him, with such a torrent of eloquence, that he hung his head with shame; and being unable to face it out, villain as he was, yet still artful to the core, he pretended to burst out crying, and ran out of the room, and rode away.

He waited two days, and then called again. Rosa reproached him sweetly for going before she had half thanked him.

"All the better," said he. "I have been thanked a great deal too much already. Who would not do his best for a dying countryman, and fight night and day to save him for his wife and child at home? If I had succeeded, then I would be greedy of praise; but now it makes me blush; it makes me very sad."

"You did your best," said Rosa, tearfully.

"Ah! that I did. Indeed I was ill for weeks after, myself, through the strain upon my mind, and the disappointment, and going so many nights without sleep. But don't let us talk of that."

"Do you know what my darling says to me in my letter?"

"No."

"Would you like to see it?"

"Indeed I should; but I have no right."

"Every right. It is the only mark of esteem, worth any thing, I can show you."

She handed him the letter, and buried her own face in her hands.

He read it, and acted the deepest emotion. He handed it back, without a word.

CHAPTER XXVII.

FROM this time Falcon was always welcome at Kent Villa. He fascinated every body in the house. He renewed his acquaintance with Mr. Lusignan, and got asked to stay a week in the house. He showed Rosa and her father the diamonds, and, the truth must be owned, they made Rosa's eyes sparkle for the first time this eighteen months. He insinuated rather than declared his enormous wealth.

In reply to the old man's eager questions, as the large diamonds lay glittering on the table, and pointed every word, he said that a few of his Hottentots had found these for him; he had made them dig on a diamondiferous part of his estate, just by way of testing the matter; and this was the result, this, and a much larger stone, for which he had received eight thousand pounds from Posno.

"If I was a young man," said Lusignan, "I would go out directly, and dig on your estate."

"I would not let you do any thing so paltry," said "le menteur." "Why, my dear

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Sir, there are no fortunes to be made by grubbing for diamonds; the fortunes are made out of the diamonds, but not in that way. Now I have thirty thousand acres, and am just concluding a bargain for thirty thousand more, on which I happen to know there are diamonds in a sly corner. Well, on my thirty thousand tried acres, a hundred only are diamondiferous. But I have four thousand thirty-foot claims, leased at ten shillings per month. Count that up."

"Why, it is twenty-four thousand pounds a year."

"Excuse me: you must deduct a thousand a year for the expenses of collection. But that is only one phase of the business. I have a large inn upon each of the three great routes from the diamonds to the coast, and these inns are supplied with the produce of my own farms. Mark the effect of the diamonds on property. My sixty thousand acres, which are not diamondiferous, will very soon be worth as much as sixty thousand English acres, say two pounds the acre, per annum. That is under the mark, because in Africa the land is not burdened with poor-rates, tithes, and all the other iniquities that crush the English land-owner, as I know to my cost. But that is not all, Sir. Would you believe it? even after the diamonds were declared, the people out there had so little foresight that they allowed me to buy land all round. Port Elizabeth, Natal, and Cape Town, the three ports through which the world gets at the diamonds, and the diamonds get at the world, I have got a girdle of land round those three outlets, bought by the acre; in two years I shall sell it by the yard. Believe me, Sir, English fortunes, even the largest, are mere child's play, compared with the colossal wealth a man can accumulate, if he looks beyond these great discoveries to their consequences, and lets others grub for him. But what is the use of it all to me?" said this Bohemian, with a sigh. "I have no taste for luxuries; no love of display. I have not even charity to dispense on a large scale; for there are no deserving poor out there; and the poverty that springs from vice, that I never will encourage."

John heard nearly all this, and took it into the kitchen; and henceforth Adoration was the only word for this prince of men, this rare combination of the Adonis and the millionaire.

He seldom held such discourses before Rosa; but talked her father into an impression of his boundless wealth; and half reconciled him to Rosa's refusal of Lord Tadcaster, since here was an old suitor, who, doubtless, with a little encouragement, would soon come on again.

Under this impression, Mr. Lusignan gave Falcon more than a little encouragement, and, as Rosa did not resist, he became a constant visitor at the villa, and was always there from Saturday to Monday.

He exerted all his art of pleasing, and he succeeded. He was welcome to Rosa, and she made no secret of it.

Emily threw herself in his way, and had many a sly talk with him, while he was pretending to be engaged with young Christie. He flattered her, and made her sweet on him, but was too much in love with Rosa, after his fashion, to flirt seriously with her. He thought he might want her services; so he worked upon her after this fashion: asked her if she would like to keep an inn.

"Wouldn't I just?" said she, frankly.

Then he told her that, if all went to his wish in England, she should be landlady of one of his inns in the Cape Colony. "And you will get a good husband out there directly," said he. "Beauty is a very uncommon thing in those parts. But I shall ask you to marry somebody who can help you in the business—or not to marry at all."

"I wish I had the inn," said Emily. "Husbands are soon got when a girl hasn't her face only to look to."

"Well, I promise you the inn," said he, "and a good outfit of clothes, and money in both pockets, if you will do me a good turn here in England."

"That I would, Sir. But laws, what can a poor girl like me do for a rich gentleman like you?"

"Can you keep a secret, Emily?"

"Nobody better. You try me, Sir."

He looked at her well; saw she was one of those who could keep a secret if she chose, and he resolved to risk it.

"Emily, my girl," said he, sadly, "I am an unhappy man."

"You, Sir! Why, you didn't ought to be."

"I am, then. I am in love, and can not win her."

Then he told the girl a pretty tender tale, that he had loved Mrs. Staines when she was Miss Lusignan, had thought himself beloved in turn, but was rejected; and now, though she was a widow, he had not the courage to court her, her heart was in the grave. He spoke in such a broken voice that the girl's good nature fought against her little pique at finding how little he was smitten with *her*, and Falcon soon found means to array her cupidity on the side of her good nature. He gave her a five-pound note to buy gloves, and promised her a fortune, and she undertook to be secret as the grave, and say certain things adroitly to Mrs. Staines.

Accordingly, this young woman omitted no opportunity of dropping a word in favor of Falcon. For one thing, she said to Mrs. Staines, "Mr. Falcon must be very fond of children, ma'am. Why, he worships Master Christie."

"Indeed! I have not observed that."

"Why no, ma'am. He is rather shy over

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it; but when he sees us alone, he is sure to come to us, and say, 'Let me look at my child, nurse;' and he do seem fit to eat him. Onst he says to me, 'This boy is my heir, nurse.' What did he mean by that, ma'am?"

"I don't know."

"Is he any kin to you, ma'am?"

"None whatever. You must have misunderstood him. You should not repeat all that people say."

"No, ma'am; only I did think it so odd. Poor gentleman, I don't think he is happy, for all his money."

"He is too good to be unhappy all his life."

"So I think, ma'am."

These conversations were always short, for Rosa, though she was too kind and gentle to snub the girl, was also too delicate to give the least encouragement to her gossip.

But Rosa's was a mind that could be worked upon, and these short but repeated eulogies were not altogether without effect.

At last the insidious Falcon, by not making his approaches in a way to alarm her, acquired her friendship as well as her gratitude; and, in short, she got used to him and liked him. Not being bound by any limit of fact whatever, he entertained her, and took her out of herself a little by extemporaneous pictures; he told her all his thrilling adventures by flood and field, not one of which had ever occurred, yet he made them all sound like truth; he invented strange characters, and set them talking; he went after great whales, and harpooned one, which slapped his boat into fragments with one stroke of its tail, then died, and he hung on by the harpoon protruding from the carcass till a ship came and picked him up. He shot a lion that was carrying off his favorite Hottentot. He encountered another, wounded him with both barrels, was seized, and dragged along the ground, and gave himself up for lost, but kept firing his revolver down the monster's throat till at last he sickened that one, and so escaped out of death's maw; he did *not* say how he had fired in the air, and ridden fourteen miles on end, at the bare sight of a lion's cub; but to compensate that one reserve, plunged into a raging torrent and saved a drowning woman by her long hair, which he caught in his teeth; he rode a race on an ostrich against a friend on a zebra which went faster, but threw his rider, and screamed with rage at not being able to eat him; he, Falcon, having declined to run unless his friend's zebra was muzzled. He fed the hungry, clothed the naked, and shot a wild elepbant in the eye; and all this he enlivened with pictorial descriptions of no mean beauty, and as like South Africa as if it had been *feu* George Robins advertising the Continent for sale.

In short, never was there a more voluble and interesting liar by word of mouth, and never was there a more agreeable creature interposed between a bereaved widow and her daily grief and regrets. He took her a little out of herself, and did her good.

At last, such was the charm of infinite lying, she missed him on the days he did not come, and was brighter when he did come and lie.

Things went smoothly, and so pleasantly, that he would gladly have prolonged this form of courtship for a month or two longer, sooner than risk a premature declaration. But more than one cause drove him to a bolder course—his passion, which increased in violence by contact with its beautiful object, and also a great uneasiness he felt at not hearing from Phœbe. This silence was ominous. He and she knew each other, and what the other was capable of. He knew she was the woman to cross the seas after him, if Staines left the diggings and any explanation took place that might point to his whereabouts.

These double causes precipitated matters, and at last he began to throw more devotion into his manner; and, having so prepared her for a few days, he took his opportunity and said, one day, "We are both unhappy. Give me the right to console you."

She colored high, and said, "You have consoled me more than all the world. But there is a limit; always will be."

One less adroit would have brought her to the point; but this artist only sighed, and let the arrow rankle. By this means he outfenced her; for now she had listened to a declaration and not stopped it short.

He played melancholy for a day or two, and then he tried her another way. He said, "I promised your dying husband to be your protector, and a father to his child. I see but one way to keep my word, and that gives me courage to speak; without that I never could. Rosa, I loved you years ago; I am unmarried for your sake. Let me be your husband, and a father to your child."

Rosa shook her head. "I *could* not marry again. I esteem you, I am very grateful to you, and I know I behaved ill to you before. If I could marry again, it would be you. But I can not. Oh, never, never."

"Then we are both to be unhappy all our days."

"I shall, as I ought to be. You will not, I hope. I shall miss you sadly; but, for all that, I advise you to leave me. You will carry my everlasting gratitude, go where you will; that and my esteem are all I have to give."

"I will go," said he; "and I hope he who is gone will forgive my want of courage."

"He who is gone took my promise never to marry again."

"Dying men see clearer. I am sure he wished—no matter. It is too delicate." He

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kissed her hand and went out, a picture of dejection.

Mrs. Staines shed a tear for him.

Nothing was heard of him for several days; and Rosa pitied him more and more, and felt a certain discontent with herself, and doubt whether she had done right.

Matters were in this state, when one morning Emily came screaming in from the garden, "The child!—Master Christie! Where is he? Where is he?"

The house was alarmed. The garden searched, the adjoining paddock. The child was gone.

Emily was examined, and owned, with many sobs and hysterical cries, that she had put him down in the summer-house for a minute, while she went to ask the gardener for some balm, balm tea being a favorite drink of hers. "But there was nobody near that I saw," she sobbed.

Further inquiry proved, however, that a tall gypsy woman had been seen prowling about that morning, and suspicion instantly fastened on her. Servants were sent out right and left, but nothing discovered; and the agonized mother, terrified out of her wits, had Falcon telegraphed to immediately.

He came galloping down that very evening, and heard the story. He galloped into Gravesend, and, after seeing the police, sent word out he should advertise. He placarded Gravesend with rewards, and a reward of a thousand pounds, the child to be brought to him, and no questions asked.

Meantime the police and many of the neighboring gentry came about the miserable mother with their vague ideas.

Down comes Falcon again next day, tells what he has done, and treats them all with contempt. "Don't you be afraid, Mrs. Staines," said he. "You will get him back. I have taken the sure way. This sort of rogues dare not go near the police, and the police can't find them. You have no enemies; it is only some woman that has fancied a beautiful child. Well, she can have them by the score for a thousand pounds."

He was the only one with a real idea; the woman saw it, and clung to him. He left late at night.

Next morning out came the advertisements, and he sent her a handful by special messenger. His zeal and activity kept her bereaved heart from utter despair.

At eleven that night came a telegraph:

"I have got him. Coming down by special train."

Then what a burst of joy and gratitude! the very walls of the house seemed to ring with it as a harp rings with music. A special train, too! he would not let the mother yearn all night.

At one in the morning he drove up with the child and a hired nurse.

Imagine the scene! The mother's screams of joy, her furious kisses, her cooing, her tears, and all the miracles of nature at such a time. The servants all mingled with their employers in the general rapture, and Emily, who was pale as death, cried and sobbed, and said, "Oh, ma'am, I'll never let him out of my sight again, no, not for one minute." Falcon made her a signal, and went out. She met him in the garden.

She was much agitated, and cried, "Oh, you did well to bring him to-day. I could not have kept it another hour. I'm a wretch!"

"You are a good kind girl; and here's the fifty pounds I promised you."

"Well, and I have earned it."

"Of course you have. Meet me in the garden to-morrow morning, and I'll show you you have done a kind thing to your mistress, as well as me. And as for the fifty pounds, that is *nothing;* do you hear? it is nothing at all, compared with what I will do for you, if you will be true to me, and hold your tongue."

"Oh! as for that, my tongue sha'n't betray you, nor shame *me*. You are a gentleman, and I do think you love her, or I would not help you."

So she salved her nurse-maid's conscience —with the help of the fifty pounds.

The mother was left to her rapture that night. In the morning Falcon told his tale. "At two P.M. a man had called on him, and had produced one of his advertisements, and had asked him if that was all square—no bobbies on the lurk. 'All square, my fine fellow,' said I. 'Well,' said he, 'I suppose you are a gentleman.' 'I am of that opinion too,' said I. 'Well, Sir,' says he, 'I know a party as has *found* a young gent as comes werry nigh your advertisement.' 'It will be a very lucky find to that party,' I said, 'if he is on the square.' 'Oh, *we* are always on the square when the blunt is put down.' 'The blunt for the child when you like, and where you like,' said I. 'You are the right sort,' said he. 'I am,' replied I. 'Will you come and see if it is all right?' said he. 'In a minute,' said I. Stepped into my bedroom, and loaded my six-shooter."

"What is that?" said Lusignan.

"A revolver with six barrels: by-the-bye, the very same I killed the lion with. Ugh! I never think of that scene without feeling a little quiver; and my nerves are pretty good, too. Well, he took me into an awful part of the town, down a filthy close, into some boozing ken — I beg pardon, some thieves' public-house."

"Oh, my dear friend," said Rosa, "were you not frightened?"

"Shall I tell you the truth, or play the hero? I think I'll tell *you* the truth. I felt

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a little frightened, lest they should get my money and my life, without my getting my godson: that is what I call him now. Well, two ugly dogs came in, and said, 'Let us see the flimsies before you see the kid.'"

"'That is rather sharp practice, I think,' said I; 'however, here's the swag, and here's the watch-dog.' So I put down the notes, and my hand over them, with my revolver cocked and ready to fire."

"Yes, yes," said Rosa, pantingly. "Ah, you were a match for them."

"Well, Mrs. Staines, if I was writing you a novel, I suppose I should tell you the rogues recoiled; but the truth is they only laughed, and were quite pleased. 'Swell's in earnest,' said one. 'Jem, show the kid.' Jem whistled, and in came a great tall black gypsy woman with the darling. My heart was in my mouth, but I would not let them see it. I said, 'It is all right. Take half the notes here, and half at the door.' They agreed, and then I did it quick, walked to the door, took the child, gave them the odd notes, and made off as fast as I could; hired a nurse at the hospital—and the rest you know."

"Papa," said Rosa, with enthusiasm, "there is but one man in England who would have got me back my child; and this is he."

When they were alone, Falcon told her she had said words that had gladdened his very heart. "You admit I can carry out one half of his wishes?" said he.

Mrs. Staines said, "Yes;" then colored high; then, to turn it off, said, "But I can not allow you to lose that large sum of money. You must let me repay you."

"Large sum of money!" said he. "It is no more to me than sixpence to most people. I don't know what to do with my money; and I never shall know, unless you will make a sacrifice of your own feelings to the wishes of the dead. Oh, Mrs. Staines—Rosa, do pray consider that a man of that wisdom sees the future, and gives wise advice. Sure am I that, if you could overcome your natural repugnance to a second marriage, it would be the best thing for your little boy—I love him already as if he were my own—and, in time, would bring you peace, and comfort, and some day, years hence, even happiness. You are my only love; yet I should never have come to you again if *he* had not sent me. Do consider how strange it all is, and what it points to, and don't let me have the misery of losing you again, when you can do no better now, alas! than reward my fidelity."

She was much moved at this artful appeal, and said, "If I was sure I was obeying his will. But how can I feel that, when we both promised never to wed again?"

"A man's dying words are more sacred than any other. You have his letter."

"Yes, but he does not say 'marry again.'"

"That is what he meant, though."

"How can you say that? How can you know?"

"Because I put the words he said to me together with that short line to you. Mind, I don't say that he did not exaggerate my poor merits; on the contrary, I think he did. But I declare to you that he did hope I should take charge of you and your child. Right or wrong, it was his wish; so pray do not deceive yourself on that point."

This made more impression on her than any thing else he could say, and she said, "I promise you one thing: I will never marry any man but you."

Instead of pressing her further, as an inferior artist would, he broke into raptures, kissed her hand tenderly, and was in such high spirits, and so voluble all day, that she smiled sweetly on him, and thought to herself, "Poor soul! how happy I could make him with a word!"

As he was always watching her face—a practice he carried further than any male person living—he divined that sentiment, and wrought upon it so, that at last he tormented her into saying she would marry him *some day*.

When he had brought her to that, he raged inwardly, to think he had not two years to work in; for it was evident she would marry him in time. But no, it had taken him more than four months, close siege, to bring her to that. No word from Phœbe. An ominous dread hung over his own soul. His wife would be upon him, or, worse still, her brother Dick, who he knew would beat him to a mummy on the spot; or, worst of all, the husband of Rosa Staines, who would kill him, or fling him into a prison. He *must* make a push.

In this emergency he used his ally, Mr. Lusignan; he told him Mrs. Staines had promised to marry him, but at some distant date. This would not do: he must look after his enormous interests in the colony, and he was so much in love he could not leave her.

The old gentleman was desperately fond of Falcon, and bent on the match, and he actually consented to give his daughter, what Falcon called, a little push.

The little push was a very great one, I think.

It consisted in directing the clergyman to call in church the bans of marriage between Reginald Falcon and Rosa Staines.

They were both in church together when this was done. Rosa all but screamed, and then turned red as fire, and white as a ghost by turns. She never stood up again all the service, and, in going home, refused Falcon's arm, and walked swiftly home by herself. Not that she had the slightest intention of passing this monstrous thing by in

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silence. On the contrary, her wrath was boiling over, and so hot that she knew she should make a scene in the street if she said a word there.

Once inside the house, she turned on Falcon with a white cheek and a flashing eye, and said, "Follow me, Sir, if you please." She led the way to her father's study. "Papa," said she, "I throw myself on your protection. Mr. Falcon has affronted me."

"Oh, Rosa!" cried Falcon, affecting utter dismay.

"Publicly — publicly: he has had the bans of marriage cried in the church without my permission."

"Don't raise your voice so loud, child. All the house will hear you."

"I choose all the house to hear me. I will not endure it. I will never marry you now—never!"

"Rosa, my child," said Lusignan, "you need not scold poor Falcon, for I am the culprit. It was I who ordered the bans to be cried."

"Oh! papa, you had no right to do such a thing as that."

"I think I had. I exercised parental authority for once, and for your good, and for the good of a true and faithful lover of yours, whom you jilted once, and now you trifle with his affection and his interests. He loves you too well to leave you; yet you know his vast estates and interests require his supervision."

"That for his vast estates!" said Rosa, contemptuously. "I am not to be driven to the altar like this, when my heart is in the grave. Don't you do it again, papa, or I'll get up and forbid the bans; affront for affront."

"I should like to see that," said the old gentleman, dryly.

Rosa vouchsafed no reply, but swept out of the room with burning cheeks and glittering eyes, and was not seen all day, would not dine with them, in spite of three humble deprecating notes Falcon sent her.

"Let the spiteful cat alone," said old Lusignan. "You and I will dine together in peace and quiet."

It was a dull dinner; but Falcon took advantage of the opportunity, impregnated the father with his views, and got him to promise to have the bans cried next Sunday. He consented.

Rosa learned next Sunday morning that this was to be done, and her courage failed her. She did not go to church at all.

She cried a great deal, and submitted to violence, as your true women are too apt to do. They had compromised her, and so conquered her. The permanent feelings of gratitude and esteem caused a reaction after her passion, and she gave up open resistance as hopeless.

Falcon renewed his visits, and was received with the mere sullen languor of a woman who has given in.

The bans were cried a third time.

Then the patient Rosa bought laudanum enough to reunite her to her Christopher, in spite of them all; and, having provided herself with this resource, became more cheerful, and even kind and caressing.

She declined to name the day at present, and that was awkward. Nevertheless, the conspirators felt sure they should tire her out into doing that before long; for they saw their way clear, and she was perplexed in the extreme.

In her perplexity, she used to talk to a certain beautiful star she called her Christopher. She loved to fancy he was now an inhabitant of that bright star; and often, on a clear night, she would look up and beg for guidance from this star. This I consider foolish: but then I am old and skeptical; she was still young and innocent, and sorely puzzled to know her husband's real will.

I don't suppose the star had any thing to do with it, except as a focus of her thoughts; but one fine night, after a long inspection of Christopher's star, she dreamed a dream. She thought that a lovely wedding-dress hung over a chair, that a crown of diamonds as large as an almond sparkled ready for her on the dressing-table, and she was undoing her black gown, and about to take it off, when suddenly the diamonds began to pale, and the white satin dress to melt away, and in its place there rose a pale face and a long beard, and Christopher Staines stood before her, and said, quietly, "Is this how you keep your vow?" Then he sank slowly, and the white dress was black, and the diamonds were jet; and she awoke, with his gentle words of remonstrance, and his very tones ringing in her ear.

This dream, co-operating with her previous agitation and misgivings, shook her very much; she did not come down stairs till near dinner-time; and both her father and Falcon, who came as a matter of course to spend his Sunday, were struck with her appearance. She was pale, gloomy, morose, and had an air of desperation about her.

Falcon would not see it; he knew that it is safest to let her sex alone when they look like that, and the storm sometimes subsides of itself.

After dinner, Rosa retired early; and soon after she was heard walking rapidly up and down the dressing-room.

This was quite unusual, and made a noise.

Papa Lusignan thought it inconsiderate; and after a while remarking, gently, that he was not particularly fond of noise, he proposed they should smoke the pipe of peace on the lawn.

They did so; but after a while, finding that Falcon was not smoking, he said, "Don't let me detain you. Rosa is alone."

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Falcon took the hint and went to the drawing-room. Rosa met him on the stairs, with a scarf over her shoulders. "I must speak to papa," said she. "Where is he?"

"He is on the lawn, dear Rosa," said Falcon, in his most dulcet tones. He was sure of his ally, and very glad to use him as a buffer to receive the first shock.

So he went into the drawing-room, where all the lights were burning, and quietly took up a book. But he did not read a line; he was too occupied in trying to read his own future.

The mean villain, who is incapable of remorse, is, of all men, most capable of fear. His villainy had, to all appearance, reached the goal; for he felt sure that all Rosa's struggles would, sooner or later, succumb to her sense of gratitude and his strong will and patient temper. But, when the victory was won, what a life! He must fly with her to some foreign country, pursued from pillar to post by an enraged husband, and by the offended law. And, if he escaped the vindictive foe a year or two, how could he escape that other enemy he knew and dreaded—poverty? He foresaw he should come to hate the woman he was about to wrong, and she would instantly revenge herself, by making him an exile, and, soon or late, a prisoner or a pauper.

While these misgivings battled with his base but ardent passion, strange things were going on out-of-doors—which, however, will be best related in another sequence of events, to which indeed, they fairly belong.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

STAINES and Mrs. Falcon landed at Plymouth, and went up to town by the same train. They parted in London, Staines to go down to Gravesend, Mrs. Falcon to visit her husband's old haunts, and see if she could find him.

She did not find him; but she heard of him, and learned that he always went down to Gravesend from Saturday till Monday.

Notwithstanding all she had said to Staines, the actual information startled her, and gave her a turn. She was obliged to sit down, for her knees seemed to give way. It was but a momentary weakness. She was now a wife and a mother, and had her rights. She said to herself, "My rogue has turned that poor woman's head long before this, no doubt. But I shall go down and just bring him away by the ear."

For once her bitter indignation overpowered every other sentiment, and she lost no time, but, late as it was, went down to Gravesend, ordered a private sitting-room and bedroom for the night, and took a fly to Kent Villa.

But Christopher Staines had the start of her. He had already gone down to Gravesend with his carpet-bag, left it at the inn, and walked to Kent Villa that lovely summer night, the happiest husband in England.

His heart had never for one instant been disturbed by Mrs. Falcon's monstrous suspicion; he looked on her as a monomaniac; a sensible woman insane on one point, her husband.

When he reached the villa, however, he thought it prudent to make sure that Falcon had come to England at all, and discharged his commission. He would not run the risk, small as he thought it, of pouncing unexpected on his Rosa, being taken for a ghost, and terrifying her, or exciting her to madness.

Now the premises of Kent Villa were admirably adapted to what they call in war a reconnaissance. The lawn was studded with laurestinas and other shrubs that had grown magnificently in that Kentish air.

Staines had no sooner set his foot on the lawn than he heard voices; he crept toward them from bush to bush; and, standing in impenetrable shade, he saw in the clear moonlight two figures—Mr. Lusignan and Reginald Falcon.

These two dropped out only a word or two at intervals; but what they did say struck Staines as odd. For one thing, Lusignan remarked, "I suppose you will want to go back to the Cape. Such enormous estates as yours will want looking after."

"Enormous estates!" said Staines to himself. "Then they must have grown very fast in a few months."

"Oh yes!" said Falcon; "but I think of showing her a little of Europe first."

Staines thought this still more mysterious; he waited to hear more, but the succeeding remarks were of an ordinary kind.

He noticed, however, that Falcon spoke of his wife by her Christian name, and that neither party mentioned Christopher Staines. He seemed quite out of their little world.

Staines began to feel a strange chill creep down him.

Presently Falcon went off to join Rosa; and Staines thought it was quite time to ask the old gentleman whether Falcon had executed his commission, or not.

He was only hesitating how to do it, not liking to pounce in the dark on a man who abhorred every thing like excitement, when Rosa herself came flying out in great agitation.

Oh! the thrill he felt at the sight of her! With all his self-possession, he would have sprung forward and taken her in his arms with a mighty cry of love, if she had not immediately spoken words that rooted him to the spot with horror. But she came with the words in her very mouth: "Papa, I am come to tell you I can not and will not marry Mr. Falcon."

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"Oh yes, you will, my dear."

"Never! I'll die sooner. Not that you will care for that. I tell you, I saw my Christopher last night—in a dream. He had a beard; but I saw him, oh, so plain; and he said, 'Is this the way you keep your promise?' That is enough for me. I have prayed, again and again, to his star, for light. I am so perplexed and harassed by you all, and you make me believe what you like. Well, I have had a revelation. It is not my poor lost darling's wish I should wed again. I don't believe Mr. Falcon any more. I hear nothing but lies by day. The truth comes to my bedside at night. I will not marry this man."

"Consider, Rosa, your credit is pledged. You must not be always jilting him heartlessly. Dreams! nonsense. There—I love peace. It is no use your storming at me; rave to the moon and the stars, if you like, and when you have done, do pray come in, and behave like a rational woman, who has pledged her faith to an honorable man, and a man of vast estates—a man that nursed your husband in his last illness, found your child, at a great expense, when you had lost him, and merits eternal gratitude, not eternal jilting. I have no patience with you."

The old gentleman retired in high dudgeon.

Staines stood in the black shade of his cedar-tree, rooted to the ground by this revelation of male villainy and female credulity.

He did not know what on earth to do. He wanted to kill Falcon, but not to terrify his own wife to death. It was now too clear she thought he was dead.

Rosa watched her father's retiring figure out of sight. "Very well," said she, clinching her teeth; then suddenly she turned, and looked up to heaven. "Do you hear?" said she. "My Christie's star! I am a poor perplexed creature. I asked you for a sign; and that very night I saw him in a dream. Why should I marry, out of gratitude? Why should I marry one man, when I love another? What does it matter his being dead? I love him too well to be wife to any living man. They persuade me, they coax me, they pull me, they push me. I see they will make me. But I will outwit them. See—see!" and she held up a little phial in the moonlight. "This shall cut the knot for me: this shall keep me true to my Christie, and save me from breaking promises I ought never to have made. This shall unite me once more with him I killed, and loved."

She meant she would kill herself the night before the wedding, which perhaps she would not, and perhaps she would. Who can tell? The weak are violent. But Christopher, seeing the poison so near her lips, was perplexed, took two strides, wrenched it out of her hand, with a snarl of rage, and instantly plunged into the shade again.

Rosa uttered a shriek, and flew into the house.

The farther she got, the more terrified she became, and soon Christopher heard her screaming in the drawing-room in an alarming way. They were like the screams of the insane.

He got terribly anxious, and followed her. All the doors were open.

As he went up stairs, he heard her cry, "His ghost! his ghost! I have seen his ghost! No, no. I feel his hand upon my arm now. A beard! and so he had in the dream. He is alive. My darling is alive. You have deceived me. You are an impostor—a villain. Out of the house this moment, or he shall kill you."

"Are you mad?" cried Falcon. "How can he be alive, when I saw him dead?"

This was too much. Staines gave the door a blow with his arm, and strode into the apartment, looking white and tremendous.

Falcon saw death in his face; gave a shriek, drew his revolver, and fired at him with as little aim as he had at the lioness; then made for the open window. Staines seized a chair, followed him and hurled it at him, and the chair and the man went through the window together, and then there was a strange thud heard outside.

Rosa gave a loud scream, and swooned away.

Staines laid his wife flat on the floor, got the women about her, and at last she began to give the usual signs of returning life.

Staines said, to the oldest woman there, "If she sees me, she will go off again. Carry her to her room; and tell her, by degrees, that I am alive."

All this time Papa Lusignan had sat trembling and whimpering in a chair, moaning, "This is a painful scene—very painful." But at last an idea struck him—"WHY, YOU HAVE ROBBED THE OFFICE!"

Scarcely was Mrs. Staines out of the room, when a fly drove up, and this was immediately followed by violent and continuous screaming close under the window.

"Oh dear!" sighed Papa Lusignan. "But never mind."

They ran down, and found Falcon impaled at full length on the spikes of the villa, and Phœbe screaming over him, and trying in vain to lift him off them. He had struggled a little, in silent terror, but had then fainted from fear and loss of blood, and lying rather inside the rails, which were high, he could not be extricated from the outside.

As soon as his miserable condition was discovered, the servants ran down into the kitchen, and so up to the rails by the area steps. These rails had caught him; one had gone clean through his arm, the other had penetrated the fleshy part of the thigh, and a third through his ear.

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They got him off; but he was insensible, and the place drenched with his blood.

Phœbe clutched Staines by the arm. "Let me know the worst," said she. "Is he dead?"

Staines examined him, and said, "No."

"Can you save him?"

"I?"

"Yes. Who can, if you can not? Oh, have mercy on me!" and she went on her knees to him, and put her head on his knees.

He was touched by her simple faith; and the noble traditions of his profession sided with his gratitude to this injured woman. "My poor friend," said he, "I will do my best, for *your* sake."

He took immediate steps for stanching the blood, and the fly carried Phœbe and her villain to the inn at Gravesend.

Falcon came to on the road; but, finding himself alone with Phœbe, shammed unconsciousness of every thing but pain.

Staines, being thoroughly enraged with Rosa, yet remembering his solemn vow never to abuse her again, saw her father, and told him to tell her he should think over her conduct quietly, not wishing to be harder upon her than she deserved.

Rosa, who had been screaming, and crying for joy, ever since she came to her senses, was not so much afflicted at this message as one might have expected. He was alive, and all things else were trifles.

Nevertheless, when day after day went by, and not even a line from Christopher, she began to fear he would cast her off entirely; the more so as she heard he was now and then at Gravesend to visit Mrs. Falcon at the inn.

While matters were thus, Uncle Philip burst on her like a bomb. "He is alive! he is alive! he is alive!" And they had a cuddle over it.

"Oh, Uncle Philip! Have you seen him?"

"Seen him? Yes. He caught me on the hop, just as I came in from Italy. I took him for a ghost."

"Oh, weren't you frightened?"

"Not a bit. I don't mind ghosts. I'd have half a dozen to dinner every day, if I might choose 'em. I couldn't stand stupid ones. But I say, his temper isn't improved by all this dying: he is in an awful rage with you; and what for?"

"Oh, uncle, what for? Because I'm the vilest of women!"

"Vilest of fiddle-sticks! It's his fault, not yours. Shouldn't have died. It's always a dangerous experiment."

"*I* shall die if he will not forgive me. He keeps away from me, and from his child."

"I'll tell you. He heard, in Gravesend, your bans had been cried: that has moved the peevish fellow's bile."

"It was done without my consent. Papa will tell you so: and oh, uncle, if you knew the arts, the forged letter in my darling's hand, the way he wrought on me. Oh, villain! villain! Uncle, forgive your poor silly niece, that the world is too wicked and too clever for her to live in it."

"Because you are too good and innocent," said Uncle Philip. "There, don't you be down-hearted. I'll soon bring you two together again: a couple of ninnies. I'll tell you what is the first thing. You must come and live with me. Come at once, bag and baggage. He won't show here, the sulky brute."

Philip Staines had a large house in Cavendish Square, a crusty old patient, like himself, had left him. It was his humor to live in a corner of this mansion, though the whole was capitally furnished by his judicious purchases at auctions.

He gave Rosa, and her boy, and his nurse, the entire first floor, and told her she was there for life. "Look here," said he, "this last affair has opened my eyes. Such women as you are the sweeteners of existence. You leave my roof no more. Your husband will make the same discovery. Let him run about and be miserable a bit. He will have to come to book."

She shook her head sadly.

"My Christopher will never say a harsh word to me. All the worse for me. He will quietly abandon a creature so inferior to him."

"Stuff!"

Now she was always running to the window, in hope that Christopher would call on his uncle, and that she might see him; and one day she gave a scream so eloquent, Philip knew what it meant. "Get you behind that screen, you and your boy," said he, "and be as still as mice. Stop—give me that letter the scoundrel forged, and the ring."

This was hardly done, and Rosa out of sight, and trembling from head to foot, when Christopher was announced. Philip received him very affectionately, but wasted no time. "Been to Kent Villa yet?"

"No," was the grim reply.

"Why not?"

"Because I have sworn never to say an angry word to her again; and, if I was to go there, I should say a good many angry ones. Oh! when I think that her folly drove me to sea, to do my best for her, and that I was nearer death for that woman than ever man was, and lost my reason, for her, and went through toil, privations, hunger, exile, mainly for her, and then to find the bans cried in open church, with that scoundrel—say no more, uncle. I shall never reproach her, and never forgive her."

"She was deceived."

"I don't doubt that; but nobody has a right to be so great a fool as all that."

"It was not her folly, but her innocence that was imposed on. You a philosopher, and not know that wisdom itself is some-

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times imposed on and deceived by cunning folly! Have you forgotten your Milton?

'At Wisdom's gate Suspicion sleeps,
And deems no ill where no ill seems.'

Come, come; are you sure you are not a little to blame? Did you write home the moment you found you were not dead?"

Christopher colored high.

"Evidently not," said the keen old man. "Aha! my fine fellow, have I found the flaw in your own armor?"

"I did wrong, but it was for her. I sinned—for her. I could not bear her to be without money; and I knew the insurance—I sinned for her. She has sinned *against* me."

"And she had much better have sinned against God—hadn't she? He is more forgiving than we perfect creatures, that cheat insurance companies. And so, my fine fellow, you hid the truth from her for two or three months."

No answer.

"Strike off those two or three months; would the bans have ever been cried?"

"Well, uncle," said Christopher, hard pressed, "I am glad she has got a champion; and I hope you will always keep your eye on her."

"I mean to."

"Good-morning."

"No; don't be in a hurry. I have something else to say, not so provoking. Do you know the arts by which she was made to believe you wished her to marry again?"

"I wished her to marry again! Are you mad, uncle?"

"Whose handwriting is on this envelope?"

"Mine, to be sure."

"Now read the letter."

Christopher read the forged letter.

"Oh, monstrous!"

"This was given her with your ruby ring, and a tale so artful that nothing we read about the devil comes near it. This was what did it. The Earl of Tadcaster brought her title, and wealth, and love."

"What, he too! The little cub I saved, and lost myself for — blank him! blank him!"

"Why, you stupid ninny; you forget you were dead; and he could not help loving her: how could he? Well, but you see she refused him; and why? because he came without a forged letter from *you*. Do you doubt her love for you?"

"Of course I do. She never loved me as I loved her."

"Christopher, don't you say that before me, or you and I shall quarrel. Poor girl! she lay, in my sight, as near death for you as you were for her. I'll show you something."

He went to a cabinet, and took out a silver paper; he unpinned it, and laid Rosa's beautiful black hair upon her husband's knees. "Look at that, you hard-hearted brute!" he roared to Christopher, who sat, any thing but hard-hearted, his eyes filling fast, at the sad proof of his wife's love and suffering.

Rosa could bear no more. She came out with her boy in her hand. "Oh, uncle, do not speak harshly to him, or you will kill me quite."

She came across the room, a picture of timidity and penitence, with her whole eloquent body bent forward at an angle. She kneeled at his knees, with streaming eyes, and held her boy up to him: "Plead for your poor mother, my darling; she mourns her fault, and will never excuse it."

The cause was soon decided. All Philip's logic was nothing, compared with mighty nature. Christopher gave one great sob, and took his darling to his heart, without one word; and he and Rosa clung together, and cried over each other. Philip slipped out of the room, and left the restored ones together.

I have something more to say about my hero and heroine; but must first deal with other characters, not wholly uninteresting to the reader, I hope.

Dr. Staines directed Phœbe Falcon how to treat her husband. No medicine, no stimulants; very wholesome food, in moderation, and the temperature of the body regulated by tepid water. Under these instructions, the injured, but still devoted, wife, was the real healer. He pulled through, but was lame for life, and ridiculously lame, for he went with a spring-halt, a sort of hop and go one, that made the girls laugh, and vexed Adonis.

Phœbe found the diamonds, and offered them all to Staines, in expiation of his villainy. "See," she said, "he has only spent one."

Staines said he was glad of it, for her sake; for he must be just to his own family. He sold them for three thousand two hundred pounds; but for the big diamond he got twelve thousand pounds, and I believe it was worth double the money.

Counting the two sums, and deducting six hundred for the stone Mr. Falcon had embezzled, he gave her over seven thousand pounds.

She stared at him, and changed color at so large a sum. "But I have no claim on that, Sir."

"That is a good joke," said he. "Why, you and I are partners in the whole thing—you and I and Dick. Why, it was with his horse and rifle I bought the big diamond. Poor, dear, honest; manly Dick. No, the money is honestly yours, Mrs. Falcon; but don't trust a penny to your husband."

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"He will never see it, Sir. I shall take him back, and give him all his heart can ask for, with this; but he will be little more than a servant in the house now, as long as Dick is single: I know that;" and she could still cry at the humiliation of her villain.

Staines made her promise to write to him; and she did write him a sweet womanly letter, to say that they were making an enormous fortune, and hoped to end their days in England. Dick sent his kind love and thanks.

I will add, what she only said by implication, that she was happy after all. She still contrived to love the thing she could not respect. Once, when an officious friend pitied her for her husband's lameness, she said, "Find me a face like his. The lamer the better; he can't run after the girls, like *some*."

Dr. Staines called on Lady Cicely Treherne; the footman stared. He left his card.

A week afterward she called on him. She had a pink tinge in her cheeks, a general animation, and her face full of brightness and archness.

"Bless me!" said he, bluntly, "is this you? How you are improved!"

"Yes," said she; "and I am come to thank you for your pwescwiption: I followed it to the lettaa."

"Woe is me! I have forgotten it."

"You diwected me to mawwy a nice man."

"Never: I hate a nice man."

"No, no—an Iwishman; and I have done it."

"Good gracious! you don't mean that! I must be more cautious in my prescriptions. After all, it seems to agree."

"Admiwably."

"He loves you?"

"To distwaction."

"He amuses you?"

"Pwodigiously. Come and see."

Dr. and Mrs. Staines live with Uncle Philip. The insurance money is returned, but the diamond money makes them very easy. Staines follows his profession now under great advantages; a noble house, rent free, the curiosity that attaches to a man who has been canted out of a ship in mid-ocean, and lives to tell it; and then Lord Tadcaster, married into another noble house, swears by him, and talks of him; so does Lady Cicely Munster, late Treherne; and when such friends as these are warm, it makes a physician the centre of an important *clientelle;* but his best friend of all is his unflagging industry, and his truly wonderful diagnosis, which resembles divination. He has the ball at his feet, and above all, that without which worldly success soon palls, a happy home, a fireside warm with sympathy.

Mrs. Staines is an admiring, sympathizing wife, and an admirable housekeeper. She still utters inadvertencies now and then, commits new errors at odd times, but never repeats them when exposed. Observing which docility, Uncle Philip has been heard to express a fear that, in twenty years, she will be the wisest woman in England. "But, thank Heaven!" he adds, "I shall be gone before that."

Her conduct and conversation afford this cynic constant food for observation, and he has delivered himself oracularly at various stages of the study; but I can not say that his observations, taken as a whole, present that consistency which entitles them to be regarded as a body of philosophy. Examples: In the second month after Mrs. Staines came to live with him, he delivered himself thus: "My niece Rosa is an anomaly. She gives you the impression she is shallow. Mind your eye: in one moment she will take you out of your depth, or any man's depth. She is like those country streams I used to fish for pike when I was young; you go along, seeing the bottom every where; but presently you come to a corner, and it is fifteen feet deep all in a moment—and souse you go over head and ears: that's my niece Rosa."

In six months he had got to this—and, mind you, each successive dogma was delivered in a loud, aggressive tone, and in sublime oblivion of the preceding oracle—"My niece Rosa is the most artful woman. (You may haw! haw! haw! as much as you like. You have not found out her little game—I have.) What is the aim of all women? To be beloved by an unconscionable number of people. Well, she sets up for a simpleton, and so disarms all the brilliant people, and they love her. Every body loves her. Just you put her down in a room with six clever women, and you will see who is the favorite. She looks as shallow as a pond, and she is as deep as the ocean."

At the end of the year he threw off the mask altogether. "The *great* sweetener of a man's life," said he, "is a 'simpleton.' I shall not go abroad any more; my house has become attractive: I've got a simpleton. When I have a headache, her eyes fill with tender concern, and she hovers about me and pesters me with pillows: when I am cross with her, she is afraid I am ill. When I die, and leave her a lot of money, she will howl for months, and say, 'I don't want his money: I waw-waw-waw-waw-want my uncle Philip to love me and scold me.' One day she told me, with a sigh, I hadn't lectured her for a month. 'I am afraid I have offended you,' says she, 'or else worn you out, dear.' When I am well, give me a simpleton, to make me laugh. When I am ill,

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give me a simpleton, to soothe me with her innocent tenderness. A simpleton shall wipe the dews of death, and close my eyes; and when I cross the river of death, let me be met by a band of the heavenly host, who were all simpletons here on earth, and too good for such a hole, so now they are in heaven, and their garments always white—because there are no laundresses there."

Arrived at this point, I advise the Anglo-Saxon race to retire, grinning, to fresh pastures, and leave this champion of "a Simpleton" to thunder paradoxes in a desert.

THE END.

THE REPUBLICAN MOVEMENT IN EUROPE.

BY EMILIO CASTELAR.

[Tenth Paper.]

III.—THE GERMANIC PEOPLES.—(*Continued.*)

THE philosophy of progress aspires in its growth and development to something more than to confining the spirit in social life. The sphere of politics appears a humble one to its eyes; the state a positive organism; authority, in spite of its recent progress, as a power requiring force or coercion to accomplish its immediate ends; while the spirit, aspiring always to greater liberty, to greater independence, can not find them except outside of its present, its material chains, in the sphere where it was created, where it shakes from its powerful wings the mire of earth in the heaven of art. While in the state, the spirit, freed from nature and subjected to a more ideal force, obeys force nevertheless, in art, the spirit only obeys itself. And not only is it emancipated from the state in the depth of this luminous heaven, but it is also emancipated from nature, from all that is visible; it restores itself in its own contemplation, and absorbs itself in its incommunicable essence, and draws near to God. It destroys none of its anterior manifestations; it denies none of the antecedents and degrees of its life; it does not break the mysterious ladder upon which it has risen to the possession of its essence. Contained first in logic, afterward in nature, passing from nature to the state, and from the state to art, it destroys no one of the former terms of its life, but takes them as a base and a pedestal in the same manner in which the earth groups its harmonious organisms to serve for its master-work, for the statue which crowns the planet, Man and his conscience. Poet and artist, it raises a monument full of grandeur. It transforms the cold marble into a statue where spirit and nature embrace; now animates the canvas with its colors and shades, now draws divine melodies from the vibrating chords, or rises to epic inspirations and tragic sorrows—always the priest of the Infinite, angel of ethereal regions, offspring of an ideal world superior to the universe, a world of liberty, where the idea is identified with its object, heaven and earth meet, the creature and the creator are one.

See how the arts progressively divide from matter. In architecture matter weighs down the spirit with its mass: the hewn stones are only distant symbols of ideas. The first art is like the mineral world, to which it is related by its magnitude, its mass, its proportions, and as yet has none of the grace, the beauty, the variety of ideas, reached by other forms of art. Sculpture also makes use of matter, but transforms it, spiritualizes it, brings it nearer to organism, forces it to express the idea, obliges it to manifest the immediate essence of the idea, and raises it to a perfect type of human beauty. Sculpture, nevertheless, can not express the soul, the inner world. This ministry is filled by the painter, in whose colors and figures the spirit begins to dawn. This is the intermediate sphere between the plastic arts, the arts of form, and the spiritual arts, which are expressive of ideas and of the soul. Music, more vague and less material than the other arts, now enters into the world of the spirit, and expresses the most intimate sentiment. But the art which resumes all human life, which expresses with the greatest unity and variety the essence of the spirit, the identification of the finite with the infinite, the creative breath of God diffused by the spirit, and the spirit rising to the divine, is Poetry.

But art is not the last grade of the absolute spirit. There is another, a higher grade—religion. As art has three terms—symbolism, or the predominance of the form over the substance, in the East; classicism, or the harmony of the substance and the form, in Greece; romanticism, or the predominance of the substance over the form, in the Christian world—religion has also three terms. What the mineral world is in the development of matter, what architecture is in the development of the arts, the materialistic pantheism of the East is in the development of the religious idea. God fills every thing, represents every thing, absorbs every thing; is in the heavens and in the earth, in the temple of the priest and in the palace of the kings. The creature, even man himself, can never be compared even with the dust raised by the chariot wheels of God in the infinite spaces. Of liberty there is no idea.

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But the religious spirit becomes transformed. A nest of pearls serves for this transformation: Greece, anchored in the emerald sea, surrounded by islands which appear like sirens, vaulted by the resplendent sky, divided by mountains where the myrtle and the laurel grow for the garlands of poets, adorned with harmonious temples like lyres of stone, peopled by gods born in the songs of Homer and modeled by the chisel of Phidias —genuine reflections and creatures of artistic inspiration; for as in the East the Divinity fills every thing with its essence, in Greece Humanity fills every thing with its liberty. Religion is developed like art. Asia produced God and not man; Greece produced man and not God. But God and man are found conceived and imagined, although separated at the end of the ancient history, and are united by means of Christianity, the religion of the absolute, the religion of the God-man.

But neither art nor religion realizes the essence of the spirit. The absolute spirit is completely realized in that superior sphere of philosophy where it has for its only object the entire, divine truth; where existence arrives at last, after so many successive transformations, at the fullness of its life, the absolute possession of its consciousness. The infinite, the absolute, has knowledge of itself in philosophy, where terminates that long journey of Being, of the Idea, from pure logic to nature, from nature to the state, from the state to art, from art to religion, from religion to philosophy, where it acquires, as we have said, the fullness of life and possession of knowledge, becoming Absolute Spirit.

The philosophy of Hegel was combated and opposed by a philosopher the magic splendor of whose language has given him literary fame and scientific power in Germany. This philosopher is called Arthur Schopenhauer. When we hear the opinion which he forms of the German thinkers we are astounded at his self-confidence and his arrogance. The philosophers of subjective idealism, of objective idealism, and of absolute idealism are, in his opinion, equally charlatans, sophists, jugglers, and acrobats of thought. Only despair is begotten in his mind, considering the intellectual decadence of an age like the nineteenth century, and the moral madness of a people like the Germans, who regard Hegel as a thinker and a philosopher. His philosophy is, for this implacable enemy, science wrong side out; a mass of empiric ideas, changed by the new alchemy into abstract ideas; a comedy of bad taste; a harlequinade of carnival; a vast orgie of bacchants drunken with poisoned wine; Spinozism rejuvenated and worked up for household purposes; a theatre of puppets moved by the thread of a deceiving dialectic; a witchcraft of professors and tutors which would be considered by a more sensible age as pranks of madcap youth; disorganizers of intellect, tradesmen of profitable science, hydrocephalous pachyderms, courtesans of the apocalyptic beast, who have converted philosophy into a mine of wealth, and the pulpit into an auction-block, gambling with ideas as brokers gamble at the Bourse.

At hearing all this the first impression is that you are in the presence of an original and new thinker, whose philosophy, like the philosophy of Kant in its time, is to be the renovation of the human spirit; but the more carefully and maturely it is studied, the more plainly do you see that he stigmatizes as sophists the very men he is copying, and as thieves those he is robbing. His philosophy should be called experimental metaphysics. On the one side it is confounded with Platonic idealism, and on the other side with the systems founded on observation. Apart from this purpose, which is rather a tendency than a system, his conception of the world is fundamentally the same as that of the critical school. His ideas about reason and thought are the same as those of the materialists, and the ministry which he concedes to the will, and its force in the world, are the same as those assigned by Hegel to the idea. It was not worth while, therefore, to waste so much eloquence in anti-Hegelian abuse, to exhaust all the monastic epithets of the Middle Ages against a master, to accept afterward the entire movement of his argument, although translating it from the idea to the will.

"The world is the representation of Me," cries the enemy of Hegel; "its colors are decomposed in my retina, its sounds vibrate in my ears, the surfaces of its various objects lend themselves to my touch; but I know not if the world is as my organs reproduce it and sketch it in my thought. The world is an appearance, but above this appearance there is a real, permanent, eternal force—the will. Therefore reality is not outside of us, but in us. And within us the strongest, the most vigorous, the most permanent thing, which suffers neither fatigue nor eclipse, is the virtue of this essentially internal faculty, the will. It can not be said that the will is the product of the body: the will forms the body itself, and our organization and all its acts are the will made manifest. And it is not here a question of will submitted to intelligence and to its abstract conceptions, but of that pristine, ingenuous, almost instinctive will, which is called the inevitable, invincible desire of living, the will independent of every idea and of every motive, the eternal law of our existence."

The will is found in the whole universe, and rises gradually from the inferior beings to those which have reason and conscience. In its progressive ascent the will escapes

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from fatalism and seeks liberty, and in its ascending progress it comes to produce individuals, personalities, with that proper and distinctive sign of individual being called character. In inorganic beings pure causality dominates; in the plants it begins to have something like a germ of will through the movement of the sap and the rudimentary sensibility of the leaves; insects with their skillful labor, with their artistic instincts, with their progressive metamorphoses, when they store their honey like the bees, or tinge their wings like the butterflies in the calyx of flowers, announce the prophecy of the will. Magnetism, the distant power of one substance over another, the mutual virtue of attraction, shows that nature forms for itself, with its manifold combinations of will, a species of instinctive and marvelous metaphysics.

The will shines out with all its vigor in man. To comprehend it well, it is necessary to distinguish it from intelligence. Thought is a product of the brain, and the will the energy of being. Thought is the phenomenon; will is the essence. Thought is the light; will is the heat. Thought is in the intelligence; will in all the faculties. Thought holds the subordinate, will the sovereign character. Thought will not move the will if the will does not wish to move, and the will penetrates freely into the inmost realm of thought, and subjects it to its commands. Even in the order of time the first faculty which appears in us is the will; for the child desires before it understands or thinks.

Leibnitz said that the quantity of force is invariable in the world, and Schopenhauer says that the quantity of will is invariable in human society. The heart is the organ of the will, and this organ is exercised the same among civilized people as among savage. It is not every where that men think, but they love every where. Intelligence varies, produces, and consumes ideas, believes to-day what it yesterday condemned, condemns to-day what it yesterday believed; while the heart, constant, fixed in its affections, always desires the same, and with equal intensity. Not all peoples have philosophers, but all peoples have mothers. The will is indestructible, and the perpetuity of the human race is intrusted to its power as well as the perpetuity of the world. Therefore, as Bichat has in physiology distinguished mineral from organic life, Schopenhauer in philosophy distinguished the life of the intelligence from the life of the will. And the will, this force cosmic and human at once, produces the body and the blood. Thus the heart is the first thing which moves in life, and the last which is extinguished in death. The philosophy of Schopenhauer is the philosophy of the will.

And this philosopher of the will finds moral perfection in the complete annihilation of the will. He does not preach the suicide of the body, he preaches the suicide of the soul. The fullness of life, the exaltation of being, are for him, as for the mystics, in self-forgetfulness, in perpetual abnegation and sacrifice. To reduce to nothing that sovereign will—this is the effort most worthy of the will itself. The world, after all, is worth nothing more. Life is a fabric which is not worth the price it costs. The world is a hunting party in which we are all at once hunters and hunted. Labor, battle, grief, the present always painful, the future uncertain; the hell of Dante in the heart, the live coals of passion burning the blood; the tree of life, whose roots are fixed in the earth while its branches are in heaven, shaking upon us all its horrible calamities; every existence a tragi-comedy, in which the ridiculous is mingled with the sublime, and the hysteric laughter of transient mirth with the perpetual sobs of eternal mourning. Such is life. One starry night, when the heaven was shining with all its lights, and the planet Venus was blazing in the clear sky, a friend asked the philosopher if he believed in the existence of beings superior to men in those spheres. The philosopher answered, "No;" that organism terminated in man, and that no being superior to man could have the will to live or humiliate himself to take a part in this sad and prosaic tragedy of existence, ending always with the same uniform scene of death. And turning to look upon the earth, and discovering in its vegetations and organisms extinct generations from whom the living came, and whose atoms circulate in our bodies, he exclaimed, "The dead are, alas! in us."

Pessimism resumes his doctrine. It is, therefore, useless to say how opposed in politics it must be to the idea of progress and human perfectibility. Just causes rarely triumph in the world. The best are lost by their own errors. The dreams of democracy receive his profound contempt. These axioms of the near and inevitable triumph of democracy appear to him mere nonsense. Democracies are, in his opinion, destined to be the eternal prey of tyrants. The European masses do not differ from those of Asia: the latter serve their tyrants, who lead them to the field of battle as the shepherd leads his flock to the pasture; the former serve demagogues, who lead them to revolution with sonorous words, such as universal suffrage and modern nationalities. Politics oscillate perpetually between dictatorships and license. At one time they have constitutional kings who resemble the gods of Epicurus in being always at table. Then rise the formidable barricades. To this political agitation of Europe he prefers the silence and the death of Asia. He has little confidence in the power of governments to improve men,

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because he thinks they are always interested in corrupting them.

This is the result reached by pessimism, by contempt of liberty and justice, by the negation of a law as sure as that of human progress, by the denial of a historic truth so evident as the advent of democracies, by the envy of a life so near to death as that of the Asiatic peoples. It is true that all the ideas of Schopenhauer take life and animation in his inextinguishable hatred of the school of Hegel; and as he insists that the school of Hegel produced the extreme Left, the party called Young Germany, and that it held these three principles—the unity of the nation, the right of democracies, and the government of the republic—Schopenhauer pursues it with sarcasm, and tries to bury it beneath his hypochondriac anathemas. This philosophy of social despair will always appear like a caprice of ill humor of an individual, and will not enter into the common possession of humanity. Only the social principle which is founded in the nature of man can be strong and durable. And it is a law of nature that the progressive idea, elaborated by the philosopher in the pure abstractions of science, will pass vigorously into real life and transform it. It is a law of nature also that these ideas should descend to the oppressed classes, illumine their intelligence, and lighten the weight of their chains. And thought, in its continual toil, goes on creating a society more strongly fixed in right, more fit for the habitation of the spirit, and nearer to the supreme ideal of justice. These truths have no originality—as nothing has which belongs to the human race—but they have complete and absolute evidence, and will remain the consolation of the grief of the present, and the spur to future glories.

The primary cause of the success attained by the philosophy of Schopenhauer is found in the weariness of *a priori* science experienced throughout Germany. The reality rose, claiming its rights. Experience and observation demanded that their large participation in creating standards of human judgment and the progress of human culture should not be forgotten. A system which brought back reason to the world appeared like a fruitful valley after a painful descent from the lofty summits of infinite space. The system of Herbart was partially this system, and partially attained this result. His greatest endeavor was to declare that things are not and can not be those shadows called by Hegel ideas; that things exist, independently of our thought, in living reality. Philosophy does not create a universe, it studies it; it does not find in it a poem of human fancy, but a book of truths, an assemblage of beings foreign to the combinations of our ideas. Doubt is salutary as a spur to science, but doubt converted into systematic skepticism is the destruction of all science. You may doubt that things exist, but you can not doubt that they appear to exist. This existence of the universe, or this apparent existence of the universe, is imposed upon us with the same irresistible force as our own existence. Being is found abounding in a universe which has never entered into us through the senses. And not only is being, the absolute reality, encountered, but also many beings resembling absolute realities, limited, the one by the other, in material extent, at least limited by space, which is inextensive in its essence. External things are to this extent essential: that the soul, the intelligence, the will, would not exist were it not that they were excited by contact with the world. Sensibility is thought, the will is thought, and moral liberty is no more than predominance of reflexive thought over that thought which is purely and simply sensitive. The life of the soul has the same laws as dynamics and statics. Psychology, the science of the soul, is, in its ultimate result, a true mechanical science, as exact as the mathematics. We need not enter into the examination of this doctrine, nor say that it touches in its extremes nothing less than the ancient polytheism and modern materialism.

What principally interests us in the evolution of German thought is the purely political side, that we may understand the forces of attraction and repulsion which have contributed to accelerate or retard the republican movement in Europe. The state, in Herbart's conception, is a continuation of organic phenomena—a superior organism. Society begins by constituting itself in necessity, and concludes by constituting itself in right. According to the notion of right, the state should rest on the consent of all citizens. The state which is founded in right must be of necessity democratic, because it demands the public consent. But the state has useful ends which during certain historical periods are completely opposed to the fundamental idea of right. For the state to approach continually the ideal of right it is necessary that all must obey the laws with alacrity, and reform them with moderation, adjusting them to new ideals of progress, destroying the germs of divisions and war. Misery without remedy, humiliation without hope, break the harmony of the sentiments, and set on foot conspiracies below and unrestrained dictatorships above. As peoples become more and more enlightened, they understand better the disproportion between the pure ideal and the reality of right. And when such a situation arrives the state can not be saved unless the party of progress reforms with moderation, and the party of social stability resists with intelligence, and unless both obey the code binding upon all—the code of

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morality. The science of government consists in leaving the different aspirations to manifest themselves freely, and in satisfying all in due season, so far as they are just, so far as they tend to progress. The force of constitutions is found in their agreement with the general will of the people.

It is impossible to predict the lot reserved by Providence for nations. It is difficult to divine the way of progress, much less its term. The mineral, vegetable, and animal worlds appear to have arrived at the termination of their development. Not so the political world, whose progressive evolutions can not be measured by intelligence nor calculated by mathematics. Man has recognized the fundamental unity of his species, but he has not derived from the recognition of this truth the natural consequences it embraces. The human families are still separated from each other. They have not yet succeeded in establishing relations in harmony with the idea of humanity. But every thing, from art to commerce, tends to establish and draw closer these relations. And thus, as the earth is found occupied by organic states, the ideas of universal domination and measures of conquest must give place to an immense confederation of free peoples. And there will be as large a disproportion between the egoist states of to-day and the human state of hereafter as there is between the ancient astronomy which placed the earth in the centre of the universe, and the new astronomy which, although it has converted the earth into a satellite of the sun, has enabled us to measure infinity.

This movement led politics in the direction of liberty, but philosophy in that of materialism. A system was produced from the shock of so many contrary systems with the purpose of engendering harmony in science. The principle of interior observation proclaimed by Descartes fell into contempt by means of an ontology almost equally ambitious; the ontological principle fell into contempt through its own arbitrary development. The rehabilitation of necessary principles was then attempted. The knowledge acquired in the pure study of the Ego is the essential knowledge, the foundation of all science. But life is not embraced solely in the interior world; it can not be reduced solely to thought. Psychology must be completed by ontology, as analysis must be completed by synthesis, reason with religion, the individual with society. And a society founded upon true harmonies must be presented to the modern world. Thus thought the new school. Although scientific principles may appear diverse, they form a systematic series, a harmonious whole, as the gases, the liquids, the solids, differing among themselves form a harmonious whole in the planets, and the planets, the satellites, the suns, also differing among themselves, form a harmonious whole in the cosmos. In science the psychology of Descartes should be also combined with the ontology of Hegel, the religious sense of Leibnitz, and the critical sense of Kant, all inspired in the idea of the amelioration of man by means of the purest morality, which in turn will ameliorate and bring to perfection human societies.

Science has for its object knowledge. Knowledge supposes a relation between the subject which knows and the object known. When this relation agrees with the nature of the objects, whether they are bodies or qualities, truth exists. Truth is not only that which is, but the relation of that which is with him who thinks. Science institutes a systematic, organic series of truths. Method is the medium of science. Truth exists not only in science, but in the proceedings by which we arrive at science. Truths are attained by intuition and by deduction; hence the two methods, the analytic and the synthetic. Analysis embraces observation, and synthesis embraces contemplation. Analysis examines the experimental, and synthesis rises to what is above all experience—the absolute, the infinite, the eternal. The one method completes the other, and both comprehend the spirit and the universe. Where analysis ends, synthesis immediately begins. In all knowledge there is unity or thesis, variety, opposition or antithesis, harmony or synthesis. And as in knowledge, so is it in science, which is an organic series of things known.

This philosophy is called the harmonic philosophy, and its fundamental idea is the idea of humanity. Humanity is not confined exclusively to the earth. It inhabits other planets, and in this sense also is infinite as the universe. The astronomical hypotheses of Laplace and Herschel explaining the origin of the planets; the observations made upon Mercury, which have proved the existence of continents, of seas, of gases, of atmosphere; the marvelous discovery of the solar spectrum, by which we can almost touch and handle the fundamental unity of the cosmos; the discovery of the aerolites which revolve about the planets, and which not only have signs of terrestrial metals and metalloids, but also of organic life; the persistence with which life appears and shines wherever the elements are favorable to it—all these facts, if they do not mathematically prove, still inspire the idea, that humanity is diffused, like the angels of theology, through all space and all worlds. And humanity is the harmonic being in which meet and interpenetrate spirit and nature.

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SEMPER FIDELIS.

By ANNIE CHAMBERS KETCHUM.

She stands alone on the rose-wreathed porch,
Gazing with star-like eyes
On the white moon lighting a silver torch
In the glowing western skies,
While her cheeks and her tresses kindle and scorch
In the sunset's fiery dyes.

Her broad straw hat, with its loosened bands,
Falls from her shoulders down;
Idly she frees her slender hands
From their garden gauntlets brown,
And smiles as she smooths her hair's bright strands
And looks toward the distant town.

High overhead, round the tower's bright vane,
The circling swallows swoop;
Tinkling along the bowery lane
The loitering cattle troop
To drink, with the snow-white youquapêne,*
Where Babylon willows droop.

Black as jet in the sunset's gold
Loom spire and buttressed wall;
Soft as a veil o'er the tangled wold
The twilight shadows fall,
While the white mists rise from the valley cold
And climb to the mountains tall.

Now bounding out to the rustic stile,
Now crouching at her feet,
Her setter's bright eyes wait the while
Till hers shall bid him fleet
Down the dim forest's scented aisle,
With wild-wood odors sweet.

Of what is she thinking, while her hand
Caresses the fond old hound,
Fidelio, whelped in Switzerland,
And trained on Tuscan ground,
His throat still wearing a golden band
By kingly fingers bound?

Semper fidelis: on the clasp
The glittering legend shines
As when the giver linked the hasp
'Neath Conca d' Oro's vines,
Then, silent, sailed where torrents rasp
The pine-girt Apennines.

She hears again St. Rosalie's bell,
From Pelegrino's height;
Ave the fishers' voices swell
Across the waters bright,
While, incense-like, from the Golden Shell
Rose odors bless the night.

From Posilippo's poet shrine,
Haunted by flower and bee,
She sees the peaks of Capri shine
On the rim of the sparkling sea;
She sings 'neath Ischia's fig and vine;
She dreams in Pompeii.

Where soft Venezia's mellow bells
Float o'er the silver tide,
Where bright Callirhoe's diamond wells
Deck dry Ilissus' side,
Or where, down the sandy Syrian dells,
The wild scarfed Bedouins ride—

Bright as in those long-parted days,
Fair classic scene and song,
In all their magical, phantom grace,
Back to her memory throng,
Yet framing ever one thoughtful face
Their arabesque among.

Swallow and tower and tree forgot,
She spans the chasm of years;
She talks with him by shrine and grot
Of human hopes and fears—
Of lives spent nobly, without a blot,
Of blots washed clean by tears.

Brilliant and proud that dazzling train
In the classic lands so fair—
Pilgrims gay from the sparkling Seine
And the cliffs of Finisterre;
The Austrian pale, and the fair-haired Dane,
And the Kentish lady rare:

Yet he turned away with sober grace
From each haughty titled hand,
And sought the light of a charming face
From the distant sun-lit strand,
Where a tamarind-shaded river lays
Its floors of golden sand.

Title nor diadem was hers,
Yet—true to truth, O fame!—
No record of bards or chroniclers
E'er roused a readier claim
To the good man's love or the coward's fears
Than her simple Saxon name.

So dowered in her own pure womanhood,
Regal in soul as in air,
Where coronets flashed with their ruby flood,
And crowns with their diamonds rare,
Ever a queen among queens she stood,
Crowned in her braided hair.

Yet ever, albeit with trembling lips,
One answer o'er and o'er—
While her bright eyes suffered a strange eclipse—
She gave to the vows he bore:
Troth plighted afar, where the wild surf drips
Down the cliffs of a Western shore.

What though she felt with a keen despair
She had grown from that childish vow;
That the plodder who won it, though earnest, bare
No trace of her likeness now;
That the wreath soon to gleam on her golden hair
Would circle an aching brow?

What though he urged that the demon Pride
And the tyrants Chance and Youth
Forge chains that forever should be defied
For the deathless spirit's ruth;
That a false creed's logic should be denied
For the majesty of truth?

* The familiar name—derived by the Spaniards from the Indians—for the beautiful lotus flowers that adorn the lakes and lagoons in all tropical countries of the Western world.

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Silent, she showed him the quaint old ring
On her twisted châtelaine—
A soldier's gift from a grateful king—
With its legend's lesson plain,
To be worn, whatever the soul might wring,
Bravely, without a stain.

Shine on her softly, white moon, to-night!
Thou, only thou, dost know
How she kept, true child of the belted knight
Who won it long ago,
That ring's stern *semper fidelis* bright
And clean as the Jura snow.

Softly! thou heard'st the deep sea break
At the foot of the terrace sward,
When she said, while the words of their doom she spake,
No fate need be reckoned hard,
Since duty, well done for duty's sake,
Is ever its own reward.

Softly! next morn thy wraith in the skies
Looked down on a wraith as pale,
Transfixed and deaf to Fidelio's cries
As he ramped on the terrace rail,
And bayed the sea, where his mistress's eyes
Followed a fading sail.

Kingdoms have risen and fallen since then;
Prelate and prince have found
Both altar and throne the scoff of men,
And glory's dazzling round
Summed up, to one thoughtful spirit's ken,
In the life of a silken hound:

One spirit on field or council floor
Of first and best repute,
Spotless amid the strife and roar
Of mad ambition's suit,
Still finding the worm at the bitter core
Of kingcraft's golden fruit;

And pausing 'mid victory's din, perchance,
Or the hazard game of power,
To dream of a sea where the sunbeams dance,
And the white clouds sail or lower—
To call up a woman's tender glance,
And a bitter parting hour.

While she who turned from a throne away,
In steadfast royal truth,
Stemming the tide she might not stay
For duty as for ruth,
Hath wrought in a miracle day by day
The promise of her youth,

Till the one for whom she gave up the ways
Of a life with high hopes fraught,
And chose a place with the commonplace,
The spell of her spirit caught,
And the lustrous gold of a noble grace
With his coarser fibre wrought.

Bright with all eloquent potent things,
This home of quiet peace:
Ebon and palm from the desert's springs,
With the marble gods of Greece;
Conch and coral and painted wings
Of birds from Indian seas;

Helmet and shield in the frescoed hall,
Bronzes beside the door,
Clefts where the cool clear waters fall,
Waves on the lonely shore,
Blossom and cloud and mountain, all
Teaching their sacred lore.

Sweet from the gnarled black ebony wood
Flowers the fragrant snow;
Pure from their rocky solitude
The singing fountains flow;
Fair 'neath the chisel sharp and rude
The living marbles grow:

So blessings begot of the wakening morn
And the peace of midnight skies,
Feature and form and voice adorn,
And shine in her amber eyes,
Aglow with the deathless beauty born
Of stern self-sacrifice.

Shine on her softly, as she stands
To catch the signal light
From a father, who waits beside the sands
To see o'er the waters bright
A ship sail in from the classic lands
With a gallant child to-night.

A sudden gleam through the alleys green—
Fidelio flies apace;
Glad voices float on the air serene,
And then the fond embrace
Of a boy, with his father's quiet mien
And his mother's radiant face.

They sit 'neath the crystal chandelier,
And list with smiling eyes
As he talks of the Alpine yodel clear,
Of the pifferari's cries,
Of the lazy song of the gondolier,
Of Hellas' golden skies;

Then, sad, of the carnage in fair Moselle—
Of his school-fellows scattered wide,
When the convent was shattered by shot and shell,
Its portals wrenched aside,
Where Saxon and Frank who fought and fell
Were gathered side by side.

Then one and another strange romance
Of the battle's ruthless test;
And, last, the tale of a princely lance
With the death-wound on his breast,
Clasping close, with a star-like glance,
A portrait beneath his vest.

"No one its history could trace;
None knew it except the dead.
One of the priests—who had served his race—
The night before we fled
Gave me the picture, because the face
Was so like mine," he said.

A gold-framed portrait with vermil dyes:
A woman, standing pale
In the glow of soft Sicilian skies,
And a hound on a terrace rail
Baying the sea, where his mistress's eyes
Follow a fading sail.

They have sung with the boy a welcome back;
They have chanted the evening psalm;
The swallows sleep in the turret black,
The winds in the desert palm;
Silence broods o'er the bay's bright track,
And the mountains cold and calm.

The spicy breath of the deepening night
Floats through the oriel fair,
As the moon looks in with her parting light,
And rests with her silver rare,
Beneath the bust of a mail-clad knight,
On a woman bowed in prayer.

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A LOSS TO THE PROFESSION.

"IF you'll only wait till we get to the end of our journey, Emma," said Mr. Sherwood to his young wife, as they were steaming along Eastward, "you may kiss all the little beggars that come along. We're more than half-way home now. In twenty-four hours I shall have the unspeakable delight of putting you safely in your mother's arms. The rest of the journey is a mere bagatelle."

"The poor little baby looked so wretchedly ill!" murmured Mrs. Sherwood.

"That's the very reason it was safer to keep away from it," said her husband. "How do you know what ailed it?"

"Oh, suppose it was something infectious!" said Mrs. Sherwood, turning very pale.

"Now don't, I beg of you, suppose any more horrors; you've been supposing them all the way. Heavens and earth!" he added, "how glad I *shall* be to get to your mother's! It was madness to attempt such a journey in your state of health. Thank Heaven, we've passed the dangerous portion of the route. We shall have no trouble now till—"

Mr. Sherwood was interrupted by his wife grasping his arm suddenly, and pointing to the car ahead of them. It looked, through the glass window of the door, as if it had been suddenly seized with a drunken fit, and was tilting to and fro in the most extraordinary manner. There was a grating noise, a lurch forward, and the train stopped.

The accident was a very slight one, resulting in only one death—that of a cow that had strayed upon the track. The train was detained a few hours, and a doctor sent for from the neighboring village to remedy a sprain in the engineer's wrist.

When the physician came he was called immediately into one of the cars to see a lady that had fainted from terror when the accident occurred, and was still insensible. He succeeded with difficulty in restoring her to consciousness, and then, taking the husband aside, advised a halt by the way.

"If it is possible for you to get your baggage from the train," said the doctor, "do so at once. I will return shortly with a carriage. We'll take your wife to the village, and get her to bed as soon as possible. Her system has received a nervous shock that will require attention in her present state of health."

"Gracious Heavens! doctor," cried Mr. Sherwood, "in twenty-four hours she'll be safe in her mother's house."

"I won't answer for her life if she is not under the complete influence of an anodyne to-night," said the doctor. "A delay of a few hours may enable her to continue her journey."

An hour later and Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood were installed in the best room of the country hotel at Rivington. It was a great, grim, repelling room at the best, full of draughts, and suggestive of mould. Emma looked very little and wan in the middle of the immense feather-bed on the four-poster, and her husband sighed dismally when he thought of the cozy little bed-chamber awaiting her in the East. But he carried out to the letter the orders of the doctor, who seemed just then the only friend that he could rely upon in the world.

"A night of uninterrupted rest," said the doctor, "will do wonders for her." And Mr. Sherwood never closed his eyes till morning. Threatening to murder any one that banged a door or shuffled in the passage, and liberally distributing considerations for perfect quiet, the house that night was as still as the grave. This was the more easy to accomplish as they were the only guests at the hotel. When the doctor called in the morning he pronounced Mrs. Sherwood much better, and even advised her to get up to breakfast, upon which her husband asked, rather faintly, whether he knew any thing about the connection of the trains. The doctor replied, gravely, that they would perhaps talk of that matter the next day.

Mr. Sherwood hazarded an observation to the effect that it was singular how a train could whistle around the corner of a perpendicular mountain, leap over dilapidated bridges, and fly through dismal gorges, under crumbling boulders, to come to grief at last absolutely crawling through a commonplace valley.

"We don't consider it commonplace," said the doctor. "It's a pretty place when you come to know it."

"I don't want to know it," said Mr. Sherwood; "it's too pastoral. I have an objection to cows, particularly when they stray on railroad tracks."

When the doctor went away he recommended another night of perfect rest.

"I think then," he added, "we may safely talk about the trains."

But although Mr. Sherwood redoubled his threats and considerations, that night there was no rest at all, and toward morning the feeble pipe of an infant was heard in the great grim room at Rivington. The hair of the young father almost stood upright.

"My God!" he cried, "it's alive!"

"So it is!" said the doctor, himself somewhat astonished.

"What's to be done now?" said Mr. Sherwood, looking about him distractedly.

"Why, it's to be washed and dressed," said the landlady, Mrs. Ketchum, who had kindly aided them in this extremity, and was now mistress of the situation, "and a nurse is to be got. It don't stand to reason because it's a premature it's a-going to die. We put my Mary Jane into a tea-pot, and look at her now! If the doctor 'll stop round

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to Mrs. Barrett's on his way home, she'll be here in a jiffy!"

When Mrs. Barrett came, Mr. Sherwood was surprised to find her a young and pretty widow. All his ideas of nurses had been formed upon the immortal Mrs. Gamp. It was a relief to him to find Mrs. Barrett only resembling that inimitable character in a certain selfishness and garrulity.

A few days elapsed, and Mr. Sherwood was beginning to feel a cheerful resignation to the situation. The tiny mite of mortality seemed to thrive under the patronage of the landlady and the care of the pretty widow. All seemed progressing as well as could be expected, when one morning the doctor looked grave. Mrs. Sherwood complained of unusual symptoms. "I know," she said, "just what ails me, but I'm afraid to tell." And she looked at her husband piteously.

"Speak out, my dear," cried Mr. Sherwood, with admirable philosophy; "I'm prepared for any thing."

Nevertheless he sank into a chair and groaned when she declared that she had caught the infection from the child in the car.

"What child? what infection?" cried the doctor.

Then Mr. Sherwood told the doctor how his wife would kiss the sick baby in the train.

"Nonsense!" said the doctor; "it isn't at all likely it was small-pox."

At this direful word the pretty widow started and turned pale. Getting out of her rocking-chair, she placed the little bundle of flannel containing a baby in the bed, and went out of the room.

When Dr. Anderson reached home that night he found, as usual, a cheerful blaze of hickory on his hearth; a cup of deliciously hot and strong tea and a plate of golden-brown toast lay waiting for him. He was a great stalwart six-footer, but he doted on dainties like a child, and his eyes shone benignly on a dish of lemon jelly quivering in the lamp-light. Dr. Anderson owed all this luxury and comfort to his housekeeper, Hester Wright.

And after all this preambulation we come to the heroine of our story. She was neither young nor beautiful — simply a plain old maid.

When the doctor's mother was alive, and Hester was her trusty and efficient handmaiden, that good lady was wont of a Saturday afternoon to declare that she was an excellent good girl, and to be good was far better than to be beautiful. "Handsome is as handsome does, my dear," quoth the old lady. Nevertheless, upon looking in the glass and contrasting the face she saw there with the faces of some of the rustic beauties about her, Hester felt that, however good and excellent she might hope to be, it would be useless for her to aspire to be handsome.

This was a great grief to Hester, as she was romantic. Nobody would have dreamed of such a thing to look at her placid features, her somewhat stolid expression, and the monotonous regularity with which she performed her household duties. A complete absence of glow and color gave a washed-out appearance to her gray eyes and yellow hair; and although she had what Shakspeare thought was an excellent thing in woman — "a soft, low voice" — it was so seldom heard that it was only a negative charm.

In those days "help" of Hester's kind was allowed a seat at the table and a comparative position of equality in the household. This was the more agreeable in Hester's case as she was an orphan, and quite friendless. Mrs. Anderson taught her to read and write and sew, and made her an adept at preserves and pastry. She also made her a companion, as Hester was an excellent listener. It would be safe to say that all the affection Mrs. Anderson could spare from her son was given to Hester; but that was very little. The old lady adored her son, and did her best to make every body else adore him. She succeeded pretty well with a great many people, but excellently well with Hester.

When Norman came home from college, Hester expected to find him an Apollo, and she was not disappointed. The rough curls of his somewhat abundant black hair seemed wonderful to the girl; Grecian and godlike was his straight but stubby nose, and altogether imperial was the frank and open countenance of the lad. And when she found that he was neither priggish nor conceited, but rather inclined to fellowship with her, she immediately set up a shrine and worshiped him. Not that she ever hoped for a requital—although she had read and delighted in the story of King Cophetua and the beggar-maid. The maid was beautiful, as befitted the story; and Hester said to herself, with a somewhat bitter decision, that beauty was as sweet and desirable as rank and riches. But she had none of these; so that was an end of the matter. This did not hinder Hester from enjoying her idolatry. Even when Mrs. Anderson, discoursing eloquently on the attributes of her son, predicted for him a brilliant marriage, Hester's affection for him was too exalted to be tainted with envy. But the young doctor did not seem to improve his opportunities; and although many a young heiress fell in his way, and many a young beauty came under his notice, he was appreciative and courteous to all, but devoted to none. The cares of his profession seemed to fill his mind, and the love of his mother appeared to satisfy his heart.

As the years rolled on, Hester allowed a faint hope to dawn within her that this hap-

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py state of affairs would last forever. Waxing old in years, Mrs. Anderson died: but not before she had told Hester just how to darn her son's socks, the amount of strength required for his tea, and the peculiarity of his preferences for certain vegetables.

"And be sure, Hester," she added, solemnly, "to make his shirts loose about the neck. I've known a tight collar to give him a headache for a day. And now send my son to me, for I've not long to be with him."

Hester went weeping out of the room, her heart bursting with grief and gratitude. What more could the dying woman have done for her than to give her darling into Hester's care to be her sacred charge henceforth and forever?

The tall white tombstone over Mrs. Anderson's head had been tarnished a little with mildew; the abundant locks of her son were sprinkled with gray; Hester had quite lost even what the French call the beauty of youth, and was a plain old maid on that night when the doctor came home, and found his splendid blaze of hickory, his tea and toast, and a new copy of the *Lancet* all nicely cut and ready for him. He took off his great-coat and his gloves, and sat himself down to enjoy his dainties and his chat with his friend Hester. Who would have thought her capable of a romance?—so prim and smooth was her light brown hair, so stiff and white was her linen collar, so lacking in speculation her mild gray eyes, so measured and monosyllabic her words!

"The fact is," commenced the doctor, "I'll never recommend that young woman Barrett as a nurse again."

"No?" said Hester, interrogatively.

"Of course not. You remember the young woman that had the trouble there at the hotel?"

"Had the baby, you mean, don't you?"

"Of course: trouble enough, I should say. Well, she thinks she's caught the small-pox of a child on the cars—and although I don't put any faith in it, her symptoms run that way. Well, the moment the widow hears of it, down she puts the baby on the bed, and runs out of the room; met me at the door with her bonnet on; declared she couldn't stay—was too nervous. Pah!"

"What will they do?" said Hester.

"God knows!" replied the doctor. "I don't know of any one that will go there under the circumstances. I suppose Mrs. Ketchum and Mary Jane will see to the mother; but the baby needs great care. It'll die, of course."

Hester put down her tea-cup. "Die!" she said; "oh no, surely!"

"Of course it will die!" said the doctor; "nine-tenths of all the babies die. What's to save this poor little weakling?" Then he put the last crust of his toast in his mouth, gulped down his tea, and devoured his lemon jelly.

This was his way of enjoying his dainties.

With the heel of his boot he kicked the hickory logs into a flame, and took up his London *Lancet*. Then he put it down again with a sigh. A boisterous March wind howled down the chimney and rattled the window-shutters.

"The fact is," said the doctor, getting up and putting on again his great-coat and gloves, "I must go down to the hotel and see how they're getting on."

Hester went out of the room, and a few minutes later met him at the door, ready for a journey.

"What now?" said the doctor. "I'm perpetually waylaid at the door by bonneted women!"

"I don't suppose I shall be handy with—a baby," said Hester, quietly; "but if you'll take me to the hotel I'll do my best."

The doctor hesitated. "Suppose there should be danger of some infection?" he said.

"I have no beauty to spoil," she answered; "and you'll take care that I don't die, won't you?"

"Ay, that I will," he replied, heartily; "and as to beauty, 'handsome is as handsome does,' Hetty."

This reminded her of his mother, and she declared he must have somebody to take care of him while she was away.

"You must stop at the widow Barrett's," she said. "She'll keep house for you nicely."

"I'll be hanged if she will!" said the doctor. "I'll have no sawdust of a woman about me." But, to pacify Hester, he consented to endure the woman for a while.

They were met at the door of the hotel by the daughter of the landlady. She said she was very glad to see the doctor, as "her mother 'd been took with the rheumatiz, and couldn't get out o' bed."

"Why, who's with the sick lady, then?" said the doctor.

"Her husband," replied Mary Jane; "and he do take on most awful."

Then they mounted the stairs to the sick-room, and entered without ceremony.

"Gracious Heavens!" cried a voice from behind the four-poster, "have you brought us a nurse, doctor?"

"She's a good deal better than a nurse," said the doctor; "she's a friend in need."

Hester looked over at the young man compassionately. He was seated in a wooden chair wedged in between the bedstead and the wall, and the remains of fallen dandyism about him were pitiable to see. His hair, that had lately been carefully parted in the middle and brushed gracefully back from his forehead, now hung in disheveled locks. Two days' beard rested on his chin, and his unwaxed mustache drooped mournfully. His neck-tie fell in a loose knot, and

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his traveling suit, of that delicate French gray so dear to an artistic eye, was sadly rumpled and soiled. One of his small white hands was tenaciously held by a smaller one from the bed—the weak, feverish hand of his wife—the other held a firm grip of a limp bundle that hung helplessly over his shoulder. Of which bundle he seemed in abject terror. When the bundle moved, great drops of perspiration stood on the young man's forehead, and his knees trembled beneath the bedstead. But when a sort of gurgle was heard from over his shoulder, he turned absolutely pale.

"It's choking again, doctor," cried the young parent. "What the deuce can be the meaning of that sort of thing? It's had nothing to choke on, not a drop yet of any kind. It's the most singular, the most terrifying thing."

"Let me take the baby," said Hester, who had divested herself of her bonnet and cloak, and had already said a few words of cheer to the poor little mother. Mr. Sherwood looked at her admiringly.

"I'm immensely obliged," he said, handing over the baby and taking a long breath of relief. "It's impossible for me to express my obligations. Waylaid in this pestiferous old rookery by these confounded difficulties, it's a positive charity to do any thing for us. I never was in a place before where money failed to procure the common necessaries of life."

"We shall get along very nicely now," said Hester.

"It's very kind of you to say so," said Mr. Sherwood. "Your face is the first ray of sunshine we've had yet. You must allow me to say that I never saw a face I liked so well at first sight!"

"Why, Fred!" cried his poor little wife, with a faint attempt at a smile. "But it is a very nice face, and I don't mind if you do praise it. I know you'll be fond of my dear little baby, won't you?" turning to Hester.

"Yes, dear, and of you too!" said Hester, warmly.

"Upon my soul," said Mr. Sherwood, "I think I could trust myself with a razor now. I've been afraid to have so tempting a weapon in my hand. I think I'll try to get shaved. Of course it's useless to speak of a barber?" he added.

The doctor shook his head.

"Of course not," said Fred, resignedly. "I didn't even look for such an evidence of civilization. But I *have* shaved myself once before, and, under these cheering circumstances, I'll try it again."

It did seem as if Hester's presence in the house brought good fortune. The landlady grew better, and the doctor said that he thought Mrs. Sherwood's fears were unfounded. In the mean time Hester's imaginative nature exalted her new duty into a positive joy. A flood of tender and sweet delights surged through her very being when she felt this little live atom of flesh and blood nestling in her arms, pressing its soft little cheek to hers, looking into her eyes with its vague wondering innocence. She never tired of admiring it, of whispering to it a host of baby words that thronged into her brain. Even when it slept she hung over it breathlessly, wondering with what angels of paradise it was holding converse, and fancying the great dingy room filled with a mysterious radiance.

"How good, how kind you are!" cried the poor little mother. "I shall tell mamma how God sent you to me and baby when we needed you so much."

"I never saw a face," repeated Mr. Sherwood, "that was such an index to character in my life. The fact is, some women are like angels in a sick-room, and some are like—ahem!—the other thing. I must say it's a pity Miss Wright isn't a nurse; she's a loss to the profession!"

Hester's life had hitherto been barren of caressing love of any kind. What wonder that it metamorphosed the quiet, prim old maid! The stiff white collars might hurt baby, and were laid aside; instead, a little soft lace was ruffled around the necks of her dresses. Sometimes in caring for her two precious charges her hair got rumpled a little, and a few stray tresses fell about her neck, that in the sunlight looked silken and warm. A soft melancholy grace fell over the hitherto stolid features, radiating them with such a light as sometimes shines in autumn over a barren moorland.

One morning the doctor bade them look at the pale pretty face of his patient, and asked them if they could discern any fever there!

"You may rest easy as far as the infection is concerned," he said. "If there was any, Mrs. Sherwood did not take it. All she wants now is to recuperate."

The pretty young widow, Mrs. Barrett, had now been domiciled at the doctor's as housekeeper for over a fortnight. She had, for reasons of her own, exerted herself to the utmost to keep up the cheerful and altogether perfect arrangement of every thing under her control, even contriving to rival Hester in concocting new dainties for this Sybarite of a doctor. He could not but acknowledge that he found his luxuries as complete as ever. He also found an exceedingly alluring figure at the head of his table. Growling to himself that beauty in a woman was a useless accessory, he nevertheless found that it bred a few tormenting fancies in his brain. He found himself thinking of a woman not as a mass of ligatures and bones, or a valuable commodity, but as a woman. This embraced every thing. The doctor once in a while fell into a brown-study over his tea,

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and stared with all his might into the pretty face opposite him; then the pretty face would cover itself with blushes, and hide itself behind the copious hot-water urn, or perhaps would dimple into bewitching smiles, and vanish out of his sight confusedly.

The kitchen-maid began to talk and nod to herself, and one morning went over to the hotel with a fine piece of news for Mary Jane.

"Sure's you live, Mary Jane Ketchum, our doctor's goin' to marry the widow Barrett!"

"I want to know!" said Mary Jane, dropping her dust-pan in astonishment, and listening eagerly to the confirmatory particulars poured into her ear by the excited maid.

When the doctor called that day Mary Jane looked at him open-mouthed, half disappointed to find him with the same rough brown coat and buckskin gloves. The doctor went up into the sick-room, and almost found it a sick-room no longer. The young mother was bolstered up in bed, with a pretty bright shawl about her shoulders, looking with a pair of sunny blue eyes at Hester washing the baby. Near by stood the admiring husband and father.

The doctor looked on till all the laces and embroideries were adjusted to their places, and baby had fallen asleep in Hester's arms. Hester's face was all aglow with love and pleasure. She sang in a sweet low voice an old lullaby his dead mother had sung to him many and many a time.

"A deuced pleasant voice!" said Mr. Sherwood, as, accompanying the doctor down the stairs, they still heard the sweet refrain—"a confoundedly nice voice has your friend Miss Wright. It's a thousand pities to throw her services away upon an excellent rhinoceros like yourself, doctor. Fancy what a comfort she'd be to some poor devil of a valetudinarian—or in an orphan asylum! She's a terrible loss to the profession, doctor!"

The doctor did not reply, but went away cogitating deeply on the change wrought in his prim old Hetty. When Mary Jane brought the news to the sick-room, which she did at the first opportunity, Mrs. Sherwood at first refused to believe it; then afterward remembered that the doctor was a little distrait that morning, and wondered if that artful creature had wound herself into his good graces.

Hester turned very pale, and felt a great pang of sorrow and a great pang of reproach.

"I must go home," she said: "I promised his mother I'd take care of him."

Mrs. Sherwood laughed. "The great elephant!" she said. "As if he needed to be taken care of! Besides, if he's to be married, he won't want you any more, and I'll carry you off with me. Oh, I do hope he will marry, for I've been breaking my heart thinking of parting with you!"

Hester remained very still. As the years had rolled by she had kept her heart green and young, and this agony rent it sorely. "Not wanted any more!" Why, such a thing might be. After all, in the big comfortable house yonder of the doctor's she had neither right nor title. To be sure, it was all the home she knew, or cared to know, in the great wide world. Every queer, old-fashioned room was dear to her. She loved the quaint old mahogany chairs, the solid and comfortable sideboards. Many and many a time she had fallen asleep to the ticking of the great clock in the hall. How happy they had been in those days gone by, Mrs. Anderson and Norman and she! At least she had a right to his confidence. She determined that the old bond of fellowship between them should not be so suddenly broken. When the doctor went away the next morning Hester followed him into the hall.

"They say, Norman," she stammered, "that—that you are thinking of marriage. Tell me, is it true?"

The doctor flushed up to the roots of his grizzly locks.

"Why, how did you know?" he said, looking at her as if she were a witch.

Hester's heart sank within her at this confirmation of her fears. "Tell me," she repeated, "is it true?"

Then the doctor replied in his old manly tone, "Well, yes, Hetty, if the woman I love will have me."

The baby cried, and Hester hurried back into the room. "Have him!" she repeated, scornfully, to herself; "she'll only be too glad!"

It became pretty well known in Rivington that the widow Barrett was to be the doctor's wife. She neither denied nor confirmed the statement, but blushed and remained silent. One day there came a note to Hester from Mrs. Barrett, stating that if Mrs. Ketchum would kindly take care of the doctor's patients the next day, she would be glad of Hester's company to tea. It was the doctor's birthday, and she had made some beautiful pine-apple jelly for a surprise.

"Well, did I ever see the beat!" ejaculated the landlady. "Invitin' Hester over to tea! In her own house, where she's been brought up, and sot that store by that she was like Mrs. Anderson's own da'ter! Well, that goes ahead! Pine-apple jelly for a surprise, when there ain't Hester's beat for preserves and pastry in the hull of Rivington! Well, really, that's too much. The good Lord knows what 'll come next. Mary Jane 'll be invitin' me, as a kind of a pleasant surprise, to sew the hooks and eyes on to that new dress o' hers." The landlady sat down and sighed for the depravity of human nature.

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"But if the doctor's going to marry her—" interposed Mrs. Sherwood.

"For the land's sakes," cried Mrs. Ketchum, "let him have her! Let him have her, I say!" she repeated, looking so savagely over at Mr. Sherwood that he hastened to declare that he hadn't the least intention of forbidding the bans. "Let him have her," repeated Mrs. Ketchum; "and if she won't lead him a pretty dance, then my name ain't Jerusha Ketchum! He's old enough to know better. But 'one fool makes many, and an old fool's worse 'n any!'"

Nevertheless Hester went over to tea. She felt instinctively that it would look more dignified to accept the invitation; but she did so with a heavy heart.

March had ripened into April, and along the hedges pale primroses lifted their tiny heads. A languid breeze swept to and fro the long branches of the willow-tree that waved before Dr. Anderson's door. How often had Hester watched the drooping switches put on and off their buds! How sadly she felt for the poor young maiden that once drew the long green switches through her hands, and wove with them many a fanciful wreath and many a fanciful dream! Alas! how many prosaic years had passed since then, one day so like the other that they slipped away unheeded! And now the young maid was an old maid—a poor, plain old maid, without a relative in the world, and scarcely a friend, save these new ones that claimed her. Hot tears sprang into her eyes. How wretched, how unspeakably wretched, it was to be all alone in the world! "One might better be dead!" thought poor Hester. In this melancholy mood she entered her old home, and a new pang rent her heart to find that the old moreen curtains had been taken down, and a pair of tawdry muslin ones flaunted in the spring sunshine. This one alteration in the tone of the old-fashioned breakfast-room gave it so repelling a look to Hester that she was sorry she had come. But Mrs. Barrett insisted upon untying Hester's bonnet strings. "How badly you do look, to be sure!" she said. "You're worn out watchin' them sick folks. A seven-months baby might better be dead than alive, for it's betwixt and between all the time. But do let me take your things and get you a cup of tea. You do look so bad, I declare!"

"Thank you," said Hester—a grim appreciation of the situation putting a touch of sarcasm in her reply—"you're very kind. I should like a cup of tea."

"Certainly," said the widow, bustling about. "The doctor likes his so strong that I always keep a little hot water to weaken mine. He often laughs at what he calls my baby-slops. But, dear me, how bad you do look! I don't know as I ever saw you looking so wretched."

The widow herself looked blooming enough—her cheeks matching the red ribbon that bound her hair, and growing more crimson when the doctor's pony stopped at the door, and his heavy step was heard in the hall.

His eyes looked a warm welcome to Hester, and his voice took a very kindly tone when he told her how glad he was to see her at home again.

"And you may as well stay," he added; "for Mrs. Sherwood's mother came in the six-o'clock express, and they don't want you there any more."

These words of the doctor's seemed like an insult to Hester. "It seems to me," she said, "that I'm not wanted any where; but I'll go bid them good-by." She got upon her feet, trembling.

"I'm sure you're welcome as the sun," said Mrs. Barrett; "but if you will go, let *me* get your bonnet and shawl."

"Thank you," said Hester, with more asperity in her voice than one would have thought possible, "I'll get them myself; I've not forgotten my way about the house yet."

When she went out of the room the doctor took a long breath. "Why, Hetty can't be offended, can she?" he said to Mrs. Barrett. "I never heard her speak that way before."

"Oh, doctor," laughed that wily woman, "it spoils the sweetest temper in the world to be an old maid. One never knows what's the matter with them."

The doctor hurried out after Hester; and before they had walked a dozen rods her anger cooled; it was swallowed up in grief. "You must forgive me, Norman," she said; "but I don't like the woman, and I'm sure your mother wouldn't have liked her. I'm sorry I spoke so sharply; but it's not a nice thing, Norman, to be told that you're not wanted any where." Hester's voice broke into a sob; and the doctor took her hand in his as they walked along.

"The fact is," he said, soothingly, "Mrs. Barrett says that it spoils the sweetest temper in the world to be an old maid."

"Another insult!" thought Hester, striving to get her hand from the strong grip of the doctor's.

"And I wouldn't be one, if I were you, any longer, Hetty," he added.

"I'm delighted to afford you some amusement," said Hester. But a choking sensation came into her throat, and a few bitter tears rolled down her cheeks.

"You see, Hetty," said the doctor, so interested in his subject that he did not notice Hester's agitation, "it never came into my head to think of marriage at all till Mrs. Barrett came there. She's such a veritable woman, with her furbelows and foolery, that it set me to thinking; and, besides, you were away. Hetty, you don't know what a difference it made—how I missed you," he added, tenderly.

It was more than Hester could bear.

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"Oh, hush, Norman!" she said. "Marry Mrs. Barrett if you love her. I'll try to like her for your sake. But don't say any more to me to-night, I beg of you."

The doctor stood still.

"Marry Mrs. Barrett!" he repeated.

"Why, Norman," said poor Hester, "I've just told you I'll try to like her for your sake."

"Confound Mrs. Barrett!" roared the doctor. "If you don't want me yourself, don't try to push me off on a pestilence of nide-noddies and furbelows."

Now it was Hester's turn to stand still. I always thought it was a pity the doctor could not have known the infinite joy, the ineffable happiness, it was in his power at that moment to give to the one being he loved best in the world.

"Why, Hetty," he said, "I have loved you all my life. Do you think I could give your place to another? If you would rather let things be as they are, I'll try to be content; but you seemed so womanly and sweet with yonder little babe that my heart yearned for you. Hetty, Hetty, I'd so *much* rather we were married!"

She put her hands in his, but words failed her. Perhaps he read in her face as dear an answer. Even in after-years she did not tell him the romance of her life. The doctor was such a practical, hard-working hero that she was afraid he could not understand her. Even when a new felicity was added to her lot, and she became the mother of a splendid boy, she did not make her son the confidant of her girlish idolatry for his father. The way I came to know about it was that, besides being her daughter-in-law, I was the little seven-months baby that brought her such happiness when she was an old maid.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD STAGER.

Notices of conspicuous Public Men, with characteristic Anecdotes illustrating their Peculiarities.—Accounts of Congressional and other Duels, and personal Collisions in Congress, including a Glance at Washington Public Life during several Administrations.

GENERAL HARRISON was a feeble, broken-down man at the time of his election. He was far advanced in years, and the usual infirmities of age were aggravated by the privations and sufferings of an arduous course of life during his long services in the field. The journey from his home on the banks of the Ohio to Washington amidst the rigors of a severe winter bore heavily upon him, and when he reached the seat of government, about the middle of February, he had the appearance of a confirmed invalid. He reached there in a driving snow-storm. A large number of citizens met him at the dépôt, and he walked in procession, with head uncovered, down the Avenue to Gadsby's Hotel, exposing himself to the falling snow in the most imprudent manner, overrating his strength, and disregarding the affectionate solicitude of his friends, who implored him to use more care. The state of his health was not improved in the interval between the time of his arrival and the inauguration. The ceremonies on that occasion were uncommonly elaborate and fatiguing, and he became so exhausted that on his arrival at the Capitol he was taken into the Vice-President's room and had his temples bathed in brandy preparatory to taking the oath of office. The weather was inclement and boisterous, a cold northeast wind blowing with much force. He stood on the east front of the Capitol in delivering his inaugural address, and his enfeebled condition was the subject of sorrowful remark to those who were near enough to observe his weakness and prostration. He was of a cheerful disposition, insisting that he was equal to the exigencies of the situation, and made light of the advice of those who endeavored to impress upon him the necessity of abstaining from overexertion.

It was apparent to all who saw him frequently after the organization of his administration that he could not long survive. The reaction after any excitement rendered him temporarily insensible, and he grew gradually weaker, indicating the steady decay of his vital force. He struggled against this consciousness, and sometimes assumed an appearance of alertness and activity that was painful to witness. He was profoundly impressed with the responsibility of his position, and no man was ever animated by a purer patriotism or a more fervent anxiety for the good of the country and the happiness of the people. His manners and habits were a model of simplicity, frankness, and candor. He was communicative and unreserved in conversation with those around him, and had no hesitation in discussing the perplexities and embarrassments growing out of the necessities and demands of his party. He said he had not been allowed to select a single personal friend in making up his cabinet, and complained bitterly of the constraint imposed upon him by the great Whig leaders. His wish was to make John Sargeant Secretary of State, John Davis Secretary of the Treasury, and Thomas Butler King, of Georgia, Secretary of the Navy; but he was overruled in every thing. He said the tyranny of party was almost insufferable. Mr. Clay he specially disliked, remembering with feelings of resentment the peremptory manner in which that gentleman, when Secretary of State, had repulsed his application for a diplomatic appointment. It is said that Mr. Clay told him that he was the "most importunate office-beggar that the head of a department was ever tormented by."

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He had great respect for the members of his cabinet, and generally acquiesced in their suggestions without remonstrance. On one occasion, however, he asserted the authority of his office with a degree of determination and dignity that astonished the executive council. Colonel Chambers, of Kentucky, an intimate personal friend, who had served on the staff of General Harrison in one of his campaigns against the Indians, was under an engagement of marriage with the widow of his son. Chambers accompanied him to Washington, at his request, and the arrangement was that he should have the appointment of Register of the Treasury, and after the marriage he was to reside at the White House, Mrs. Chambers to be the presiding lady of the executive mansion. She was an accomplished, elegant woman, greatly caressed in Washington society. The finished gentlemen by whom she was surrounded at the seat of government contrasted so strikingly with her Kentucky lover, who was a plain man, of brusque manners, that she finally declined to fulfill her engagement. General Harrison was much concerned at this unfortunate contretemps, and perceiving that Chambers would be uncomfortably placed in Washington, offered him any appointment elsewhere that he might select. The unlucky suitor asked for the office of Governor of the Territory of Iowa. The place was assured him as a matter of course. Meantime Mr. Webster had promised the office to his friend General Wilson, of New Hampshire. At a cabinet meeting Mr. Webster informed the President that it had been decided by the gentlemen of the cabinet that James Wilson should be Governor of Iowa. "Ah! that is the decision, then, is it?" said General Harrison. The gentlemen of the cabinet replied in the affirmative. Without making any further remark, the old gentleman wrote a few words upon a piece of paper and handed it to Mr. Webster, requesting him to read it aloud. The Secretary of State looked a little embarrassed, but there was no alternative, and he read, in an audible voice, "William Henry Harrison, President of the United States." The general, rising to his feet, said, "And William Henry Harrison, President of the United States, tells you, gentlemen, that, by ——, John Chambers shall be Governor of Iowa." Of course that concluded the subject, and Chambers was appointed.

It was bruited about that the death of the good old man was hastened by the importunities of the hungry horde of office-seekers that infested the White House. I am sure there was no foundation for this report. He came to Washington a doomed man, the fatigues of the long journey, superadded to the weight of years, having so exhausted his vitality that he looked like a man in a state of incipient paralysis from the time he arrived at the seat of government.

LIBERALITY OF THE WHIGS.

When we consider the disappointment, vexation, and chagrin to which the Whigs were subjected by the quarrel which Mr. Clay forced upon President Tyler, it must be admitted that the party, as represented in Congress, behaved toward the administration with a degree of patriotic liberality deserving great commendation. They had been in a minority for twelve long years, suffering under a proscription as inexorable as if they had been aliens instead of American citizens, entitled by their numbers, wealth, and respectability to share in the advantages monopolized by their political adversaries. The heinous doctrine that to the victors belong the spoils, first openly enunciated by William L. Marcy, had been incorporated in the creed of the Democratic party, and was uniformly acted upon under the administrations of Jackson and Van Buren. In the election of 1840 they had achieved a signal victory, securing them the control of every department of the government. They naturally expected to enjoy all the legitimate benefits of an ascendency so complete. And if they exhibited undue eagerness in taking possession of all the offices and other gratifications at the disposal of the Federal government, it was the natural consequence of their long exclusion therefrom. The proscriptive policy adopted on the accession of General Harrison was pursued with unrelenting determination until it was suddenly arrested by Mr. Tyler, when Mr. Clay, upon his refusal to surrender his authority as Chief Magistrate of the nation, arrayed the party in opposition to his administration. Mr. Clay, naturally imperious and domineering, smarting under the disappointment of his defeat in the Harrisburg Convention, and still further exasperated at what he regarded as the contumacy of Mr. Tyler, jealous of Mr. Webster, and preferring to see the Whig party overthrown rather than play a subordinate part in the conduct of the government, was ready for any extreme measures to gratify his feelings of resentment and indignation. His sway in the Senate was almost supreme during the extra session of Congress, and hardly a nomination was concurred in that encountered his opposition. But ultimately more moderate counsels prevailed, and he abated somewhat of the rigor of his mandates. Some of Mr. Tyler's appointments were rejected without adequate cause, and many Democrats were thrown out on account of their political opinions, the Whigs insisting upon stamping with their reprobation any evidences of an understanding between Mr. Tyler and their party adversaries; but generally suitable nominees were confirmed by the Senate, unless friends of the majority were removed to make way

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for them. Action was deferred in many instances, much to the mortification of the gentlemen who had conciliated the favor of the President.

At one time John C. Spencer, then Secretary of the Treasury, was before the Senate nominated as Justice of the Supreme Court in place of Smith Thompson, deceased, and David Henshaw, a noted Democrat, of Boston, for Secretary of the Navy. These nominations were held in abeyance for some time, and after a while Spencer and Henshaw became impatient, and sought to ascertain what their fate was to be. George Evans, of Maine, was then one of the most influential members of the Senate; and Albert Smith, who had been in the House of Representatives from the same State, and was then a sort of lobbyist and general agent in Washington, called upon Evans in the hope of gaining some information. He told the Senator that Spencer and Henshaw were concerned about the action of the Senate upon their nominations.

"Naturally so," said Mr. Evans, "and one of them must have sent you to me to inquire?"

"I came at their joint request. And now what shall I tell them?"

"Well, Albert," said the Senator, "you may tell them this story. When the rich Mr. Clapp, of Portland, was at the height of his commercial career, about a dozen vessels loaded with molasses arrived from the West Indies and New Orleans in the course of two or three days. A majority of them were owned by or consigned to Clapp; and the smaller merchants did not dare to sell a gallon of treacle until he had fixed upon a price. After some days it was bruited about that he had sold one of his cargoes. Up comes one of the traders to gather information.

"'So, Mr. Clapp, you've sold the *Juno's* molasses, hain't you?'

"'You heard so down on the wharf, eh?'

"'And they are all anxious to know what price you got.'

"'Umph! sent you up here to find out, didn't they?'

"'Yes, they did. What shall I tell 'em?'

"'Tell 'em you don't know.'"

Smith left the presence rather crest-fallen, and the next week Spencer and Henshaw were both rejected.

POSTMASTER-GENERAL GRANGER.

Francis Granger, the Postmaster-General, was the second son of Gideon Granger, the head of the postal establishment of the country under President Madison. The elder Granger, on being inquired of respecting his family, said he had three sons—"John, my youngest, is the gentleman; Frank is a politician; but Ralph, Sir, is a statesman." And his description was correct throughout. Francis Granger was a gentleman of fair capacity, liberal education, fine personal advantages, being described as "six feet tall, and well-proportioned," and very much in love with himself. He was affable, courteous, and pleasant in his manners, told a capital story, was a good dinner-table orator, apt in retort, and spoke fluently on any subject. But he was always acting, and never lost sight of his own interest. He came into public life in the antimasonic whirlwind, was a candidate for Governor against William L. Marcy, and was nominated for Vice-President with General Harrison in 1836.

His appointment as Postmaster-General was a very proper one, and generally acceptable to the country. He had been a Representative in Congress for some time, and was a member elect when the administration was organized. He liked office and power, and the place suited him exactly. He was a practical politician, a good judge of human nature, and at the head of the Post-office Department, under ordinary circumstances, he would have made it a powerful party instrumentality. When his associates in the cabinet, with the exception of Mr. Webster, threw up their portfolios, he came into the measure with great reluctance; and when his resignation was determined upon as a party necessity, he tendered his commission to the President, hoping he might be requested to remain. But the friends of Mr. Tyler had determined to have an entire change in the executive council; and although Mr. Webster could not be gotten rid of at once, the sweep was made as general as possible.

Mr. Granger, although generally pleasant and obliging in his office, sometimes asserted himself rather ostentatiously, wishing it to be thought that he was no unimportant member of the government. A circumstance illustrating this weakness may be not inappropriately narrated. A gentleman who had been for some time on pleasant personal terms with Mr. Granger, and sympathized with him politically, waited on him at his office to prefer a request.

"Mr. Granger," said he, "I have called to ask a small favor of you."

Mr. Crittenden, the Attorney-General, was present, and Mr. Granger was evidently disposed to show off before him.

"Well, state your case," said he.

"The postmaster in my native town is a Democrat; the emoluments are trifling, not exceeding a hundred and thirty dollars a year. The man is town-clerk, and also keeps a store. There the office is kept. The citizens generally would be glad to have him retained. He is accommodating, and no party advantage would be gained by his removal. He is a personal friend of my father, a worthy man, and I should be greatly obliged if you would allow him to remain."

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In a tone rather supercilious than otherwise, Mr. Granger replied, "I believe I am Postmaster-General!"

The gentleman left the office without another word, incensed and provoked, determined upon having satisfaction. Going directly to the White House, he procured from the President a note to the Postmaster-General, of which the following is a copy:

"SIR,—You will abstain from making any changes in your department in the State of —— without written orders from me. J. TYLER."

Armed with this missive, the gentleman returned to the Post-office Department. Mr. Crittenden was still there. Handing the note to Mr. Granger, the gentleman thus addressed him:

"You said to me, a short time since, Sir, with rather more *empressement* and authority than seemed to be called for, that you were Postmaster-General. I did not gainsay the declaration, but you will perceive, on reading what the President has written, that I have withdrawn the State of —— from your jurisdiction."

As he left the presence Mr. Crittenden followed him out.

"You served Granger just right. But what a rebuke! If he had the spirit of a man, he would resign without one moment's delay."

MR. CALHOUN.

Mr. Calhoun accepted the office of Secretary of State with reluctance, preferring the Senate to the cabinet. But he hoped to accomplish the annexation of Texas, a measure full of importance to the slave interest, and at the same time strike a blow at Mr. Van Buren, whose aspirations for the Presidential succession he regarded with strong feelings of aversion and hostility. With characteristic prescience, Mr. Calhoun foresaw that the acquisition of Texas would be made a test question in the Democratic National Convention, and Mr. Van Buren, as a Northern man, must take ground with the opposition. He had relinquished all hopes of reaching the Presidential chair, but political differences as well as personal rivalry had complicated the relations between these gentlemen; and Mr. Calhoun's anxiety to baffle Mr. Van Buren in the interest of the South was enhanced by his recollection of the circumstances under which that gentleman had supplanted him in the regard of General Jackson. He failed in his original scheme of bringing Texas into the Union. The treaty which he negotiated was rejected in the Senate for want of a two-thirds vote. The plan was modified at his suggestion, the form of a joint resolution being adopted instead of a treaty, and in that way annexation was perfected. But the consummation did not take place until after the election of Mr. Polk, and near the close of Mr. Tyler's administration. Mr. Van Buren was beaten in the Baltimore Convention by the Texas intrigue, Robert J. Walker, Secretary of the Treasury under Mr. Polk, being one of the principal instruments in effecting that result.

Mr. Calhoun was a model of an executive and administrative officer. He was courteous, affable, and considerate to his subordinates. Inflexibly just and honest, he tolerated no irregularity or remissness, and while he exacted implicit obedience and enforced rigid discipline in the department, he was lenient and indulgent to unintentional mistakes. Grave and dignified in the discharge of his duties, with a high sense of personal dignity, and insisting upon all the prerogatives of his office, he was frequently vexed and annoyed by the President's happy-go-lucky mode of performing many of the functions of the Chief Magistrate of the nation, and it required no small amount of dexterity to keep the peace between them, and prevent Mr. Tyler from tumbling over some of the rules and regulations prescribed by the Secretary of State. They were on the verge of a rupture repeatedly, and it was only prevented by assuring the President that Mr. Calhoun would resign unless he was permitted to exercise certain powers that properly pertained to his office. One of the most prominent instances of this kind was in the case of the appointment of Colonel King as minister to France. That gentleman, not being much of a French scholar, had made it a point with Mr. Calhoun that he should take out with him, as secretary of legation, Dr. Martin, a gentleman of fine culture and much experience in diplomacy, who had been in the State Department under Mr. Forsyth. He spoke French like a native, and was well informed in respect to Continental politics. Of course he was just the man to supplement the deficiencies of Colonel King, and his appointment was made a *sine qua non*, both by that gentleman and Mr. Calhoun. The President had partially promised the place to a personal friend, and was strongly disinclined to yield the point. Here was perplexity and embarrassment enough to task the ingenuity of the most expert negotiator. Mr. Tyler was unusually tenacious, insisting that as he had allowed the secretary to appoint King, it was an ungracious thing to interfere with his plan of gratifying a worthy gentleman whom he was anxious to oblige. There was a dead lock for several days, Mr. Calhoun being determined to resign, and Colonel King equally determined to throw up the appointment, unless the President gave way. He fumed and swore in true Virginia style, changed his mind two or three times while considering the question, and finally sent Dr. Martin's name to the Senate.

It has been stated that Mr. Calhoun had

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a high sense of the proprieties of his position and the dignity of a cabinet office. Take a single case by way of illustration. A bank in Mississippi or Alabama had been robbed of a large sum of money, with which the villain had escaped to England. An officer of the bank, armed with the necessary papers, was dispatched abroad to arrest the robber. On his way he came to Washington, in hopes of obtaining some facilities that might forward the object of his enterprise. It was suggested to him that if he could get appointed bearer of dispatches to London, the real object of his expedition might be concealed, and the robber thrown off his guard. A gentleman on familiar terms with Mr. Calhoun applied for dispatches in behalf of a friend on the eve of sailing for Europe. Always courteous and obliging, the secretary said although he had nothing to send of sufficient importance to justify the payment of the usual compensation, still, if the gentleman wished for the facility in traveling and the social advantages conferred by the appointment, he would have a package made up, with which he would intrust him. In this way he might enjoy all the privileges resulting from a more formal appointment. Quite elated at his easy success, and not content to let well enough alone, the emissary acquainted the secretary with the object the bank officer had in view in going abroad. "My dear Sir," said Mr. Calhoun, "I am surprised at your indiscretion. It is mere thoughtlessness, I know; but it is strange that it should not have occurred to you that the State Department can not assist in thief-taking. Dispatches can not be given for any such purpose." The gentleman was taken all aback, but presently recovering himself, assured Mr. Calhoun that he intended no disrespect, nor was he at all aware of the impropriety of his request. Always feeling and kind-hearted, he set the young man at his ease at once, offering to appoint him bearer of dispatches if he fancied a trip to Europe.

When the steamer *Michigan* was lying at Erie, preparatory to being put in commission on the lakes, Mr. Pakenham, then representing the British government at Washington, made a formal protest against the measure, alleging that it would be an infraction of the Treaty of 1814. That convention contained a provision in which it was mutually agreed between the high contracting parties that no armed vessel should be put upon the waters that divided the United States from Canada carrying more than one gun. It was suspected by the Secretary of State that the Canadian government had been in the constant virtual violation of that agreement throughout the patriot troubles, and I was directed to visit the principal ports in Canada and ascertain what had been the practice of the government. And I was specially instructed to look in upon an obscure harbor on Lake Huron, or Lake Manitoulin, an arm of Lake Huron, where a naval station was understood to have been established, and where a large armed steamer called the *Rhadamanthus* was said to be lying.

Visiting Quebec, Montreal, Kingston, Prescott, and Toronto, I gathered facts enough to shut the mouth of Mr. Pakenham, and reaching Mackinac, wrote a report, which was forwarded to the State Department. A copy was sent to the British legation. The protest was withdrawn, and I presume the correspondence has never been reopened.

Probably the popular estimate or impression of the moral and social characteristics of Mr. Calhoun was more mistaken than that of any other conspicuous man in the country. He was regarded as a sort of abstraction—a cold formalist, without tenderness of feeling or warmth of heart—a designing, ambitious man, whose aspirations for power and schemes of aggrandizement so absorbed him as to chill his natural affection and unfit him for domestic life. In respect to his intellectual structure the country had fallen into no such fundamental error. It was supposed that his heretical notions of government and some of his fanciful theories were supported with ingenious sophistry, but his vast powers of mind and great public services were generally recognized. The truth is, he was not only a more purely intellectual man than any of his contemporaries, but in private life he was genial, courteous, and affectionate, with the playfulness and simplicity of a child. In the company of ladies and young people of both sexes he was one of the most interesting and charming men in the world. He was always natural, cordial, and earnest, and adapted his conversation to the taste and capacity of those who surrounded him with exquisite tact and grace. He was never demonstrative or voluble in society, but even Mr. Clay himself was no greater favorite than Mr. Calhoun with those who knew and appreciated him. Unlike Mr. Clay, he was patient of contradiction, and invited the most critical examination of his doctrines and opinions, confident of his ability to uphold them against all comers. He was fond of metaphysics, and in the acuteness and subtlety of his mind he had no equal among his contemporaries. Probably he more resembled Mr. Jefferson in that respect than any other man of his day. His style, both as an orator and writer, was terse and condensed to a degree rarely equaled. He was the most difficult man to report in Congress. He spoke with extraordinary fluency and rapidity, at times uttering short, pregnant sentences that had the force of a round shot, and then running into a prolonged and involved sentence that required a sharp man to follow and comprehend. He was always courteous in debate, never mingling personality with argument unless in repelling injurious imputations.

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He was generous, catholic, and placable; and when Mr. Clay made what he announced to be his farewell speech in the Senate in 1843–44, Mr. Calhoun, who had never been reconciled to him after their great conflict in 1838, gave way to his feelings and shed tears like a woman; while Colonel Benton, who was at daggers drawn with Mr. Clay most of the time, remained unmoved, manifesting no more emotion than if he had been made of cast iron—and this, too, when Mr. Clay tendered him the olive-branch.

Mr. Calhoun was liberal, generous, and appreciative in estimating the capacity and usefulness of his contemporaries in public life. His judgment was not disabled by political differences or personal dislike. He awarded the meed of admiration and praise to which they were entitled, while his insight, knowledge of men, and wonderful discrimination qualified him to discern the foibles of friends as well as adversaries. He had an exalted opinion of the ability of Mr. Wright as a legislator, and spoke of his great power in the Senate, while he accurately gauged the defects in his moral organization. After the nomination of Mr. Polk in 1844, and the array of the opposing forces, Mr. Clay having been made the candidate of the Whig party by acclamation, Mr. Calhoun inquired of me as to the prospect in New York, and what course the friends of Mr. Van Buren might be expected to take in the canvass. He foresaw that the election was to turn upon New York, and the result might be determined by the action of Mr. Wright and his supporters. I told him that Mr. Wright would be constrained to run for Governor in order to save the State for the Democratic ticket. This he thought incredible, expressing himself in the following emphatic language: "Mr. Wright's place is in the Senate. He wields a power there that few men can contend against. He has a logical mind, thoroughly understands the business of legislation, and leads a majority of the body with a degree of tact and skill unsurpassed in the history of Congress. He is an adroit advocate of other men's measures, but without power of origination. With Mr. Van Buren for a leader, he is almost irresistible; thrown upon his own resources, he is sure to fail. If his party compels his services in another sphere, the disappointment of his friends will be signal and utter."

The result demonstrated his far-sighted sagacity. The nomination of Mr. Wright secured the election of Mr. Polk; but he was defeated, when nominated for re-election, by a man every way his inferior, and he retired to private life, disappointed and unhappy, to die prematurely at his home in St. Lawrence.

South Carolina returned Mr. Calhoun to the Senate upon his retirement from the cabinet of President Tyler. His health soon became impaired, and he came to Washington in 1850 a broken-down man. But his interest in public affairs continued with unabated force. I saw him frequently while he was confined to his lodgings. The critical condition of the country gave him great uneasiness, and his forebodings were gloomy and despondent. His mind was as luminous as ever, and he discoursed upon the troubles which he saw were impending with the wisdom of a sage and the spirit of a patriot. He said he regarded the dissolution of the Union, which he apprehended, as the heaviest blow that could be struck at civilization and representative government. But, with a strange perversity, he insisted that nullification was the only remedy for existing evils. He said it was a protection to the minority, threatened with destruction by the aggressions of an overwhelming majority.

He died at Hill's boarding-house, the old Capitol building, still standing near the public grounds east of the site of the present Capitol. The day after his death Mr. Bullitt and myself called at the house to gather some particulars for a notice of the deceased to be published in the *Republic*. The scene was a sad and impressive one. His friends loved him as a great and good man, and they held him in that kind of reverence in which a chieftain is regarded by his clan. There were at least a dozen of them collected in a room adjacent to that in which his remains reposed. The most conspicuous among them were Judge Butler, a Senator from South Carolina; Mr. Hunter, of Virginia, afterward Confederate Secretary of State; and Mr. Venable, of North Carolina. They all spoke with bated breath, in low tones, evidently feeling that their party and the South had lost a champion whose place must ever remain unfilled.

CALHOUN AND CLAY.

The most remarkable controversial discussion that ever occurred in Congress took place in the Senate in 1838, between Mr. Clay and Mr. Calhoun. The Webster and Hayne debate was more important as illustrating the structure and policy of the government, but it consisted almost entirely of a great exhaustive constitutional argument, in which there was only a slight infusion of personality, while the combat of Messrs. Clay and Calhoun was in the nature of a personal altercation. There were attack and retort, crimination and recrimination, and charges of inconsistency and tergiversation. The debate ran through several days, and the conduct of the antagonists was made the subject of criticism and censure during the whole period of their public lives. It was a conflict of giants. They were unlike in the structure of their minds,

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and habits of thought and action. In fact, there was hardly a point in which they resembled each other; but they were not badly matched nevertheless. Mr. Calhoun had the advantage of superior culture, more severe training, and finer logical faculties. In power of analysis and generalization he was not surpassed by any of his contemporaries. He spoke with great fluency, in the choicest language, stated his propositions clearly, was apposite and copious in illustration, careful and precise in his facts, and his reasoning was convincing and invincible. His premises admitted, there was no escape from his conclusions. It was only by demonstrating the fallacy of his propositions that he could be overcome. He was profound as a metaphysician, inclined, perhaps, to undue refinement in presenting his case, and sometimes ran into sophistry when hardly pushed in an argument. He never indulged in personality, unless it became necessary in repelling assaults upon his conduct or character, and was studiously respectful and courteous in his bearing.

Mr. Clay differed from him in almost every respect. He was intolerant and aggressive, delighting in gladiatorial combats, and mingling personal imputations with argument, and striving to overwhelm an antagonist by accumulating accusations and disparaging allusions to the unworthiness of his motives. In denunciation and vituperation he was unsparing and merciless. His armory was filled with all the weapons available in sarcasm and ridicule, and no man better understood the advantage of depreciating his adversary's character while he assailed his public conduct. His oratory was almost faultless, his manner fascinating, his voice full of melody, and he always spoke in a confident, positive tone, impressing one with a conviction that he must be in the right. He never hesitated in the use of words, although his knowledge of the weight and value of language was not so thorough as to give his diction that grace and perfection which distinguished the speeches of Mr. Webster or Mr. Calhoun. Mr. Clay was always clear, perspicuous, and forcible, but he was defective in early culture, and hence his most finished utterances lacked that rare felicity always exhibited by his great rivals. Messrs. Webster and Calhoun were always argumentative and parliamentary, confining themselves to the subject under discussion. Mr. Clay was often rambling in his argument, mixing up invective with his examination of the reasoning of his opponent.

The controversy between Mr. Clay and Mr. Calhoun grew out of the change of the relations of the latter with the Democratic party. He had co-operated with Messrs. Clay and Webster in opposing the administration of General Jackson, and his powerful assistance had frequently enabled the Whigs to baffle the strong will and determined purposes of Old Hickory. At the extra session in 1837 Mr. Calhoun espoused the side of the administration. Parties were nearly balanced in Congress, and the influence of Mr. Calhoun was sufficient to turn the scale against his recent allies. Naturally his defection was warmly resented by the Whigs; and Mr. Clay, as the mouth-piece of the party, prepared himself for a vigorous assault upon Mr. Calhoun, and only waited for a suitable occasion to begin the attack. In February Mr. Calhoun made an elaborate speech in favor of Mr. Van Buren's recommendation of the sub-treasury scheme. Much of it was necessarily a repetition of what he had said in the previous September at the extra session, and Mr. Clay had fully considered his positions and arguments in the intermediate time. And then he was always ready for a prompt reply. In fact, his forte lay in instant, extemporaneous retort; still he waited four days before making his onslaught upon Mr. Calhoun. He appreciated the power of his antagonist, and was fully aware that it was a battle in which no quarter was to be given or asked. Never in his whole public career had he so thoroughly prepared himself for the contest. He had not only carefully considered the matter of his speech, but, what was unusual with him, he had framed in advance many of the sentences in which he intended to convey his stinging reproaches. It was the most elaborate and finished effort of his life. Many of his happiest and most effective productions were spontaneous, impromptu, suggested by the occasion, and delivered under the inspiration of the moment. There was not a man among his contemporaries who could so safely rely upon his own resources, and trust himself in attack or defense with so little preparation. But in this case he surveyed the whole ground carefully, knowing that he had no common antagonist to cope with, and determined to avail himself of all the advantages of premeditation, research, and reflection. The argumentative portion of the speech, addressed to the measure under consideration, and appealing to the reason, intelligence, and good sense of the Senate, was very able, and, so far as the case admitted, conclusive and unanswerable.

But it was in the impeachment of Mr. Calhoun's public conduct as a man of consistency, sound judgment, and statesmanlike views that Mr. Clay put forth, and in the most effective form, his remarkable powers. He portrayed Mr. Calhoun's career for twenty years, bringing the history down to the extra session in 1837, omitting no important feature, and dwelling with great force and severity upon his desertion of the cause which he had supported with so much zeal and ability. Mr. Calhoun felt most sensibly the assaults of his great antagonist; and al-

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though generally prompt and always skillful in reply, he determined to speak at his leisure, and after full deliberation upon all the circumstances of the case. He arose when Mr. Clay sat down, but simply to announce that at some future time he should make such a reply as was called for by the nature of the attack.

It was nearly three weeks before the discussion was renewed. Mr. Calhoun's oration was a masterpiece, pronounced by Colonel Benton, no partial judge, one of the finest specimens of argumentative eloquence ever heard in the Senate. His justification of his public life was complete and overwhelming. Mr. Clay rejoined instantly, and with characteristic vehemence, retorting the sarcasm which Mr. Calhoun had mingled with his statements of fact. There were several more sharp passages between them, the exciting debate ending finally in a spirit of courtesy and amicable feeling.

The controversy broke out again on a new point soon after, and was conducted with so much personal bitterness as to put an end to all personal relations between them, and this state of things continued until Mr. Clay resigned his seat in 1842, and took leave of the Senate in a speech of great pathos and beauty, when Mr. Calhoun, overcome by his feelings, tendered his hand to the retiring Senator, and the reconciliation was complete.

THE JUDICIAL RECORD OF THE LATE CHIEF JUSTICE.

ON the opening of the Supreme Court of the United States, December 7, 1864, in the course of some remarks in reply to resolutions of respect for the memory of the late Chief Justice Taney, read by James M. Carlisle, Esq., a life-long friend, Mr. Justice Wayne, then senior Associate Justice of the court, thus referred to the deceased in connection with his predecessor: "As his predecessor, our great Marshall, had been, he was made Chief Justice, having but recently held high political office. Both were leaders in support of the administration of which they had been cabinet officers."

It is remarkable how aptly this language will apply to Chief Justice Chase. The same may be said of him without modification. And the parallel may extend still further as to all of them, and state what at first thought would seem to be an extraordinary fact—that neither of them ever sat upon the bench until elevated to the Chief Justiceship. But in view of the great distinction which they each gained in that position, notwithstanding their previous lack of judicial service, it may perhaps be regarded as a question of some moment whether in the selection of persons for high judicial appointment care should not be taken to choose those who are not only eminent jurists as recognized by the profession, but who unite with that primary qualification those other public experiences and popular acquirements which can not fail to give additional breadth and scope to judicial decision, and lend the attractions of superior grace and culture to the judicial character. It is true there is a prejudice in the profession—and it is a wholesome one—against placing politicians on the bench. Daniel Webster once declared that he would have no one on the bench who was not always and altogether a judge. And there are many lawyers of to-day who concur in this sentiment. But is it the correct view? Would those who entertain it have objected to Webster himself as a candidate for judicial honors? Are there any to dispute that could he have been prevailed upon to accept the Chief Justiceship, his judicial record would have been more luminous for his vast experience in the forum of constitutional debate and in the administration of public law as Secretary of State? In other words, who will deny that Webster's great mind was more and more expanded from year to year, and his gigantic intellect still daily extended in its proportions and in its power, by the opportunities for contact and contest with other great intellects of the country and of the world afforded him by his Senatorial career and the duties of the Foreign Office? To deny this would be unreason, because a contradiction of the whole theory of mental development as admitted and established by the testimony of every known intelligence. How, then, shall any one say that he who is in all respects a great jurist will not be a greater man, and hence a greater judge, if superadded to his advanced proficiency in the law he be given all those other accomplishments with which the exercise of his abilities in public life will clothe him? Any other rule would lead to the anomalous conclusion that knowledge and experience do not impart wisdom, and, by a parity of reason, to the absurd hypothesis that the more a man knows the less he is qualified for responsible office. Where, then, is the ground for prejudice against a great lawyer as a judge because he has become greater than a great lawyer by acquiring the qualifications of a statesman? But further discussion of this subject would seem idle; and without assigning additional grounds for the belief that increase of knowledge is the exaltation of the mind and the endowment of wisdom, it will be maintained as sound judgment, founded alike in reason and experience, that a great jurist who has had the opportunity and ability to

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achieve distinction in the field of statesmanship, and has thus enlarged his views of the functions of government and its relations to society, and gained a broader knowledge of the attributes and office of the law, is thereby further recommended for the bench, and entitled to claim special merit and fitness; and that exclusion from the bench for political reasons should extend only to *mere* politicians, whose public reputations are in no part founded upon or owing to any distinction at the bar or in the lore and science of the law, and not to those who are equal to the greatest as jurists, and wise over all as statesmen.

An unanswerable argument, derived from experience, in favor of this position is the judicial record of the three Chief Justices whose names have been mentioned. They were all, when appointed, politicians; or, to use the word in its higher acceptation, they were all statesmen, without other than professional reputations as jurists. Yet neither of them was ever excelled in those rare qualities which distinguish the great judge, nor exceeded in the high attainments which are his qualification. Learned in the law they were, and equally learned in politics, in literature, and in the sciences. Without the first accomplishment they would not have consented to accept the place, and without the others they would not have shone so conspicuously in it. The great reputations they earned as judges were, without doubt, due, more than to all other causes, to their profound knowledge of the world, and practical acquaintance with the details of government, obtained in the public service as representatives of the people, and as officers and ministers of state. In the various political stations which they filled they acquired that intimate knowledge of the workings of our complex system of government, of the relations of the several co-ordinate branches to each other, and of the whole to the States which compose it, which enabled them as judges so to adjust the net-work of the fabric—the law—and so to apply its spirit as to harmonize the parts of the system, and give effect to all those constitutional checks and balances which were devised and intended by the framers to produce and secure a proper equilibrium of power, and thus insure duration—the primary object of all government.

And it is owing to the general deficiency in such public knowledge on the part of the judges of the inferior courts, both State and Federal, that we have the frequent conflict of jurisdiction between the authorities they respectively represent, from which the Union has suffered so much in the past, and has so much to fear in the future. On the one hand, a Federal question is not recognized where it exists; and, on the other hand, one is seen where it does not exist. Jurisdiction is assumed and exercised in both cases, judgment is entered, and the result is a certain clash in the execution, if the right has a champion, and, if not, the inevitable enforcement of error. The judges are, in many instances, remarkable only for their unfitness, and seem to have no conception that the petty issues of their obscure tribunals form part of a vast system of jurisprudence which, in some form and in some degree, is affected by their determinations, but proceed as if their jurisdiction was independent and final, and their decisions direct emanations from the fountain of justice.

Never was a man, with or without judicial training, assigned a more difficult trust, at a more critical period, than was confided to the late Chief Justice by his appointment as head of the judiciary of the United States. And few have brought to the performance of grave judicial duty higher discretion and firmness, greater ability and moderation, or serener self-possession than did he. These enabled him from the first to fulfill promptly every requirement of the position, and to bear himself as one accustomed to its restraints. He was at home in the traditional gown from the day he took his seat, and his manner was as of one "always and altogether a judge."

Although Mr. Chase had never claimed great distinction as a lawyer, he had for many years been regarded as an able jurist by those acquainted with his professional career and competent to judge. And being endowed with physical strength equal to his mental energy, he was no sooner commissioned than he entered upon the work of preparation with all the application of which he was capable, and with a firm resolution to do honor to the place, rather than to be honored by it. With this determination he studied the best models of judicial style, familiarized himself with any principle of law his practice had not encountered, and mastered the practice, rules, and decisions of the tribunal over which he was to preside. And so well did he accomplish the task that the bar of the court and his brethren on the bench were astonished to find his opinions at once, as one of the latter has expressed it, "models of judicial excellence." His knowledge of every department of the law was discovered to be deep and profound, and his acquaintance with precedents wide as the range of decisions. This was early remarked—so early that one year after his accession, when the writer of this paper first became familiar with the affairs of the court, the fact was already the wonder of the profession, and the exclamation of his late political associates.

It is clear, from a close comparison of styles, that, unless nature endowed them with such similar mental organizations as to beget in their minds like processes of reasoning, his

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immediate predecessor, Chief Justice Taney, was his chosen model, and that from habitual study of his works he imbibed from him a manner of judicial composition strikingly identical. There is in their judicial writings the same succinct statement of facts, the same directness in dealing with the main question in a case, and care to avoid irrelevant and immaterial matters suggested in the argument. There is the same skill in grouping, and order in arranging the subjects of discussion, and the same faculty of marshaling conclusions so that they swell and increase in momentum as the opinion proceeds, and culminate in convincing logic as it concludes. There is the same elegance of diction, force of expression, and ease and grace in passing from subject to subject. There is the same concentration, the same precision and power, and a like absence of abruptness, coarseness, and incongruity. There is no assertion, no declamation, no prolixity, but, in brief, the presence and absence of every thing required to make their opinions exact parallels of judicial completeness and intellectual mastery.

It is not claimed that this eminent jurist was his special study, admiration, and example because he did not find great excellence elsewhere—for to do so would be to do injustice to his estimate of others, and violence to truth—but because Mr. Taney's terse, unimaginative style peculiarly recommended itself to his taste as a forcible and compact form of expression for judicial utterances, better adapted to the uses of reason and logic than the more rhetorical and embellished forms. Marshall was also an ideal of his of what a judge should be; but his more elaborate and metaphorical style had not the sympathetic charm for him which he found in the simple, synthetic sentences of Taney, and which are so remarkably reproduced in his own writings.

Soon after Mr. Chase's appointment he remarked to a friend that he was to take the place left vacant by Marshall and Taney, and referred to them as two of the greatest judges the world had yet produced, adding that he should have to be a hard student to acquit himself creditably as their successor. But that he has acquitted himself so well, and with such distinction as will give his friends no cause to fear in this behalf, while it will give his own successor ground for apprehension lest there shall be too great a contrast in the records of the two incumbencies, is beyond doubt; and this fact should have great weight with our good President when casting about for the proper qualifications with which to fill the place. No other position in the country bears any relation to this in importance, as the great respect of the people for the office and their reliance upon the court attest; and if there be those who would assume it unhesitatingly, without distrust of their abilities, they are, of all others, the very persons who are not competent to its duties. The country has already suffered too much from a lamentable, humiliating, and dangerous lack of character, capacity, and integrity on the bench; and it is shown by experience that these failings commonly go together, and are to be found associated in the same person. And of the two, the failure of judicial integrity is least to be feared, for it is readily detected, and is always guarded against; but a lack of capacity is the more to be dreaded, because, unless absolutely disqualifying, it is never remedied, and constantly weakens and discredits the canons of the law.

Concise language and perspicuity in the statement of premises and conclusions were the glory of the common-law jurists, and have immortalized many names in the annals of judicature. And these excellences of style and brevity should be the emulation of those in our country who are charged with the interpretation and application of statutory enactments, in the administration of which there is much room for misapprehension and miscarriage, because of the great diversity of subjects for adjudication. But there seems to be little effort on the part of a great majority of our judges to acquire those virtues of accuracy and explicit enunciation which characterized and still adorn English jurisprudence; and the consequence is that it is an every-day occurrence in our courts to find opposing counsel citing the same case as an authority in support of antagonistic theories, because its points are so carelessly put and its conclusions so loosely drawn that they can not be understood, and may be construed to meet the necessities of counsel at pleasure. This is a shame to the profession which produces the bench, and to the bench, which, in turn, educates the profession. And to effect improvement in the courts of original jurisdiction it is in the highest degree essential that the appellate tribunals, and especially those of last resort, shall furnish models for their study, instruction, and elevation.

In view of all this, is it possible to conceive of higher responsibility than devolves upon him who is charged with the duty of appointing judicial officers? There is some excuse for the people, under the elective system, if they fail to secure the best men for the bench; for they are not fitted to judge of the qualifications of candidates and to choose between them; and if they were, there is no adequate opportunity for conference in respect of public matters open to the mass of electors. And this is probably the secret of the judicial incompetency, grossness, and corruption which prevail in many of our large cities. But there is no apology proper to be offered for the elevation of other than the most eminent ability and unquestioned

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purity to the bench, where the selection is confided to an intelligent Executive. He has at command the means of ascertaining all the necessary facts touching the fitness of those whose qualifications are considered, and need not fail in his duty to the public.

When Mr. Chase entered upon the duties of Chief Justice the country was in the crisis of its existence. The Union was threatened with destruction by the attempted withdrawal of several of its members, whose people maintained that the Constitution was a compact for purposes of security against a foreign foe only, and was not a voluntary bond on the part of the States to enforce their own *involuntary* adherence to the general government. And whether the power which had been assumed and exercised by the legislative and executive branches to coerce the seceding States, and to preserve the integrity of the Union by force, was lodged in the government by virtue of any provision or intendment of the Constitution, was yet to be authoritatively declared by the other co-ordinate branch. Preceding and following this was a multiform variety of other questions, preliminary and resultant, scarcely less important, raised by the war, which the developments of peace had never evolved for adjudication, and which were then pressing at the bar of the court for that final determination which was to establish a memorable page of precedents for the future government of the country and guidance of the world. Among the earliest of these was a long list of prize and other cases, presenting every class of questions which could proceed from a condition of civil war, in which the Chief Justice rendered a series of decisions which alone would have placed him in the front rank of jurists, and insured a meed of fame falling to the lot of few judges, and sufficient to fill the measure of an honorable ambition.

In his second year the great Milligan case was decided, although the formal opinions were not delivered until the commencement of the next term.

Milligan, a citizen of Indiana, was arrested, tried, and convicted by military commission of conspiring against the government, and sentenced to be hung on the 19th of May, 1865. *Habeas corpus* was issued, and the Circuit Court divided in opinion on the questions presented, and certified them to the Supreme Court for answer. Mr. Justice Davis delivered the opinion of the court, which, by its conservative character and spirit, gave him the prominence he attained as a candidate for the Presidency before the Cincinnati Convention. It was, in substance, that a person who is a resident of a loyal State, where he is arrested, who was never a resident of any State engaged in rebellion, nor connected with the military or naval service, can not be regarded as a prisoner of war; nor, even when the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus* is suspended, be tried (the courts being open) otherwise than by the ordinary courts of law. The constitutional guaranty of trial by jury is intended for a state of war as well as for a state of peace; and military commissions, organized during the late war in a State not invaded and not engaged in rebellion, in which the Federal courts are open and in the proper and unobstructed exercise of their judicial functions, had no jurisdiction to try, convict, or sentence for any criminal offense a citizen who was neither a resident of a rebellious State, nor a prisoner of war, nor a person in the military or naval service. *And Congress could not invest them with any such power.*

To all of this the Chief Justice assented, except as to the declaration that it was not in the power of Congress to authorize such a commission to do such an act at such a time, and except as to the conclusion that when the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus* is suspended there are no cases in which trial and punishment by military commission, in States where civil courts are open, may be authorized by Congress. In a dissenting opinion as to these particulars, citing the case of Indiana as a military district and an invaded State, he said:

"We can not doubt that in such a time of public danger Congress had power under the Constitution to provide for the organization of a military commission, and for trial by that commission of persons engaged in the conspiracy. The fact that the Federal courts were open was regarded by Congress as a sufficient reason for not exercising the power; but that fact could not deprive Congress of the right to exercise it. Those courts might be open and in the unobstructed exercise of their functions, and yet wholly incompetent to avert threatened danger, or to punish, with adequate promptitude and certainty, the guilty conspirators.

"In Indiana the judges and officers of the courts were loyal to the government. But it might have been otherwise. In times of rebellion and civil war it may often happen, indeed, that judges and marshals will be in active sympathy with the rebels, and courts their most efficient allies."

Mr. Justice Davis had said in his opinion that civil liberty and this kind of martial law could not endure together—that they were in irreconcilable antagonism, and in the conflict one or the other must perish; for the nation can not be always at peace, and has no right to expect that it will always have wise and humane rulers, sincerely attached to the principles of the Constitution; and that the time might come when wicked and ambitious men would fill the place once occupied by Washington and Lincoln; and if this right were conceded, and the calamities of war should befall us again, the dangers to human liberty are frightful to contemplate; and that if our fathers had failed to provide against just such a contingency, by rendering it impos-

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sible for an unscrupulous Executive to usurp the government, they would have been false to the trust reposed in them.

Here was a wide difference in judicial opinion on the subject of the distribution and restriction of the powers of government under the Constitution, and upon the question of the sources of danger to the Union, and which very evenly divided the court. The Chief Justice and three associate justices preferred to trust the exercise of a dangerous but necessary power in time of war to the Executive chosen by the whole loyal people, rather than to confide it to the discretion of a sectional tribunal which, in consequence of secret disloyalty, might decline to enforce it. And they believed the framers of the republic had entertained this view, and so constructed the organic law as to give it effect. Mr. Justice Davis and four of his associates saw no such danger of a failure of justice in the courts at such a time as would justify the investiture of the President with arbitrary authority, which was liable at any moment to be unduly exerted; and they believed that the fathers had provided against such executive supremacy. And it remains to be seen by future generations which is correct, the intimation of danger from executive usurpation, or the apprehension of evil from a corrupt or disloyal judiciary; and also, by inference, which of these was the contingency foreseen and provided against by the authors of the Constitution. The decision was on the side of the judiciary; the dissent in favor of the executive. Time only will try the conclusions.

It is interesting to note in a case like this the marked influence of life associations upon the minds even of the best and wisest of men as affecting their judgments through their sympathies. Judge Davis, raised and remaining in the atmosphere of the courts, and further allied to them by a considerable judicial term, was firm in the assertion of civil jurisdiction, and quick to repel attempts at executive encroachment; and long accustomed to combat the assumptions of the political departments, he was naturally distrustful of their tendencies and jealous of their power.

The Chief Justice, although then honoring supreme judicial position, had early entered and late remained in the political departments, and became as fully imbued with their sympathies and aspirations as had Judge Davis with the spirit of the judicial department. It was equally natural, therefore, that while striving to be, and believing himself wholly unbiased, he should respond to kindred impulses, and that regarding his experience in the political departments as best qualifying him to judge of the necessity of extreme measures in conjunctures of extreme peril, and feeling that the decision was a blow to the efficiency of the government, he should be impelled to arraign the principle affirmed by a majority of the court as an insufficient postulate, and to declare his conviction that the wisdom of the founders accorded with this view, and intended that such a power should reside in the executive, and prevail in the emergency of war when the public safety required it. And for the whole of his professional life having suffered defeat at the bar of the courts, by alleged judicial evasion, in attempts to gain recognition of certain political rights, now established by revolution, which he believed to be clearly constitutional, it is not surprising that he should doubt the certain efficiency of the civil judiciary at any time, and for that reason withhold his assent to the proposition that it shall be sole arbiter of justice in time of public danger.

Fresh from the absorbing consultations of the executive council, and conscious of its integrity and devotion to liberty, as tested by his own experience and established by results, he could not permit even its future patriotism to be questioned from the bench, without pointing out to the latter the danger of its own defection. Had it been his good fortune to live to the ripe age of his predecessor and judicial prototype, it is possible, and even probable, that thirty years of term routine would have deadened the old and begotten in him new sympathies, more in harmony with the dull monotony of the bench, but less likely to inspire that wholesome interest in public questions and watchful vigilance of public affairs which preserve the animation and usefulness of the judge, renovating his mind, augmenting his knowledge, and giving strength, vigor, and comprehensiveness to his decisions.

And without some attention to public matters, some interest in current events, there is danger of the approach of that destroying malady of those who would be "altogether judges," which perhaps may be not inaptly termed judicial crystallization — a sort of metempsychosis of the mind by which it passes from the state of personal consciousness and natural sympathies to a condition of morbid abstraction and abnormal devotion, and relinquishing all other aims and aspirations as unworthy, heroically dedicates itself to the perpetual contemplation of judicial ends and essences, as if their proper study required a sacrifice, and they were arbitrary and abstract principles, perfectly ascertained, and to be uniformly applied as contained in the repositories of judicial learning, and were not simply the collected results of human experience, reduced to systems of government and rules of conduct ever undergoing modification and change in the progress of civilization, and to

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be as carefully sought and as profitably studied on the latest pages of the open volume of life, as in the dusty tomes of libraries whose precedents perish with their coverings along the pathway of the generations. Instances of such consecration and absorption are frequent, but the cause is generally misapprehended. That habitual absence of mind which is popularly regarded as an indication of fixed and fathoming thought, is but the listless reverie of mental *ennui* or enervation, proceeding with legitimate certainty from the strain of a mind unrelieved or overwrought in the investigation and exposition of exclusive subjects. Strong, active minds, invigorated by diversified thought, have no such infirmity. And busy men of the world experience no such weakness in grasping the actual of life's concerns. It is the offspring of weariness and apathy, and wherever detected is an evidence of impaired faculties, of diminished powers, of incipient intellectual retroversion. If it would be avoided by the bench, the functions of the judge and the faculties of the man must be equally and evenly exercised, and the senses of the body must be indulged with healthful excitement, even if in direct opposition to the inclinations or prejudices of the mind. The soul draws its inspiration from the senses, which it refines and elevates; and when, in obedience to the behests of virtue, it seeks to gain the ascendency by denying them proper gratification, it does but waste its own vitality, weaken its power over the propensities, and by precipitating psychomachy, destroy all. To preserve *mens sana in corpore sano*, sustain the judge and succor the man, there must be equilibrium of the mental and physical forces, and union of the judicial and personal characters. Where this rule occurs there is true greatness; where it does not, there is chance result.

Following the Milligan case came the scarcely less noted Test Oath cases from Missouri and Arkansas, which resulted in a decision against the validity of such an oath as a means of establishing the fact of loyalty, on the ground that, under the form of creating a qualification or attaching a condition, the States can not in effect inflict punishment for a past act which was not punishable when the act was committed, the court holding the new constitution of Missouri, requiring clergymen to take an oath that they had never given aid or comfort to or sympathized with the rebellion, as a condition precedent to their entering upon the duties of their vocation, and the act of Congress of 1865, prescribing a similar oath to be taken by lawyers before being permitted to practice in the Federal courts, to be in this *ex post facto* in their operation, and void.

In these cases the Chief Justice again took the unpopular side, again leaning to the side of the government, and concurred in an opinion written by Mr. Justice Miller, maintaining that the purpose of the oath prescribed in each case was to require loyalty as a qualification, and not to punish past acts of disloyalty, and that it was therefore within the competency of State authority to impose. And it was said that the *ex post facto* principle which the majority of the court had discovered in the laws to be affected by their decision could "only be found in those elastic rules of construction which cramp the powers of the Federal government when they are to be exercised in certain directions, and enlarge them when they are to be exercised in others." "No more striking example of this could be given," it was added, "than the cases before us, in one of which the Constitution of the United States is held to confer no power on Congress to prevent traitors practicing in her courts, while in the other it is held to confer power on this court to nullify a provision of the constitution of the State of Missouri." Touching the sanctity of the ministerial office, and the inviolability of religious freedom in this country, which had been dwelt upon at length by counsel in the Missouri case, it was said that no restraint had been placed by the Constitution of the United States upon the action of the States in respect of the subject of religion; but that, on the contrary, in the language of Judge Story, "the whole power over the subject of religion is left exclusively to the State governments, to be acted upon according to their own sense of justice and the State constitutions." The majority of the court having held that the pardon of the President relieved the petitioners from all disabilities of whatever character, the dissenting opinion, conceding the fullness of the pardoning power, answered that if the oath prescribed was not a punishment, but merely a requirement of loyalty, as held therein, then the pardon of the President could have no effect to relieve parties from taking it. If it was a qualification which Congress and the States have a right to require, the President could not, by pardon or otherwise, dispense with the law requiring such a qualification.

The writer remembers to have seen the Chief Justice by impatient gestures put away interruptions by officers of the court, and give undivided attention as the Hon. Reverdy Johnson, then a Senator, and now a private citizen, the Hon. M. H. Carpenter, then a private citizen, and now a Senator, and David Dudley Field, Esq., then and now a private citizen, exerted their high powers in behalf of the petitioners in these cases and of the principle involved, and distinctly recalls the expressions of disappointment which fell from counsel when it was known by the decision that he was one of those who sustained the "oath of loyalty" in Missouri, and the "iron-clad oath" in the Federal courts.

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Then came the great question, paramount over all, of the power of the government under the Constitution to preserve itself and maintain the Union by force against the will of the States. Not so important because of the fact of preservation, for that was already accomplished, but because it was to be determined whether the success of the government was the result of the exercise of its legitimate powers, and therefore the triumph of a precious right, or was the chance event of the use of unjust, arbitrary, and oppressive measures, executed by superior force, in violation of the Constitution and the reserved rights of the States, and therefore the consummation of a grievous wrong. And in view of the incalculable effect which the decision of this momentous question, whatever it should be, was to have upon the destinies of man in its influence upon the judgment of the nations of the merits of popular government, it is justly entitled to be regarded as the most superlative question ever presented for the consideration of an earthly tribunal. Its solution was to increase the confidence of the world in the permanence of republican institutions, and accelerate their general adoption by demonstrating that their organization is not inconsistent with strength and stability, or it was to subject them to reproach and repudiation as conferring no protection on the person and property of the citizen, because affording no guaranty of perpetuity. Upon it depended the continuance of our republic as a constitutional government, and upon that contingency depended the further progress of liberty and equality among men. Neighboring monarchies looked on with malignant satisfaction, hoping and expecting to see the last experiment of free government perish forever, and their rulers secretly coalesced to accomplish that result. Patriots every where desponded and freedom languished, while kings and courtiers rejoiced and crowns were reassured.

The collapse of the republic was from the first regarded as certain by its enemies, if not by successful revolution, still as surely by a fatal variance between its several departments, leading to such a departure by the executive from the constitutional interpretations of the judicial branch as would paralyze, and at last destroy it. If, exulted they, the judiciary should hold the Union under the Constitution to be based upon the consent of the States, and that these could withdraw at pleasure and terminate its existence beyond the rightful authority of the Federal power to sustain it by force, and the government should accept that judgment and respect the decision, there is an end of the Union. If the government should disregard the judgment and override the judiciary, it would be but the first step of a series by which it would indubitably glide away from its base and ultimately become the worst form of despotism—a military dictatorship. And if, on the other hand, the judiciary should deny the right of secession, and sanction the course of the political departments, it would be a forced construction of the Constitution, infinitely worse than the forced preservation of the Union without it, amounting to a voluntary abdication of justice, and permitting the final overthrow of liberty by the strong arm of centralization, whose encroachments would in the end result in usurpations more odious and oppressive than monarchy itself.

Thus powers professing to be friendly, but in truth actuated by ill-concealed enmity, prematurely consigned our palladium to anarchy and oblivion in any event, beyond conceivable doubt, and congratulated themselves and the cause of royalty upon the downfall of the American republic and the eternal extinction of the federative principle. But, happily for us and for mankind, the result was different. Before the question was reached by the courts the danger from revolution was passed, and the only solicitude was that the means adopted to save the country should be justified by judicial sanction. And when at last the question was decided, the judiciary upheld the construction placed upon the Constitution by the executive and legislative branches of the government, not in obedience to popular clamor, but on grounds which are unanswerable in any forum, and which command the respect and confidence of Federal and "Confederate" citizens alike. The three departments were in harmony upon the question of the character of the government and the nature of its powers, and in accord as to the means invoked to preserve and enforce them.

The case of Texas *v.* White presented the question in a direct form, and the Chief Justice delivered the opinion of the court, from which we take three consecutive paragraphs of conclusive reasoning, as follows:

"The Union of the States never was a purely artificial and arbitrary relation. It began among the colonies, and grew out of common origin, mutual sympathies, kindred principles, similar interests, and geographical relations. It was confirmed and strengthened by the necessities of war, and received definite form and character and sanction from the Articles of Confederation. By these the Union was solemnly declared to 'be perpetual.' And when these articles were found to be inadequate to the exigencies of the country, the Constitution was ordained 'to form a more perfect Union.' It is difficult to convey the idea of indissoluble unity more clearly than by these words. What can be indissoluble, if a perpetual Union made more perfect, is not?

"But the perpetuity and indissolubility of the Union by no means implies the loss of distinct and individual existence, or of the right of self-government by the States. Under the Articles of Confederation each State retained its sovereignty, freedom, and independence, and every power, jurisdiction, and right not expressly delegated to the United States. Under the Constitution, though the powers of the States were

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much restricted, still all powers not delegated to the United States nor prohibited to the States are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people. And we have already had occasion to remark at this term that 'the people of each State compose a State, having its own government, endowed with all the functions essential to a separate and independent existence,' and that 'without the States in union there could be no such political body as the United States.' (Lane *v.* Oregon.) Not only, therefore, can there be no loss of separate and independent autonomy to the States through their union under the Constitution, but it may be not unreasonably said that the preservation of the States and the maintenance of their governments are as much within the design and care of the Constitution as the preservation of the Union and the maintenance of the national government. The Constitution, in all its provisions, looks to an indestructible Union, composed of indestructible States.

"When, therefore, Texas became one of the United States, she entered into an indissoluble relation. All the obligations of perpetual union, and all the guaranties of republican government in the Union, attached at once to the State. The act which consummated her admission into the Union was something more than a compact; it was the incorporation of a new member into the political body. And it was final. The union between Texas and the other States was as complete, as perpetual, and as indissoluble as the union between the original States. There was no place for reconsideration or revocation, except through revolution or through the consent of the States."

What could be more clear, concise, and convincing than this? How simple the logic! "*What can be indissoluble, if a perpetual union made more perfect, is not?*" How grand the conclusion! "*The Constitution, in all its provisions, looks to an indestructible Union, composed of indestructible States.*"

Thus definitively was the great question settled. And following it a thrill of joy went round the earth. The freest and best country known to man was saved to representative government, redeemed from reproach and justified before the world; and wherever power is prescriptive and rights are prerogative, except as the gifts of princes, there were souls to rejoice. The oppressed in all lands felt that they had still a secure asylum, and republican subjects of Eastern kings and conquerors rapturously saw through the breaking clouds the triumphal arch of Freedom in the West—the bow of promise on the brow of Empire. That there was such an ark of safety for human hopes and happiness as a composite republic, with a constitutional government operating directly upon the people irrespective of sectional limits, entitled to their undivided allegiance, and clothed with adequate power to protect and defend itself against all foes, from within as well as from without, was an annunciation which shook thrones and gladdened continents. The suppressed republicanism of France and Spain asserted itself in answer to this invitation at the first opportunity, and the leagued assault upon the unhappy republic south of us, at a time when the act was deemed safe by reason of our domestic difficulties, was punished, and the blood and carnage of Maximilian's reign and fall were avenged. The same spirit openly declared itself in the limited and milder monarchy of Britain, and loyal subjects of the crown who had stealthily given aid and comfort to our revolting States, and contributed to the fullest demand toward the success of the rebellion, now tremble at the signs of retribution at home and abroad. And the government which winked at their violations of public law, and connived with them to break the shield of democracy in America, and prop the crumbling dynasties of Europe, now shrinks with dismay from the contemplation of republican progress on the soil of sceptres, and hopes to stay the tide of revolution by encouraging still further contributions in the interest of monarchy, to sustain the armies of the Carlists in the field, and the agents of the Bourbons in the forum.

Such are the fruits of our triumph. For who believes that had the rebellion succeeded, and our Union been dissolved, there would have been any tidings of republicanism in Europe to-day? No one. On the contrary, it was and is the universal assent that the overthrow of the government of the United States would silence its advocates, stifle its principle, and rob the world of refuge and freedom of a home for centuries to come.

The next case of general interest, in point of time, was one of the first importance to the people of the South, involving as it did their entire business and social relations, by jeopardizing civil contracts made while subjected to Confederate authority. It was the case of Thorington *v.* Smith, from Alabama, determining for its main question whether contracts for the payment of Confederate money, made during the rebellion between parties residing in the Confederate States, could be enforced in the Federal courts. The Chief Justice delivered the opinion of the court, and in the course of it, after defining the Confederate government as one of paramount force, said:

"It seems to follow as a necessary consequence from the actual supremacy of the insurgent government as a belligerent within the territory where it circulated, and from the necessity of civil obedience on the part of all who remained in it, that this currency must be considered in courts of law in the same light as if it had been issued by a foreign government temporarily occupying a part of the territory of the United States. Contracts stipulating for payment in this currency can not be regarded, for that reason only, as made in aid of the foreign invasion in the one case or of the domestic insurrection in the other. They have no necessary relations to the hostile government, whether invading or insurgent. They are transactions in the ordinary course of civil society, and though they may indirectly and remotely promote the ends of the unlawful government, are without blame, except when proved to have been entered into with actual intent to further invasion or insurrection. We can not doubt that such contracts should be enforced in the courts of the United States, after the restoration of peace, to the extent of their just obligation."

Thus the necessary dealings of the people over whom the Confederate States exerted

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government were sustained, the obligations of contract left unimpaired, and a conclusion avoided which would have overturned all titles and destroyed all ownership at the South, and seriously have disturbed the well-being of society.

Public familiarity with the Legal Tender cases, in consequence of the direct effect of the decision upon all the affairs of the people, renders an extended statement of the points decided unnecessary. In Hepburn *v.* Griswold the Chief Justice delivered the opinion of the court, holding, in effect, that there is no grant of power in the Constitution, express or implied, authorizing Congress to make any description of credit currency a legal tender in payment of debts. These views of the Chief Justice took the country somewhat by surprise, as it was generally supposed that the Legal Tender act was his special measure, as a financial necessity, when Secretary of the Treasury. And in the subsequent cases of Knox *v.* Lee and Parker *v.* Davis, overruling this decision (the court being differently constituted), Mr. Justice Strong, who delivered the opinion, after holding substantially that the power to issue legal tenders exists, because such notes may at any time become a necessity to the end of preserving the government, adverted to Mr. Chase's agency in their issue, in this instance, thus:

"It is an historical fact that many persons and institutions refused to receive and pay those notes that had been issued, and even the head of the Treasury represented to Congress the necessity of making the new issues legal tenders, or, rather, declared it impossible to avoid the necessity."

The answer of the Chief Justice to this representation is all in respect of these cases which remains of interest in this connection. It was as follows:

"The reference made in the opinion just read, as well as in the argument at the bar, to the opinions of the Chief Justice, when Secretary of the Treasury, seems to warrant, if it does not require, some observations before proceeding further in the discussion.

"It was his fortune at the time the legal tender clause was inserted in the bill to authorize the issue of United States notes, and received the sanction of Congress, to be charged with the anxious and responsible duty of providing funds for the prosecution of the war. In no report made by him to Congress was the expedient of making the notes of the United States a legal tender suggested. He urged the issue of notes payable on demand in coin, or receivable as coin in payment of duties. When the State banks had suspended specie payments, he recommended the issue of United States notes, receivable for all loans to the United States and all government dues except duties on imports. In his report of December, 1862, he said that 'United States notes receivable for bonds bearing a secure specie interest are next best to notes convertible into coin,' and after stating the financial measures which in his judgment were advisable, he added: 'The Secretary recommends, therefore, no mere paper money scheme, but, on the contrary, a series of measures looking to a safe and gradual return to gold and silver as the only permanent basis, standard, and measure of value recognized by the Constitution.' At the session of Congress before this report was made, the bill containing the legal tender clause had become a law. He was extremely and avowedly averse to this clause, but was very solicitous for the passage of the bill to authorize United States notes then pending. He thought it indispensably necessary that the authority to issue these notes should be granted by Congress. The passage of the bill was delayed, if not jeoparded, by the difference of opinion which prevailed on the question of making them a legal tender. It was under these circumstances that he expressed the opinion, when called on by the Committee of Ways and Means, that it was necessary; and he was not sorry to find it sustained by respected courts, not unanimous indeed, nor without contrary decisions of State courts equally respectable. Examination and reflection under more propitious circumstances have satisfied him that this opinion was erroneous, and he does not hesitate to declare it. He would do so just as unhesitatingly if his favor to the legal tender clause had been at the time decided, and his opinion as to the constitutionality of the measure clear."

This statement of the Chief Justice, which has never before been made public, explains any apparent conflict of view between his financial and judicial opinions, and shows his judgment to have been that the legal tender clause was rather a necessity to the prompt passage of the currency bill than to its successful operation if passed without it; for he says in the course of his opinion that this clause was a confession on the part of the government that the notes would not be received except by compulsion, and that the tendency of such a confession was to depreciate the value of the currency and the credit of the country. The statement also exhibits in the character of the Chief Justice that rare quality of public men, the candor to confess past doubt and indecision when once grounded in judgment and confirmed in opinion by better opportunities for reason and reflection. The pressure of events in public affairs, especially under the circumstances of this case, may well excuse assent without the sanction of judgment by a public officer, when dissent is the exception, and the popular voice demands the concession, the difference of opinion being of less moment than united and immediate action.

An important question following emancipation was upon the validity of prior contracts affecting property in slaves; and the case of Osborn *v.* Nicholson, from Arkansas, disposed of it, with the concurrence of the Chief Justice, in a just and satisfactory manner. The decision was—Mr. Justice Swayne delivering the opinion of the court—that negro slavery having been recognized as lawful at the time and the place of the contract, and the contract having been one which at the time when it was made could have been enforced in the courts of every State in the Union, and in the courts of every civilized country elsewhere, the right to sue upon it was not to be considered as taken away by the Thirteenth Amendment, passed after rights under the contract had become vested, the destruction of vested rights by implication never being presumed.

The case of Clinton *v.* Englebrecht, bring-

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ing to this court for decision the contest between the Territorial and United States marshals in Utah concerning the summoning of juries, establishes an important principle in respect of Territorial organizations, which is of sufficient interest to be set forth here. It was held—the Chief Justice delivering the opinion—that the theory upon which the various governments for portions of the territory of the United States have been organized, has ever been that of leaving to the inhabitants all the powers of self-government consistent with the supremacy and supervision of the national authority, and with certain fundamental principles established by Congress. And the fact that judges of the District and Supreme courts of the Territories are appointed by the President under acts of Congress, does not make the courts which they are authorized to hold "courts of the United States." Such courts are but the legislative courts of the Territory, created in virtue of the clause which authorizes Congress to make all needful rules and regulations respecting the Territories belonging to the United States. Accordingly, jurors summoned for duty therein under the acts of Congress applicable only to courts of the United States created under the article of the Constitution which relates to the judicial power, are wrongly summoned, and a judgment on their verdict, if properly objected to, can not be sustained. This was a victory for the Territorial officers over the marshal of the United States, and even over the judges of the courts—for the latter had sustained the proceedings of the former—and is a judicial enforcement in a modified form of the old-time theory of squatter sovereignty, or of the rights of the settlers in the Territories to manage their own affairs in their own way. And it is said that the "Trustee in Trust of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints" regarded it as sanctioning the right of the people of the Territory to establish such domestic institutions as they choose, including polygamy. But whether it extends to that extremity will better appear in the light of future events.

The last great question in the decision of which the Chief Justice participated was but recently decided, in the Slaughter-House cases from Louisiana, placing a construction upon the Thirteenth and Fourteenth amendments. In those cases it was complained that the Legislature of Louisiana had chartered a slaughter-house company, granting, among other exclusive privileges, for a period of twenty-five years, to seventeen persons, the right to establish and maintain stock-yards, landing-places, and slaughter-houses for the city of New Orleans, at which all stock must be landed, and all animals intended for food must be slaughtered. This charter was attacked as creating a monopoly so effectual as to deprive the butchers of the State of the right to continue the business of their lives, unless they would submit to such terms as might be imposed by the company. And this, it was maintained, was in violation of the Thirteenth Amendment, which forever prohibits slavery and involuntary servitude in the United States; the argument being that the seventeen persons composing the company were the *dominants* of the business monopolized, and the butchers of the State its *servients*, in such a manner and to such a degree as to render them the involuntary subjects and slaves of an artificial person representing the authority of the State. It was in contravention of that provision of the Fourteenth Amendment which declares that "no State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States, nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty, or property without due process of law, nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws."

The opinion of the court, delivered by Mr. Justice Miller, stated in brief, sustained the grant of privilege contained in the charter, under the conditions and limitations imposed, as being a police regulation within the power of the State Legislature, unaffected by the Constitution of the United States previous or subsequent to the Thirteenth and Fourteenth amendments. It was not affected by the Thirteenth Amendment, which refers to and is applicable only to personal servitude and not to servitude attached to property, and had for its direct object the permanent freedom of the negro race. Nor was it affected by the Fourteenth Amendment, which distinguishes between citizenship of the United States and citizenship of the States, and refers only to the privileges and immunities of citizens of the United States, and not to the privileges and immunities of citizens of a State (rights of property, etc.), and was not intended to protect the citizen of a State against the legislation of the State. The objection that the State has deprived the butchers of liberty and property without due process of law was held to be unsound under former judicial interpretations of the Fifth Amendment, which contains a similar prohibition; and the clause prohibiting the States from denying to any person the equal protection of the laws was construed as being intended only for the protection of the negro against partial legislation by the States.

The Chief Justice concurred in a dissenting opinion delivered by Mr. Justice Field, holding, in substance, that the slaughter-house company is an odious monopoly, exceeding the limits of the police power of the State, swallowing up the right to pursue a lawful and necessary calling previously en-

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joyed by every citizen; and that if such exclusive privileges can be granted to seventeen persons, they may, in the discretion of the Legislature, be equally granted to one individual. And if they may be granted for twenty-five years, they may equally be granted for a century, and in perpetuity. Conceding the force of the argument made by counsel for the petitioners under the Thirteenth Amendment, it was not considered necessary to the disposition of the cases in their favor to accept it as entirely correct. But the Fourteenth Amendment was regarded as covering the whole question. It was adopted to obviate objections to the Civil Rights act, and to place the common rights of American citizens under the protection of the national government. A citizen of a State, by virtue of that amendment, is now only a citizen of the United States residing in that State. The fundamental rights, privileges, and immunities which belong to him as a freeman and a free citizen now belong to him as a citizen of the United States, and are not dependent upon his citizenship of any State. They do not derive their existence from State legislation, and can not be destroyed by its power.

Under the Fourth Article of the Constitution, providing that "the citizens of each State shall be entitled to all privileges and immunities of citizens of the United States," no State could create a monopoly in any known trade or manufacture in favor of its own citizens, or any portion of them, which would exclude an equal participation in the trade or manufacture attempted to be monopolized by citizens of other States. And what that clause does for the protection of citizens of one State against the creation of monopolies in favor of citizens of other States, the Fourteenth Amendment does for the protection of every citizen of the United States against the creation of any monopoly whatever. The privileges and immunities of citizens of the United States, of every one of them, wherever resident, are secured against abridgment in any form by a State. The Fourteenth Amendment places them under the guardianship of the national government. All monopolies in any known trade or manufacture are an invasion of these privileges, for they encroach upon the liberty of citizens to acquire property and pursue happiness, and were held void at common law in the great case of Monopolies decided in the reign of Elizabeth. To citizens of the United States every where, all pursuits, all professions, all avocations, are open, without other restrictions than such as are imposed equally upon all others of the same age, sex, and condition; and the Fourteenth Amendment makes it essential to the validity of the legislation of every State that this equality of right shall be respected.

The opinion concludes with an expression of regret that the validity of the legislation in Louisiana—so widely departing from the principle of equality—is recognized by a majority of the court; for by it, it is declared, the right of free labor, one of the most sacred and imprescriptible rights of man, is violated.

A case of some significance, decided at the same time, and, in effect, by the same opinion, was that of Mrs. Bradwell, of Illinois, who sought to be admitted as an attorney in the courts of that State, and was refused by the Supreme Court on the ground that females are not eligible under the laws of the State. The judgment was affirmed here, Mr. Justice Miller delivering the opinion, which held that the right to practice law in the State courts is not a privilege or immunity of a citizen of the United States within the meaning of the Fourteenth Amendment, and that the power of a State to prescribe the qualifications for admission to the bar of its courts is unaffected by that amendment, and this court can not inquire into the reasonableness or propriety of the rules it may prescribe.

Justices Field and Bradley concurred in the judgment, but not for the reasons assigned in the opinion of the court; and Mr. Justice Bradley read an opinion setting forth their views, denying "that it is one of the privileges and immunities of women as citizens to engage in any and every profession, occupation, or employment in civil life."

The Chief Justice dissented from both of these views, but left of record only that fact to attest his own. It is known, however, that he did prepare a written dissent, in which he briefly reviewed the two opinions, and arrived at the conclusion that *no principle was involved in the decision.* The dissent was based upon the same objections to the construction placed upon the Fourteenth Amendment by a majority of the court which were stated by Mr. Justice Field in the Slaughter-House cases. And it was declared that no principle was established by the decision, because it did not touch upon the great social question lying at the foundation of the proceeding—the right of women—under the Constitution of the United States, as amended—to engage generally in the professions and occupations of civil life—but only decided the question of the effect of the Fourteenth Amendment upon the *status* of the petitioner as a citizen of a State.

By this dissent the Chief Justice revealed no new judicial conviction nor political sympathy; but his non-concurrence with Justices Field and Bradley may be considered as equivalent to an assertion of the rights and relations which they denied.

We have now reviewed the leading cases in the record of the late Chief Justice as fully as the purposes of a popular article would

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admit of, referring only to others of almost equal importance which it has been impossible to notice; and it is unhesitatingly submitted to his countrymen that none of his predecessors were ever called upon to consider questions so grave, so pervading and far-reaching in their consequences, as some of those here presented—questions which go to the foundation and structure of the government, and touch its very right to exist; which led to its origin, have attended its progress, and will pursue its future—questions which proceed not alone from union and peace, with which all our judges are more or less familiar, but grow out of the conditions of disunion and war, and affect society and the people in their dearest interests and most sacred rights—those exposed to danger and liable to be trampled upon and extinguished in times of public peril.

It was the great good fortune of the Chief Justice to survive until all the issues of the war were settled, and to participate personally in their determination; and the impartial manner in which he passed upon them—so far as man may be impartial—condemning, as we have seen, in a notable instance, one of the most conspicuous measures of his own administration of a department of the government, is the highest evidence of his devotion to justice and fidelity to the country, and the best illustration of his noble qualities as a freeman intent upon preserving the rights of freemen. *Magistratus indicat virum.*

His opinions will largely control political questions in future republics, and form the chief bulwark of the people in seasons of danger, as they are mainly directed to the discussion and elucidation of principles entering into the civil polity of such governments, and particularly affecting their administration in time of war; and they must necessarily be in many instances, from the peculiar nature of the cases considered, sole precedents in point. They will be cited abroad and studied at home with equal profit to the profession, benefit to the bench, and advantage to the people. And should those who come after him seek a mould in which to cast judicial composition, or a type upon which to form judicial character, they may rest upon his writings, and build upon his virtues. And should ambition further pursue the secret of high career, and ask a chart of judicial life, it may still be pointed to the vacant chair of the Chief Justice, and receive for answer the matchless reply which Euripides relates was made to Zeno by the oracle at Delphi upon his inquiry in what manner he should live—"That question should be addressed to the dead."

Editor's Easy Chair.*

THE scape-grace of a fellow who met his frugal father's expostulations as to the extravagance of his bills with the startling remark that he did not care much for the necessaries of life, but that he could not get along without the luxuries, is a pretty good representative of our age and country. We are not so much concerned about the rough essentials of living as about its comforts, ornaments, and refinements. To keep away hunger and cold, to get food and clothing and shelter enough to hold soul and body together—this is by no means the main difficulty with the mass of our people, surely not with the well-educated and the more favored class. It is the luxuries that give us most concern, and these are growing in number and exaction every year of our lives. This very summer is proof enough of the fact. How many thousands of our men and women have gone to revel in the arts and refinements of Europe, and to bring home with them the silks and laces, the velvets and broadcloth, the jewels and bronzes, the pictures and statues, with not a few of the follies and vices, of the Old World! How many hundreds of thousands more have gone to the watering-places of our own country, or upon rounds of home travel, with far more regard to excitement and pleasure, to display of dress and equipage, to the demands of fashion, and to the prospects of ambitious alliance, than to simple health and recreation, wholesome quiet and good companionship! The most significant aspect of the season, however, looks to what our young people have been doing in their long vacation, and to the feelings and ideas with which they are now coming back to school and college. Probably more children and youth have been having a good time this summer than any season before. Our schools, academies, and colleges were never, on the whole, so generous in the respite from study, and even the poorest children of our great cities have had some share of frolic upon the water and in the fields. All have been enjoying themselves more or less, and a large number of them have been spending a great deal of money in fun and finery. It is not well to make long faces at their merriment, for there is none too much joy, on the whole, among us, whether with the young or the old. But certainly the matter is taking such large dimensions that it deserves our earnest thought. While we are giving so much time and money to what is called the pleasing and refined side of life, it is best to understand a little better what is really pleasant and fine. It will probably be found that we fall short of what is truly fine in our passion for finery, and we fail to win real enjoyment in our greediness for new sensations.

Our artists come in for their part of the lesson, and the scores of painters who have gone to the sea-shores, the rivers, and the mountains, to sketch Nature in her choicest scenes and moods,

* Contributed by Dr. Samuel Osgood.

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ought to be regarded as a portion of the literary class, and as bound not only to bring home pleasant sketches of scenery, but to help us out in giving to our daily life new beauty and refinement, and in adding æsthetic sense to the work of education. Why should not the artist be a teacher of the principles of taste and beauty, and why should not the teacher be an artist, and strive to work the rough material intrusted to his charge into forms of grace and characters of proportion and loveliness? The æsthetic view of education is too much neglected among us, and while no people ever spent so much money in petting and adorning their children, no people have ever given the science of the beautiful so little serious thought. The trouble is, that our art and our education have had generally little connection with each other, and our artists and school-teachers have followed separate crafts, without co-operating in a generous and harmonious culture, either under a commanding patriotism or spiritual faith and worship. The time has certainly come for putting an end to this alienation, and for studying and applying the laws of beauty to the art of life itself. We may as well make thorough work of the matter while we are about it, and understand how serious and exacting the principles of the beautiful are in their nature and bearing. If we really wish to do the handsome thing, we must be willing to learn what it is, and to give the time and money that it demands. It is certainly the part of neighborly kindness to try to be tolerably agreeable to the persons about us, and therefore an æsthetic education belongs to true humanity. But the more we look into the beautiful, we must see that it is the expression of what is good and true, and that no work of art or element of character can win and hold favor without having something of truth and virtue to stand upon. The human face, for example, is the most expressive sight under heaven, and it is never fairest except when truth shines out of the eyes, and virtue sits upon the forehead and the lips. There is a certain beauty, indeed, which goes with mere youth and vigorous blood, which the French call the beauty of the devil; and the proverb tells us that the devil was handsome when he was young. But this has little to do with ideal beauty, and it is an affair of the senses alone. In nature, what is most perfect is most beautiful or sublime, and nothing can be great in art without the mark of truth and the proof of something of that power that we call virtue. Every good picture or statue implies severe study of reality, and also labor faithful and self-denying. Many lovely works of art, indeed, are demoralizing in their subject and feeling, but they nevertheless show traits that are noble and worthy of being used in a better cause. Artists, as a class, have frailties, but what class of men is free from them? and artists, as a class, have great merits, and some of their failings—their geniality, their susceptibility, their friendliness, their unworldliness—lean to virtue's side. The model artistic mind of our age, Goethe, was by no means a perfect man, yet he has done a great work for the literature and life of our time, and he has taught us to see and enjoy nature, society, art, and history as no other man has done. His artist eye is not always the moralist's eye, and seldom the pure devotee's eye, yet he has been a precious helper to men and women of high aspirations, and even theologians and preachers have been known to set his works next to the Bible as interpreters of the Supreme reality.

What we need to learn and to teach our young people to learn is how to enjoy the best things about us, and how to produce the best things for others to enjoy. It may be that in certain ages this matter has taken care of itself, and joy and beauty, like the sunshine and the air, the flowers and the birds, the young lambs and the little children, play unbidden, and throw all our painstaking consciousness into the shade. But our time is not especially spontaneous, and we tend to make a study of all things, and even to carry the analysis of science into the beat of the heart and the movement of the affections. Bruno Meyer, in his admirable lectures on æsthetic education, which come to us fresh from the Berlin press as we are writing, declares that the *naïve* has gone by, and that whatever we do well now we must expect to do with care and upon system. There is, of course, a great deal of charming naïveté in individual character, especially in unspoiled children; and that little yearling who has just taken his first bath in the sea, and who sat down and patted the mighty water as lovingly and fearlessly as if he were in his little bath-tub, could not have shown a more charming simplicity had he been playing on the Ægean shore in the childhood of history in the time of Homer. Yet whatever we do now regularly and persistently we do by plan and combination. Business is now the imperial word, and we must carry business even into matters of taste; and if we do not say "Beauty and Booty" to madden the besieger's valor, we must say "Beauty and Business" to lead on the higher work of education up to the heights of the beautiful arts.

Why stop short of this position in the cultivation of any of the tastes that belong to us as men? Is it not the business of education to form men into true men? Even the most imperious natural appetite comes in for its share of artistic culture. We must all eat, and if we can not say with Feuerbach that a man is what he eats, we must allow that what he eats has a great deal to do with making him what he is. If he feeds upon blood, he is not likely to be a lamb; and if he lives upon milk-and-water, he is not likely to be a lion. What we should eat, and how we should prepare it for our eating, whether by the processes of nature or the arts of cookery—this is not merely an alimentary, but an æsthetic question. The farm and the kitchen, the arts that are agricultural and those that are culinary, touch closely upon the arts that are called beautiful. The sunshine and the rain season and ripen the fruits of the year in the ovens of the earth, and without them where is the bloom upon the cheek, the light in the eye, or the music in the step and voice? The cook carries out the hint of nature, and matures over the fire the transformation of elements into food which the sunshine began. We need to study this matter more thoroughly, and give the table its true æsthetic dignity. It is well that we have a magazine given to this subject directly, and that several periodicals are devoted to the laws of health which deal with it indirectly. The cook is a rising power in our civilization, and he ought to be. His mission it is, not to

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pamper dainty appetites or to stuff exacting stomachs, but to provide the food that is best for mind and body, and most adapted to secure the highest health and joy of nerve and muscle, thought, feeling, and will. A good cook is a loyal servant of God and nature, and when God and nature send meat, we ought not to allow the devil to send cooks. What is worse for body and soul than dyspepsia? and how much of it comes from bad cooking! Saleratus bread, greasy pastry, and the like American abominations of the table have written themselves in dark lines upon the faces and even upon the faith of thousands, and half poisoned whole generations of hopeful girls and boys. Away with all the miscalled food that lies like lead upon the stomach and like sin upon the soul! Let us have things to eat and drink that are nourishing, strengthening, and pleasant! We hail the last philosopher who has written so wisely upon "Foods." Why degrade the sense of taste below its fellows, and shut out of fellowship the very sense which marks social companionship and even devout communion? If the table has its true æsthetic dignity, life will gain in grace and refinement; and why should not the task of providing for the table be regarded as a worthy and even a liberal art? In old times gentle ladies were proud of being good cooks, while now many poor women will work their fingers to the bone rather than go into the kitchen or have any thing to do with the table except to sit at it and eat. A change for the better has begun, and will go on. Accomplished women, in one case at least, by express arrangement, are willing to meet for genial sociality, and spread the table with the good things prepared by their own hands. So the repast is doubly æsthetic, from the quality of the conversation and of the dishes. The working classes come in for their share of this movement, and such institutions as Boffin's Bower and the Holly-tree Coffee-houses, that have provided cheap and good fare, and pleasant reading and association, are among the most hopeful signs of the times. Give, then, the taste and the table their due; and now while the rich and various fruits of the harvest are coming in, it is not amiss to speak of duly appreciating their priceless and exquisite qualities. Why make so much ado of taste in the concert-room or picture-gallery, and ignore or disparage it in the orchard? Why not rejoice in the grapes, the peaches, the apples, and the pears as works of the Divine Artist who gave Raphael and Beethoven their inspiration, and taught Newton and Kepler their wisdom?

Why shut out of the circle the sense so nearly allied to the taste, yet so little openly honored? The nose is, perhaps, willing to be unnamed, because so sure of its precedence as the organ that is universally followed alike by prince and peasant, by the fine lady and the coarse hind. The nose has an important æsthetic position, and it is decidedly rising in estimation in our modern science. When offended, it certainly has wonderful power over the whole countenance, and no expression is more marked than that which comes from a bad smell. Talleyrand might disguise his disgust at grossness of manners, or his chagrin at disappointment in ambition, but the smells of Paris—which probably rivaled those ascribed to the city of Cologne, and too characteristic of this city of New York—would have been too much for the tranquillity of his diplomatic features. Stench is a great fact of civilization, and a new sanitary age is beginning because the medical nose is beginning to do its duty. Let this faithful organ do its work till every gutter and cess-pool, every dumping-ground and hovel, is cleansed, every foul odor is put away, and fresh air and sweet smells reward the faithful service here, and the fragrance of paradise offer lasting delights hereafter.

It is easy enough to carry out this line of thought in its bearings upon the other senses, and upon the instincts, affections, sentiments, and faculties with which they are connected. Our readers may finish the discussion for themselves, and leave us to throw out a few hints upon some of the practical aspects of æsthetic education that are most likely to engage our attention and bear upon the welfare of our young people. Turn to language, and to the marvelous organs with which and to which it speaks—the voice and the ear. Is there not some danger that choice and handsome speech is becoming obsolete, and that people are tending toward a certain telegraphic signaling or business cipher, instead of using the winged words which Homer speaks of, and which had richer color, form, and music than the winged birds? A great many people do not really speak in clear, graceful articulation, but they mouth or mumble, puff or snort, and not a few swallow their words, or else send them through their nose, as if the throat had ceased to be a thoroughfare, or had been labeled a dangerous passage. Even our public speakers have ceased generally to be orators, and they are content with the driest reading or reciting of what they have to say; and recently, at a university dinner, an accomplished scholar, a lawyer, jocularly said that the parts spoken by the students from the Commencement stage were dry enough in style and dull enough in manner to have emanated from the justices of the Supreme Court in full bench.

We may, perhaps, congratulate ourselves that our people are losing the provincialisms and vulgarisms of pronunciation that were once so conspicuous, and that Brother Jonathan, with his children, equals, if he does not surpass, Father Bull and his brood in purity of diction. Yet we have a class of writers who are pernicious corrupters of popular speech; and the public taste would gain greatly if the books of most of our popular humorists were thrown into the fire, and the authors were sent to the village schools to learn spelling and grammar. We may thank our leading newspapers and our public schools for the remarkable purification of the general dialect within the last forty years; yet they are doing too little to give life and color to language, and it may be that too much reading has robbed the voice of its living prerogative, and the word of its telling power. Let us do what we can to give language its due—alike its clearness, its beauty, and power. Words are, on the whole, the richest part of our heritage, and they tell the history and transmit the mental life of the race. If we could make a single important word speak out its full history, how it would breathe and glow and shine and burn! Teach language in the life school, and not be forever rattling its dry bones in the school of

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anatomical grammar, and we shall have a new day in the æsthetics of speech. Conversation itself will become a beautiful art; and eloquence, instead of a raving rant or a stilted mannerism, will be what true eloquence always is, an intense and exalted conversation of the orator with his audience. Our impression is that language ought to be learned first from natural objects and the living voice, and that children should have nothing to do with books until they have learned the real speech of which books are the dull and imperfect report.

Here music comes in for a word of honor and of rebuke. We have been doing a great deal for music in our time, yet it is doubtful whether music, on the whole, has done as much for us. We spend time and money upon it as for no other art, yet it has not ennobled daily life and invigorated and exalted our culture according to its promise. We find it, indeed, every where, and generally a charming presence. It cheers the home and glorifies the flag; gives fascination to the altar, whether in the joy of the marriage or the dirge at the burial, in the pathos of the penitential seasons or in the jubilee of the great feasts. But, on the whole, music by itself has failed to give the degree of light and vigor and nobleness to our age that was expected of it. The writer whom we have quoted speaks very strongly of its defects in helping on the work of education in Europe, and says that by itself it is the relish of the repast and not the bread, and that they who live by it alone mainly live poorly, and have more of the lounger's fat than of the hero's muscle. Certainly the most exquisite artistic music has failed to connect itself much with the conscience and the will, and modern masters have done too little to make the new generation true and heroic. The modern opera especially is morally and intellectually a monstrosity, and Wagner, with all his extravagance, is probably right in his onslaught upon it, and in his plea for wedding the divine art of song to good sense and manhood, instead of leaving it to the foolish doggerel of the pattern librettos and the harlotry and ruffianism of the pattern heroes and heroines. This matter, we know, is out of our line, yet we may say a word of music in its obvious relations with common life or its bearing on action. Schopenhauer said, very profoundly, if somewhat too positively, that music is distinguished above all arts by this fact, that while other arts require conscious reflection, and are in a measure removed from direct inspiration, music when most perfect comes directly from the Supreme Will, and is the voice and impulse of nature —the breathing of the life of the universe. There is truth enough in this theory to allow us to say that music should speak and be heard more in the active voice, and that it should be more of a brave inspiration than an indolent luxury. The old music of the Greeks and the Hebrews was full of heroic power, and the circus and the Temple were proof of its incentive. Heroes raced and wrestled, poets and orators spoke, and devotees prayed under its stirring strains. The great melodies of nations are battle-songs or hymns of loyalty and faith, and with our new harmonies we ought not to lose that ancient fire.

It looks now very much as if the coming physical education were to bring music and muscle together in a new and better combination than in the old war marches, and that we are to learn to step and run, to jump and climb, to dance and ride, with sweet and inspiriting strains to guide and move us. The human body is apparently constructed upon the principles of rhythm, and its organs and functions show a marvelous system of vibrations that follow a perpetual harmony and melody. Each part in healthy action has its own vibration, and takes its place in the grand symphony of the organic life. The three great orders of nerves, the cerebral, the spinal, and the sympathetic, act together in marvelous ways, and their combinations under true guidance are more wonderful than the movements of horse and foot and artillery, no matter what Napoleon or Wellington gives the word, or what master blows the trumpets or beats the drums.

The popular arts that claim to give æsthetic form to social life are promise of something like this consummation, but they have not yet reached the true mark. The most prominent of these are gymnastics and dancing. Young people always have danced, and probably always will do it, but they are not bound to make fools or sluggards of themselves in their sport. We know little of this matter, but from what we see and hear we are led to look upon the dance as upon its last legs, so far as wisdom and art are concerned. It is not done for wholesome exercise or artistic beauty, but mainly in the interests of flirtation and coquetry; and experts tell us that the beauty of the dance is of no account, and that the aim is to give the dancers as pleasant a time together as possible between their own sweet selves. It has ceased to be an objective art, and has sunk into a subjective sentimentalism. Gymnastics suffer in quite an opposite way, and instead of tending to emotional softness, they have little if any æsthetic value. The Swedish method gives most of solid strength, and the German method has most of manly freedom, but neither of them favors artistic culture or fine taste. A gymnasium looks like a cross between a stable and a surgical theatre. Probably the old Greeks could teach young Europe and America wholesome lessons in muscular æsthetics, and their severest sports, their famous five games, or Pentathlon, running, jumping, quoits, the spear, and wrestling, did more to bring out the strength and grace of the limbs, and to stir the blood and the spirits, than all of our modern turning and rowing. There is great interest in this whole matter, and the famous rowing match of this last summer is proof of this. What a noble list of competitors, what an assembly, what a contest, and what intense anxiety as to the result! But something better should come of all this outlay of time and money and thought. It is not much ado about nothing, indeed, but very little came of it, where so few could see what was going on in that long watercourse, and nobody was positively sure of how it came out at last. The golden youth of our universities must contrive some better Olympic games than that competition between champions sitting at the oar which deprives them of their most manly action, and keeps them from the near presence of friends and spectators. When shall we have our true Olympics, with music as well as muscle, poetry and eloquence as well as oars and clubs, to stir and dignify the festival?

We certainly need to understand better the

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strength and grace of the human body, and to appreciate its place in true art. The very term beauty has among us an inadequate, if not an unworthy, sense, and it is connected with a certain effeminacy, perhaps voluptuousness. Some lessons from the Greek school would help us, and if, with the Greeks, we could think wisely of the proper beauty of men, and not be forever confounding the beautiful with the mere voluptuous traits of the other sex, it would be better for the true appreciation of the excellence of both sexes. Grace, intellect, proportion, vigor, aspiration, belong to true beauty; and new power will go from our manly sports when it is seen that soul and body belong together, and that muscles twitching with alcoholic stimulants, mouth slobbering with tobacco, and eyes red with reveling or leering with lechery, and face and head let down with sensualism and ungodliness, are the ruin of the beauty of the body as well as of the majesty of the soul.

In every respect we shall gain true culture by bringing soul and body into true harmony, and making them both true to the facts of nature and the laws of life. Hand and foot, nostrils, ear, and eye, as well as judgment, fancy, and investigation, must study the living world; and he is a well-taught man, an artist as well as scholar, who can report nature not merely with his voice and pen, but also with his crayon pencil and chisel, and so be able to learn and to teach the outline and color and body of the landscape and its elements, whether rock, or earth, or water, or tree, or bird, or beast, or man. Thus the plastic arts are the complete language, and they belong to the science as well as to the æsthetics of education.

We are undoubtedly making great progress in matters of taste; and in landscape painting and in landscape gardening in our parks, and in our cemeteries especially, and to a certain extent in our architecture, the people at large are learning to feel the importance of the elements of the beautiful. Our own Central Park, with what goes with it, is probably the most artistic thing in America, and our people are caring for it more and more every year. It is part of that grand capital of beauty, that magnificent heritage of loveliness, which belongs to us as Americans, and which with the coming years can not fail to educate us in taste and invigorate us in patriotism. The treasures we are thus owning together are constantly increasing, and they are mostly of an imperishable kind; for it is the prerogative of the highest beauty of nature and art that it is not lost by being enjoyed, but, like the sun that shines upon its form and color, its light is never exhausted, and its life never dies away. It is thus unlike what we eat and drink and wear, which perish with the using. It is a great matter, then, for us to learn to do the handsome thing for our country and our people in respect to our grand heritage of nature and of art, and to school our children in seeing and enjoying the best things and in making the best of these by industry, taste, and genius. We now have a fair chance to prove what we can do in the æsthetic line, for our grand national Centennial is at hand, and we have asked all the world to come to our festival, and to help our arts by theirs. Let us try to do the handsome thing at Philadelphia in 1876. We ought to have buildings worthy of the object, and capable of holding all our products of labor and skill, all the offerings from our neighbors, and of representing generously the ideal bearings of this great jubilee of patriotism, humanity, and religion. The men of business and finance have started early, and will undoubtedly do their work well, with no fear of addling this eagle's egg by sitting upon it too long. Our artists and poets, our teachers and thinkers, need not be in a hurry, but let the lesson and the inspiration of the event open upon them at Heaven's will. More ought to come of this jubilee than money or arithmetic can tell, and it ought to bring with it a careful reckoning of what we have done as a nation or left undone, and a wise and brave estimate of what ought to be done. As Americans we ought to come heartily together, and letting by-gones be by-gones, hold out the friendly hand to North and South, East and West, and lift up the only national banner over all. As men, with our peculiar and startling part in the wonderful civilization of the race, we may well rise above all narrow provincialism, and revel in the magnificent social empire that is now opening upon us from every land and every sea. In welcoming Europe, Asia, and Africa we are coming home to ourselves, and finding that Egypt and Judea, Greece and Italy, Russia and France, Germany and England, nay, even Persia and India, Japan and China, are part of the old family, and must all join together to make up the inventory of our great estate, and to bring out the dignity of our birthright and the grandeur of our destiny. The roots are broad and deep: the tree should be great and fair.

Editor's Literary Record.

FICTION.

THE best novel on our table is Miss BRADDON'S *Strangers and Pilgrims* (Harper and Brothers), whether we measure it by its artistic skill, its pathetic power, or its moral purpose. We say this with a full appreciation of the prejudices which inhere in many minds against Miss Braddon as a sensational writer—in truth, with some old-time sharing in them. There are, however, two classes of sensational writers, one of whom uses sensationalism as an end, the other as a means; one of whom has no higher purpose than to produce a sensation, the other of whom produces a sensation only that the reader may by it be stimulated to a higher life. One writes only to pique our curiosity or to awaken our wonder; the other, to touch our sensibilities or move our moral nature. Miss Braddon, at least in her later novels (with her earlier ones we are less familiar), belongs to the latter class of writers. This is certainly true as regards *Strangers and Pilgrims*. It is a sermon. The text is, "We are strangers and pilgrims on the earth, and seek a better country." Doubtless many a reader will be in no wise weaned from earth or turned toward heaven, but will drop the book to seek in Elizabeth's experiences

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in London the joy and peace she found not till the last hours at Penarthur. But we will vouch for this, that no one will easily go to sleep over the sermon, or read it without at least an enkindled, even though it be a transient, aspiration for a higher life than mere earthly living. The critic, however, tells us that moral meaning is nothing to the purpose in the measure of a novel; that a great work may also be a pernicious one. Dissenting utterly from that canon of criticism which quietly ignores the true office of imagination, yet we measure *Strangers and Pilgrims* by the lesser standard of pure artistic excellence, for the sake of those who believe in no other; and, so measuring it, reassert our verdict. The scenes are dramatic, some of them intensely so. The first engagement of Elizabeth and Malcolm at the gate, the parting, the engagement with Lord Paulyn on the bridge, the storm, the meeting with Malcolm in the hut among the mountains, these are not merely dramatic in their external circumstances—it requires no peculiar genius to invent startling incidents, or even to weave them together into a romance—they are yet more dramatic because they are made the occasion for the artistic portraiture of always strong and sometimes vehement feeling. It is, indeed, one of the characteristic features of the book that Miss Braddon tones down the external and gives prominence to the interior life. A second-rate artist would have painted the private mad-house with all the brutal features which conventional art imputes to it; Miss Braddon gives it no other horror than that which, to a sensitive mind, is inherent in the very institution. Nor is it less a mark of artistic ability, and of careful and painstaking work as well, that even at the end, when the bitter discipline of life has fulfilled its mission, and purified the soul though worn out the body, and Elizabeth lies dying in Malcolm's arms, still something of the old waywardness and willfulness crops out, though in ways that abate nothing from the gentleness and the lovableness of her nature. We are not partial to death-bed scenes in memoirs or novels; but the last hours of Elizabeth Luttrell are like the calm sunset of an autumn day that has been full of storm, or the peaceful throb of the great ocean after the tempest; and while we would fain give a different termination to the story than that whose pathos even the most indurated novel-reader will find it hard to resist, yet we acknowledge that Miss Braddon has been true to life and true to her art in suffering Elizabeth to pay with her early death the inevitable penalty of her vehement, stormy, and misused life.

We confess to a very uncritical enjoyment of the novels of CHARLES READE, who always interests us more than do some much greater artists. *A Simpleton* (Harper and Brothers) will hardly rank with his best stories, yet so long as he resists his fatal temptation to run into impossible romance, it is exceedingly good. The first half of the story is comparatively quiet, and is genuinely realistic and natural, though the rapidity of movement keeps it from being in the least degree dull. It is the story of the courtship and married life of Dr. Christopher Staines and his wife, who is the "simpleton." From the very first interview we confess ourselves drawn to the "simpleton." Despite her lacing, her expensive naïveté in the auction-rooms, her blunders in housekeeping, even her culpable deception of her too trusting husband, she charms us far more than would a more prudent, a wiser—if you will, a better woman. For she truly loves her husband, and she yields an allegiance to him which, in novels, is quite too rare, and is, unhappily, even still rarer in actual life. And despite the modern improvements of modern reformers, there is nothing the heart more craves in womanhood than the sweet submission of love, and nothing that more unsexes the wife than that independence of will which is never the accompaniment of a true womanly and wifely affection. But when Mr. Reade had gone about half-way through the story, some one, we suspect, suggested to him that it was dragging, lacked incident, was dull. Whereat the novelist sends Dr. Staines off to sea, where he is lost overboard and believed to be drowned, but is finally saved on a raft, picked up unconscious, and carried to the Cape of Good Hope. This gives an opportunity for the introduction of diamond fields, hunting, sharpers, etc., which Mr. Reade improves as only Mr. Reade can. Meanwhile a melodramatic villain, who has before occupied only the background, comes more prominently on to the stage. He deserts his wife at the Cape of Good Hope, and goes to England to cheat Rosa into the assurance of her husband's death, and consummate a plan for marrying her against her will. That there are laws in that Christian kingdom against bigamy does not appear to have entered into his head; at all events he carries out his design with a disregard of that little obstacle which is quite in keeping with this portion of the story, which does not stop at trifles in the evolution of striking scenes and situations. The timely arrival of Dr. Staines and the villain's wife happily defeats Mr. Falcon's design, and he is thrown out of the window by the irate husband. We commend the first half of *A Simpleton* to those who want a very sensible novel of real life, and the last half to those who want a perfectly impossible melodrama of the most highly seasoned description, sensational but innocent.

We read *A Pair of Blue Eyes* (Holt and Williams), which is really one of the best of the "Leisure Hour Series," with a feeling of gnawing impatience from beginning to end. The wall which separates these lovers is so very thin, yet so impenetrable! a little moral courage in one, a little common-sense in the other, even a true friend to either, would put all right. We could bear the cross-purposes of their harassed lives, but the tragic ending is so very much beyond the ill deserts of either, the faults are so venial and the punishment is so very, very hard, that we lay down with dissatisfaction the book which we have read certainly with interest, but hardly with pleasure. Mr. HARDY possesses some rare qualities—quick observation, real though quiet humor, a knowledge of rural life, a poet's delight in nature, and a poet's appreciation of the subtle phases of human character; but the unneedful sadness of his story puts all out of tune, except for those who enjoy in romance above all else the luxury of tears.

Arthur Bonnycastle, by J. G. HOLLAND (Scribner and Co.), can scarcely be called a successful novel. The plot is feeble and improbable, the characters coarsely drawn and wholly unattractive. Carelessness is the common fault of novel-

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writers. Few give sufficient labor to the construction of an animated plot, to variety of incidents and pleasant surprises, or even to preserving a general propriety in style. We doubt whether there is a single character in *Arthur Bonnycastle*, from the unattractive hero, who is constantly permitted to write disparagingly of his mother, to Jenks, who has no character at all, that is not tedious and awkward to a remarkable degree. A faint reminiscence of *David Copperfield* came upon us as we looked over the attempt to enter into the feelings of boys and girls, of childhood and youth, in the earlier chapters; but the power of recalling the nice impulses of life's dawn is not one that our author possesses. His boys talk like badly educated men, or, at least, in language that no other boys have been accustomed to use.

We believe that the novel was designed to have a good influence, and its characters are less "sensational" than might have been looked for, but we doubt the propriety of indulging in unsatisfactory discussions of religious principles among fictitious incidents, or in painting, in careless sketches, religious revivals and popular preaching. There is, too, a certain sacredness about religious impressions and changes that makes them scarcely a useful subject for a novel. We are confident the act ascribed to Millie will shock every one; we can not think well of the humanity of the school-master whose first lesson to his scholar is to "dispatch" a trembling and wounded animal; nor do the tedious conversations upon doctrinal differences between several of the characters produce any other effect than to show that neither of them has any just notion of what pure religion is.

"Keep your eyes at home!" exclaims the educated lady of the piece; another polished character talks of spitting in somebody's face! There are constant lapses from propriety of this kind—marks of carelessness, perhaps, and want of labor. But we may urge upon our novelists the study of Hawthorne, who seems to have carefully polished every line and sentence. We can not but hope that amidst the endless abundance of characters, incidents, and scenery of American life, there will naturally spring up a school of writers who will not spare toil in the management of their art. We regret that *Arthur Bonnycastle* can not be said to deserve this high praise.

Dimitri Roudine (Holt and Williams) is another Russian tale from the pen of J. S. TURGÉNIEFF. It is a very odd story, whose significance it is not easy to fathom, at least in a single reading. The hero, Dimitri Roudine, is a man of clear convictions, of high ambitions, of brilliant words, one of those magnetic men who in social converse draw all auditors to them, a genius whom duller men envy; yet he lives a useless life, and dies shot through the heart on a barricade of the Faubourg St. Antoine, leaving as the moral of his singular career this, his own plaint and indictment against himself, "Words, nothing but words. Where are the deeds?"

Love in the Nineteenth Century, by HARRIET W. PRESTON (Roberts Brothers), is not only a "fragment," but an unsatisfactory one. Miss Preston appears to have set herself the task of writing a novel or a novelette that should be unlike any thing that had gone before, and depicting lovers of so thoroughly original a pattern that no one could say of them that they were copies. Original they certainly are; but love in the nineteenth century does not differ materially from love in any other, and Miss Preston, in her anxiety to avoid imitation of imitations, has also avoided imitating nature. Never did such lovers as Julius and Clara exist either in story or life outside of the pages of this book; never, we hope, did lovers write such laboriously brilliant and profoundly philosophical letters as make up their correspondence. For a book of philosophy this treatise is too superficial; for a story this novelette is too deep.

We do not precisely see the appropriateness of the title, *Too Soon* (Harper and Brothers), to the book which it entitles, unless it be that the marriage between Bertha and Mr. Helder was "too soon;" and we can hardly conceive that a novelist who depicts so truly and so delicately the subtler phases of selfishness and egotism can intend to represent the pain and bitterness that mar the married life she portrays as the mere product of a marriage on short acquaintance. Mrs. MACQUOID displays throughout this book that intuitive appreciation and that skill in representing complex and subtle characters which belong only to the higher class of novelists. Mr. Helder, Mr. Williams, Aunt Sophy, Miss Frazer, and Bertha are all admirably drawn, and all carry out their characters to the end with a consistency of action which belongs far more to real life than to the ordinary novel. And the moral, "Trust must be greater than love, or love will make shipwreck," is so well woven into the fabric of the story, and the lesson against all heart-hidings between husband and wife is so made part of its very essential texture, that every reader must rise from its perusal with a better conception of the causes of coldness and contention in married life, and of the cure for both.

The last volume of Harper and Brothers' "Household Edition" of CHARLES DICKENS's works is *Pickwick Papers*, illustrated by THOMAS NAST. His pencil marks this edition as characteristically American. It will probably be objected by the critics to this book, as it has been in certain quarters to Mr. Nast's work generally, that he is not an artist, but a caricaturist. Even if this were true—and certain of his cartoons on slavery, the war, and temperance have proved very conclusively that it is not—it would carry little weight against his illustrations of a work which is characteristically, from the opening report of the proceedings of the Pickwick Club to the end, a caricature. The great bulk of readers will probably agree with us in the opinion that, except George Cruikshank, there is no man on either side of the water better fitted by natural sympathy and genius to illustrate this particular volume than Thomas Nast. The pictorial representation of Mr. Pickwick does not differ from the figure which, whoever originated it, has become almost as classic in art as the character is in literature. But Sam Weller, Mr. Tupman, Mr. Winkle, Bob Sawyer, Mr. Allen, the red-nosed gentleman, Tony Weller, and the various subordinate characters, are all Mr. Nast's own, and we can not give them higher commendation than to say that they are worthy of his pencil, and worthy to accompany the work of Mr. Dickens's inimitable pen.

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RELIGION AND THEOLOGY.

MR. GEORGE WINFRED HERVEY, M.A., gives to the world a new work on preaching, which, considering the multitude of such treatises already in existence, is a somewhat bold thing to do. This work he entitles *A System of Christian Rhetoric, for the Use of Preachers and other Speakers* (Harper and Brothers). The motto on his title-page is the key to his treatise: "The light of nature, which is a sparke of the will of God, hath taught many usefull rules even to Pagans, anent the right way of makeing solemne speeches before others.....But the best rules are taken from the preachings of Christ, of the Apostles and Prophets." It appears somewhat singular that so many treatises should have been written on the art of preaching, and it should yet be left to the year of our Lord 1873 to produce one which is founded on and draws its rules and principles from the example of Christ and His apostles in the New Testament, and the prophets in the Old Testament. Yet so it is; and this work, though on a very old theme, is in its method of dealing with the subject thoroughly original, because so thoroughly and deeply Scriptural. The foundation on which the whole superstructure is laid is indicated in the first book, which is on "Inspiration, or the Assistance of the Divine Spirit in Preaching." Evidently to Mr. Hervey the promise, "Lo, I am with you alway," is neither a meaningless formula nor the bestowal of an ecclesiastical prerogative. To him the *sine qua non* of true preaching is that personal presence and power of God's Spirit of which Paul in his epistles made so much, and of which modern systems of homiletics usually make so little. In the subsequent divisions of his work, in treating of invention, style, elocution, he examines closely and critically the examples afforded by the writers and speakers of the Bible; and though he does not disesteem the reflected light that shines from the lives and examples of post-Biblical preachers, both their examples and their rules are throughout subordinated to those evolved from a study of the Scriptures. It is true, his deductions do not appear to us to be always sound, or his discriminations just. Thus it is difficult to understand why the epistles of Paul (all, or nearly all, of which were dictated to an amanuensis) are any more epistolary in style than the Epistle to the Hebrews, which is more formal and less colloquial than any of the Pauline epistles, unless, perhaps, it be the Epistle to the Romans. But Mr. Hervey shows on almost every page evidences of having studied carefully both the Scriptures and the later schools of rhetoric, both sacred and secular. The one defect of his volume is its bulk. He is over-elaborate; and many a clerical student, who would receive great benefit from his thoughts, and still more from those which his suggestive style would provoke, will be turned away from his volume by its size, and by its lack of condensation of thought and terseness of style.

It is, we believe, some years since Dr. W. H. VAN DOREN issued the first volume of his *Suggestive Commentary on the New Testament*, to which a notable addition is now made by Dr. THOMAS ROBINSON'S *Suggestive Commentary on St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans* (D. Appleton and Co.). The object of this work is indicated by its title, viz., to present not a full, complete, and comprehensive commentary on the New Testament, but to make it the basis of hints or suggestions from which the Sabbath-school teacher can frame a Sabbath-school lesson, or a preacher a sermon or an expository lecture. Dr. Robinson has, in fact, enlarged on this design, and has undertaken to incorporate in the notes the results of a very varied and extensive reading in Biblical helps. This valuable work gives unquestionable evidence of wide reading and much pondering, though less of spiritual insight or remarkable intellectual apprehension. As a thesaurus of what other books contain, it leaves but little to be desired; as a companion to better arranged works of interpretation, it is valuable; and if its author had not been manacled by an unhappy method, his work would deserve to rank among the best of modern interpretations of Paul's most systematic and, in some respects, most difficult epistles. We trust, if Dr. Van Doren continues this series, he will modify his method in future books. Cropping sentences short is by no means the best way to secure condensation of thought.

The Ministry we Need (American Tract Society of Boston) is a little volume, but has a great deal in it. The radical idea of the author, whom we take to be Rev. SETH SWEETSER, the well-known clergyman of that name of Worcester, Massachusetts, appears to be that while times and circumstances change, truth and human nature are always essentially the same, and that, therefore, it is but a superficial view which considers *only* the needs of the times; a profounder view considers the needs of all time, and builds thereon. This our author has done, setting forth briefly, but vigorously and suggestively, the fundamental elements which must underlie all permanent success in the Gospel ministry, and a study of which must precede and prepare for a study of the present times and their peculiar wants. We cordially commend the book, not only to clergymen, but also to Sabbath-school teachers and other lay workers.

ATLASES.

IN the construction of a library—and every household ought to have not merely books, but a *library*, though it consist of but half a dozen volumes—after a good dictionary and a good cyclopedia, comes a good atlas. Half our books of travels, and over half our histories, have no maps, or only utterly insufficient ones, and our daily papers are often nearly or quite unintelligible for want of geographical information, or the easy means of obtaining it. That three publishers attempt almost simultaneously to supply this need is a good sign that the reading public are growing more accurate in their desires, if not in their actual information. The atlases that lie before us as we write are, *The People's Pictorial Atlas* (J. David Williams), *A Descriptive Hand Atlas of the World* (T. Ellwood Zell), and *The International, Political, Classical, and Historical Atlas* (G. P. Putnam's Sons).

The People's Pictorial Atlas is a large folio. It contains fifty-two maps. It is fullest and most satisfactory in its maps of the United States. It contains no maps of the ancient world, not even of Palestine, except as that is included in one of Turkey in Asia. The maps appear to be accu-

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rate, though they are produced by a process which renders them sometimes obscure. They are accompanied by articles which contain in a compact form considerable geographical and historical information. The most notable feature in this atlas is the pictures which accompany it. If these had been incorporated in and printed with the reading matter, so as to afford really useful information as to the physical characteristics of the respective countries described, they would have added to the real value as well as to the attractiveness of the volume. As it is, they appear to be dissociated from the body of the work, and though finely engraved and well printed, lose half their value for want of accompanying descriptive matter. The size of the volume is against it; its cheapness is in its favor.

Zell's *Hand Atlas of the World* contains fifty-seven maps, including diagrams and plans, and is accompanied with nearly three hundred pages of descriptive letter-press. The page is about half the size of that of the *Pictorial Atlas*, but, by running the maps across the two pages, maps of nearly or quite equal size are obtained. The print is clear, and some of the maps (that of Palestine, for example, which by colors shows the physical features) are exceptionally beautiful as works of art. There is not an ancient map in the book—a serious defect for family use. Palestine is the nearest approximation to an ancient map, for it has both the ancient and the modern names. The maps appear to be very accurate. We observe that in Palestine the results of the latest researches are given in the location of Capernaum at Tel-Hum, of Gersa, of Machærus, identified so clearly by Dr. Tristram in his recent work, *The Land of Moab*, and in other sites. Both in this and the preceding work the latest political changes—e. g., the change of boundary between France and Germany—are carefully noted, and the latest important railroads, even in India, completed or projected, are laid down. Statistics, too, appear to be fresh, and, as far as we have been able to verify, accurate. Zell's atlas has one capital feature—each map is divided into imaginary squares by capital letters on the one side and by small letters on the other, and a complete index of every town is made, referring the reader to the spot on the map where it is to be found.

The *International Atlas* comprises sixty-five maps, thirty-five of modern geography, thirty of historical and classical geography. It is a reprint from the English, and like all English works is, in American geography, quite unsatisfactory. Of the United States there are four maps, one of the entire country, and one of the Northern, the Southern, and the Western States respectively. The growth of the United States is but imperfectly indicated: thus the latest railroads are not indicated at all. The maps are much smaller than in either of the other two works, and are accordingly much less elaborate. Only the more important places are put down. But the type is clear and the printing excellent, and the absence of a great multiplicity of names renders it easier to find such points as are given. The chief value of this atlas, however, is its historical and classical character. One may trace the history of Europe especially, from century to century, from the days of the Roman empire, through the settlements of the barbarian tribes, the empire of Charlemagne, the rise of the German empire, the era of the Crusades and that of the Reformation, down to the present time, and with the accompanying information get a clearer and better bird's-eye view of the political changes through which Europe has passed than can be obtained from any mere history, however succinct or graphic. The classical maps of Egypt, Rome, Greece, etc., fourteen in number, are also of very great use to the student. There is a curious disagreement between the two maps of Palestine, modern and ancient, the modern being in fact the most ancient, apparently a reproduction of an old map the errors in which are corrected by the subsequent map of Palestine in the time of Christ. Some other minor defects we notice, as the omission of any indication of the land of Goshen, in Egypt. A full ancient atlas ought also to give a more accurate representation of the wilderness of the wandering—ought, in brief, to be at least partially a Biblical atlas. Nevertheless, for the classical and historical student the *International Atlas* is exceedingly valuable, nor do we know of any thing of its kind which is comparable to it for the American student in those departments. For modern purposes for this country, either Zell's or the *Popular Pictorial Atlas* is superior. We should add that the *International Atlas* is furnished with a complete index, which indicates the site not only of all towns, but of all other geographical points of interest, by reference to the appropriate map, and by giving the latitude and longitude.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Sub-tropical Rambles in the Land of the Aphanapteryx (Harper and Brothers) is both *multum in parvo* and *multum ex parvo*. It is the record of "personal experiences, adventures, and wanderings in and around the island of Mauritius," by Nicholas Pike, United States consul at that island from 1866 to the present time. When one turns to the map, and finds this little island, just east of Madagascar, and sees what a mere speck it is, he is amazed to find that the author has got so much out of so little, and he rises from the perusal of this volume with a new sense of the truth that this world is in reality not a small world at all, but very nearly illimitable, since a single isolated isle of the sea furnishes to our ever-growing library of useful and entertaining knowledge so large an addition. Mr. Pike is an enthusiastic naturalist, and a lover of adventure. His book is, therefore, not lacking in the dramatic elements which constitute so considerable a feature of interest in all books of travel. His experiences in the epidemic of 1866 lead to a clearer interpretation of the causes of chills and fever, and other analogous intermittent diseases, than we have ever met elsewhere. He gives an admirably graphic description of a cyclone, which not only made general wreck of the ships in the harbor, and destroyed houses of the most substantial character, but also actually moved great blocks of stone, weighing two or three hundredweight, from fifteen to twenty feet. Some of his adventures would make admirable material for Charles Reade or Jules Vernet, but his narrative has the merit of being true, and so of really entrancing the reader at the time, without leaving him rather disgusted at his foolish interest in an impossible romance when he gets through.

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Mr. Pike has wisely not inflicted his entire journal and correspondence on us, but has selected from his material only the more interesting chapters of adventure and observation; and the consequence is, after he once gets us to the island there is not a dull chapter in the book. The only part that could be omitted without serious injury consists of the first two chapters, which describe his voyage and experiences *en route*, and these not because they are in themselves uninteresting, but because we are in haste to reach his destination.

Landscape Architecture, by H. W. S. CLEVELAND (Jansen, M'Clurg, and Co.), is a very small book with a very large title, for which, however, the author apologizes in the preface. It is a very sensible book, however, its cardinal ideas being that the time has come in America to elevate the work of laying out grounds, whether for individual homes or parks, or towns and cities, into a true art; that new towns particularly ought to be definitely and skillfully planned, not suffered merely to grow, like Topsy; and that in the laying out of all grounds true beauty and real utility go together, landscape gardening or landscape architecture being, according to his very sensible definition, "the art of arranging land so as to adapt it most conveniently, economically, and gracefully to any of the varied wants of civilization." This little book gives just enough to stimulate an appetite for more.

A. J. BICKNELL, New York, furnishes a new and valuable work for the libraries of architects, mechanics, and parties interested in house-building. The title of the book seems to furnish its synopsis—*Detail, Cottage, and Constructive Architecture: 75 Plates*, etc. The book is more particularly arranged for the use of the mechanic, being largely composed of working details. Probable prices and estimates of the different structures are not given, leaving the builder to make his contracts according to the cost of material and labor in the section in which it is proposed to build.

The Intellectual Life, by PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON (Roberts Brothers), is an essay of uncommon value to all intellectual workers, by which we mean men who live professionally by the industry of the intellect rather than by that of the muscles. The most that we generally get in such essays is what the essayist has evolved out of his own consciousness, and the value of his suggestions generally depends largely upon his own idiosyncrasy, but also not inconsiderably on that of the reader, and on the degree to which they harmonize with each other. Mr. Hamerton, however, has given the result, not merely of his own reflections, but also of considerable study of the habits, mental and physical, of literary workers. His treatise is not, indeed, based on a very wide generalization, nor is it very thoroughly philosophical. It is in the form of letters addressed to different imaginary correspondents, and does not aim to evolve the laws of intellectual health and activity in any system, but only to suggest hints of single principles in their application to various temperaments. These hints are in the main more practical than we should expect to find in a man of so artistic, and in some respects so dreamy and poetic, a nature as Mr. Hamerton. Indeed, we may say that they are characterized not by any remarkable brilliance or genius, but by that which is better for their practical use—good common-sense.

One of the pleasantest of the many recent books on gardening is *Miss Tiller's Vegetable Garden*, by ANNA WARNER (A. D. F. Randolph and Co.). It is very genial reading, and it seems so real that even a city-bred reader is tempted to imagine that it is as easy to make a vegetable garden as to read about it, which, as we can testify from personal experience, is a great mistake. However, there is no more innocent luxury than playing at gardening, and if it rarely produces any profit, it is not extravagantly expensive as compared with other luxuries, and is a means of grace; for does it not develop humility?—Another little book of like general character is *Work, Play, and Profit; or, Gardening for Young Folks Explained in a Story for Boys and Girls*, by ANNA M. HYDE (J. B. Lippincott and Co.). We quote the entire title, because it is descriptive, and we cordially commend the book, because the children who read it will be very likely to be stimulated to undertake a garden, which will furnish useful work and innocent play, even if it brings no profit. Moreover, there is better hope of teaching the boys and girls gardening than of indoctrinating in its mysteries the busier father and mother.

Editor's Scientific Record.

SUMMARY OF SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS.

THE month of July has not passed without the discovery of new celestial bodies. The first comet of the year was discovered in Vienna in the early part of the month, and comet No. 2 was discovered at Marseilles, by Borelli, on the 27th. Both of these discoveries were announced to American astronomers by the Smithsonian system of international scientific telegrams.

The coming transit of Venus, continuing as it does to absorb the attention of many astronomers, has called forth a letter from Mr. Proctor, addressed to the astronomers of America, urging them to provide for the occupation of stations in the extreme southern portion of the Antarctic Ocean, in case the British government fails to provide for this important matter. A meeting of the representatives of those governments by which astronomers will be sent to observe the transit of 1874 is to be held at Hamburg on the 20th of August, on the occasion of the regular meeting of the German Astronomical Association. And to take part in which Professor Newcomb has sailed for Hamburg.

In *Meteorology* the "Weather Review" of the Army Signal-office for July comes freighted with a rich harvest of interesting and valuable facts. We notice especially the results of the observations taken at the request of the Fish Commissioner, which give the temperature of the water in the rivers and bays of the country. The important bearing of these data on many

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physical and economical problems can not be overestimated. Our fisheries, sea-bathing establishments, and other industries are interested in these observations. The *Review* also gives a very interesting and instructive chart, showing the number of thunder-storms that have occurred during the month in every section of the country. The Signal Service continues to extend its field of observations, and has, among other new stations, added two very important points—namely, Havana, in Cuba, and the summit of Pike's Peak, in Colorado. It has also announced that a series of electrical observations is in contemplation, by which our knowledge of the secrets of the atmosphere may, it is hoped, be much extended. The most important of the recent publications is one issued by the Meteorological Office in London, consisting of twelve charts, exhibiting the currents, winds, and weather for each month of the year over the region of the Atlantic Ocean bounded by the meridians of twenty and thirty degrees west longitude and by the parallel of ten degrees north latitude and the equator. This square of seven hundred miles in each direction embraces the eastern portion of the region of Atlantic Doldrums, and is considered by Captain Toynbee, the author of these charts, to be of exceptionally high interest, because through it there passes almost every vessel that sails from Europe to the southern hemisphere. As the result of twenty years' labor in collocating the logs of vessels, this chart must be considered to possess high authority. It is the first of a series of similar publications that is promised from the London office, and that may be looked upon as elaborations of the comprehensive works undertaken originally by Maury at our Naval Hydrographic Office.

The International Meteorological Congress that is to be held at Vienna in September continues to attract much attention by way of anticipation. The difficulties that will attend its deliberations are sufficiently evidenced by the numerous propositions that are being continually brought before the scientific world in reference to its proceedings. Among the most recent of these are some by Rykatcheff of St. Petersburg, who, in urging the importance of ocean meteorology, shows how by a very simple trigonometrical operation we may deduce the direction and velocity of the wind from the known courses and velocities of two sailing vessels sailing on opposite tacks.

The rapidly increasing interest taken by the nations of the world in the practical applications of meteorology is shown by the establishment of the Danish Meteorological Institute, whose first annual publications have just appeared. The long series of uniform, and therefore valuable, observations by Wislizenus of St. Louis on atmospheric electricity has now been published by him in its entirety, and he deduces a daily, annual, and secular periodicity that very strikingly accords with the results of the researches of European scientists in quite different fields of investigation. In the same department Mühry has presented some very suggestive figures as to the distribution of electrical phenomena over the surface of the earth.

In the *Physical Sciences*, which are nowadays so often found to invade the domain of chemistry, we have to record a most thorough investigation by Weinhold, the eminent professor at the mining school at Chemnitz. Weinhold proposed to himself to investigate the accuracy of the various methods that have been used or proposed for the measurement of the highest degrees of temperature, such, for instance, as the boiling-point of mercury, the boiling-point of iron, etc. He concludes, among other interesting incidental points, that the specific heat of iron varies very remarkably as the temperature increases, and finally shows that the Siemens electric pyrometer is probably the only apparatus that at all approaches the air thermometer in the accuracy of its indications.

Palmieri, so famous for his studies into the phenomena of the eruptions of Vesuvius, has just announced that from his observatory on the mountain he has detected signs of an incipient eruption, that may, as Elie de Beaumont thinks, develop into a feeble display of volcanic power. Among the most significant of Palmieri's recent discoveries is to be reckoned the discovery, by means of the spectroscope, of the presence of lithium in the fumes arising from Vesuvius.

This is considered to throw light on the origin of all the strata underlying Europe in which lithium is found, and on the source of the lithia present in the waters of certain springs. The lithium-bearing rocks, including those from which the lithium spring waters have extracted this substance, are probably all of volcanic origin, having been injected upward from the same source as that whence the lava of Mount Vesuvius is supplied. Stratified beds containing lithia have received it from disintegrated igneous rocks.

Of special moment among the *Botanical* publications of the month is the "Notes on the Classification, History, and Geographical Distribution of the Compositæ," in the Journal of the Linnæan Society, by George Bentham, elaborator of that order in the "Genera Plantarum," which was noticed in a recent number of this Magazine. After an introductory review of the methods that have been pursued by different authors in the attempts that have been made to systematize this largest of all the vegetable orders, he discusses the comparative value of generic characters, outlines the peculiarities of the thirteen primary divisions recognized by him, and considers in detail the geographical distribution of the tribes and principal genera. The history and comparative antiquity of the different races are then considered, and summing up all the data which we yet have upon which to found an opinion, he concludes that the utmost that can be advanced as plausible conjecture is that Africa, Western America, and possibly Australia, were the first homes of the compositæ, Africa showing the greatest variety of isolated remnants of extinct races, and Andean America a few approaching nearest to the supposed primitive form; that there must at that time have been some means of interchange of races between these regions, and, after the interruption of this intercourse, that there must have been for a time a certain continuity of races across the tropics from south to north, continuing probably longer in America than in the Old World; that as the compositæ began to disappear from the tropical regions, which were thenceforth impassable, they became rapidly differentiated and multiplied both northward and southward, with greater structural divergence in the Old World, owing to the

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isolation being there more complete; that those forms which had reached high northern latitudes or mountain altitudes retained some means of communication between the Old and New worlds long after it was interrupted in warmer regions; and that the homes where the order now flourishes in the greatest luxuriance of specific variety and individual numbers are tropical America, exclusive of the great alluvial low grounds and forest regions, the United States, South Africa, the Mediterranean region, West Central Asia, and extra-tropical Australia.

Dr. George Engelmann publishes in the Transactions of the Academy of St. Louis "Notes on the Genus *Yucca*," a peculiarly North American genus, the species of which have been hitherto much confused and very imperfectly known. The species are here reduced to twelve, which are accurately defined, and the whole genus worked up in the usual thorough manner of the author. He has investigated, with most interesting results, the subject of the fecundation of the flower, which rarely occurs in cultivation in this country, and even less frequently in Europe. Fertilization is found to be in most cases wholly dependent upon the action of a particular insect of a previously unknown genus, the *Pronuba yuccasella*. This Yucca moth, named and described by Mr. C. V. Riley, State Entomologist of Missouri, is found to have modifications of structure expressly adapted to the pollenization of these plants, which it frequents, and in the ovaries of which it deposits its eggs, the plant and the insect being dependent each upon the other for the propagation of its kind.

In *Cryptogamic Botany*, the Bulletin of the Buffalo Society of Natural Sciences contains descriptions of one hundred and fifty new species of *Fungi*, by Charles W. Peck.

In the field of *Engineering* perhaps the most directly interesting event of late is the completion and operation of the Baltimore under-ground railways. This system of transit, in which Baltimore stands alone among American cities, must sooner or later be imitated extensively by every growing city in the country, and to Baltimore is due the credit of inaugurating this great improvement. The under-ground railway consists of the Baltimore and Potomac Tunnel, the western portal of which is on Gilmore Street, from which it runs under some twenty-nine streets and avenues, in a northeasterly direction, through the city, and emerges at North Avenue, here joining the track of the Northern Central Railway. The Union Tunnel runs from tide-water at the Canton district of the city, first northerly, then easterly, under some thirteen streets and avenues, joining finally the Northern Central Railway. The total length of the Baltimore under-ground railway system is three and a half miles, two miles of which are closed tunnels, and the remainder open cuttings, over which the streets are carried on bridges. The cost of construction has been about $5,000,000, and with this expenditure the several railways centring in the city have been brought into connection, thus vastly adding to public convenience and safety, and facilitating business intercourse.

We have also to notice the recent completion and opening for traffic of one of the most notable engineering works in the West—namely, the St. Joseph Bridge, spanning the Missouri River, and joining the States of Kansas and Missouri, at the city above named.

The work was attended with many difficulties—one of which involved the changing of the main channel of the river from the Kansas to the Missouri side, in order to bring it at right angles through the main draw of the bridge. The bridge is divided into spans, as follows: one fixed span 80 feet long, one pivot draw span 365 feet long, and three fixed spans of 300 feet each—making a total length of 1345 feet between the abutments on either side of the river. The bridge is built of wrought iron throughout, except the upper chords of the 300-feet spans, and the tracks, wheels, etc., of the turn-table under the pivot draw span, which are of cast iron. The general style of the structure is that known as the quadrangular truss, with parallel chords and inclined tie-rods.

The St. Joseph Bridge was permanently located July 14, 1871. The first train passed over it May 20, 1873, and it was formally opened, with great public demonstrations, on June 20, 1873.

In *Railway* matters the completion of the track of the Northern Pacific Railroad to the Missouri River at Bismarck is worthy of record. The town in question is in Central Dakota, 452 miles west of Duluth, and the road between these points is now in operation, while on the Pacific side sixty-five miles have been for some time in actual use. The Upper Missouri for the present serves as a western extension of the railroad, and the junction just formed between the railroad and the river really furnishes a most important route between the East and the extreme Northwest. A line of ten steamers is already established on the Upper and Lower Missouri in connection with the road, by which freight may now be shipped from Erie or Buffalo by lake to Duluth, thence by the Northern Pacific Railroad 452 miles to Bismarck, on the Missouri, and thence by steamers on the river 1000 miles to Fort Benton, in the same longitude as Salt Lake City.

In the same field of enterprise the official report of the construction, operation, and resources of the pioneer narrow-gauge railroad—the Denver and Rio Grande—is worthy of notice. From the showing of the report it appears that although the road has been under construction during the year, with its business partly organized, all of its departments new and crude, and only a division of sufficient length to indicate what may, with good reason, be expected of the enterprise turned over to the possession of the company by the contractor January 1, 1873, the results of the first half year's working, even surrounded by such unfavorable conditions, indicate very clearly that the conception and undertaking of this new departure in railroading were based upon a sound estimate of its necessity.

TRIMETHYLAMINE IN RHEUMATISM.

The application of trimethylamine in cases of acute articular rheumatism seems to commend itself more and more to those who have made use of it, and its virtues have lately been especially detailed by Dr. Dujardin-Beaumetz, of Paris. In a recent article he takes occasion to say that propylamine, which has usually been considered as identical with trimethylamine, is in reality a very different substance, being, in

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fact, a more or less complex solution of ammonia and trimethylamine, and consequently not a chemically definable substance, but a mixture of variable composition. Trimethylamine itself is most conveniently obtained from old herring brine by a chemical process (and also from several other substances), and is open to the great objection of possessing a disagreeable odor, resembling that of putrid fish. The difficulty of obtaining it pure, and the disadvantage of its smell, have suggested the employment of its compounds, and the hydrochlorate has been proposed as eminently suited for all medicinal purposes. It is a fixed salt, composed of needle-shaped crystals, without any odor excepting when in solution, and even then this is not very objectionable. It is very deliquescent, and acts like a caustic upon the skin.

Dr. Dujardin-Beaumetz has treated some recent cases of articular rheumatism with this preparation instead of trimethylamine, and he finds it to be greatly preferable in every respect. The usual dose is from half a gram to a gram every twenty-four hours, taken in considerable dilution, a tea-spoonful at a time, from hour to hour. The effect upon a healthy individual is first seen in a depression of the pulse and of the temperature, this being decidedly marked in almost every instance. In one case the pulse was reduced in two hours from eighty-eight to seventy-six. It will of course be proper to decide by experiment how far this action upon the heart may be of service in certain diseases of that organ, and the extent to which its use may actually be allowed.

The testimony of those who have recently reported on this remedy is quite concurrent as to its specific action on articular rheumatism. In one instance a complete cure was said to have been obtained in two days after the administration of fifty centigrammes of the hydrochlorate.

THE DISSIPATION OF ELECTRICITY IN GASES.

In a memoir by Boboulieff, in the Journal of the Russian Physical and Chemical Societies, the author has ably discussed the question of the gradual dissipation of the electricity with which any insulated conductor may be charged. After giving in some detail the conflicting results arrived at by the most eminent experimenters, such as Coulomb, Matteuci, Dellmann, Charault, Warburg, Riess, Biot, and others, as to the dependence of the slow dispersion upon moisture, pressure, temperature, the nature of the gas, etc., Boboulieff then follows out the indications given by the modern dynamical theory of the constitution of gases. He shows that if electrical dissipation be due, as is commonly thought, to the successive transfer of minute quantities of electricity from the insolated body to the atoms of the surrounding gas, then the laws followed by this phenomenon may be deduced from the general principles established by Maxwell and Clausius, in their works on the constitution of gases, and that, according to these, we ought to have the following general laws: 1. The coefficient of dissipation is inversely proportional to the square root of the absolute temperature of the gas. 2. It is proportional to the pressure of the gas. 3. It depends on the nature of the gas. 4. The dissipation must follow Coulomb's law, which is based upon observation, and requires that the logarithm of the quantity of the electric charge must diminish proportionally to the time. This last theoretical result, supported as it is by the observations of Coulomb and others, needs no further consideration; but in support of the first three deductions the author submits a number of special experiments and observations made by himself on air and hydrogen. The apparatus employed by him consisted essentially of a bell-glass filled with gas at any desired tension, and within which were two light gilded balls—one fixed, the other movable. The latter was suspended from one end of a light horizontal bar, to which was fastened a magnetic needle, and all of which hung by a single fibre of silk. The gilded balls, being equally charged, repelled each other to such a distance that the repulsive force was balanced by the magnetic movement of the needle. The latter afforded the convenient means of determining at any time the extent to which the balls had lost their electric charges. Rejecting all the observations in which a small error in observation could entail an appreciable effect upon the resulting coefficient of dissipation, and confining himself to the most accurate results, Boboulieff finds (1) that the dissipation in air diminishes with the diminution of pressure, and (2) that the dissipation in hydrogen is less than in the air at the same pressure. In some of these experiments the charge of the two gilded balls was maintained for eight or ten days, during which interval observations were regularly made upon them.

A NEW SPECTROSCOPE-MICROMETER.

Professor Rood, of New York, has devised a very convenient eye-piece micrometer for use in spectroscopic measurements. A thin, smooth, semicircular plate of silver is blackened by smoking it, the soot being attached by subsequent flowing with weak spirit varnish. On this dead black surface, and perpendicular to its diametral edge, lines 0.25 millimetre apart are ruled with a dividing engine, the numbers being afterward added. The opaque plate, thus prepared, is placed in the interior of a negative, or, preferably, in front of a positive eye-piece, so that it is in focus, and occupies nearly half the field. A lateral opening in the eye-piece, somewhat nearer the eye, admits the light necessary for illuminating the ruled lines. In general the diffused light of the room is sufficient for this purpose, but if not, a distant lamp conveniently placed accomplishes the same purpose. In this way a set of bright lines is seen in the field of view, more or less bright as the lateral opening is more or less shaded, which may be used with great satisfaction in fixing the position of lines in spectra given either by prisms or ruled plates.

BLOW-PIPE FURNACE.

A simple and convenient arrangement for the purpose of producing heat more than equal to the melting of cast iron by means of the gas blow-pipe consists of a furnace composed of two parts—an interior envelope and a movable covering. The latter, which completely surrounds the internal portion, rests upon a flange adapted to the outside and lower extremity of the interior envelope. Its walls are very thick, the better to

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retain the heat, and upon its lower edge eight holes are symmetrically placed, to allow an outward passage to the heated gases. A knob or ring of iron at the top serves to remove and replace the covering. The crucible to be heated is held in the centre of the interior portion by a platinum support, which rests upon a small ledge. The source of heat (an ordinary gas blow-pipe) is arranged beneath so that the nozzle shall be only an inch or so below the inferior circular orifice; the flame will therefore circulate, in the first instance, round the crucible, then in the annular space between the interior envelope and the covering, and the products of combustion will finally pass out through the eight openings at the base. The progress of the heating may be noticed by holding a small mirror beneath. With a furnace arranged in this manner persons have succeeded in melting six hundred grains of cast iron in a small porcelain crucible in less than a quarter of an hour.

A NEW DOUBLE-IMAGE MICROMETER.

A proposition has been made to the Paris Academy of Science by a M. Noel, describing a proposed new form for the double-image micrometer, which seems to have some advantages over the divided object-glass and the divided ocular. Noel places within and near to the principal focus of the telescope a plane mirror, so adjusted that the image of the object to be measured is formed at the side of the tube. The mirror, however, is not of one piece, but is divided into two separate halves; the optical axis of the telescope and the line of bisection are in the same plane, and perpendicular to this plane is an axis about which either (or one) of the mirrors may be revolved. The two images of the object, as formed by the respective plane mirrors, may now be separated as in the double-image micrometer, the degree of their separation being equal to the angle included between the two planes. The advantages of Noel's construction are (1) that the micrometer screw is replaced by the divided circle, and (2) that the value of a division of the divided circle may be easily altered at will, and allows of attaining very great precision with comparatively little labor.

RELATION OF THE AIR TO CLOTHING AND SOIL.

The following statements of general interest are specially reliable, being contained in a lecture by Professor Pettenkofer, of Munich, who is known as high authority on such subjects: Although the warmth of the body is the result of respiration, it is a singular fact that the normal temperature of the blood of the African is the same as that of the Esquimau, or about 99½°, while the air surrounding them, and inhaled by them, may differ as much as 180° in temperature; neither does this temperature vary, in a state of health, more than two degrees, though the temperature of the air may vary 72°. The heat generated by the human body in twenty-four hours is sufficient to raise thirty quarts of cold water to the boiling-point; and of this the regular processes of nutrition require only a definite part, and the larger portion must be given off through radiation, evaporation, or conduction. When heat is lost by radiation, as in sitting near a cold window, or other cold object, the impression of a draught may be created, although the air be perfectly calm, heat being simply given up to the colder object. Thus, while the temperature of a room may remain constant, different sensations may be experienced, dependent on the surrounding objects. A much larger amount of the superfluous heat is lost by evaporation; and during severe exercise, when more heat is developed, evaporation is also more rapid, and the normal temperature of the blood restored. A "cold" is caught when the evaporation is too rapid. But little heat is lost by conduction. The particles of air in contact with the body become warm, and are replaced by colder ones, creating a current, which is insensible, because of less velocity than three feet per second. In better conductors cooling takes place more rapidly, water of 61° seeming much colder than air of 61°. These three modes of cooling, however, supplement each other, and act together. Thus a current of warm air cools more rapidly than calm cooler air, not only by reason of renewal of the air, but by favoring evaporation.

The chief object of clothing is to surround the body artificially with a warm climate, poor conductors being consequently selected. The cooling process is, however, simply checked by the clothing. Even the thinnest, finest fabric, as a veil, diminishes loss by radiation. But the inclosure of air is especially effective, and consequently garments of porous heavy material are warmer than those which are more compact. Felt shoes, permeable to air, are warmer than leather or India rubber ones, while the latter soon become unendurable because of checked ventilation. The more hygroscopic the material, the colder the clothing, because it is a better conductor when moist. Linen and silk are for this reason colder than wool, and also because the latter retains its elasticity when moist, and keeps the air within its pores. And our bed, which is, in fact, our sleeping garment, is of special interest. It must be warmer than our waking clothing, since less heat is developed during sleep. Consequently loss of sleep is very exhausting. The feather-bed possesses in the highest degree feeble conducting power, elasticity, and permeability to air; but, if too thick or soft, resembles more an air-tight garment. The house, too, may be regarded as an extended piece of clothing, so gradual is the transition from bodily garments to it (the step from the wide garment of the Arab to his felt tent being a small one), and, in hygienic functions, they agree precisely in regulating our relations with the surrounding air. The ease with which a current of air may be blown through a brick, pieces of mortar, wood, etc., by glass tubes cemented to opposite sides, and the passage of water (so much denser) through these substances, show how imperfectly our walls, of whatever material, and however thick, exclude the air from us. We do not perceive the free passage of air through them because the current is too slow.

In providing ventilation for the hospital Lariboisière, in 1856, 700 cubic feet of fresh air per hour were considered insufficient for one person; and, at considerable expense, the apparatus was adapted to provide 1400 instead, with entirely unsatisfactory results, 2100 cubic feet being necessary for an adult, according to the investigations of the lecturer, and in hospitals much more,

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even as high as 5250 feet. Such change of air may be effected by difference of temperature or mechanical currents, the extent being dependent upon the size of the openings, crevices of windows, doors, etc. Most exhaustive investigations made by Pettenkofer showed that with a difference of 34° between the external and internal air of a room of 1895 cubic feet capacity, the air was entirely renewed in one hour, and more rapidly with increased difference of temperature; but by carefully pasting up the crevices it can be reduced to one-third the amount. It is especially fortunate, therefore, for the poorer classes that rooms can not be made air-tight, since want of warmth is less injurious than continued breathing of vitiated air. A stove, under favorable circumstances, will introduce 3150 cubic feet of fresh air per hour. Furnishing fuel to the poor in winter is equivalent to furnishing fresh air as well. The results of investigations, by Merker and Schultze, of the air of stables were precisely similar to the preceding. The nature, especially the thickness, of the wall in all cases causes variation in the amount of fresh air; and it also appears that the air of small rooms with few inmates is purer than that of large rooms with many. Ventilation is often neglected because of its inseparable association in the minds of many with draught, while in reality it need only be the proper renewal of the air of closed rooms by currents of insensible velocity. A draught, on the other hand, is the cooling of a limited portion of the body, either by stronger currents of air or by radiation, as to a cold wall, for example, from which a cold current of air then seems to reach the body. In the open air much stronger currents do not suggest a draught. Cooling but one side of the body disturbs the functions of the vaso-motor nerves, not subject to our control, and they at once begin to act as if the whole body were cooled instead of but a part, and the decided change in the circulation of the blood becomes dangerous by its suddenness, just as when a cold drink is taken. While the permeability of the earth to water is generally noticed, the penetration of air to a great depth is overlooked, and also the fact that this stratum of the aerial ocean has its slow insensible currents, just as that in the walls of buildings, in clothing, etc. A bird in a glass vessel closed with a layer of earth can live for hours; a current of air can easily be blown through a tube a yard long filled with earth, etc. This air in the earth can be put in motion by differences of temperature as well as by currents of air. Thus the odor of gas has been found in houses without gas-pipes, and persons have been injured by it, the gas being drawn from very distant defective pipes in the winter by difference of temperature, since when the room was not heated the odor disappeared, and was found in an adjoining heated room. It seems, therefore, that the frozen earth was also penetrable to the gas. This movement of air in the soil renders animal life, though of a low type, possible at great depths; and to this life must be ascribed the excess of carbonic acid in the air of the soil, and, at times, its noxious properties. Accurate investigations show that the air in the soil of Dresden contains twice as much carbonic acid as that of Munich. This is a subject that demands more attention, on account of its hygienic relations, than it has received. A careless neighbor can render the air of the soil impure as well as its water, and thus contribute to disease.

VEGETABLE PARCHMENT.

The employment of vegetable parchment seems capable of great expansion by adaptation of its character and price to different purposes; and it may be expected that increased consumption will cheapen its production and lead to still further uses. In many cases it already replaces waxed cloth, mole-skin, etc. As a water-proof wrapping it is serviceable in the form of envelopes for valuable papers, and for inclosing small samples, especially of moist colors and dyestuffs. It may also prove desirable for artificial flowers, if suitably colored. But attention is particularly called to its substitution for tin for boxes for packing aniline colors, it being far less expensive when manufactured from a cheap paper adapted to this use, and easily made into box-like pouches accurately fitted into light wooden boxes with smooth interiors, the parchment box lid being fastened by a tin hoop, and the wooden one nailed. Such boxes are not only perfectly tight, but not liable to be cracked or burst open by rough handling in carrying, as experience shows to occur with tin boxes.

ALCOHOLIC FERMENTATION.

Schnetzler informs us that alcoholic fermentation, with the evolution of gas, is caused by living cells of the fungus known as *Saccharomyces*, present in the ferment, and that there are cases in which other species of fungi, as *Mucor*, *Aspergillus*, and *Penicillium*, present in the same liquid, produce the fermentation without evolution of gas.

CHEAP SUBSTITUTE FOR DOUBLE WINDOWS.

It is suggested by Dr. Oidtmann, in a pamphlet on the care of health, simply to add a second set of panes of glass, set in an inner rabbet, to a single sash, and thus inclose a stratum of dry air, about 0.2 to 0.4 of an inch thick. The excess of cost, it is said, will be more than covered by the economy of fuel in winter; and at 90°, in summer, a room thus protected will remain nine degrees cooler than when supplied with ordinary windows. The plan is also advantageous for hot-beds, etc. A good hard quality of glass, that does not become dull by decomposition, must be selected, especially for a southern exposure, since the interior faces can not be cleaned. It is necessary also not only that the glass should be perfectly polished, and not be soiled in putting it in, but, since the air inclosed ought to be dry, the glazing should be done when the air is in the best condition in that respect. Ice crystals, of course, never form on such windows.

ARTIFICIAL HUMOUS SUBSTANCES.

One great difficulty experienced by Dr. Detmer in the investigation of humous bodies was in their preparation in a pure condition from natural sources; but while studying the well-known action of sulphuric acid on cane-sugar he found that by boiling 3000 grains of sugar in 9000 grains of water and 900 grains of concentrated sulphuric acid, a considerable amount

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of humous matter was formed, which gave reactions identical with those of natural humus; and also that, contrary to the views of Mulder, the brown substance obtained by boiling sugar only for a quarter of an hour in dilute sulphuric acid is identical in composition with the black obtained by boiling for two hours—the deeper color of the latter being due to larger granules, which may be converted into a brown powder, as he had previously shown was the case with the black extract of natural humus.

CHLORAL IN GOUT.

A correspondent of the *Medical Times and Gazette* writes ecstatically in regard to his experience of the use of chloral as a remedy for gout, having been cured in four days of what had been a very severe attack, and one which, according to previous experiences, should have lasted a fortnight. His first dose, taken at bedtime, was between seventy and eighty grains, and threw him into a profound sleep, interrupted by only occasional awakening, during which the pains were sufficiently intense to draw tears, but the continued effects of the chloral soon brought on sleep again. A second, third, and fourth dose of equal amount was taken on successive nights, and as the result the pain and the gout had disappeared, having been slept off in the interval. The writer remarks that the experience was so astonishing to himself that he hardly expects his assertion to be believed, as he had previously tried every known form of opiate without success.

UNION OF IRON AND STEEL.

For many purposes it is frequently desirable to unite iron and steel, the advantages of such a combination being very great. There are, however, a number of difficulties in the way of accomplishing this result. With edge-tools, for example, the tedious hand labor required makes the product very costly, while with large masses the employment of fluxes has not served to shield the steel from being burned. A plan is proposed by Mr. Charles Wheeler, of Philadelphia, of attaining the desired end very simply and efficiently. The essential feature of this process lies in bringing the iron and steel to a welding heat in one "pile," and simultaneously, and then manipulating them by rotary motion. In order to avoid the danger of burning the steel, this is protected from the *modifying* effects of the furnace gases by being inclosed in an iron case made as nearly air-tight as possible. This is brought to a welding heat, and the mass thus rolled. According as the material is piled in the case, the inventor produces an iron-coated steel slab, plate, or bar, in which steel preponderates, steel-centred iron, in which iron preponderates, and a combination in which the materials are so disposed as to be best able to endure wear and support strain. Upon the same general plan a tubular combined iron and steel axle is produced, for which many advantages are claimed. The process is extremely simple, and has received much attention from practical workers in metal.

PUTREFIERS AND ANTISEPTICS.

Dr. Dougall, of Glasgow, has lately published a pamphlet on putrefiers and antiseptics, the result of an examination of the principal substances that have been presented for consideration in such a connection. His experiments were made to ascertain (1) whether putrefaction can be accelerated by adding certain chemicals to fresh organic fluids; (2) the relative antiseptic powers of different bodies, as shown by their preventing the appearance of fungi and animalcules in organic fluids with which they are mixed; and (3) the relative aerial antiseptic powers of different volatile bodies, as evinced by their preventing the appearance of fungi and animalcules in organic fluids exposed to their vapors, and by their action on vaccine lymph.

Under the first head it was ascertained that the alkalies and alkaline earths and their salts (with few exceptions) hasten decomposition when present in small proportion in fluids containing organic matter. This is the case with domestic soap-suds, spent lye, and all more or less alkaline liquids. Ammonia, permanganate of potash, and biborate of sodium, among chemical waste substances, do not accelerate putrefaction, but, at the same time, they do not retard it. Soda, potash, nitrate and chlorate of potassium, and lime are especially vigorous as putrefiers. Salt, saltpetre, and sugar, all substances which preserve meat when used in large quantities, act as putrefiers when added in small percentage.

Under the second head, Dr. Dougall came to the conclusion, as the result of his experiments with solutions containing organic matter, that putrefaction and fermentation are not identical processes; that the former is more difficult to prevent than the latter, which sometimes subsides into putrefaction, though putrefaction rarely becomes intensified into fermentation. The best antiseptics, in his opinion, are the acids, since it is apparently impossible for marked putridity and acidity to go together. Among these he especially mentions chromic acid and benzoic acid, carbolic acid, indeed, only retarding the appearance of the animalcules and fungi for a time.

The most important portion of Dr. Dougall's investigations related to the relative antiseptic powers of different volatile bodies, and here the chloride of lime appeared to be efficient in nearly all cases. It was ascertained that nitrous acid, glacial acetic acid, and hydrochloric acid are the most perfect in their action; and that next come carbolic acid, sulphurous acid, and chloride of lime, the last being the best of the three. But as the application of these substances was made under very favorable circumstances, and much more concentrated than it is possible to use them in practice, he concludes that aerial antiseption is in most cases fallacious. A very curious fact was developed in regard to the action of various substances upon vaccine lymph in preventing its activity—carbolic acid, both in vapor and solution, as well as chloroform, camphor, sulphuric ether, and iodine, not interfering with this activity. Lymph, exposed to the action of vapor of chloride of lime, sulphurous, nitrous, glacial acetic, and hydrochloric acids, was found incapable of producing its characteristic effect, however, from which Dr. Dougall concludes that these are the best destructives of the active properties of vaccine lymph, and therefore are more likely to act upon variolous matter and other zymotic substances.

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Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 25th of August.—The Constitutional Commission of New Jersey met at Trenton July 22, and, after the announcing of committees, adjourned till the 7th of October.

The Constitutional Convention of Ohio has taken a recess till the 2d of December. The Committee on Apportionment and Representation submitted a report, July 23, embodying the principle of cumulative voting. The State was divided into ten districts, each of them to be entitled to three Senators, and the voters to have the option at the election of repeating the name of a candidate on their ballots instead of voting for an additional candidate. The House of Representatives to be composed of delegates from each of the counties of the State; and where a county is entitled to more than one member, the people are empowered to elect in the same manner.

The Constitutional Convention of Pennsylvania has been in session. It proposes to create the office of Lieutenant-Governor, and a Court of Pardons, and to limit the powers of corporations.

The Commission authorized by the Legislature of Michigan to revise the constitution of that State was promulgated by the Governor August 14. It consists of twelve Republicans and six Democrats. The Commission was to meet at Lansing August 27, and is required by law to finish its work by the 1st of December. This is the third legislative commission created in this country to perform the work usually assigned to a convention of elected delegates.

The Ohio State Nominating Convention assembled, in pursuance of the "Allen County Resolutions," at Columbus, on the 30th of July, and nominated a fusion ticket, as follows: Governor, Isaac C. Collins, Democrat; Lieutenant-Governor, A. S. Piatt, Liberal Republican; Attorney-General, Seraphim Myers, Liberal Republican; Supreme Court, P. B. Ewing, Democrat; D. W. C. Louden, Republican; Board of Public Works, James M'Beth, Democrat; Controller, C. P. L. Butler, Liberal Republican; Treasurer, Jonathan Harshman, Democrat. The platform proposes a new organization of parties, censures the national administration for its grants of lands to corporations, the "salary grab," and official corruption; disapproves of public works by the general government, subsidies to corporations, special privileges to banks, appointment of public officers for political considerations, and of a tariff for other objects than revenue. It also recommends the repeal of all laws that favor capital to the prejudice of labor. The Liberal Republican State Committee has fraternized with the new movement, as also have Messrs. William H. Groesbeck, Thomas Ewing, and R. Brinckerhoff.

The Democratic State Convention of Ohio, at Columbus, August 6, nominated William Allen for Governor.

A convention of delegates favorable to the formation of a new State from fractions of North Mississippi, West Tennessee, and Western Kentucky assembled at Jackson, Tennessee, the proposed capital, on the 29th of July. It is proposed to bound the State on the north by the Ohio River, east by the Tennessee and the State of Alabama, and south by the Tallahatchee River; the area to be a little over twenty-five thousand square miles. The convention was enthusiastic and harmonious.

The Republican State Convention of Virginia met at Lynchburg July 30. R. G. L. Paige, colored delegate, presided. Colonel R. W. Hughes was nominated for Governor. The resolutions approve of the administration of General Grant, and ask for an *ad valorem* tax law for the State, and the repeal by Congress of the tax on tobacco.

The Conservatives of Virginia held their State Convention at Richmond August 6, and nominated General James L. Kemper for Governor. The resolutions approve the rule of conservative government as contrasted with "radical rule," advocate the maintenance of the free-school system, and ask for the completion of the great James and Kanawha river water-line as a means of cheap transportation.

The Democratic State Convention of Maryland met at Baltimore August 12. Levi N. Woodford was renominated for Controller, and James S. Franklin for Clerk of the Court of Appeals. The platform reaffirms State rights, strict construction of the Federal Constitution, and opposition to monopolies, revenue tariffs, and the back pay for Congressmen.

The Democratic State Convention of Maine assembled at Portland August 12; 568 delegates present. Joseph Titcomb, of Kennebunk, was nominated for Governor. The platform is copied verbatim from that of the Ohio Democrats, but expresses distrust of compulsory education.

The Republican State Convention of Texas assembled at Dallas August 19, and renominated E. J. Davis for Governor.

The fifth annual convention of the Labor Reform party of Massachusetts met at Lowell August 6. Judge Robert Corby was chosen permanent president. The discussions related principally to the subject of procuring the enactment of a ten-hour law. No candidates were nominated for State officers, but a resolution was adopted censuring Governor Washburn for his removal of General Oliver and Mr. Chamberlin from the Bureau of Labor Statistics and the appointment of Mr. Potter, an adversary of a ten-hour law. Another resolution pledged the support of the party to General B. F. Butler for Governor in case he should be a candidate.

The territorial election was held in Utah on the 4th of August. The "Gentiles" took no part, and the Mormon ticket was chosen by a unanimous vote. Women and children, and foreigners not naturalized, participated.

A postal treaty with Japan was signed by the President August 6. It stipulates for carrying of mails between San Francisco and Yokohama, at the rate of fifteen cents, prepaid, for letters, to be reduced after one year to twelve cents, and two cents for newspapers. Mails belonging to other countries may also be carried by the United States for two cents additional, and letters exchanged between Pacific steamers for ten cents.

No postal treaty has been concluded with

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France. Mr. Creswell, the Postmaster-General, has proposed to fix the rate of postage at nine cents for letters on the basis of half an ounce and one-third of an ounce, according to the standard of the respective countries, free to place of destination without the interchange of accounts, each country to pay its own sea postage.

An election was held in North Carolina on the 7th of August, which ratified the proposed amendments to the constitution of the State. The first amendment involves a repudiation of the State debt, contracted since the war, by repealing the provision requiring taxation for its liquidation. The second abolishes the requirement for a State census every alternate year. The fifth places the State University under the control of the Legislature. The sixth exempts $300 of individual property from taxation. The eighth makes the legislative sessions biennial.

A convention of German citizens of Wisconsin was held at Milwaukee, August 6, to concert measures for permanent political organization. Germans in other States are invited to co-operate. About seven hundred delegates were present. They adopted a resolution refusing support to any party or candidate not accepting their platform. They denounce sumptuary laws, advocate free trade, charge corruption on officers of the government, condemn the back-pay legislation of Congress, oppose consolidation and monopolies, advocate cheap transportation, and declare that the State should not legislate to interfere with the government of cities. The organization will hold annual meetings.

An "Anti-monopoly" Convention was held at Des Moines, Iowa, August 14. One-third of the counties of the State were represented. Jacob A. Vale, Republican, was nominated for Governor, Frederick O'Donnell, Democrat, for Lieutenant-Governor, and B. J. Hall, Democrat, for Judge of the Supreme Court. The platform declares for a revenue tariff, opposes land grants, and demands that corporations should be restricted from becoming engines of oppression, and should be taxed as individuals. The duty of the Legislature to fix maximum rates of fare is also asserted.

A correspondence has been published between a committee of citizens of South Carolina and the Attorney-General of the United States in relation to the prosecutions and prisoners convicted under the Enforcement act. Mr. Williams announces that the persons prosecuted and convicted will be treated with as much lenity as possible; that the prosecutions now pending will be suspended or discontinued—except, perhaps, in exceptional cases of great aggravation; and that many under sentence have been or probably will be pardoned. But future violations of the "Ku-Klux act" will be prosecuted with all possible energy and vigor.

Governor Dix has completed the signing of bills left in his hands by the Legislature of New York at the time of final adjournment. The number is 871. Several of these are of great importance. The adoption of children is for the first time regulated by law. The validity of all effectual adoptions heretofore made is recognized; but henceforth no child can be adopted, nor any adopted child deprived of the benefits of adoption, except by a consent and agreement made in the presence and with the approval of the County Judge. A minor can not adopt a child, nor can a married person without consent of the conjugal partner, unless they are lawfully separated. Consent is necessary on the part of a child over twelve years of age, and on the part of the parents, if living, or on the part of some adult having lawful custody of the child if they are dead, except that in case of illegitimacy the father's consent is not necessary. The parental consent is unnecessary when the parent is deprived of civil rights, adjudged guilty of adultery or cruelty, or for either of these causes divorced, or where he is adjudged insane or a habitual drunkard, or is judicially deprived of custody of the child, or has abandoned it. The adopted child takes the name, and for all legal purposes, except rights of property, becomes the child of the persons adopting it.—In celebrating marriage the officiating magistrate or minister is required to ascertain the right of the persons to contract marriage, and is empowered to examine them and other persons under oath.—Corporations existing under the laws of other States are empowered to hold meetings of stockholders and directors in this State, if their charter or the law of their own State gives the authority.—Chattel mortgages are required to be filed every successive year so long as they remain unpaid.—Heirs of real property are authorized to procure testimony of the death of the ancestors, the fact that they died intestate, their relationship, and the existence or non-existence of other heirs, and other matters necessary to assure a title, the proof to be taken in the Surrogate's Court and recorded in the record of deeds.

The result of the trial of the Modoc prisoners by court-martial transpired August 23. Captain Jack, Schonchin, Boston Charley, Black Jim, One-Eyed Jim, and Sloluck are to be executed at Fort Klamath, Oregon, on the 3d of October.

They are having a Pacific Railway scandal in Canada. A meeting was held in Montreal August 5, at which resolutions were adopted asking the House of Commons of the Dominion to proceed at once to an inquiry into the accusations against the government, and declaring that the delays in the investigation already ordered have created lamentable uneasiness and anarchy, which can only be calmed by a public and solemn inquest. Meanwhile the several members of the government have explicitly denied having any arrangement or understanding with the Canada Pacific Railway Company of the character alleged.

The State of Entre Rios, in the Argentine Republic, has been the theatre of civil war, and accompanying it was an armed revolt in Paraguay. It appears to have commenced in April, but no decisive fighting had occurred up to midwinter. Jordan, the commander of the insurgents, early in June commanded all males between fifteen and seventy to be enrolled on penalty of confiscation of property, and also issued a proclamation threatening death to all foreigners found in arms against him. It is asserted that Brazil is secretly aiding the rebels.

The Emperor of Brazil issued a decree in June declaring Protestant marriages indissoluble unless declared otherwise by competent legal tribunals.

The government of Peru issued a decree on

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the 12th of July restricting the exportation of saltpetre after the 1st of September. An export duty of fifteen cents per quintal is imposed, to be increased to twenty-five cents in January.

Lozada, the chief of the Tepic rebellion, in the State of Jalisco, Mexico, was defeated by the national troops July 14. He was pursued and captured by Colonel Rosales, who formerly fought under him. He had been in armed hostility to the federal government for fifteen years. He was tried by court-martial on the 18th, and shot the next morning. He refused to be blindfolded, and knelt with his face to the firing party. This ends the Tepic revolution.—Six thousand troops have been sent to reinforce the army of the Rio Grande.—Minister Mejia refuses to support the government in the exercising of dictatorial powers. He is charged with holding secret conferences of a revolutionary character at the house of Señor Santa Cecilia, a son-in-law of the late President Juarez.—The federal District Court pronounced an important decision at Matamoros, July 23, denying the right of the government to collect a duty of one-half per cent. per pound on goods imported into the Free Belt. This decision is based on the provision of the new tariff, and was obtained to shield the merchants of Matamoros from the exactions of the customs officials, who persisted in collecting the duty after the law had been repealed. The government now contemplates, when the Congress meets in September, to procure legislation to restrain the importations for the Free Belt to the ports of Matamoros and Nuevo-Lando.

The returns of the elections in Mexico show gains for the administration. The Chief Justice of the Supreme Court has pronounced a decision adverse to the decree for the expulsion of the Jesuits.

A message was received from the Queen by both Houses of Parliament on the 28th of July, announcing the contemplated marriage of the Duke of Edinburgh and the Grand Duchess Marie-Alexandrovna of Russia, and asking the increase of his allowance to £25,000. It was voted in the House of Lords without debate. The measure was called up in the House of Commons on the 29th by Mr. Gladstone, who predicted most felicitous results from the alliance, which, he declared, was one of mutual affection. He moved the grant of £25,000, and £6000 to the princess if she survived her husband. Mr. Disraeli was absent, and Mr. Ward Hunt seconded the motion. A debate sprung up in relation to the religious profession of the lady. The law of Russia forbids the members of the imperial family from abandoning the Greek Church; while in England, the royal princes and princesses must be Protestants, or yield their claim to the throne. This rule, one hundred and seventy years ago, excluded the House of Savoy, now represented by the King of Italy, from the succession. Messrs. Taylor, Holt, and other radicals strongly opposed the grant. The debate was renewed on the 31st, and Mr. Taylor moved a postponement, declaring that the expenditure ought to be charged to the civil list, or that the crown ought to surrender to the treasury the immense private property which it held. The duke, he added, receives an allowance already ample, "wrung as it is from a reluctant and indignant people." His motion was lost, and the bill received its second reading. On the 1st of August it was called up finally, and Sir Charles Dilke spoke against the grant. After an exciting and angry debate the bill was passed.

Demonstrations against the proposed allowance were made at Nottingham, Bristol, Birmingham, and other places; and a meeting held at Hyde Park on Sunday, August 3, adopted a petition to the Queen to refuse her assent to the bill.

The Queen prorogued Parliament on the 5th of August. In her speech she thanked the members for their action in relation to the Duke of Edinburgh on the occasion of his marriage, and announced the best of relations with foreign powers. The treaties of 1860 with France had been again put in force, and extradition treaties concluded with Italy, Denmark, Sweden, and Brazil. The tax on sugar and on incomes had been reduced to points lower than ever before. The establishment of a Supreme Court of Judicature, she predicted, would prove a beneficial measure; and the acts relating to education would extend that boon in the middle and most numerous classes.

The British Parliament having been prorogued, its legislative history for the late session passes under review. The occurring of a ministerial crisis, though eventuating in the restoration of the Gladstone ministry, effectually prevented the success of much decisive legislation. The Dublin University bill, the bill to make all property ratable, and the Education Amendment bill failed, except that Mr. Forster secured an act requiring guardians to send to school the children of persons receiving out-door relief, and to pay the school fees of children of indigent persons. The Judicature bill, creating a Supreme Court having jurisdiction in law and equity, before passing was shorn of power in relation to Scotch and Irish appeals, which the House of Lords insisted upon retaining as their "ancient privilege." The Household Franchise bill, conferring suffrage upon agricultural laborers of the rural districts as well as upon the artisans in towns, was debated, but not pressed to a final passage, in the House of Commons. Of course it would have been rejected by the House of Lords. But the ministry were indifferent, or, rather, strenuously opposed to every endeavor to procure a new apportionment of seats in Parliament. The merit of the bill, and the interest taken by the people in its success, may be perceived from the declarations of Mr. Trevelyan, and from the petition presented by Mr. Dixon, signed by 80,000 farm-laborers living in twenty-four counties, praying for its enactment. In the debate of July 23 Mr. Trevelyan said, "I am speaking below the mark in asserting that there are 3,000,000 of the inhabitants of England and Wales who are not country folk but towns-people in their habits, their character, their circumstances, in their ways of thought—in every thing, in short, except in the possession of the rate-paying household suffrage." A bill enabling land-holders to give, sell, or lease lands on which to erect Dissenting chapels, which failed in the House of Lords in 1872, became a law this year, with clauses added permitting such lands also to be given and used for the purposes of schools, ministers' residences, and burial-grounds.

It is predicted by conservatives that this Parliament will not again assemble, and they affirm

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that there is a reaction in progress against the liberals. But the *Saturday Review* declares that the result of a new election would be uncertain. A new ministry could hardly hope for a decisive majority, and Mr. Gladstone could go to the country with the new watch-word of household suffrage. Neither party, therefore, desires to try the experiment. Mr. Gladstone meanwhile has remodeled his cabinet, and the journals supporting him declare that if he is spared he will present a magnificent budget for 1874.

A cabinet council of the Gladstone ministry was held in Downing Street on the 7th of August to arrange a reconstruction. The Marquis of Ripon and Messrs. Childers and Baxter resigned. In the new ministry Mr. Gladstone, in addition to the Premiership, is also Chancellor of the Exchequer, assisted by Lord Frederick Cavendish and Sir Arthur Wellesley Peel. Mr. Robert Lowe is the Secretary of State for the Home Department, Mr. H. A. Bruce having been elevated to the peerage, and succeeding Lord Ripon as the President of the Council. Mr. John Bright is the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. Mr. William P. Adam has been appointed Commissioner of Works and Buildings, and Sir George Jessel Master of the Rolls.

The French Assembly at Versailles, at its session on the 23d of July, authorized the Permanent Committee, which sits during the recess, to prosecute all who insulted the Assembly. This committee consists of ten members of the Right and Centre, seven of the Left, and one Bonapartist. It will meet every alternate week. On the 24th a bill was passed, after a violent religious debate, authorizing the construction of the Church of the Sacred Heart on the heights of Montmartre.

The French treaties of commerce with Great Britain and Belgium were approved. On the 29th President M'Mahon transmitted a message proroguing the Assembly. He eulogized the happy results of concord between that body and the government; and alluding to the evacuation of the country by the Germans, paid a handsome tribute to the successful diplomacy of President Thiers. Peace was the first necessity of the country, and the government was resolved to maintain it.—Rumors of the restoration of the monarchy are now in circulation. The Comte de Paris arrived at Vienna on the 4th of August, and was received by the Emperor Francis Joseph. Interviews were held between him and the Comte de Chambord the next day, and dispatches from Vienna declare that the latter was acknowledged by the former to be the head of the house of Bourbon and of the royal family of France. A deputation of French Legitimists waited upon him at Frohsdorf and tendered him the throne, which he accepted. A letter written by the count to a friend has been published. It denounces the republic as promoting social anarchy, and declares France to be weary of agitation. He declares an honest and moderate republic an illusion, and declares the present to be but a provisional arrangement. He concludes:

"As a whole, France is Catholic and monarchical. It is for us to caution it against errors, to point out the rocks, and to direct it toward the port. The day of triumph is still one of God's secrets; but have confidence in the mission of France. Europe has need of it, the papacy has need of it, and therefore the old Christian nation can not perish."

A letter from Paris, dated August 8, declares that the negotiations between the Comte de Chambord and the Comte de Paris to place the former on the French throne have injured the movement. The elder Bourbons will unfurl only the white flag, while the Orleanists accept the tricolor.

The Duc de Broglie has prepared a letter setting forth the causes which led to the retirement of President Thiers, and the elevation of Marshal M'Mahon. It bears date August 1. It asserts that the French people are apathetic; constant revolutions have weakened or annihilated political convictions not all republican, but rather monarchical, but having lost faith in its ancient dynasty, and creating instead temporary sovereigns without roots in the past, without links in the future. As such a sovereign, he intimates, Marshal M'Mahon was accepted. The maintaining of the Assembly in Versailles obviated the invasion of the Parisian rabble. All conservative parties united for the defense of society imperiled by the Communists. The fall of M. Thiers, the duke insists, is irretrievable. His system of condescension to the radicals was the source of apprehension.

"The difficulty of restoring monarchy in France," says De Broglie, "consists not in uniting Legitimists, Orleanists, and even Bonapartists, but in persuading French public opinion that a king unfolding the white flag does not represent the domination of priests and nobles, feudality, and the loss by the peasantry of the lands taken in the revolutionary period. This difficulty is perhaps insurmountable. If this error in the mind of a great part of the French peasantry should be dispelled, it would be as easy to transmit the power to a king as from M. Thiers to Marshal M'Mahon."

The duke thus depicts the purposes of the radicals: "Demagogy is not in France, as in most other states, a political force for obtaining legal reforms. It is directed against the laws, and the existence of society itself. It has declared war against religion, family, property, any kind of authority but that of the lowest mob." Danger is particularly menacing when the government is officially denominated "republic." Historical events have framed the popular mind into such a shape that it associates this word with the idea of revenge for those who consider themselves wronged against the classes they consider as unjustly happier than themselves. The existence of a republic in France has always been associated with proletarian excesses; and it is considered not as an end, but as a means of overthrowing the laws of society. Hence the use of the designation by the Assembly at Bordeaux was a fault. It should have been called "The National Government of France." It could have gone on as it did, all parties content. But M. Thiers had his own construction, substituted his personal government for that of the majority, thus elating the radicals and dissatisfying the Assembly. His successor will not follow his example. The new ministry are not clerical and ultramontane. The reign of Marshal M'Mahon begins with a solid strength and chances of success unknown to any of the preceding governments since the fall of the empire.

A war has been commenced on the French newspapers. Twenty have been suppressed.

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Henri Rochefort and eighty-nine other convicts sailed on the transport *Virginie* for New Caledonia August 8.

The customs revenue of France for the first six months of the year amounted to 113,000,000 francs, against 78,000,000 for the same period last year; and the total revenue to 516,000,000 francs, against 404,000,000 for the same period last year. The imports amounted to 1,561,000,000 francs, against 1,678,000,000 for the same time in 1872; and the exports to 1,952,000,000 francs, against 1,727,000,000 last year.

The luxury of war is appropriately illustrated in an elaborate computation, in the *Vossische Zeitung* of Berlin, of the money cost of the seven months' contest which discrowned an emperor in France, and ended with one in Germany. The computation lays down the extraordinary expenses of North Germany at 598,391,492 thalers; the re-establishment of the North German contingent at 106,846,810 thalers; and the ordinary military expenses at 178,000,000 thalers. To this add the expenses of South Germany, and the cost of the seven months' war for Germany exceeds 1,000,000,000 thalers. Then, on the side of France, there is the war indemnity of 5,000,000,000 francs; and their war expenditures must have exceeded those of Germany; making a total not under 3,000,000,000 thalers. We have thus the grand total of 4,000,000,000 of thalers, or £600,000,000 sterling, equal to $3,000,000,000 gold.

The International Congress to discuss measures for the protection of patent rights in all civilized countries met at Vienna August 4.

The Italian Minister of Finance announces a great increase in the number of vessels trading with the United States.

The Pope received several newly made bishops on the 28th of July. He exhorted them to maintain zealously the rights of the Church. Alluding to the ecclesiastical conflict with Freemasonry in Brazil, he declared Freemasons liable to excommunication, like members of other secret societies, notwithstanding the charitable objects of their organization.

The Good Templars have been permitted to establish lodges in Prussia.

The new monetary law for Germany has been promulgated. It substitutes the national gold standard for the present circulation, the mark, worth 23.8 cents, being the unit. Gold coins consist of five, ten, and twenty marks; subsidiary coins of five, two, and one mark pieces; token coins of fivepenny and tenpenny nickel pieces, and one and two penny copper pieces. The amount of small coins is to average twelve and a half marks per head—a little over $100,000,000. The silver currency is to be called in, and only the new coinage and national paper currency allowed to remain after 1875.

The republic of Spain has been passing through a crisis of civil war. On the 30th of June the Cortes voted to invest President Salmeron with extraordinary powers in view of the Carlist insurrection. The minority of that Assembly, "the party of the Extreme Left," called also *Intransigentes*, withdrew the next day, and began an agitation against the government. The jealousy entertained against Madrid by the other cities afforded opportunity, and revolts took place in Cartagena, Cadiz, Barcelona, Seville, Granada, Malaga, and other cities.

At Cartagena the insurgents, under the lead of General Contreras, seized the city and the castle. A squadron of six vessels in the harbor immediately united with them. A junta, or Committee of Public Safety, was at once proclaimed, and the red flag adopted. The shipping was placed under the command of Rosas, who led the insurrection at Ferrol several months ago. Galley-slaves were taken to man the vessels. President Salmeron immediately declared the vessels pirates which co-operated with the insurgents. A minority of members of the Cortes moved a resolution censuring this action, but it was rejected, July 22, by a vote of 110 to 90. The minority immediately prepared to withdraw, with the purpose of establishing a separate government at Cartagena. The Cortes resolved at once upon vigorous efforts. A bill was introduced to authorize the prosecution of deputies who should rebel against measures adopted by that body. The Admiralty was also suppressed. President Salmeron issued a proclamation on the 24th calling out 80,000 of the reserves into active service, and began the contest with great energy. The civil governors of Seville and Albacete were dismissed, and successors nominated, and General Martinez appointed Captain-General of Valencia, in place of General Valevole. The proclamation of President Salmeron declaring the crews of the vessels at Cartagena pirates created great consternation, and deterred them from venturing to sail to Malaga. Threats to assassinate Salmeron and his associates were made. Meetings of liberals were held at Madrid and elsewhere, one of them being presided over by Marshal Serrano, which pledged support to the government. The gun-boat *Vigilante*, attempting to leave the harbor of Cartagena, was seized by the German frigate *Frederick Charles*. Hostile demonstrations were the result, but no violence occurred; and the imperial government at Berlin has since disavowed the act, and the vessel was delivered, July 30, to the Spanish consul at Gibraltar. On the 25th Contreras issued a circular to the foreign powers, assuming the title of president and commander of the sea and land forces of the canton of Murcia. He dissolved the junta. Vessels were sent to Malaga and Torrevieja to levy contributions. He also applied for a loan in London. The red flag was lowered, and the national colors of Spain hoisted on all the fortresses on the 27th. A naval expedition, commanded by Contreras in person, set sail the next day for Almeria. On arriving off that port he demanded a contribution of 50,000 pesetas, and being refused, opened a fire on the city. The women and children having been removed, the garrison made a determined and successful resistance. The attack was renewed on the 31st without result, and the insurgent fleet retired. A detachment of 700 men from Cartagena surprised the garrison of Orihuela, captured the town, and marched upon Alicante July 30. Contreras attempted also to sail for the place; but his lawless treatment of foreigners aroused the attention of the German, English, French, and Italian governments, who dispatched immediate orders to the commanders of their respective squadrons. The conduct of Contreras in bombarding towns and commit-

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ting excesses produced a reaction adverse to him throughout the country, and many abandoned his standard. On his arrival off the harbor of Malaga, August 2, the commanders of the foreign squadrons intercepted him, and compelled him to return to Cartagena. After his departure the city returned to its loyalty. The governor was arrested for treason.

Valencia was attacked by the government troops July 27. After a conflict of five hours the insurgents proposed terms of capitulation, which were refused. The city was bombarded on the 30th, and for several days in succession. The insurgents resisted with great obstinacy, and the Spanish losses were heavy. The city capitulated unconditionally on the 8th of August.

On the 27th of July the government troops at Seville were attacked by armed bodies of insurgents. After several hours of fighting the latter offered to capitulate, but their terms were refused. The conflict was renewed, and maintained several days, with heavy loss of life. On the 29th the insurgents were dislodged, and their cannon—twenty pieces—captured, and the next day order was restored. Several foreigners (Internationals) were captured. General Paira commanded the government troops.

On the 1st of August a battle took place near Malaga between the Republicans and insurgents, and the latter were defeated.

The revolutionary junta at Granada issued an order July 30 to seize all public and ecclesiastical property, and to coin the church-bells into money. This was done, and a contribution levied. But the government forces occupied the province, and on the 4th of August the city surrendered.

The junta of Cadiz was arrested on the 3d of August.

The Carlists, having the favor of President M'Mahon and the Duc de Broglie, have been encouraged to more formidable demonstrations. On the 23d of July their force in Catalonia and Biscay amounted to 30,000 men. They were evidently acting in concert with the insurgents in various places. On the 25th Don Alfonso captured Reus, and marched upon Barcelona. Don Carlos himself attacked a body of republicans on the 27th at Elizondo, near Pampeluna, and dispersed them. He then proceeded to Navarre, arriving at Leiga on the 29th. He is reported to have offered to cede to France all of Navarre north of the river Ebro. On the 3d of August he took the oath of fidelity in the province of Biscay.

On the 28th General Navarro attacked the Carlists at Marededes, and drove them from the town, releasing 700 prisoners. The Carlist blockade of Bilboa has been raised. On the 31st the Carlists were repulsed at Portugalete, near Bilboa.

A vote granting constitutional guarantees to Porto Rico was adopted almost unanimously by the Cortes August 6, and a deputy from that island pledged its fealty to the republic.

The Federal Commission of the Spanish Internationals have promulgated an address vindicating themselves from the imputations cast upon them for the disturbances at Alcoy early in the month of July. They accuse the federation republican government of calumny and injustice, and assert that the Mayor of Alcoy himself precipitated the riot at that place. There were strikes at the principal cities and districts of agriculturists and working-men, which the authorities had made the pretext for seizing the books and closing the offices of the International Association. At Seville, Valencia, and numerous other places this had been done. Finally at Alcoy the mayor had promised to be neutral, and violated his word. The municipal council had been advised by the working-men to resign if they did not intend to preserve neutrality. But they were fired upon as disturbers of the peace; a conflict had ensued, in which about twenty-five persons had lost their lives, the mayor himself among them. The commission declare that Alcoy's armed resistance will be the example that they will follow whenever the encroachments of the authorities make the exercise of personal rights impossible. Wherever this address was circulated the insurrection appears to have followed. A dispatch from Madrid, August 2, states that 6000 workmen had offered to conduct the affairs of that town and maintain order.

The Spanish Constitution, as adopted at the palace of the Cortes, July 17, affirms in its Bill of Rights the right to life and its protection, free speech, diffusion of ideas, labor and commerce, holding meetings, property without incumbrance or entail, equality before the law, trial by jury, and defense by counsel. The federal system of government by states is carefully declared; the right of entering private residences is restricted, and the withholding of letters and telegraphic messages prohibited. Suffrage is made universal, public education required, religious worship made free, and the church separated from the state. A President, Vice-President, Senate, and House of Congress of deputies are provided, substantially as in the United States. The autonomy of the states is specifically assured.

Another British vessel landed military stores for the Carlists at Fontarabia August 13. She was overhauled by a Spanish man-of-war in French waters, when sailing under British colors, and towed into the harbor of San Sebastian. She proved to be the *Deerhound*, the British vessel that rescued Captain Semmes, of the *Alabama*, when that vessel had been sunk by the *Kearsarge*, during the civil war in the United States. A diplomatic correspondence is accordingly predicted.

A dispatch from Madrid, dated August 21, announces a brilliant republican victory near Berga. The Carlists lost ninety killed and three hundred wounded. The siege had been raised and the Carlists were in full retreat. General Espartero, whose voice is all-potent with the Cortes, advises that General Manuel Concha be placed in command in the Biscay provinces and General Moriones in Navarre.

Bonitas, a member of the Cortes, is to be tried for participation in the cantonal insurrection.

The Shah of Persia was at Milan July 27. He proceeded to Vienna, arriving on the 3d of August. He was received by the Emperor, and visited the Exhibition.

The treaty between Russia and Khiva was announced July 25. The Khan pays Russia two million rubles, abolishes corporal punishment and slavery, and cedes a portion of his territory to Bokhara. The Russian troops leave the country on the payment of the indemnity.

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DISASTERS.

July 25.—Baltimore was visited by a disastrous fire. The conflagration began in the steam sash and door factory of Joseph Thomas and Son, a wooden building on Clay Street, and swept rapidly to the north and east. The Central Presbyterian Church and the English Lutheran Church on Lexington Street were destroyed. The district ravaged embraced about ten acres, and was inhabited principally by poor people; hence the devastation, though inflicting severe hardship on the sufferers, but a little exceeded one million dollars in pecuniary damage. A heavy storm of rain terminated the conflagration.

July 26.—A fire also occurred at Norfolk, Virginia, threatening the destruction of the entire city. It was evidently the work of incendiaries. The flames were subdued in the afternoon, but repeatedly broke forth anew, but were finally extinguished on the night of the 27th. The damage was estimated at $275,000.

August 2.—There was a great conflagration at Portland, Oregon. Twenty-three blocks of buildings were destroyed. Two hundred and fifty dwellings were burned, and the losses were computed at $1,500,000.

August 5.—The buildings and shipping of the Standard Oil Works Company, at Hunter's Point, New York, were burned; loss $125,000. One of the tank boats blew up, the captain being on board. His body was frightfully mutilated.

August 8.—The steamer *Wawasset*, of Washington, was burned off Acquia Creek. She left Washington in the morning on her regular weekly trip, with 117 registered passengers on board. Just before reaching Chatterton's Landing, on the Virginia side of the Potomac, she was discovered to be on fire. A panic immediately ensued among the passengers, totally disconcerting all measures for their safety. Between forty and fifty jumped overboard and were drowned. About seventy-five lives were lost altogether.

August 9.—A fire broke out at two o'clock in the buildings of the Maine Steam-ship Company at Portland. The flames communicated to the steamers *Dirigo*, *Montreal*, and *Carlotta*, all of which were burned. The buildings on the Atlantic Wharf—including the elevator, filled with corn, belonging to the Grand Trunk Railway Company—were also destroyed. The *Chesapeake*, of historical memory, was barely rescued. Three persons belonging to the *Dirigo* jumped into the water, and were drowned. Several others are missing. The loss is estimated at $600,000.

August 12.—An explosion of fire-damp occurred at the Central Coal Mine in Scranton, Pennsylvania. Three men were injured, two of them mortally.—A fearful catastrophe occurred at Kuhn's Patch, in the Wyoming Valley, near Scranton, Pennsylvania. A large party of women and girls from that city were picking berries on the mountain, when a violent storm burst upon them. Forty-one persons took shelter in an unoccupied house, and several remained outside. A few minutes later a bolt of lightning struck the building, killing two of the women, mortally injuring four, and burning many others of the party severely. The flesh was torn from their bodies in a frightful manner. The flood in the valley was so great as to render it difficult to procure assistance.

August 16.—At half-past ten P.M. a terrible accident occurred on the Chicago and Alton Railroad, near Lemont, twenty miles from Chicago. The south-bound passenger train met a coal train, and was totally wrecked by the collision. Eleven passengers were killed, and thirty-five injured, three of whom have since died.

August 22.—By the falling of a partially demolished house in Eleventh Street, New York city, eight laborers were killed and seven frightfully wounded.

August 23.—The steamer *George Wolfe* blew up at St. Francis Island, on the Mississippi. Thirty persons were killed or injured.

August 25.—The Fire Island express train on the Southside Railroad, Long Island, ran off the track between Merrick and Freeport. About fifty persons were injured.

July 25.—An explosion of fire-damp occurred in a coal mine at Framières, Belgium. Five miners were killed.

August 2.—A train on the Northwestern Railway of England ran off the track at Wigan upon the platform and against the station building. Ten persons were killed and about thirty injured.

August 4.—The steam-ship *Alabama*, plying between New York and Glasgow, was struck on the port bow a little before midnight, by the bark *Abeona*, about sixteen miles off Innistrahall, on the northern Irish coast. The bark sunk immediately with eight of her crew. Three were rescued. A boat of the *Alabama* was lost in the collision and drifted ashore, giving rise to a rumor that she had been wrecked.

August 12.—The clipper ship *La Escocesa*, from San Francisco, sank in the Mersey.—A dispatch from London announces that Christianople, a town on Kalmar Sound, had been entirely destroyed by fire.

August 19.—A fire took place at Quebec. It covered ten acres. Two vessels were destroyed in the river. Loss $400,000.

August 20.—A dispatch from Bombay announces destructive floods in India. Thirty-five hundred houses had been swept away in the province of Agra, and several lives lost.

OBITUARY.

August 3.—At Washington, D. C., Robert Chew, chief clerk in the Department of State, aged sixty.

August 4.—At New Brighton, Staten Island, Anson Livingston, aged sixty-six. He was a son of Chief Justice Livingston.

August 6.—At Newark, New Jersey, Professor John F. Stoddard, the author of several textbooks on mathematics.—At Dresden, Ohio, George W. Cass, aged eighty-two. He was a brother of General Lewis Cass.—At the Highlands, New Jersey, Dr. G. A. Maack, Professor of Comparative Zoology in the Museum at Cambridge, Massachusetts. He was found dead in his room at the hotel. Dr. Maack was the geologist and naturalist of Captain Selfridge's Darien Exploring Expedition in 1871. An illustrated article to be published in the next number of this Magazine, entitled "The Secret of the Strait," was prepared from his report to Professor Agassiz, giving the result of his researches in connection with that expedition.

He was in the editor's office revising the proofs of this article only a few days before his death.

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August 10.—At Rochester, New York, William W. Clark, former Professor of Natural Science at the State Normal School, aged forty-nine.

August 11.—At Braintree, Massachusetts, Rev. Richard Salter Storrs, D.D., pastor of the First Congregational Church, aged eighty-six. He graduated at Williams College in 1807, and was ordained and installed at Braintree in 1811. He officiated sixty-two years on an annual salary of $800.

August 12.—In New York City, George N. Sanders, aged sixty-one. He was grandson of George Nicholas, the proposer of the famous Kentucky Resolutions of 1798, and first appeared in political life in a mass-meeting to support the annexation of Texas. He was consul to London under Mr. Pierce, and Navy Agent at the port of New York under Mr. Buchanan. He co-operated with Mr. Greeley in procuring the celebrated peace negotiations at Niagara Falls.

August 13.—At Amenia, New York, Rev. Samuel Roosevelt Johnson, D.D., former Professor of Systematic Theology in the Union Theological Seminary.

August 14.—At St. Paul, Minnesota, Colonel De Witt Clinton. He held the position of Judge Advocate General on the staff of General Canby, and was a lawyer of ability. He was the son of Judge G. W. Clinton, of Buffalo, and grandson of the celebrated Governor of New York.—At Brooklyn, New York, of disease of the heart, Colonel James F. Meline, aged about sixty. He served on the staff of General Pope during the war, and afterward became the author of *Two Thousand Miles on Horseback*, a *Vindication of Mary Queen of Scots*, a *Life of Pope Sixtus V.*, and other treatises.

August 15.—A dispatch announces the death of William Stoddard, member at different times of the Legislature of Michigan, by suicide, while delirious.—At Philadelphia, Elias Durand, the celebrated pharmacist, aged eighty. He was a native of France, and served in the medical corps of the army of the first Napoleon. He next migrated to this country, and devoted himself to the study of the flora of North America; and his herbarium, containing over 10,000 species of plants, now occupies a separate gallery in the museum of the Jardin des Plantes, at Paris.

August 17.—At Philadelphia, William M. Meredith, aged seventy-four. Mr. Meredith was Secretary of the Treasury in the administration of President Taylor, was a member of the Constitutional Convention which framed the present constitution of Pennsylvania, and president of the present Constitutional Convention.

August 18.—In the city of New York, the Rev. Gardiner Spring, D.D., aged eighty-eight. His father was a chaplain in the Continental Army, and accompanied General Arnold to Quebec. Dr. Spring, his eldest son, was born at Newburyport, Massachusetts. He was a classmate of the late John C. Calhoun, at Yale College, studied law, but abandoned that profession for the Presbyterian ministry. He preached first at the Cedar Street Church, now the Post-office, and afterward became pastor of the "Old Brick Church," which stood on the site of the present *Times* building.—At Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, General A. B. Warford, former President of the Northern Central Railroad.—At Manchester, New Hampshire, by suicide, Charles Stark, aged seventy-two. He was formerly State Senator, and was a clear-headed, highly respected man of great wealth. He was a grandson of General John Stark of the Revolution.

August 24.—At Pittsfield, Massachusetts, the Rev. John Todd, D.D., pastor of the First Congregational Church in that city, aged seventy-three years, forty-six of which were spent in the ministry. He was the author of over thirty popular works, the most widely known of which are *Lectures to Children*, which has been translated into French, German, Greek, Dutch, and Tamil, *The Student's Manual*, and *Index Rerum*.

July 23.—At Berlin, Prussia, Gustave Rose, the eminent chemist and mineralogist, aged seventy-five. He accompanied Humboldt on his memorable exploring expedition in Central Asia in 1829, and was the author of many scientific works, the most noted relating to crystallography.

August 3.—At Venice, Italy, Victor Euphemion Philarète Chasles, the eminent French author, aged seventy-five.—In England, Cecilia Letitia Underwood, wife of the Duke of Sussex, uncle of Queen Victoria, aged eighty-five. She was the eighth daughter of the second Earl of Arran, by Elizabeth Underwood, his third wife, and was twice married. The latter marriage, with the Duke of Sussex, took place in 1831, but not having been sanctioned by the king, was not valid in British law, though binding in the church. In 1840 she was elevated to the peerage by the title of Duchess of Inverness, an indirect acknowledgment of the alliance.

August 6.—At Paris, M. Camille-Hyacinthe Odillon Barrot, President of the Council of State of France, aged ninety-two. He was the son of a deputy in the National Assembly of the Revolution, who voted against the execution of the king. He opposed the re-establishment of the empire on the return of Napoleon I. from Elba, and was a liberal during the reigns of Louis XVIII. and Charles X. In August, 1830, he was commissioned to announce to the latter monarch the overthrow of his dynasty, and to conduct the royal family out of the country. In 1848 he became a member of the Constituent Assembly, and entered the cabinet of Louis Napoleon, Prince-President, as Minister of Justice. He retired from public life the next year, but was called again into service in the administrations of M. Thiers and General M'Mahon.

August 8.—At London, James Holmes, former printer and proprietor of the London *Athenæum*, aged eighty-four. He aided in the preparation of Valpy's edition of the Greek classics, and was printer of the *Law Journal*, *Literary Magnet*, and *Weekly Review*.

August 10.—In London, Thomas Chisholm Anstey, the distinguished barrister, aged fifty-seven.

August 18.—The cable announces the death of Charles Frederic, ex-Duke of Brunswick, by apoplexy, at Geneva, Switzerland, in his sixty-ninth year. He was son of the "fated chieftain," celebrated by Byron, that fell at Waterloo, and his guardian was his distinguished relative, the Prince Regent of Great Britain. He was placed in possession of his duchy in 1823, but lived mostly abroad, and was finally deposed by the Federal Diet in 1830.

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Editor's Drawer.

WE are indebted to a friend who has "done the State some service" at Albany for the following true copy of the Speaker's certificate of the passage of "an act to incorporate the Oxford Hotel Company," being chapter 448 of the laws of 1871:

STATE OF NEW YORK, IN ASSEMBLY, *April* 6, 1871.

This bill was read the third time and passed, a majority of all the members elected to the *Asylum* voting in favor thereof. WM. HITCHMAN, Speaker.

The certificate is in the well-known handwriting of that genial gentleman, Ed Johnson, and is too good a joke on the Assembly of 1871 to lie buried in the office of the Secretary of State. It only needs the word "lunatic" before "asylum" to make it strictly accurate.

LITTLE more than fourscore years have elapsed since Sir John Sinclair recorded in his *Statistical Account of Scotland* that the old belief prevalent in the Highlands as to the existence of fairies was not then quite obliterated. There has been recently published in Edinburgh a volume about fairies and fairy lore, in which are several legends done into rhyme. One of these, illustrating fairy and ordinary life combined, contains a capital song, which will be especially appreciated by those of our readers who have Scotch blood running in their veins:

Watt o' the Hill cam' doun the brae,
Trigly buskit frae tap to tae,
Ridin' fu' crouse on his dappled gray—
  Wattie wis fidgin' fain;
"An', aye," quo' he, "whate'er betide,
Some canty bit lass I'll mak' my bride,
For winter is comin'—my bed's o'er wide—
  I'll lie nae mair my lane."

Wattie gaed hoddlin' to the mill.
"Here's routh," quo' he, "to woo at will,
Jenny an' Meg an' Bess an' Lill,
  Tibbie an' Kate an' Jane.
Lasses, I'm here a wooer to woo;
Will ane o' ye come an' be my doo?
I've siller, an' lan', an' mony a coo—
  I'm tired o' lyin' my lane."

The lasses skirled a loud "tee hee!"
But lika ane cried, "Wull ye tak' me?"
Better an' auld man's dawtie be,
  Wi' walth o' gear, than nane.
"Wattie," quo' they, "just steek yer een,
Grip wha ye like, she'll ne'er compleen;
Better a cuttie than wantin' a speen—
  Ye'se lie nae mair yer lane."

SOMETHING of the true afflatus seems to lurk in the following, sent by a friend to commemorate the nuptials of a tailor's daughter with a barber's boy:

The tailor's daughter took the barber's boy
To be the partner of her grief and joy.
What force the power of nature can control!
For still the needle turns toward the pole.

THE colored brother who is conscious of the infirmities of man, and aspires to a higher and purer life, is seldom without words to express his emotions, albeit sometimes in phrase more direct and blunt than elegant. So it was with an old negro named Pete, who was very much troubled about his sins. Perceiving him one day with a downcast look, his master asked him the cause.

"Oh, massa, I'm such a great sinner!"

"But, Pete," said his master, "you are foolish to take it so much to heart. You never see me troubled about my sins."

"I know de reason, massa," said Pete: "when you go out duck-shooting, and kill one bird and wound anoder, don't you run after de wounded duck?"

"Yes, Pete;" and the master wondered what was coming next.

"Well, massa, dat is de way wid you and me. De debil's got you sure; but as he am not sure of me, he jis chase dis chile all de time."

WHEN one can combine the true spirit of elegy with accuracy of detail, he does a good thing—as per the following:

The death-angel smote Alexander M'Glue,
  And gave him protracted repose;
He wore a checked shirt and a number nine shoe,
  And he had a pink wart on his nose.
No doubt he is happier dwelling in space
  Over there on the evergreen shore.
☞ His friends are informed that his funeral takes
  place
Precisely at quarter past four!

IF this did not come to us from a respectable man in Melrose, Massachusetts, a place proverbial for truthfulness, we should not believe it:

One of Boston's esteemed citizens was in a well-known restaurant, partaking of the wholesome and invigorating apple-pie. Discovering something therein that seemed to have no legitimate connection with pie, he called the proprietor, and deferentially observed to him, "See what I have found in this pie—a piece of blue overall with button attached."

The enterprising proprietor, not at all discomfited, quietly replied, "Well, keep on eating: you may find the man."

IN a thriving little borough in New Jersey several gentlemen were talking, in the railway station, of certain recent efforts to induce manufacturing companies to locate in their midst. One of these gentlemen remarked to a fellow-townsman, "After all, K——, you and I are the only manufacturers in the place, and have done more to advance local interests than all the rest put together."

"Yes," replied K——; "we have built up a nice little business that brings a good deal of money into the place, but nobody gives us credit for it."

The arrival of the train stopped further conversation. One of these enterprising men kept a gin-mill, and manufactured drunkards; the other manufactured coffins to bury them.

AMONG the many interesting anecdotes in Colonel Forney's *Reminiscences of Public Men*, the following, of the late John C. Rives, will be appreciated by those who knew that somewhat rough but quick-witted gentleman:

The anecdotes of John C. Rives had a special flavor, and never a sting. One day, when Douglas and a few of us were standing in "the Hole in the Wall," a celebrated resort for Senators and members, Rives came in and joined us. It was in 1854, just after Douglas had intro-

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duced his bill to repeal the Missouri Compromise Line. Rives, like his partner, Francis P. Blair, was opposed to it, and made no hesitation in saying so. Douglas twitted him about getting out of the party lines, and tried to convince him that his measure was right.

"I don't like it, Douglas, and never can like it. It is uncalled for. It reminds me of a fellow who, having gone pretty nearly through all the follies of life, took it into his head to hire a bully to do his fighting. He made a contract with the stoutest bruiser he could find, and they started on their journey down the Mississippi. At every landing the quarrel was picked by the one, and the battle fought by the other. It was tough work sometimes, but rather enjoyable. At last they reached New Orleans. On the levee they found a stout, brawny stevedore, and after some chaffing, a row was started, and the two began to pummel each other. They were well matched, but, aided by his experience, the bully beat the stevedore. 'I say, boss,' said his fighting man, 'I give up this job; you is too much for me! *I don't see any reason in that ere last fight.*'"

Of course the laugh was against Judge Douglas, and none relished the hit more than himself.

A LADY of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, having been moved to visit General Di Cesnola's collection of curiosities, on view in Fourteenth Street, feels impelled to write as follows:

It is not often that one is inclined to tell a joke wherein the utter discomfiture of one's self constitutes the point; but this one I must tell you, hoping that, in case you publish it, it may meet the eyes of some one who has been sold as I was.

General Di Cesnola is a charming gentleman: I wish my sentiments on that point to be fully understood. There is something about the twist of his mustache that inspires confidence. And his accent is delightful. This collection of his in Fourteenth Street is the finest in America—yes, I know that to a certainty; but all the wonderful articles of what I prefer to call "bigotry and virtue" in the collection are not labeled, or ticketed, or whatever it is called. The catalogues are not yet published, either. The first part of this month, before leaving the city, I escorted a big brother down to the old Douglas mansion to see the sights. Now a big brother usually—in fact, always—needs instruction on some point or other, and in this case it was my sisterly duty to enlighten him about every piece of stone or porcelain in the museum. He didn't know the difference between the lachrymæ and the amphoræ (I had found out myself at the "Historical" only the day before); so I mounted a pedestal — metaphoric, of course — and preached the ancient Egyptians at him till he said he thought the front-room was nicer. But of course I followed him, and proceeded to explain a case distinctly labeled "Ancient Phœnician statuettes and earthenware." In a minute my attention was riveted (as they say in travels in Africa) on a curious statuette on the second shelf from the floor, and I at once began to explain it to the whisker-bearing species of the genus homo beside me.

"Fred," said I, in my most impressive manner, "do you see this? Here is a statuette dated, apparently, two thousand years before the



ANCIENT PHŒNICIAN BELLE.

Christian era, and do you see the most wonderful resemblance to our dresses of this spring here in New York? There is the hair done high, the ear-rings, the ruffles round the neck, the little hat high on top, and even an over dress, with boots with heels on them. What a wonderful thing our fashions are!"

Thereupon I knelt down on the floor and sketched the figure into my note-book, with the date of the case.

But I have a morbid desire to be accurate (I mean to root out that desire from my inmost soul—why didn't I leave things alone!); so I asked General Di Cesnola, who came up the stairs as we were leaving, if he would be so kind as to tell me the exact date of this statuette. Yes, he would be so kind; and we all marched back to the north room, and I pointed out my ancient Phœnician belle.

"Dat! wvhy, *dat* iss not Phœnician! *Dat* iss de caricatur made by de modairne Agyptien off de Huropeans vich come dere!"

Now I won't ask you to imagine *my* feelings at this announcement, because you can't, being a Drawer, and not a Drawer-ess. *I* felt as if my dearest lady friend had just showed me her new dress from Paris; you would have felt as if you were chasing your hat down Fifth Avenue on Sunday afternoon.

However, my authority with Fred is gone forever. He now says the lachrymæ and amphoræ were used for large pickle jars. I *never, never* mean to look at any more antiquities. Here is the sketch. Now isn't it abominable?—as if we dressed any thing like that!

Yours humbly, THERESA.

YEARS ago—twenty-five or thirty—before Nashville was connected by rail with the outside world, the principal travel to and from that city was on steamboats. In those days Ben F. Egan

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used to run the *A. L. Davis*, a disreputable craft of the hind-wheel persuasion. One trip he was approached by an ugly customer, whose *left* eye —the other was out, and gone glimmering—just twinkled through the swollen black, and thusly interviewed:

"Say, stranger, are you the capt'n of this 'ere ship?"

"I am, Sir," Ben replied. "What will you have?"

"Well, I just want to go down to Smith*land*. What will you charge me for the ride?"

"Ten dollars, Sir. Pay the money to the clerk, and he'll give you a ticket."

This Henry County representative then indignantly said:

"Luak 'ere, Mr. Capt'n, I reckon you are mistaken in the man. I'm not in the river business, and don't want to buy your derned old boat."

THAT the ways of *shoddy* are not very recent the following anecdotes will prove. The writer vouches for the positive accuracy of each story.

On the 1st of January, 1854, two gentlemen, both foreigners, called at a house in Fifth Avenue. One of them, having nothing else to say to the lady receiving, made a casual remark as to the beauty of some article of *virtu* on the table, adding something about the value of wealth in enabling the possessors to surround themselves with the beautiful. Upon which the lady drawled out,

"Ya-as! your friend"—motioning to the second visitor—"knows that money is a drug in this house!"

A few years before, this lady was happy in partaking of a little gin-and-water in the private room of a country inn.

THE same season one of the then great dames of New York was receiving her guests *on her afternoon*, in a dimly lighted room, to which reception came a highly born youthful Spanish lady, who, walking through the semicircle of visitors, had some difficulty in discovering the great lady, seated on a sofa at the end of the room.

Advancing, she mentioned, in her sweetest voice, the name of the hostess; upon which the great lady, without *rising*, held out her hand, saying, "How do you do, Donna F——?"

The young Spaniard hesitated one instant, raised her eyeglasses, looked intently at the seated lady, turned on her heel, and walked out of the room. Next day the great lady's daughter called on the proud Spaniard to explain that her mother had to receive so many visitors she could not possibly rise to receive them. To which Donna F—— pithily replied,

"Receive more frequently, or fewer people!"

A REMARKABLE instance of prudence misplaced occurred winter before last at Frankfort, Kentucky. Cincinnati was deeply interested in the success of a railroad bill, to which a determined opposition was manifestod by other interests. A secret meeting of Cincinnati capitalists was called. Twenty thousand dollars were subscribed and paid in at once to be used "where it would do the most good" with the Kentucky Legislature. The money was placed in the hands of B——, a well-known citizen of Cincinnati, and thus "staked," he went to Frankfort, and remained there in close communion with the Legislature until his bill was most disastrously defeated. Upon returning to Cincinnati he called the subscribers of the fund together and reported his action.

"Well, B——," asked one of his friends, "did you distribute all of the money?"

"Not a dollar of it, Sir. Here it is, every cent. The members were willing enough to take it, but *they wouldn't give receipts*, and I was not coming back without either the money or vouchers for it."

MINISTERS' salaries in New Hampshire oftener are less than $500 than more. Old Dr. A——, in the town of ——, Hillsborough County, prior to the war only received $300, on which he had to support his family and keep a horse. The war increased the cost of living so much his parishioners had a sudden fit of liberality, and voted to increase his salary to $400, of which he was informed by old Deacon C—— one evening, who was amazed because Dr. A—— did not seem overjoyed. Next Sunday, after his sermon, old Dr. A—— laid aside his glasses and surveyed the congregation with tears in his eyes. He thanked them in touching language for their great generosity, etc., but said he had slept on it, and had thought of it night and day, and had come finally to the conclusion to decline it, for three reasons: *First*, he was not worthy of any more salary; *second*, they could not afford to pay any more; but *third*, and *mainly*, it was as much as he could possibly do to collect $300, and if he had to collect $100 more, it would be too hard work, and more than he could possibly do and preach.

SOME years ago the town of P——, up in New Hampshire, built a very elegant new town-house, and on the top had a cupola, or bell-turret. After it was finished the selectmen conceived the idea that a gilt eagle on top would be a very appropriate and tasty ornament. They sent to Boston and got an estimate of the expense—fifty dollars—so as to be prepared to support the proposition in town meeting. It occasioned, of course, much discussion. The town was poor and in debt for the building; economy should be the order of the day; it was unnecessary, etc. The debate lasted nearly all the afternoon, and it seemed as if the selectmen would carry their point, when old Farmer Dunbar got up, and said he always knew the voters of P—— were big fools, and he supposed always would be; but if they were willing to give five gold eagles for one gilt one, they were bigger fools than he had supposed. This settled the question in the negative.

IN the writings of Dr. Chalmers is to be found a very amusing account of the way a young preacher failed to be invited to the pastorate of a church. He visited the church, and preached as a candidate. His discourse had been elaborately prepared, and his theme was, "The Immateriality of the Soul." He proved, as he thought, most conclusively that the soul is not composed of matter, but is a spiritual, immaterial substance. The sermon was fatal to the prospects of the young man. The church insisted that to say the soul is immaterial is tantamount to saying

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that it is immaterial whether people have souls or not, and they thought it very important to have souls. The church did not want a pastor who believed the soul immaterial.

RATHER touching is this: In the neighboring county of New Jersey Mrs. A—— entered a house where a funeral was to be held. Walking up to the coffin, she looked at the deceased steadily, and muttered, "Very much changed!" She seated herself, but soon arose and took a second look, repeating the remark. A third time she looked, and a third time exclaimed, "How changed!"

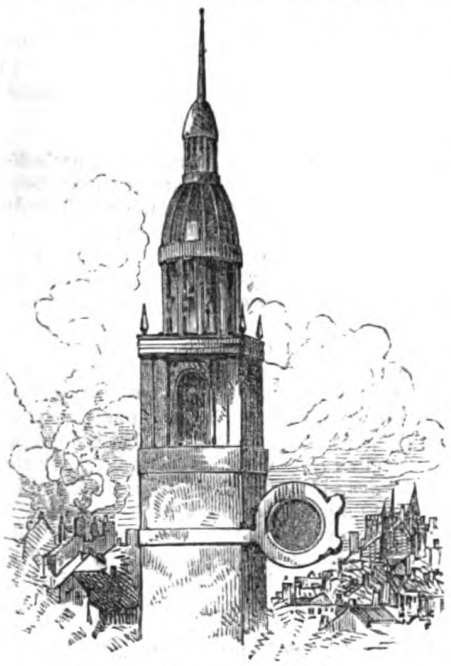
"Madam," said a by-stander, "this is John West's body; Nancy Green's funeral is next door!"

And she went out from thence unto the neighboring structure.

GOOD Professor W——, of New Brunswick, New Jersey, happened to come to New York some years ago by boat, when the waters were rough and somewhat dangerous. He was not a little alarmed. A few days subsequently a friend said, "Professor, you seemed as much afraid the other day as we poor sinners. If you die, you expect to go to heaven, don't you?"

"Oh yes," replied the professor, "but I don't want to go by water."

OUR LONDON SCRAP-BOOK.



BOW CHURCH, CHEAPSIDE.

THE CITY.

WHEN a Londoner speaks of "the City," he refers to something of smaller limits than one unaccustomed to cockney *parlance* might imagine. His phrase is not meant to be inclusive. He does not mean London, but only a small and central portion thereof. His "City" does not extend even to the ancient gates or the sites where once they stood. His ancestors implied wider circumference in their term. He means simply that busy space surrounding the Bank of England, where Mammon receives more frequent and costly worship than any where else in this wealthy world. In the not very distant Strand one may sometimes hear given an answer to a question as to destination, "I'm going into the City," as though some remote metropolis were meant, and not a cluster of thoroughfares a few streets off. Supposing one leg of a pair of compasses to be placed upon the Bank of England, and the other drawn through St. Paul's on one side and Aldgate Pump on the other, and you will have a tolerably fair idea of the extent of the privileged spot. The City, as distinguished from the rest of London, has always enjoyed special rights and immunities, at one time valuable enough, but now antiquated and useless. Like the Lord Mayor's gilt coach—that most hideous of anachronisms—they are not only believed in, but are periodically exhibited and talked of by civic functionaries, and the admiration of mankind challenged on their behalf. The preservation of these rights, however, necessitates a great deal of dining, and as dining in "the City" always means turtle and milk-punch, it is not improbable that the ancient rights will be retained and believed in for a very long time indeed. Royalty itself has to acknowledge the supremacy of civic authority within the sacred precincts; and when the Queen pays a visit to her loyal citizens—a courtesy in which her Majesty rarely indulges, and never of her own accord—she is stopped at Temple Bar, the City's most occidental point, and is compelled to knock for admission at the gates till his Honor the Lord Mayor, dressed in the funniest costume ever seen out of an opera bouffe, is pleased to let her pass. He performs the ceremony beaming with good nature, and nervously expectant of knighthood. It is confidently stated by those who understand the matter that his lordship is never conscious of the ridiculous nature of the performance.

The aristocratic denizen of West End squares has a considerable contempt for the City and for City men—a contempt which is largely affected by those imitative animals described by Thackeray as snobs. Whether this feeling is an instinct or an acquired jealousy would be hard to determine. With the aristocrat it is probably genuine enough. The artistic class share the same feeling, intensified to passionate dislike. The cold indifference with which the typical merchant regards the artist and his works, the cool assumption of his patronage, the tradesman-like way in which he bargains for his productions, make him an object particularly hated of the children of light. Even Charles Lamb, who spent the greater part of his life in Threadneedle Street, and whose kindly nature was apt to see the best side of men, seldom alludes to the frequenters of the Exchange, and he speaks in one of his essays of his "accustomed precipitation" when he walked Westward.

This feeling of dislike, natural enough in some men, having become degraded into a pretense, has become very wide-spread as a sentiment. The idol of the music-hall, arrayed in clothes of the most faultless cut, carrying in his hand the thinnest of thin umbrellas, and on his head the most brilliant of hats, and in his eye the most

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useless of eyeglasses, swaggers about and sings, with badly imitated hauteur, a song of which the chorus is,

"I never go east of Temple Bar."

His admiring audience, composed of clerks and drapers' assistants, applaud the sentiment to the echo, although one-half of them daily make that Oriental excursion. Poor fellows! The tide of exhilaration is at its flood, and presently, with equal truth, they will join the idol while singing the chorus wherein he declares that "Cliquot" is the sole beverage in which he regularly indulges. The sentiment of hostility to the City in its exaggerated and irrational phase is sufficiently absurd. The safety of England is far more intimately connected with the City than with the West End, and Threadneedle Street has a greater share in directing the national destinies than St. Stephen's or Windsor.

Let us suppose ourselves in the heart of the City, standing on the spacious pavement in front of the Royal Exchange. As we face the building we have Cheapside behind us, where Bow-bells tell the hour of noon with merry peal, and the wooden figures of Gog and Magog in front of Sir John Bennett's shop hammer out the same chronological information on pendent bells. On our left hand is the Bank of England, stretching almost the entire length of Threadneedle Street. Country vehicles are drawn up in front, their suburban owners pressing through the Bank gates to claim their half-yearly dividend. On our right, but slightly behind us, is the Mansion House, the town residence of that august functionary the Lord Mayor, and the scene of frequent and expensive civic hospitality. But let us look at the Exchange. The present building was erected in 1842, and is one of the finest edifices in London. As we gaze on the façade we are favored with an evidence of the piety of those who resort hither. Obtrusively legible above the entrance are inscribed the words, "The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof"—a sweet comment on the spirit of the transactions carried on within, which says, "Verily the earth is ours, and the fullness thereof belongeth to our children." Above the building is a clock-tower, on the summit of which the effigy of a grasshopper does duty as a weather-cock. This symbolic insect, or a similar one, erewhile stood above Sir Thomas Gresham's shop, in Lombard Street. What changes have taken place since that virtuous merchant founded the Exchange! Elizabeth was queen; Raleigh was making his discoveries; Shakspeare was writing his plays. In those days the merchant lived above his shop with his family and his apprentices. Now he comes to business from remote villas in Richmond or Putney, or from mansions, nearer but still distant, in Bayswater, or Brompton, or St. John's Wood. On the social life of the time we learn much from the old writers of comedy—Dekkar, Killegrew, Ben Jonson. The citizen figures prominently in their scenes, and is treated with no more veneration than is our modern City man by those who dislike the profession of commerce. The citizen's wife is presented as being pretty, uncultivated, credulous, and much sought after by the gallants from Covent Garden; the citizen himself as being the most jealous of mortals. And if there be any thing in the plots of the comic drama, his jealousy was no unreasonable sentiment. If that huge insect swaying in the wind were sentient, one might envy him his memories and reflections. From his elevated station the vast change that has taken place in the appearance of the city is very apparent. He can see the Thames crowded with shipping and spanned by bridges. Gone, or nearly so, are the narrow streets with the old-fashioned gabled houses. The watchman has fled into limbo, his office being usurped by horribly matter-of-fact gentlemen in uniform. There are no more train-bands, and the volunteer service is but an unpoetical substitute for those valiant defenses. No more does the chief magistrate go out hunting with the king. In the apprentice ranks there is no esprit de corps; and street riots are things of the past. Shakspeare's age is gone utterly, and that of railways and gas-light and telegraph has taken its place. Men no longer live dramas, and so dramas are no longer written. Romance and poetry have fled. Common-sense and leading articles have superseded those arts. So reflects Sir Thomas Gresham's grasshopper, as he looks down into the quadrangle of the Exchange, and informs the merchants how the wind blows.

Seek we now the Bank of England. What an immense veneration the English have for uniform! Every dignitary, from a lord chancellor down to a parish beadle, is arrayed in robes of state hideous to gaze upon and uncomfortable to wear. At the entrance to the court-yard of the Bank is stationed one of these gilded butterflies. His cocked hat, trimmed with gold-lace, his long, flowing cloak, his massive staff of office, harmonize but ill with a rubicund face and under-bred aspect. One can fancy him in private costume as the keeper of a fourth-rate tavern; but arrayed thus, and affecting a dignity which is very imposing, one regards him with mingled feelings of curiosity and awe. Perhaps he is the Governor of the Bank? At least he is the



BEADLE OF THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

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representative custodian of the coffers. Possibly it is he who arranges the rate of discount? .....Cruel disillusion! Even while we were admiring his splendid robes, and speculating as to his mysterious functions, a ticket-porter approached him, called him Tom, and asked him to come out and have a pint of beer! "Clothes," says Carlyle, "which began in the foolishest love of ornament, what have they become!..... Clothes have made men of us; they are threatening to make clothes-screens of us."

Passing through the outer court into a second open space, we find ourselves unexpectedly within a green inclosure, and under the shadow of a spreading tree. These trees, frequently encountered in the most crowded places, form a pleasant and peculiar feature of the City. You are walking perhaps for hours up and down streets promising no hint of verdure; the roar of traffic and the crush of humanity forbid the hope of arboreal shade; but turning suddenly out of a main thoroughfare, you come upon a tree full of rustle of leaves and mad chirping of City sparrows, or upon a large stone basin surrounded by grass; from the centre of it a fountain splashes, and gold and silver fish dart about with a sort of lazy liveliness. It must be pleasant for the clerks who work at windows overlooking a City tree. Surely the gentle rustle can not interfere with clerical calculations, nor the vocal efforts of the sparrows retard the efforts of the arithmetician. The stimulating effect of vegetable life on the mind is evidently a matter of belief with the citizens. Outside the Bank the pavement is crowded with flower-girls, who invite the hurrying pedestrian to purchase of their wares, obtained fresh that morning from the wholesale dealers in Covent Garden. The frequent geranium and the occasional rose flash from the button-hole of men who rush past with a celerity which seems inconsistent with such floral decoration.

For interesting details respecting the working of the Bank, the sort of accounts kept, the great vaults beneath the building filled with canceled notes, the wonderful machine which, without aid from man, detects the light sovereigns from the heavy ones, depositing the sheep in one receptacle and the goats in another—for full, true, and particular accounts of these things the reader knows where to go. They are not within our ken. They do not form part of the "humors" of the metropolis. A very obliging gentleman who conducted us through the building placed in our hands a framed note, value—the exact amount has actually escaped our memory, but something fabulous—a million, possibly. A draft for a millionth part of the amount, drawn in our own favor, would have given us a million times the satisfaction. We wanted to get back to *that* tree. It was pleasant to observe, in passing the outer entrance, that the magnificent beadle had departed. His cloak and cocked hat reposed in a kind of sentry-box. He had probably accepted the invitation of the ticket-porter who called him "Tom."

From the Bank to the Stock Exchange in Capel Court is but a step. Of this institution a visitor is permitted only to view the outside. And when by unhappy chance a stranger, escaping the vigilance of the door-keeper, obtains admission, woe betide him! They are a rough company, the brokers and their clerks, and execute summary justice on an intruder. "Bonneting" is the mildest form of punishment accorded to the bewildered visitor. The most recent case recorded is that of a French gentleman who wandered in unchallenged. He was speedily surrounded by a mob of clerks and hustled vigorously. His hat was taken from him and passed from hand to hand, and before he had advanced a yard into the building his head-dress was in the centre of it blazing away on the top of half a dozen copies of the *Daily Telegraph* ignited for the special purpose. This is no romance. It is as true as it is disgraceful. The Stock Exchange is *not* surmounted by a text of Scripture.

The Guildhall, the seat of civic government, is near. Like the "House," at Westminster, it is partly ancient and partly modern. The entrance is of good old date. The greater part of the edifice is restoration and addition. In the hall itself stand two gigantic figures of Gog and Magog, the presiding deities of the metropolis. Here, too, we meet more men gayly bedizened and carrying wands of office, their principal duty seeming to consist in touching their hats to the various noted citizens who enter and leave the building. The noted citizens do not seem to object to the humble obeisance, but smile blandly upon the spectators, as if to say, "Look at that, now! *You* have no beadle in blue and gold to give you a deferential salutation!"

The City streets suggest many interesting reminiscences. At the Spread Eagle, in Bread Street, Milton was born. Pope saw the light in Lombard Street. Thackeray's orange-covered magazine was first published in Cornhill; and, with your permission, we will adjourn to the Anchor, in Cheapside, for this sight-seeing is wondrous hungry work.

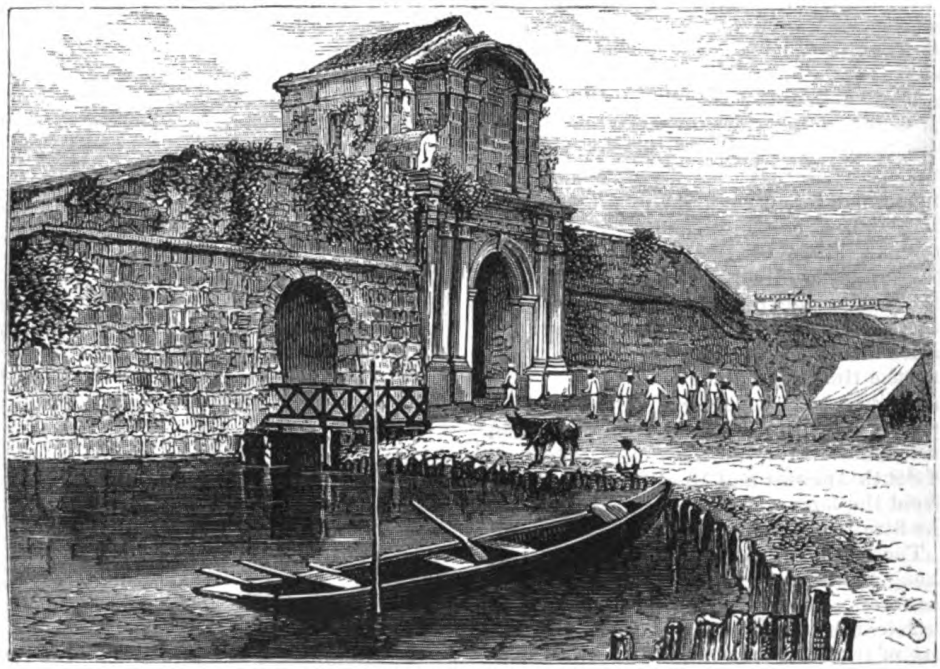


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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCLXXXII.—NOVEMBER, 1873.—Vol. XLVII.

THE SECRET OF THE STRAIT.



ENTRANCE TO CARTAGENA—PICTURESQUE GATEWAY.

THE Isthmus of Darien, a land of tropical richness and beauty, where the precious woods of southern climates flourish in abundance, and where flowers bloom and fruits ripen the whole year round, is placed by nature as a natural barrier between two great oceans. Narrow, and interspersed with many rivers, it would seemingly be an obstacle easy to overcome; but through its whole length stretches a mountain chain, a massive backbone, as it were, defying the science and mechanical skill of the world.

Ever since 1513, when Vasco Nuñez de Balboa stood alone on the summit of the lofty Sierras, and looked out over the vast expanse of the "Great South Sea," a water connection between the Gulf of Mexico and the Pacific has been desired by the commercial interest of the world. It is needless to dwell upon the advantages to be gained by something which has been demanded and sought after for more than three centuries. Numerous explorers have searched in vain for what in earlier times was supposed to exist, and it remained for the advanced and enlightened spirit of the nineteenth century to set about the work with a determination leading directly to practical results.

When Cortez was exploring the coast of Mexico and Nicaragua, the Emperor Charles V. bade him search diligently for the "secret of the strait," believing that this secret once unraveled, he should become lord of the world, and hold all the balms and spices of the Indies in his hands. Cortez's search was unavailing. After coasting along the sunny shores for months, and ascending the Atrato River for some distance, on whose waters shall perhaps before many years float the commerce of nations, he gave up in despair, and pronouncing the "secret of the strait" unfathomable, devoted his energies to exploits of a less peaceful character.

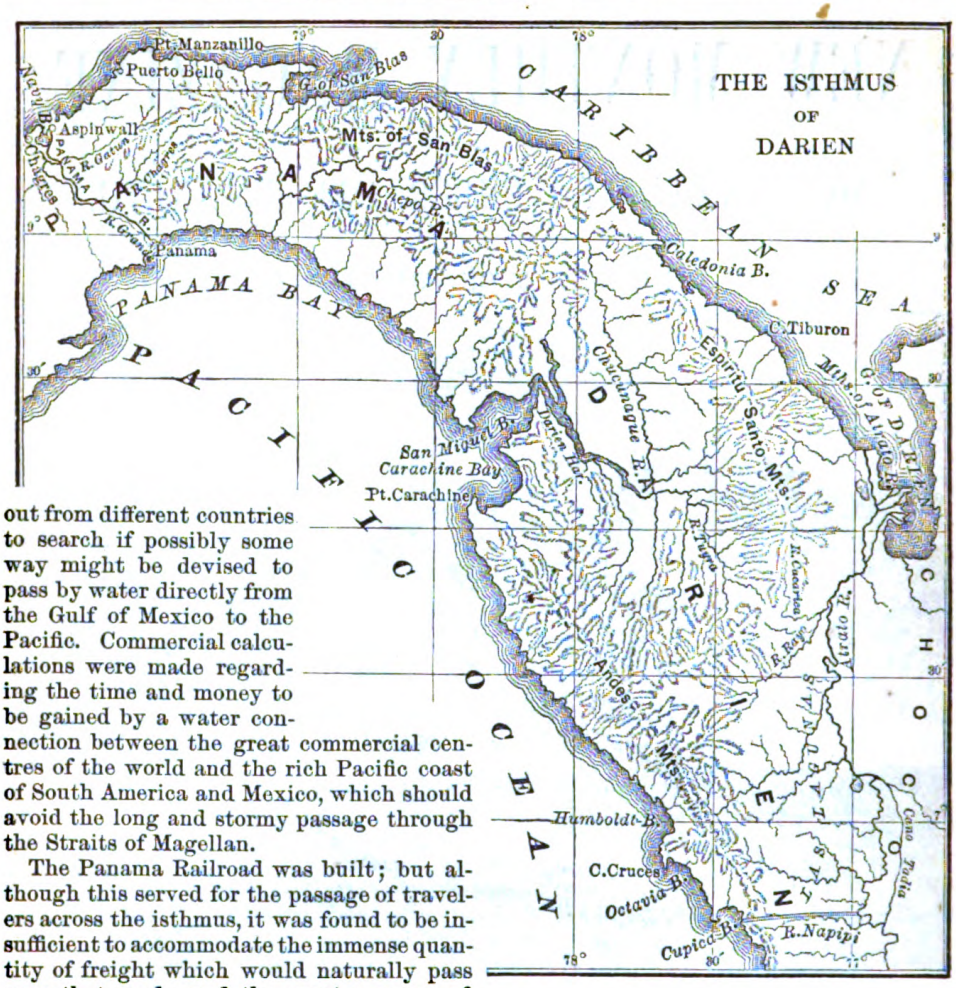
In later times many expeditions were sent

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out from different countries to search if possibly some way might be devised to pass by water directly from the Gulf of Mexico to the Pacific. Commercial calculations were made regarding the time and money to be gained by a water connection between the great commercial centres of the world and the rich Pacific coast of South America and Mexico, which should avoid the long and stormy passage through the Straits of Magellan.

The Panama Railroad was built; but although this served for the passage of travelers across the isthmus, it was found to be insufficient to accommodate the immense quantity of freight which would naturally pass over that road; and the great expense of handling at each end of the route caused merchants, as a rule, to choose the longer but cheaper way of transportation round Cape Horn.

Meanwhile it was determined that the isthmus should receive thorough examination by competent parties, to ascertain if it was possible to break through the barrier between ocean and ocean, and construct a ship-canal which would admit the passage of vessels of all descriptions. Many different routes have been proposed, and shared, in their turn, public interest and confidence. Tehuantepec, Honduras, Nicaragua, Panama, and various routes leading westward from the Atrato River, have all been taken into consideration. It would seem from a study of the map that the Nicaragua route was the most likely to be successful, as so large a portion of the whole course would lie through the lake bearing that name, and the canal leaving the gulf at Greytown and following the line of the river San Juan would find a channel partially prepared by nature. Practical surveys of this route, however, have discovered many obstacles: the summit level is so great that between thirty and forty locks would be required; and although by running in a northerly direction the western side might be reached without the difficult task of tunneling the Sierras, the great outlay necessary on account of the immense length of canal, and the total absence of a good harbor on the Pacific side, have caused this route to be abandoned as impracticable.

The exploring party under command of Lieutenant Strain, which left the United States in 1854 to survey the route from Caledonia Bay to the Gulf of San Miguel, met with adventures of a most discouraging character. They lost their way in the dense forests, and after living for many days on roots, and a few loathsome birds of carrion which they shot in the woods, they succeeded in reaching the Pacific coast, having left many of their number dead in the wilderness. The scientific and practical results from an expedition which terminated so sadly could scarcely be of importance.

The explorations made in the same year by Mr. Kelly's expedition were of a more successful character. Commencing at the

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mouth of the Atrato, a river already prepared by nature for the passage of vessels of the largest class, Mr. Kelly proposed to follow its channel as far as the mouth of the Truando River, a distance of about sixty-three miles from the Atlantic. The Truando was here taken as a line for the proposed channel, and followed for thirty-six miles. From here to the Pacific would lie the most difficult portion of the route. Mr. Kelly claimed that by this line a practicable route could be secured without the use of locks, and with engineering expedients of less magnitude than many which have been successful in Europe. The plan, however, was pronounced against by good authorities, and has never been brought to any practical application.

In 1781 a survey was made by Colonel Andres de Ariza, and nearly one hundred years later, in 1867, a Mr. De Gogorza, after studying carefully the old Spanish maps of the isthmus, passed over the same ground as the Spanish governor had done before, surveying carefully the rivers Tuyra and Cacarica and the mouth of the Atrato. The general results of his survey may be summed up as follows: 1. Excellent ports on both termini — that of Candelaria or the Gulf of Uraba, on the Atlantic, and the inner and outer bays of San Carlos (San Miguel), on the Pacific, whose entry remains free at all times. 2. A stretch of about fifty-two miles of artificial canal through alluvial soil, without obstacle of intervening mountains, from the deep waters of the Atrato to those of the Tuyra. 3. An extreme elevation of 186 feet above tide-water, and composed of slate and sandstone. 4. A superabundance of water even above the extremest elevation. 5. All this not in a pass or a depression of the chain of mountains, but in a spot of complete separation between the Cordilleras in the north and the Andes in the south. 6. The best and friendliest intercourse with the Indians, wrongly called savages. The route of a ship-canal built along this line would run as follows: Leaving the Atrato at about 7° 52′ north latitude, through or near the mouth of the Cacarica, and following a west-northwesterly direction to the highest point, at a distance of about twelve miles; continuing in a straight line, west 20° north, to the nearest navigable point of the Tuyra below the Isleta, at a distance of about forty miles, of which sixteen are below tide-water; total length of the canal, fifty-two miles.

For many years careful explorations have been made across the isthmus from the mouth of the Atrato River to various points on the Pacific coast, in the hope of settling upon the most feasible plan for the union of the two oceans. At different times Trautwine, Colonel Michler, Kamish, and other skillful engineers have surveyed from the Atrato to the Pacific at different points, and the result of their explorations has been given to the public in a form which has added much to the geographical and scientific knowledge of the isthmus.

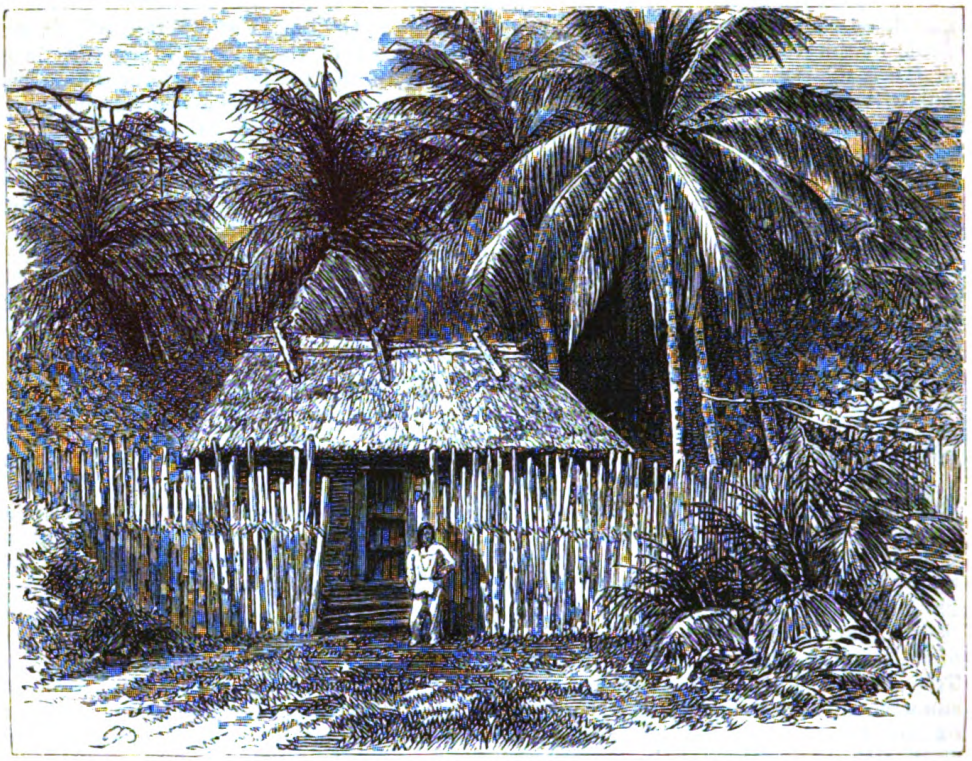
The expedition under Commander Selfridge has given the fullest and most complete report of the character and resources of the isthmus, and the most practical calculations regarding the expense of a canal through to the Pacific coast.

The United States store-ship *Guard* sailed from New York on the 4th of December, 1870, and after an uneventful passage of two weeks, arrived one bright afternoon at the port of Cartagena de las Indias. Cartagena, like most other Spanish-American towns, presents an appearance of former strength and glory, now fast decaying and crumbling to ruins. The massive walls of the city are overgrown with long hanging grasses, and the picturesque finger of time is visible every where. The houses inside the walls are built mostly of boulders of coral reefs, which are found all along the shore. The general character of the place is lazy and indolent, like all other tropical cities. There appears to be little of interest in this old town, and beyond the cathedral and a few half-ruined convents, there is scarcely any thing to attract the eye. Even the cathedral possesses but little exterior beauty. The locality appears to have been interesting only to the geologist of the expedition, Dr. Maack, who found there abundance of fossil corals, especially of the genus *Mœandrina*, and also a well-developed tertiary formation in the hills about the city.

After spending a short time only in Cartagena, where the open-handed hospitality of the inhabitants more than atoned for the dreariness of the town itself, the expedition sailed for the mouth of the Atrato, and on December 29 dropped anchor in the Gulf of Darien del Norte, or Uraba, where active operations were to begin. In Cartagena Commander Selfridge had engaged a number of *macheteros*, men who were to cut passages through the dense forest of the isthmus with the machete, a kind of broad sabre.

Before proceeding to work, Commander Lull and some other gentlemen connected with the expedition proceeded to make friends with the people of Turbo, a small village lying on the shore near the anchorage ground. The government of New Granada had given the commander an official letter to the alcalde. This chief received his visitors very kindly, and made them as comfortable as possible in his little hut. The inhabitants of the town were at first very suspicious of the strangers, following them in a crowd, many being armed with sticks and stones, ready to give fight at the least provocation. After the friendly reception by their municipal chief, however,

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HOUSE AT TURBO.

their suspicion changed to eager curiosity; and when told that the strangers had come with the intention of remaining for some time in their swampy, feverish country, their astonishment was intense.

Most of the huts of Turbo are raised upon poles a few feet above the ground. This is done on account of the heavy falls of water during the rainy season. In the night all the dogs, pigs, and poultry of the village gather under the shelter of the huts, and amuse themselves with making darkness hideous with their howls and cries.

The principal occupation of the people of Turbo is the collection of India rubber, a work which can only be carried on during the spring months, when the country is dry and least exposed to overflows. The India rubber is sold to merchants at Cartagena, and forms almost the sole support of this indolent people, whose necessities are limited to very small supplies of groceries, and articles of clothing so slight as to be scarcely worthy of mention. Plantain and cocoanut grow without cultivation, and the sea yields an abundance of fine fish; so it is not surprising that this rude, uncultivated people prefer lying all day in their hammocks and smoking to laboring for things which to them possess no value—money and luxurious living. It is hard to imagine a place so isolated that its inhabitants have no ambition beyond basking in the sun all day; but the people of Turbo have no desires to gratify except hunger, and nature has placed food in their hands with almost no labor.

It is not surprising, then, that the appearance of a band of working-men excited much astonishment and curiosity among the natives. All the while that preparations for permanent head-quarters in the Gulf of Darien were going on the expedition was subjected to constant watchfulness. As it was probable that for some time this locality would serve as a fountain-head for supplies and other necessities of the exploring parties, various stations were established upon the small islands scattered about the gulf near the mouth of the Atrato. Mr. Blake, the astronomer of the expedition, erected an observatory, and commenced taking observations. There were shops built for the carpenter and the blacksmith; a kitchen-garden was planted, and a stout hen-coop prepared which should protect the poultry from the attacks of alligators. Tide-gauges were erected; the draughtsmen and the photographer made every thing ready in their special departments, and careful soundings were taken of the Gulf of Darien and of the mouth of the Atrato.

Meanwhile Dr. Maack, geologist and botanist of the expedition, made his head-quarters in the village of Turbo. He secured a very good hut for his special residence, and it was an object of great wonderment to the natives, ignorant, of course, as to his purpose, that a man should leave his hammock

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INDIA RUBBER LABORER.

to swing empty all day, and spend his time collecting stones and dried flowers and grasses, preparing skeletons, and embalming all kinds of animals.

One fact ascertained by Dr. Maack may be of importance, should the work of building the canal be prosecuted from this point. He discovered the existence of coal near several rivers. This coal, according to a chemical analysis made by Professor Barker, of New Haven, would be of small service for steamers, but would doubtless prove useful as fuel for numerous purposes in the construction of a canal. It consists of 40.49 fixed carbon, 48.74 water and volatile matter, and 10.77 ash.

"These coal layers," says Dr. Maack, "being covered by a fine green-colored clay, belong evidently to the tertiary formation, which extends not only along the eastern side of the Gulf of Uraba, but upward to Cartagena. These tertiary beds on the Atlantic side of the isthmus are probably of the same geological age as those which extend along the whole Brazilian coast downward to Rio Grande do Sul, and farther south, upward the river Parana, and thence downward the coast of Buenos Ayres and Patagonia. It seems that layers of more or less compact tertiary coal beds extend through the whole of Central America. It is a question of geological interest, in what relation these coal deposits stand to those of the Mississippi Valley, and to those of Concepcion, Sota, at the mouth of the river Saraquita, near Seubu, southward of Arauco, in Chili, and at the Straits of Magellan. These latter coal beds were believed to be of tertiary age; but according to Professor Agassiz, who has recently visited the coal mines at Sota and found 'baculites,' a characteristic cretaceous cephalopod, in a sandstone overlying those beds, they belong to the cretaceous period."

On the 2d of January, 1871, the steam-launch of the expedition, together with several flat-boats, was in readiness for the departure of the first exploring party, consisting of Commander Selfridge, Messrs. Barnes and Beach, civil engineers, several other gentlemen, and a sufficient number of workingmen. They proposed to follow the Atrato to the Cacarica River, from which point they would endeavor to reach Paya, an Indian village lying near the Paya River on the Pa-



CAOUTCHOUC-TREE AND PARASITES.

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cific slope. The party took with them provisions for a twelve days' journey in the interior. That time passed and still the party did not return. As no provisions were to be obtained in the country, Commander Lull began to feel much anxiety, remembering the sad fate of the expedition under Lieutenant Strain, and in company with one of the surgeons of the ship started for the Cacarica River to look for the missing companions. He returned after a few days spent in fruitless search.

Every one on board the ship was nearly worn out with anxiety and watching, when one evening, nearly three weeks after the departure of the party, the distant puffing of the steam-launch was heard, and soon the missing boats came in sight. The wildest excitement reigned on board at the return of the first exploring party from the unknown world of the isthmus, and news was eagerly awaited; but this time there was nothing pleasant to be learned. Commander Selfridge came very slowly up the steps to the deck, and greeted his companions with the simple words, "I feel very sick." The other members of the little company were in the same prostrate condition, and for some weeks the ship *Guard* was transformed into a hospital, where hope and despondency struggled hand to hand. The difficulties in the way of thorough exploration of the swampy and feverish isthmus became more and more apparent; but after rest and careful nursing the health of Commander Selfridge became restored, the United States man-of-war *Nipsic* arrived, bringing mails, fresh supplies, and more men, and the prospects of the expedition were again brightened.

As soon as Commander Selfridge had gained strength the work was immediately resumed. The chief engineer, Mr. Barnes, was sent out with a guide to make a reconnaissance in a southward direction from the Cacarica River toward the tributary Peranchita, that from the result of his excursion final arrangements might be made for a thorough exploration of that region, as Commander Selfridge was determined not to leave any point uninvestigated which had reference to the grand question of an interoceanic ship-canal.

After an absence of six days Mr. Barnes returned with favorable reports. Immediately a new expedition, provided with the proper number of men, boats, provisions, and other necessities, was fitted out for making an exact survey across the isthmus toward the Gulf of San Miguel on the Pacific side.

When all was in readiness an event occurred which delayed the departure for several days. The guide, Remejio Pita, an old native of that country, and well acquainted with its rivers and backwoods, died after a short illness. He had returned from the last excursion sick of fever, and as he had indulged too freely in the native alcoholic drink at various Indian villages along the route, there was no hope for him. This old fellow was a true sample of the isthmus population, and possessed a very high reputation among the natives. He had been an India rubber collector, and in roaming about the woods had acquired a thorough knowledge of the country. When shown all the various scientific instruments and other conveniences of the party, he shook his head knowingly, and exclaimed that his memory, his eyes, and his shoulders were all the helps he needed to take him through the woods.

The death of this man was a great loss, but fortunately Commander Selfridge had heard of another valuable guide, a native of the village of Sucio, on the Atrato River. Lieutenant-Commander Schulz departed immediately on the steam-launch for that place, and was fortunate enough to engage the services of this man, and also to secure a *champa*, the light canoe of the natives of the Atlantic side.

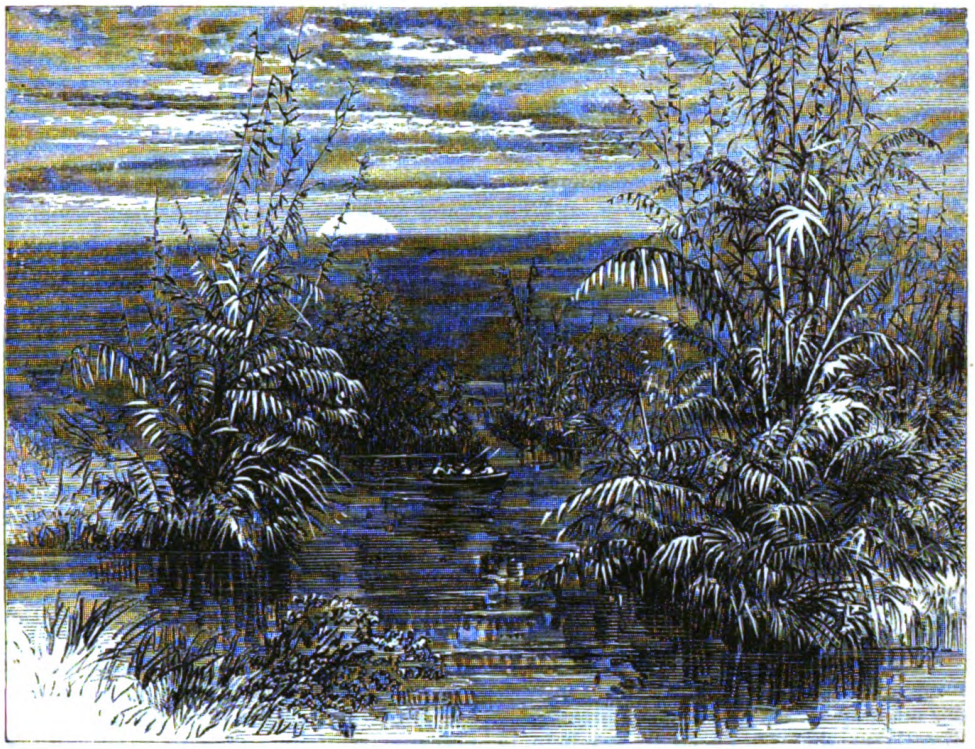
After every thing had been arranged, Commander Selfridge, accompanied by a corps of officers, sailed for Aspinwall in the *Nipsic*, with the intention of crossing the isthmus by railroad, and proceeding down the Pacific coast to the Gulf of San Miguel, from which point he intended to push the exploration of the Tuyra River Valley.

The division for the exploration of the Atrato, under command of Master Cowden, were to survey the valleys of the Atrato and Peranchita, intersecting, if possible, with Commander Selfridge somewhere in the valley of the Tuyra.

The famous Atrato River, or Rio Grande de San Juan, pours its waters into the Gulf of Darien through thirteen large mouths. It rises two hundred miles southward in the swampy plains of New Granada, and during the rainy season, when the inundations take place, often mingles its head waters with those of the San Juan do Sul, which empties into the Pacific a few miles north of the bay of Buenaventura. In 1788 a canal was dug between the head waters of the two rivers, which was practicable for the passage of small boats between the two oceans.

The Atrato Valley is a large alluvial plain, with an average width of sixty to seventy miles, resembling very much that of the Lower Mississippi. From the east and the west, tributaries, both large and small, mingle their waters with this great artery of the isthmus, which rushes northward with such impetuosity that its banks for sixty miles above the mouth are too low and swampy to be suitable for human habitation. Sucio, the first village on the Atrato, lies about sixty-one miles above the *Boca Coquito*. Its levees have a height of five or six feet above low-water mark. This region is submerged during nine months of the year, and deep and wide-spread *cienagas*, or

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WORKING THROUGH THE TROPICAL FOLIAGE.

lagoons, have been formed on either side. The river-banks, the result of the constant decomposition of the mountains, are abrupt, and the river affords plenty of water for the largest ships. At present, however, a few small *bungoes*, engaged in the India rubber and ivory-nut trade, are the only objects which break the solitude of this grand and beautiful stream.

Below the most recent deposits, which consist of muddy swamps, layers of firm clay and vegetable mould are found. These overlie, varying in thickness from a few inches to several feet, the gold-bearing clay and gravel, which are washed by the natives at various places along the river. This gold is derived from veins of the Cordillera of Antioquia, which is rich in mines of gold and platinum.

No rocks of any kind exist either in the river or the valley, and the vegetation is every where luxuriant and gorgeous. The different banks of the river present opposing botanical characteristics. The convex sides of the bank, being flat and marshy, are covered with various kinds of rank grasses and cane-like plants, while on the concave bank many varieties of trees grow in great abundance.

A tall water-grass, called by the natives "gramalotte," together with another water-plant called "tabaquills," covers a large area of the lowland along the Atrato and its tributaries, sometimes growing so abundantly as to give the impression of solid meadow land. The lowlands can be traversed, however, in a champa without much difficulty; even in the dry season, when the grass becomes a little stiff, the natives push the rude canoe through the swamp with long forked poles.

As soon as the soil gains a little more consistency other species of plants begin to appear, and great varieties of palms rear their stately heads above the lower growths. Among these is one species with a curiously curved trunk, whose *spatha*, a large leaf in the shape of a bag, is used by the natives as a covering for the head. Other palms furnish the native population with substitutes for bread and yeast, sugar, wine, oil, vinegar, milk, wax, resin, fruit, various medicines, and material for weapons, cordage, and household furniture. What wonder that this simple people regard the palm with almost superstitious reverence, when it satisfies so many of their necessities!

The animal life is according to the rich vegetation, abundant and varying. Many varieties of water-birds, herons, snipes, sandpipers, kingfishers, and others peculiar to that region, make their home among the long reedy grasses; alligators bask in the sun upon the slime and clay of the river-bank; and the rich tropical forests seem alive with monkeys, ant-eaters, wild turkeys, toucans, parrots, woodpeckers, and many other varieties of birds with brilliant plumage.

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The mouth of the Atrato proper is at present very difficult to enter, even for canoes and bungoes, on account of the many sand-bars which are formed there by the opposing action of the river current and that of other streams which flow into the gulf from the eastern side. But there are thirteen other mouths or *caños*, which have acquired a very considerable width, and are deep enough to admit large vessels. The Gulf of Darien, or Uraba, is a large and magnificent harbor, where great numbers of ships could ride safely at anchor. The Isla de los Muertos protects it from the violent north winds which prevail all through these latitudes in the winter season; it is entirely free from reefs, so frequent in nearly all Southern American harbors, and possesses a depth of anchorage sufficient at all times for the largest vessels. Open beaches do not exist along the borders of this gulf, as is the case in many other bays on the Atlantic coast. This is the result of the tidal movement. The equatorial current of the ocean flows through nearly the whole length of the gulf, and is forced backward by all the large and small streams which flow into the gulf from all sides. Mangroves, palms, and various other species of a delta vegetation grow directly at the water's edge, and help, in many respects, the formation of the sand-bars. At the eastern side of the gulf is a small bay, protected by a point of land called "Sandy Point." This little quiet bit of water serves as a harbor for all the boats engaged in the caoutchouc trade, which ply between Cartagena and Turbo.

Some days after the departure of the exploring party under command of Master Couden, Dr. Maack, accompanied by Chief Engineer Barnes, set out for a short trip to the interior. They left the ship's boat at the mouth of the Cacarica River, and embarked in a canoe with two native oarsmen, to explore the wonderful mysteries of a tropical wilderness. After paddling across the Cacarica Lake, whose waters abound in fishes, and where the huge manatus makes its home, they entered a great swamp where the canoe seemed to have no path among the thickly matted water-plants and grasses. The natives, however, found their way easily by means of long forked poles, and after traversing this watery wilderness for two hours the canoe entered a broad river called by the natives "Raya." After half an hour's clear sailing, among scenery of the most gorgeous richness, the gramalotte swamp began anew. The rest of the day was hard fighting. The gramalotte, or swamp-grass, was thickly matted together, and the burning sunbeams serving to aggravate the combined attacks of flies and mosquitoes, made the passage extremely difficult, and sweltering in the heat of a tropical afternoon, the party began to realize some of the trials of isthmus exploration. Just before sunset another clear stream was reached, which was bordered on both sides with high timber. Although the trees stood in the water, it was still a sign that the land was rising, showing above the dead level. Before long patches of muddy soil appeared here and there, and the river-banks rose above the water, which in some places was so shallow that all hands were obliged to go overboard and drag the canoe across the flats.

Early in the evening the party reached the camping ground of Master Couden, where all were already under the mosquito-bars, it being almost impossible for any human being to exist at night in this wilderness without protection against the attacks of that persistent little insect. Vampire bats, too, are very numerous, and often inflict severe bites upon the unwary and unprotected sleeper. In this tropical region, where the productive power of organic life is developed to the highest degree, the nights appear given over to rampage and rioting. The many species of frogs crowd the air with the noise of their singular concerts. Crying monkeys and all kinds of night-birds scream and hoot, and at times, when for a few moments stillness reigns, suddenly a troop of peccaries, scratching their way through the underbrush, awaken all other animals in their path, and a grand chorus of screams and yells arouses the distracted sleeper.

But during the day all is quiet, and the silence is unbroken, save when some decayed monarch of the forest, crashing down from its immense height, fills the air with the news of its dire and utter desolation. Lofty trees, of many precious woods, twine their branches together, forming grand avenues of Gothic architecture, whose pillars and arches are beautified with most delicate and fantastic tracery of creeping vine and graceful fern.

On the return of the exploring party the dry season had already lowered the depth of the Peranchita River, and in passing through the swamps it was almost impossible to drag the canoes.

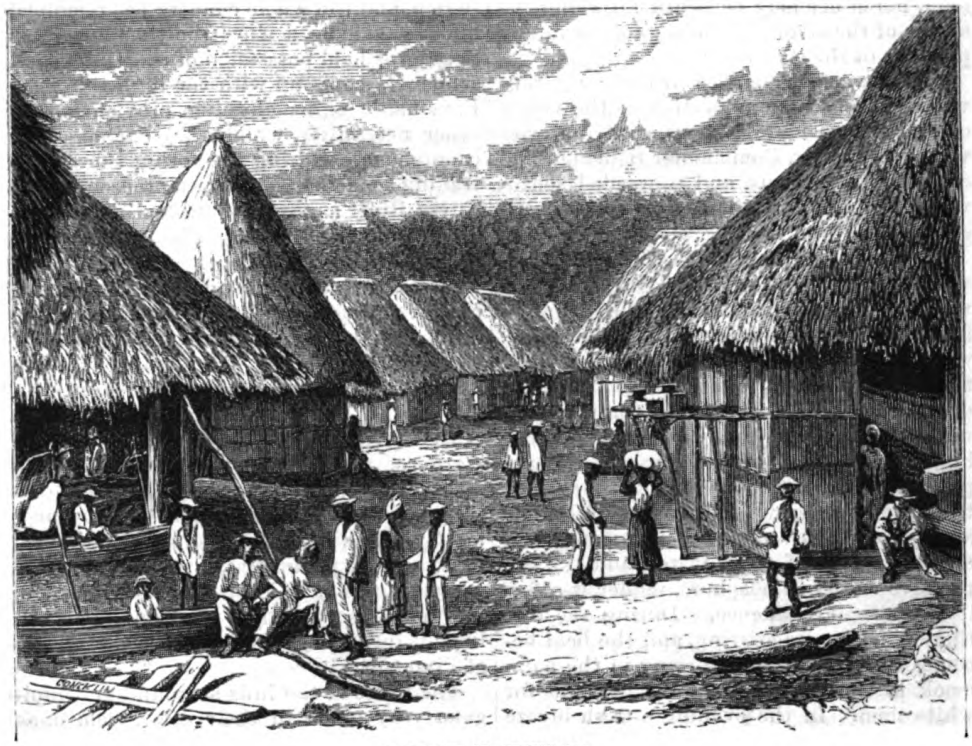
Dr. Maack spent several days at the hills near the mouth of the Cacarica River, in order to make a geological examination of the surrounding country. These *Lomas del Cacarica*, as they are called, form the lowest range of the Western Cordilleras, which strike in several parallel ranges, like a terrace, now higher, now lower, from the east to the west. They are about one hundred feet in height, and from the summit one may have a magnificent view of the whole Atrato Valley, and obtain a clear idea of its geological development. The large numbers of rivers and streams which pour down from the Eastern and Western Cordilleras into that great artery, the Atrato, bring down a large quantity of fine decomposed material mixed with

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their waters, which sinks gradually to the river-bottom. When the opposing ocean current meets the powerful outflow of the river the accumulation takes place rapidly. This has been the case in times past, and the same causes are at work to-day forming the sand-bars at the mouth of the Atrato. The whole Atrato Valley, geologically considered, is nothing more than a great estuary, which was once in the sole possession of the Atlantic Ocean, whose waves at that time washed the very base of the Cordilleras. The slow upheaval of the former ocean bottom has during the progress of ages removed the sea more and more from the mountain ranges. But even now during the prevalence of the powerful north winds the sea seeks to regain its former mastery, and at times floods the Atrato for twenty miles up the valley.

The rock of the *Lomas del Cacarica* is different in its structure from that found between Aspinwall and Panama, or farther south about Cupica Bay and the Napipi River. The geological character of the Cordilleras has undergone in this particular latitude a change in its height as well as in its whole orographical structure. This mountainous system forms several parallel ranges of considerable elevation and extent, and sends out from the main range transverse ridges, which inclose deep valleys. The rock is almost every where in a state of disintegration, which renders it very difficult for the geologist to determine its true petrographical nature. It has at some places a soft, sandy texture; at others the slate-like structure prevails; while in some localities it shows through the whole mass so many different colors, the result of its decomposition, that it has lost entirely its stony character. Dr. Maack made a short excursion through the forest in company with two *caoutcheros*, or India rubber gatherers, where he found some large boulders whose internal structure had suffered very little from the disintegrating process. The texture was crystalline, and the mineralogical constituents were mixed very intimately. The boulders split unevenly; the surface had a rough appearance, and was of a dark, blackish color resembling *melaphyre;* but as the upheaval of these mountain chains occurred, according to paleontological facts preserved in the sedimentary strata, during the tertiary period, this rock can not be *melaphyre*, the ejection of which took place in a far remoter time. Different varieties of quartz, such as hornstone, jasper, chalcedon, and agate, are frequently found along the river-course, often composing the sides of ravines. All these geological developments, differing in their character from those of the ranges farther to the north or south, place the Cordilleras of the province of Darien as a connection between the two, on account of its transitional petrographical character.

While sojourning in the wilderness the exploring party enjoyed many hearty dinners of manatus, or sea-cow. This huge, clumsy creature lives among the swamps of the Atrato, and its meat is considered a great



A STREET OF CHIPIGANA.

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THE LANDING AT CHIPIGANA.

delicacy by the natives. The cormorant, too, is much sought after for food. It is a bird about the size of a wild turkey, and falls a very easy prey to the native hunters. Its loud, harsh cry may be heard all along the shores of the river and through the swampy portions of the country.

While various parties from the *Guard* were pushing the exploration of the valley of the Atrato and its western tributaries with great vigor, Commander Selfridge had crossed the isthmus, and proceeded southward from Panama to the Gulf of San Miguel.

A landing was made at Chipigana, a small village on the shore of Darien Harbor. This village contains about four hundred inhabitants, of mixed descent, who are engaged principally in the caoutchouc and ivory-nut trade. It lies in a semicircular basin, inclosed by hills, from whose summit a magnificent view may be had of the broad, winding valley of the Tuyra River. Chipigana presents a very curious picture, with its steep thatched roofs crowded together with little attention to convenient arrangement; and the utter lack of clean water, and the oppressive sultry atmosphere, render it a forlorn place of residence. During the day there is no breeze stirring, and the heat becomes so intense that swinging in the hammock is the only occupation possible for white men. In the evening a fresh breeze springs up from the Pacific, and a little relief is had from the suffocating air of the afternoon.

Commercial and industrial enterprise and progress have done little for this benighted region, and the whole country has remained almost unchanged since the time when the Spaniards held possession of it. Only small schooners come up with the high tide from Panama, bringing clothing, provisions, and other necessities, which they exchange for caoutchouc. During the spring tides these trading schooners sometimes proceed up the Tuyra River as far as Santa Maria del Real, an old Spanish settlement, but are prevented from ascending as high as Pinogana on account of numerous sand-bars. The caoutchouc is brought down from Pinogana in the native canoes, called on the Pacific side of the isthmus *piragua*.

At Chipigana, and for some distance up the Tuyra Valley, rocky masses, covered with a green-colored clay, dip gradually toward the river, having mostly a slate-like structure, and being in a state of great disintegration. Various quartz breccias may be found, as well as single specimens of flint, hornstone, and jasper, which increase in quantity, and fill the river-bottom more and more higher up the Tuyra Valley, spreading out into stony beaches above the village of Pinogana.

The rocks of the hills surrounding Chipigana vary much in their color, from dark blackish to reddish-brown, according to the

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more or less advanced stage of disintegration. Nearly all of them have a micro-crystalline texture, and are often vesicular, containing various small crystals of feldspar, of hornblende, or minute grains of titanic iron —being similar in character to the rocks of the Cacarica region, and possessing the same lithological character as hornblende-andesite.

For several miles beyond Chipigana the country has a low, swampy appearance, and mangroves and plants of that nature grow to the water's edge, while the distant mountain ranges form a sharply outlined background. The Tuyra flows through this region in long reaches, and has for many miles a considerable depth and breadth. Overlooking one of these reaches the picture presented is like that of a lake.

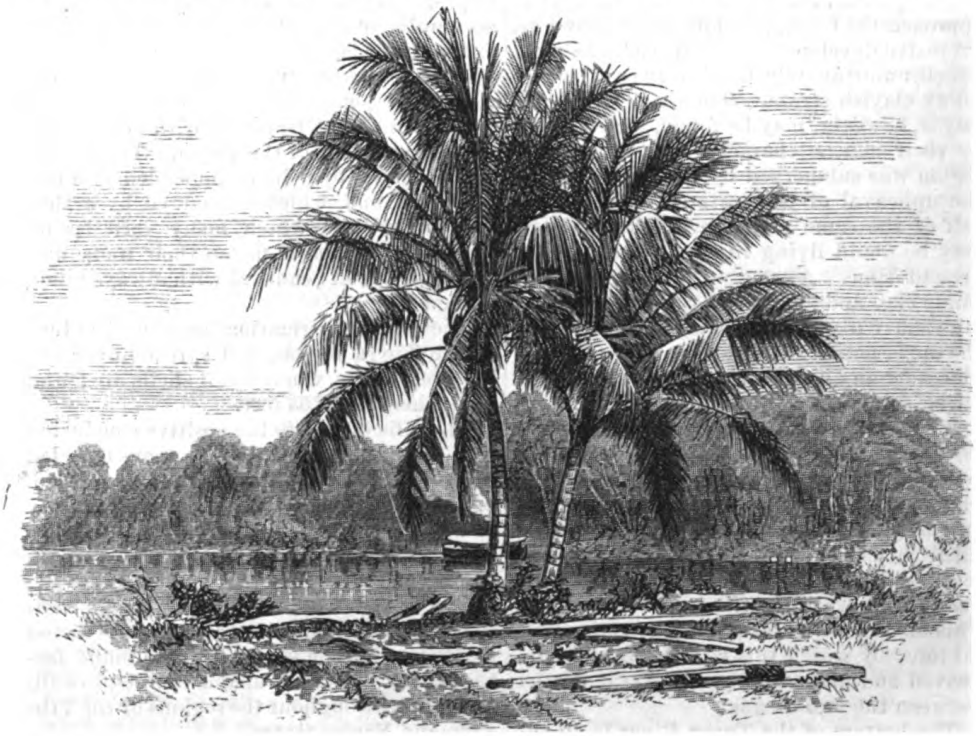
Passing up the Tuyra River, a few miles below Santa Maria is a small island where hundreds of alligators make their home. It is known by the natives as Alligator Island. Dozens of these hideous reptiles may be seen there, stretched quietly upon the sand, enjoying the hot noonday sun. When disturbed by a passing boat they open their broad jaws and crawl slowly into the water.

At this point the Cordilleras rise majestic and grand in the background, and the curved course of these mountain ranges from east to west may be distinctly traced.

The river-banks here are of red clay, and still very low, but at Santa Maria they rise from ten to fifteen feet, and form a level land upon which the old Spanish village is built. Between Santa Maria and Pinogana the country is of an undulating character, and covered with red clay. No rocks are to be found in this locality, except a few scattered varieties of the common quartz.

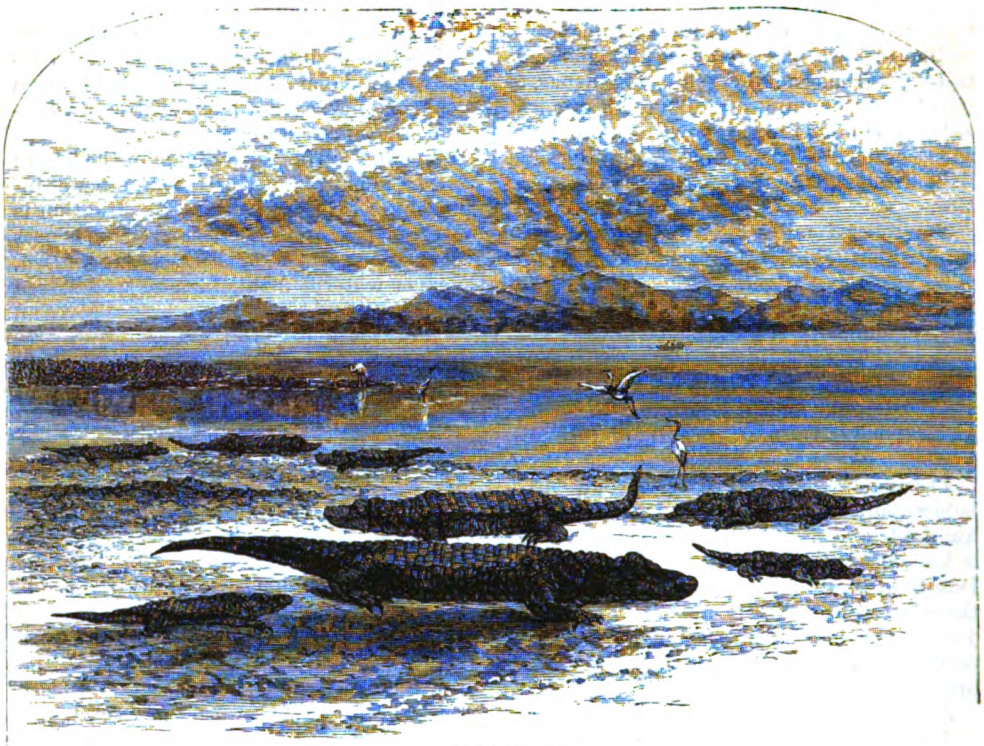
Pinogana is the last village on the Tuyra River. It has about the same number of inhabitants as Chipigana, but its situation is far pleasanter and healthier. The houses are scattered on a comparatively large plain, the river water is drinkable and well suited for bathing, and a refreshing breeze gives an invigorating quality to the air.

The first reach of the Tuyra above Pinogana is long and but slightly curved. Near the town small banana and cane plantations are seen along the bank, but soon all signs of culture cease, and the explorer finds himself alone with the wildest nature. The whole character of the country changes. Hills begin to show themselves on all sides, and the river diminishes perceptibly. Huge trunks of fallen trees lie scattered in all directions over its bed, sometimes rendering the passage among these natural barricades very difficult, even for a small canoe managed by the skillful arms of a native boatman. Rocky masses begin to appear near the river-bank, and stony beaches are formed. On one of these beaches Dr. Maack landed to examine some water-worn boulders of a darkish green color. They were very difficult to split with the hammer, but when once broken disclosed the fact that the whole mass was thoroughly



TUYRA RIVER, NEAR SANTA MARIA.

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ALLIGATOR ISLAND.

filled with small marine shells. Many other boulders afterward examined revealed the fact that the rocks in this locality were all of *pliocene*, or younger tertiary formation. Still higher up the river, where several hills approach the bank, this formation shows an extensive development, and is rich in shells, which, unfortunately, break very easily in the sandy clayish strata. Some well-preserved fossils, however, may be found, which prove by their marine character that this whole region was submerged by the Pacific before the upheaval of the tertiary beds. Shell-fish of the same character as these fossils may be found living in both oceans at the present time. A stratum of grayish-green sandy clay and another of yellow sandy clay are clearly distinguished, the latter holding the upper position. Both are covered in some places by an alluvial layer of small pebbles, varying in thickness from one to four feet, and made into a solid mass by a ferruginous sand. These two strata are not always found lying together, and are often very much displaced from their horizontal position, the layers being broken up, and stratified masses filled with shells turned over in different directions, a good illustration of which occurs near the mouth of the tributary stream Paca. This dislocation gives an idea of the powerful force by which this region has been upheaved and made to form a natural barrier between the two oceans.

The bottom of the Tuyra River is, in the upper portion, literally sown with pebbles of various sizes, the result of the destruction of the breccias by the erosive action of the air and water on the crests of the mountain ranges, where they form walls along the slopes. At many places these pebbles have accumulated in such quantities as to form extensive beds, which produce more or less effective changes in the river's course. Of not less importance in this respect are the many islands which are met with throughout the upper section of the Tuyra. Their basement consists of pebbles imbedded in a ferruginous sand, which is covered by a thin humus layer, in which many varieties of rank tropical plants fasten their roots, and make the island beautiful with always green foliage.

The tertiary formation has a vast extent in the Tuyra region, and spreads over the dividing ridges, where fossil shells are found at the height of 763 feet.

These facts lead to the positive conclusion that the Atlantic and Pacific oceans mingled their waters during the early tertiary period, and that their separation is the result partly of an eruption of crystalline rock, such as trachyte, andesite, and propylite, partly by the decomposition of these rocks, under the united action of air and water. Facts leading to the conclusion that an open sea existed until the pliocene period are also found farther north, between Panama and Aspinwall, and south throughout the regions of the Truando and Napipi rivers.

This conclusion once established upon the

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PINOGANA.

proper paleontological facts is of the greatest importance to the naturalist, as it gives a key to the right understanding of the geographical distribution of the plants and animals in that latitude.

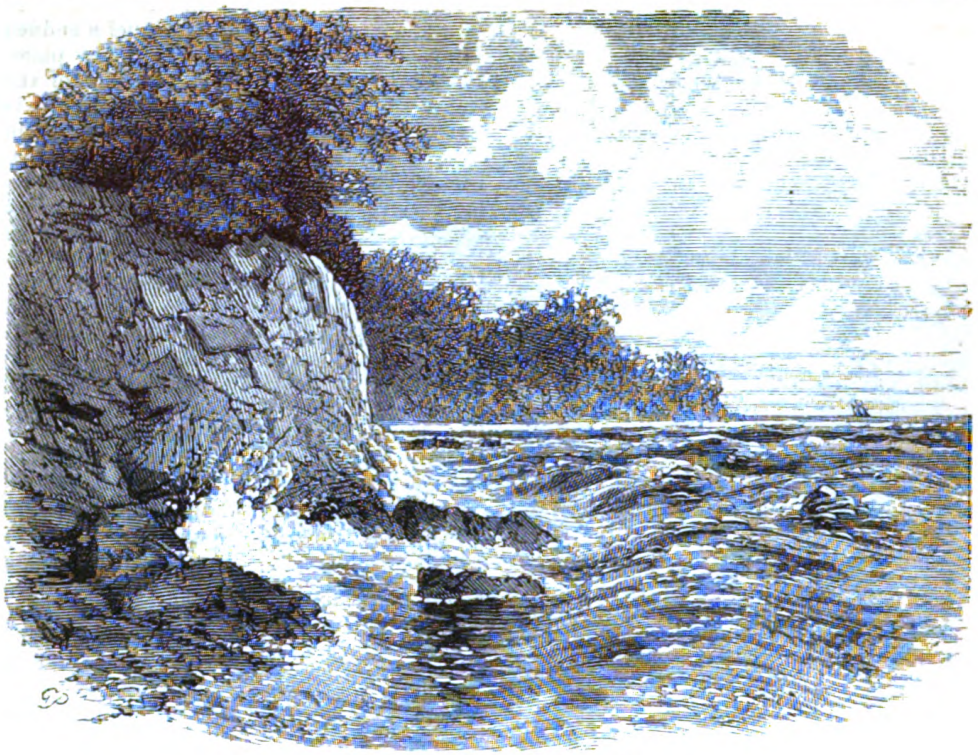
Another fact observed in the region of the isthmus is that the river system on the Pacific slope is far superior to that of the Atlantic slope. In South and North America the contrary is the fact, as the rivers flowing into the Atlantic are of considerable breadth and depth, and of much commercial importance, while those which empty into the Pacific are small streams in comparison. The explanation of this fact lies in the orographical structure of the isthmus. While in South America the main chain of the Cordilleras runs near the western coast, near the Gulf of San Miguel a sudden change takes place, and the bulk of the mountain range is turned away from the Pacific and transferred to the Atlantic side, where in several places it approaches boldly and abruptly to the sea, the country to the westward running into low hills and broad savannas.

Between the Gulf of San Blas and the mouth of the Chepo River lies the narrowest portion of the isthmus. On this account this locality has been looked upon by the whole geographical and commercial world as the proper point for a connection between the two oceans. But all the expenses and hardships attending various explorations of this particular point have been in vain; for, as if it would form an offset to the weakness of the narrow strip of land, the Cordilleras tower here to a height



THE MANGO-TREE—PINOGANA.

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PACIFIC COAST ABOVE LIMON BAY.

of several thousand feet, reaching its highest isthmus elevation, and rendering all connection between the two oceans at this point impossible.

After making a thorough geographical and geological survey of the Tuyra River Valley, Commander Selfridge and his company left the Gulf of San Miguel in the United States man-of-war *Resaca* for Cupica Bay, where Master Collins, assisted by Ensign Paine, had already commenced the survey of the famous Napipi route. At Turbo Commander Selfridge had conversed with two natives who had crossed over this route, passing from Cupica Bay through the Napipi and Atrato valleys to Uraba; and in ancient times the line was well known to the Spaniards, who had carefully concealed their knowledge of it, fearing that access to the west coast of America might lead to a discovery of the renowned mining localities on the Caña River, from which Spain derived more revenue in a single year than was exported from all other American mines. These celebrated gold mines are now destroyed, and no trace can be found of their whereabouts. Although they lie in that region of the isthmus where the mountains consist principally of *andesite*, still it is very probable that the ore was worked in quartziferous propylite, which always holds a position at the bottom of volcanic rocks, and is overlaid by *andesite* and *trachyte*.

After passing out by Punta Garachine, the southern promontory of the Gulf of San Miguel, the low swampy land ceases, and the coast presents a bold and mountainous appearance. No beaches exist, and Puerto Piñas is the only harbor where a vessel may seek shelter. The main range of the Cordilleras appears to form a very complicated centre, from which lower ranges spread out in fan-like lines northward and southward. This makes it clear that one mountain range approaches the Pacific behind Punta Ardita, while the other, taking a direct northeasterly course, forms the western boundary of the Atrato Valley, and approaches the Atlantic Ocean north of the Gulf of Darien.

At Humboldt Bay flat beaches come in sight, but Punta Marzo, at the southern end of the bay, is bold and rocky, and the surf beats upon it with such violence as to render it dangerous and difficult to land. The elevation of the mountain ranges lessens, and the country has a broken, hilly appearance.

At Cupica Bay, the external portion of Limon Bay, there is a fine sandy beach, deepening very gradually from the shore outward, which extends in a semicircular line along the base of the mountains. The waves of the Pacific Ocean break on the beach in long continuous lines of surf, dashing up here and there in clouds of spray where a detached rock stands out into the water. The rise and fall of the tide in Cupica Bay is about sixteen feet. The smooth

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sandy beach is crowded by the hermit-crab, which carries a commodious shell on its back, into which its head and claws can be drawn at pleasure.

Coming from the Atlantic coast, where reef-building corals inhabit the waters of the gulf, and build their reefs in all the bays along the shore, the explorer is surprised to find no traces of this minute insect life on the Pacific coast. The question arises regarding the cause of this phenomenon, which is especially puzzling when we consider the former existence of a channel between the two oceans.



CAVE NEAR LIMON RIVER.

It is a well-established fact that all the prominent genera of reef-forming corals are abundantly represented in the central and western Pacific within 15° to 18° of the equator, where the temperature of the surface is never below 74° F. during any season of the year. A cold and strong oceanic current takes its course in a westerly direction all along the South American coast, and consequently forms an obstacle against the distribution of mid-ocean corals toward the coast of the isthmus. Fossil corals of the same species as those of the Atlantic coast have been found in Obispo Valley, on the line of the Panama Railroad, proving the inward extent of the Atlantic Ocean in former times. One more fact may be stated in connection with these corals, which is that even during the tertiary period the Pacific coast was disturbed by volcanic activity long after the eastern shores of the isthmus were tranquil, and the Gulf of San Blas and Caledonia Bay afforded quiet places for the development of reef coral when no such thing would have been possible in the bays of the western side.

It becomes evident from all these facts that reef-building corals did not exist on both sides of the isthmus even at the period when the waters of both oceans were mingled.

Generally speaking, animal life is more developed on the Atlantic side of the isthmus. The forests of the Atlantic slope are full of different kinds of monkeys, and the loud cry of the howling monkey, called by the natives *mono colorado*, is heard every where. But many varieties make their home on both coasts, and the zoology may as a whole be considered of the same character. The reptile life is every where well developed. Alligators, lizards, iguanas, turtles, and snakes are all largely represented. There are several varieties of poisonous snakes whose bite proves fatal in a very short time, but as these snakes hunt their food mostly at night, they are rarely encountered. Spiders are represented by many genera and species. Crabs, mollusks, and radiates occur in great abundance in both oceans.

The scenery around Cupica Bay is wild and magnificent. Large boulders of every size and shape lie scattered in wild confusion, all thickly crusted with shells and sea animals. The waves, dashing through ages, have undermined the rocky wall in many places, forming caves and fantastic grottoes, where the sea foams and boils as if eager to carry its work of destruction still further. In the background rise the mountains, covered to their very summits with luxuriant tropical vegetation, and afar off may be seen the great falls of the Limon River plunging over a precipice 250 feet high, and pouring down an immense body of fine pure water to mix with the ocean at Limon Bay.

Examining the mineralogical composition of the rock, it appears that the prevailing colors vary from dark green or greenish-brown to yellowish-red, and that the outside of the rock is generally in a state of decomposition, rendering it very easy to split with a hammer. On examination with a magnifying-glass the internal structure of this rock appears of a fine crystalline character, with mineralogical constituents probably of hornblende and oligoclase feldspar. All these

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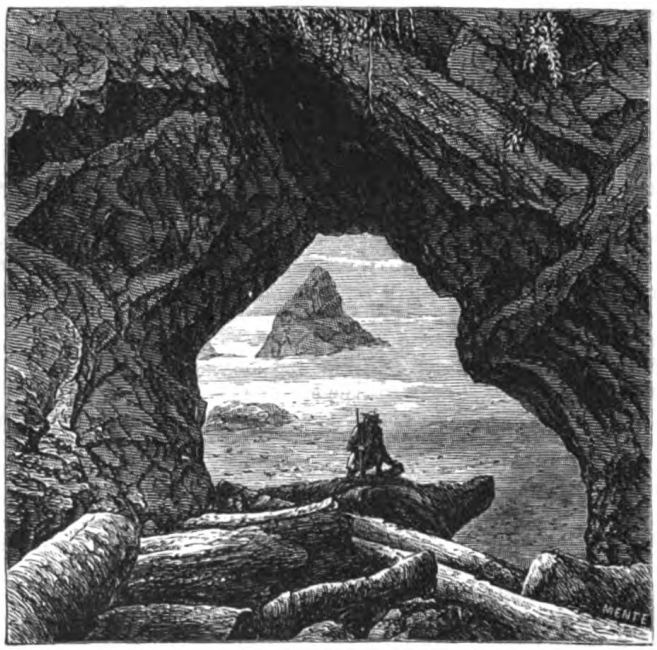
rocks, where the mineralogical constituents are so finely mixed as to be scarcely discovered without a chemical analysis, have been generalized by the Swedish name of "trap." This name, however, is very indefinite and of small service to the geologist. More scientific distinctions are necessary, since the so-called trap rocks belong not only to different geological ages, but possess many different qualities and various mineralogical constituents.

These green-colored rocks of Cupica Bay belong to the tertiary period. The mountains in this locality consist principally of what has been called "propylite," a rock in which the petrographical properties of diorite are united with those of andesite and oligoclase trachyte. The color and structure of this rock vary very largely, but it is nevertheless possible after an examination of several specimens to recognize some general characteristics which are common to all. The darkish green color, caused by very minute particles of hornblende, which are intimately blended with other materials, is the prevailing one. Little pores filled with minute crystals are found sometimes in the crystalline variety, and also thin veins of quartz. One variety may be distinguished in which hornblende and feldspar form crystals of nearly the same size in a dark green or gray matrix; another in which hornblende alone forms crystals, while the feldspar is mixed up with the matrix; a third in which the reverse is the case; and a fourth in which the rock is so homogeneous that no crystals of any kind can be recognized without the assistance of a magnifying-glass.

The effect of air upon this rock is different according to its structure. Fine granulated masses resist the disintegrating influence much longer than those which have a slate or porphyritic structure. The result of this disintegration is a red-yellow clay, which contains a large quantity of oxidized iron. On account of its porphyritic structure, which is sometimes very perfect, this rock has been called "porphyry."

The mountains of Cupica Bay, striking in a northeasterly direction, rise almost abruptly from the shore. The mountainous system here has a different geological character from that of the Tuyra and Cacarica regions. The crystalline rocks along the Pacific side of the isthmus are, as before stated, of tertiary formation, but the mountains about Cupica Bay being of "propylite" rock, represent the oldest group, as the "andesite" of the Tuyra region came to the surface at a later period, and the trachytic and basaltic rocks about Panama represent the last volcanic ejection of the tertiary age. The San Blas Cordillera of the Atlantic coast belongs to a still older geological period, having evidently at one time been an independent island. It is composed of plutonic rocks, such as granite, syenite, diorite, and metamorphic slates. This is another proof that the Atlantic slope had been already upheaved and was in a state of tranquillity when the waters of the Pacific Ocean still covered the whole area which forms the present Pacific slope.

An old Indian trail crosses the crests of the Cupica Bay mountain ridge, leading over the divide at an altitude of 612 feet. After a walk of about an hour the path descends to the Limon River, the bottom of which is filled with pebbles and boulders of every size and shape. All these water-worn rocks have a dark green color, and are very smooth and shiny. They are very hard, and it is almost impossible to split them with a common hammer. The structure is a fine crystalline one, and it appears as if the river water running over them continually acted as a protection against the disintegrating influence of the humid air, as those rocks which crop out from the river-banks are much decomposed, and split far easier. The decomposition has advanced so rapidly that a reddish-yellow clay, as an alluvial product in various stages



SEA CARVING, CUPICA BAY.

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of induration, covers nearly the whole surface of the country. This yellow clay becomes very slippery during the rainy season, rendering it difficult to walk over the steep mountain passes.

In a few localities are deposits of a grayish-blue clay, underlying the yellow layer, which dates from the younger tertiary formation. This blue clay is used by the natives for making pipes and pottery.

The Indian trail ascends again at the Limon River, and the gorgeous vegetation grows more dense with every step forward, shutting out both air and light from the forest, where profound silence reigns supreme. Even from the summit of the divide, 612 feet high, it is impossible to survey the surrounding country on account of the mat of foliage which shuts in the explorer on every side. This is a great obstacle in the way of a thorough knowledge of the orographical character of the isthmus. What lies hidden in those deep valleys and ravines? And who shall venture to predict the advantages to be gained should the enterprising commercial spirit of the age open this hitherto unknown region, and lay bare its riches for the benefit of the world?



GREAT FALLS, LIMON RIVER.

It is well known that in those countries where "propylite" has been found—in Hungary, Mexico, Bolivia, and other countries—rich silver-bearing veins are always connected with it. It seems natural to suppose that the lands situated on Cupica Bay and the Napipi River, as they possess the same geological character, should also be rich in gold and silver. In 1865 gold was discovered on the southern boundary of the province of Cauca, in the Cordillera of Barbacoas, and in 1866 not less than $485,000 was brought to Panama.

After passing an elevated plateau 560 feet high, the Indian trail leads downward to

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the river Napipi, whose bed, like that of the Limon River, is filled with pebbles and boulders of various sizes. The trail crosses and recrosses the river many times, and again leads upon table-land, interspersed with low hills. The vegetation here is very luxuriant, and ferns and palms of every description crowd the thicket, or, rising above it, wave their long leaves in the clear upper air.

This table-land is about three miles long, and is very healthy, being well suited for human settlements. The trail traverses this plateau, and strikes hills about eighty feet high. Following the path, the *Rancho Grande*, or *Embarcadero*, is reached soon after. It lies about 250 feet above ocean level, and is about half-way between the divide and the Atrato. The natives have built a comparatively large hut at this point, which serves as a stopping-place during their travels through this portion of the country. The hut was occupied by a few Indians, who showed themselves very friendly, and immediately offered all the hospitality in their power to the exploring party.

At this place the Napipi becomes navigable for canoes, although still farther below are several rapids of no inconsiderable size. For about thirteen miles from the dividing ridge the country is broken and mountainous in its character, but assumes a flat appearance where the Doguado River flows into the Napipi—a point lying twenty-five miles inland from the Pacific Ocean.

Beds of clay and gravel form the river-bank, but gradually the levees become lower and lower, and the gravelly shores give way to long stretches of soft mud, in which are imbedded logs and all kinds of river stuff, like the shores of the Atrato. This lower portion of the river is subjected to violent freshets.

The Napipi flows in a very crooked course of 68 miles through an area measuring but a little more than 27 miles in a straight line, emptying into the Atrato in latitude 6° 35′ north, 150 miles from the Gulf of Darien. It is about 100 feet wide at its mouth. The height of the Atrato above mean tide is 41 feet at this point, while its levees have a height of about twelve feet.

The survey of the Napipi Valley by Master Collins and Ensign Paine shows that the divide of the Napipi line has an altitude of 612 feet at a point lying very near the Pacific coast. After passing the Limon River the land forms an elevated plateau, with a rise of about twenty feet, and a total height of 560 feet. The country here assumes the general character of table-land, interspersed with low hills, until a range 400 feet high is encountered, through which the river has cut its way, bounding along a rocky gorge.

The hilly country ends at *Rancho Grande*, and after passing the Doguado no more tributaries of any size are met with, and the river-bottom becomes level and pebbly, and the rapids less frequent.

The survey also shows that the Napipi is an extremely crooked stream, following a serpentine course of sixty-eight miles, while the distance in a straight line from its source to the mouth is less than thirty. Its general width is 120 feet, and the current at the end of the dry season about one and a half miles per hour, giving a volume of flow of 510,300 cubic feet per hour. During the rainy season its banks are overflowed from two to four feet. The Atrato at the mouth of the Napipi is 1500 feet broad and thirty feet deep. Careful experiments at the mouth of the Atrato for three months show that the evaporation amounts daily to one-fifth of an inch. This small quantity is explained by the extreme humidity of the atmosphere.

Commander Lull surveyed the Atrato as far up as the mouth of the Bojaya River, and found its depth to be not less than twenty-eight feet, while in the bends it reached the depth of sixty feet.

The Gulf of Darien may be called one of the finest harbors in the world for the safe anchorage of vessels, and Limon Harbor, an indentation of Cupica Bay, which would form the Pacific terminus of the proposed Napipi ship-canal, possesses no less important qualities for the convenience of shipping. At a distance of 1000 yards from the shore there is fine anchorage in ten fathoms of water. The bay is spacious, and open only to the southwest wind, which at that latitude rarely blows strong enough to become dangerous, as may be seen from the facts that luxuriant vegetation grows in some places to the very edge of the water, and that the natives have built their frail huts all along the beach. There are no swamps in this locality, no mosquitoes, no dangerous reefs, and the Indians are all peaceful and friendly. The dry season continues longer than at the Atlantic side, which renders the atmosphere invigorating and healthful. There is fine pure water both for drinking and bathing. The salutary effect of this climate was visible at once upon all the members of the exploring party, and although they were subjected to much exposure, no cases of sickness occurred during the survey of this locality.

The fact that this section of country is of the oldest tertiary volcanic rock is of great importance in the construction of a ship-canal, for which security and permanency of the level are one of the chief things to be demanded; and while active volcanic forces are still at work along the western coast of South America, and in Central America as well, this particular locality has remained quiet and undisturbed for ages.

The surroundings of Limon Harbor offer healthy and delightful situations for resi-

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dences, where people employed on the work of the canal could live without suffering any of those inconveniences which are the usual accompaniments of humid and tropical climates. As all the heaviest and most expensive portion of the work lies within five miles of the Pacific coast, this would be an important item toward the success of the enterprise. The sixteen feet rise and fall of the tide in Cupica Bay would admit the construction of a large dry-dock without too great expense. This is a very important fact, as the lack of dry-docks along the Pacific coast is felt more and more as the commercial interest there increases.

Here the question arises, is a tunnel of five miles in length, 120 feet in height, and seventy feet in width, practicable or not for an interoceanic ship-canal? Judging from the lithological character of the rock, an excavation through the dividing ridge could be executed without encountering any serious obstacles. It is impossible, however, to make a certain statement whether the tunneled rock would sustain itself, or if supporting arches would be necessary.

Mr. J. B. Francis, of Lowell, one of the first hydraulic engineers of America, says of the Napipi tunnel: "As a simple question of engineering it seems to be perfectly practicable. The completion of the Mont Cenis Tunnel and the rapid progress at the Hoosac are highly encouraging, and if climatic difficulty can be overcome, it becomes simply a question of time and money."

Mr. Walter Shanley, the present contractor and engineer of the Hoosac Tunnel, writes: "The section shown me presents a much less impracticable route than from all I had learned of those previously explored I imagined could be obtained. A tunnel of the dimensions contemplated is *not all tunnel*, in the tunneler's sense of the term; that is to say, the work would not all have to be done by the expensive process incident to boring. First drive a tunnel, properly such, say ten or fifteen feet high on the top, and all the rest could and should be treated as an open cut, and as such need not cost more per cubic yard than a cubic yard of similar rock on other parts of the work."

Commander Selfridge, in his report to the Secretary of the Navy, says: "The dimensions for the proposed canal by this route are a depth of twenty-six feet, and a width at bottom, in earth, of ninety feet, in rock of 100 feet, or a general surface width of 120 feet; the sides sloping, in earth, two horizontal to one perpendicular; in rock, one horizontal to four perpendicular.

"Locks 436 feet long and sixty feet wide, with a lift of ten feet each, are used to reach the summit level of 130 feet above the sea. The Atrato River at the mouth of the canal being forty feet, there are required nine locks on the Atlantic side and thirteen on the Pacific. While locks are not a necessity to this route, a moderate number interfere but little with the transit of the canal, and reduce vastly the amount of cost and excavation. Whole length of canal from Atrato to Pacific, 31.2 miles. The canal is filled at the summit level by the Napipi River, distant but a few hundred yards. Ten lockages a day would represent about what would be required, supposing a yearly transit of 3,000,000 tons. At this rate the quantity of water required daily would be

	Cubic feet.
Ten lockages per day	2,592,000
Leakage per day, 2500 feet per minute	3,600,000
Evaporation per day	288,000
Waste, filtration	100,000
Total	6,580,000
Daily volume of Napipi, low stage	12,247,200
	5,667,200

"This amount could be doubled by a feeder, three miles long, from the Bojaya River, and the leakage could be pumped back into the locks, if necessary. The canal excavation being mostly in rock, there will be only a small amount of waste and filtration; besides, there will be, in consequence, but little expenditure for masonry."

In estimating the expense of the canal, the ground has been divided into four divisions: Division One extends from the Atrato River to Lock No. 9, a distance of twenty and a half miles; Division Two, from Lock No. 9 to east face of tunnel, a distance of five and four-fifths miles. The last half of this division is among the hills, and the cutting is through solid rock, which would greatly increase the expense. The amount of cutting at this point might be lessened by following up the valley of the Guinea River, but as yet no survey has been made to ascertain the practicability of this plan. Division Three is the tunnel, 9010 yards in length. Estimating the cost of excavation at $5 35 per cubic yard, the whole expense of the tunnel might be reckoned at $39,719,684.

"In the execution of this tunnel," says Commander Selfridge, "shafts should be sunk at every mile, giving sight faces to work upon, expediting the work by allowing the employment of more labor and increased opportunity for removing the rock. On account of the lowness of the hills through which the tunnel passes, the total length of this series of shafts would not exceed 1100 feet, which is not greater than the depth of the central shaft at Hoosac Tunnel.

"The western end being but about 4000 feet from the sea, there are great facilities for the rapid removal of the *débris*, which would be dumped into the ocean, forming a breakwater.

"Division Four would be from the end of the tunnel to the sea, a distance of 3250 feet. This division lies in the valley of the Limon River, which reduces very much the

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amount of excavation. It includes the system of thirteen locks by which the descent is made."

Commander Selfridge has made a careful estimate of expenses, which is of interest even to the general reader. He considered that the canal proper could be constructed at a cost of $95,555,494. The improvements of the Atrato River are estimated at $500,000. These, together with the expenses of the various departments, light-house, and pier at Cupica Bay, and a large margin for contingencies, form a sum total of $123,200,617.

The survey of the Napipi having proved so successful, it was thought advisable to gain a more thorough knowledge of the country in the vicinity. Commander Selfridge expressed his conviction that farther survey would develop opportunities for shortening the route and decreasing the expense. Accordingly in the later part of 1872 he was placed in command of a new surveying expedition, which sailed from Panama in the United States sloop *Tuscarora* on the 23d of January, 1873. After a pleasant sail of twenty-two hours the ship arrived at Cupica Bay. Commander Selfridge has made his base of operations for this year's survey at a point called Chiri-Chiri, located some fifteen miles south of Limon Bay. His present plan is to survey the valley of the Bojaya River, if possibly it may develop better advantages, or lead in some way to increase those gained by the survey of last year.

THE MYSTERY OF THE JEWELS.

By JANUARY SEARLE.

Strange children of the dark and gloomy mine!
Ye radiant jewels, bright as Sheba's eyes,
That flame with colors of such passionate dyes
As rainbows can not match nor sunset skies,
Though born of darkness where no sun can shine!

Like vestal virgins, in that mystic fire
Which is the source of your effulgent rays
You offered burning sacrifice of praise
Through the long worship of your silent days,
Ere primal monsters in the bloody mire

Which reeked with slaughter did each other tear;
Or all the ugly geologic dream,
Which like some nightmare in God's brain doth seem
Instinct with dreadful life, on earth had been,
Or flying reptiles filled the twilight air.

O children of the mysteries that dwell
In the lone caverns of the secret earth,
Where thinking Nature brings to wondrous birth
Iron and gold and metals of great worth,
What chemic marvels could your dumb tongues tell!

Ye are the flora of the central gloom,
Flowers of the gardens which no light have known,
Who had no spring, for whom no seed was sown,
But, born in blossoms, bloom with God alone
In the dread darkness of your living tomb.

What mean your eyes, like azure all aflame?
Your sapphire lustres, where strange secrets hide,
As hides the burning love of some dark bride
In her strong heart concentrate in its pride,
And unresolved if love be but a name?

Deathless as stars, which are the flowers of heaven,
Ye flout the hoary centuries of time,
And shine immortal in your rocks sublime,
Undimmed by rusty age or frosty rime.
In that wide realm which to your rule is given,

Kings of the darkness! makers of the light!
A matchless archimage of colored sheen!
Gold, purple, crimson, and commingled green,
Azure and amber, burning all unseen,
Like some cathedral window in the night.

What are ye, O ye mysteries of life?
Whence came ye? And I pray you tell me why
Your glory can not fade, your beauty die,
But lasts forever like the jeweled sky,
Though earthquakes rend your places in their strife?

The topaz blazing like doves' necks on fire,
Or Alpine glaciers in the sun uprist,
Wrapped in the smoke of burning amethyst,
And diamonds by the passionate lightning kissed,
And emeralds robed in June's bright green attire!

I will not think that ye were made for pride,
Nor yet for vanity nor courtly shows,
Nor to enhance the beauty of the rose
Which, in warm gules, upon some fair cheek glows
Of lovely maiden or voluptuous bride.

I hold you dearer and for holier use
Than servitude to fashion's painted jays,
Or man or woman, in their senseless craze,
Such as the maddening dance or mask displays,
When impure hands your holy light abuse—

Hands all on fire with flames of loveless lust,
Whose touch doth quicken the unhallowed brood
Of lawless passions in their burning blood,
Consuming all pure thoughts and feelings good,
Which love celestial worships with high trust.

Ye are the kings that rule the inner earth,
A sacred brotherhood of beauteous souls,
Which, while this ball in jubilant music rolls,
Bearing all mortals to their final goals,
Shall shine symbolic of eternal birth,

And whisper in the ears of passing men
The mystic watch-word which unlocks the gate
Where sits the janitor of time in state,
Ancient of days! to hail the good and great,
And write their names with his immortal pen.

God wrote his secrets on your burning brows,
And sealed them in the colors which He gave,
To be truth's symbol in your voiceless grave,
And speak of things which have the power to save
When lived for love which from the great soul grows.

Methinks I read your mysteries, and find
The inspirations of your high arcane
Descending on my soul in language plain,
Illuming all the chambers of my brain,
Like mighty wings of fire upon the wind.

Ye were created for divine employ,
For holy worship with the priests of dawn,
O grand Apocalypse of jewels! worn
On Aaron's ephod! glittering like the morn
With truths celestial which have no alloy.

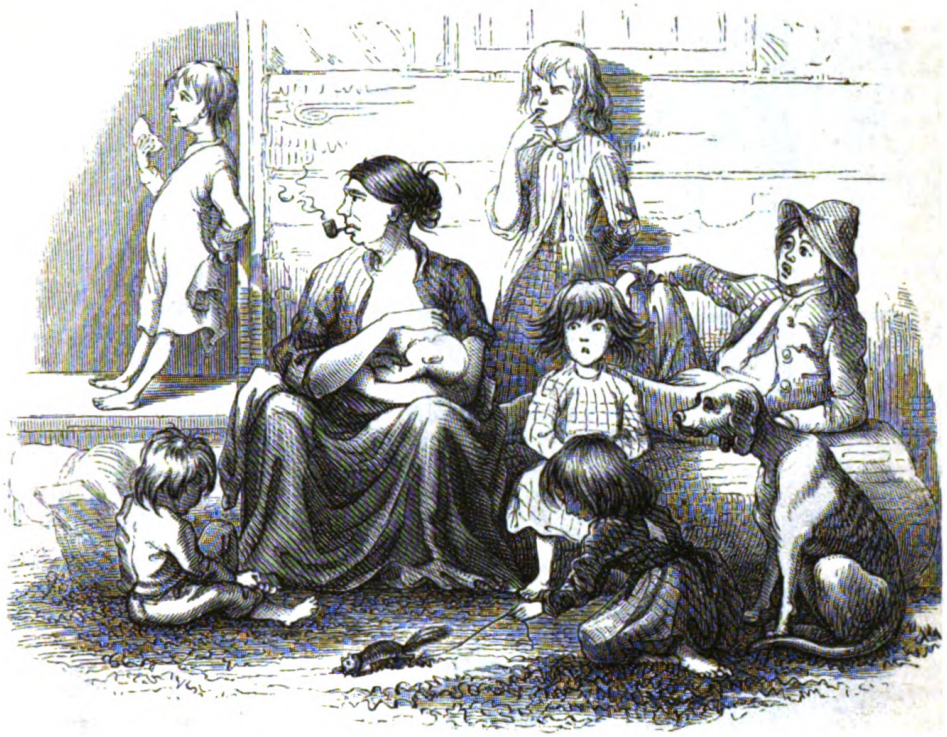
I hail ye, O my lovers! greet with love
The glory of your beauty; and I know
That in your blood another life doth flow
Which solves the mystery of your part below—
Your forms the fable of the life above.

In part at least; part of the living dream
Which shuts us in the prison of the dark,
Where brutal shapes of matter, bald and stark,
And forms celestial leave alike their mark,
And nothing is which it to us doth seem.

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THE MOUNTAINS.—VIII.

ILLUSTRATED BY PORTE CRAYON.



ROY'S FAMILY.

AFTER our frugal breakfast, and a sharp wrangle with an accidental "yerb doctor" respecting the geography and position of the Blackwater River, our party again took the road, led by Washington Roy. We soon reached Red Creek, a full, dashing stream which comes pouring down from the high levels of the Alleghany, to lose itself in the Black Fork of Cheat just below. Its waters are blood-red and limpid, like fine claret, and, as our guide reported, wriggling with trout of the largest size found in these regions.

A short distance beyond we drew rein in front of a cozy cabin, where a stout dame with a flock of children sat in joyful expectancy. Dismounting, Roy gave us a general introduction by proclaiming himself proprietor of the stock and premises. Scarce two hours had elapsed since breakfast; but we must not pass his cabin without stopping to take a bite.

In view of the skimpy entertainment at our late halt, we amiably concluded not to violate the rules of mountain hospitality. So we dismounted, and stretched ourselves on the stumps and logs which stood for rustic seats on the lawn.

Roy threw a fresh stump on the fire. The dame cradled her suckling, and commenced greasing her pans; while a detachment of tow-headed children, with a coarse hook tied to a hoop pole by a line of brown thread, started for the stream, and presently returned with a most appetizing mess of trout. This they did with an ease and celerity which excited surprise, and put to the blush our scientific sportsmen, who read Frank Forester, and go out armed with jointed rods, reels, horse-hair lines, and books of cunningly devised flies.

"To be sure," said the major, "it is, after all, not the thing itself, but the manner of doing it, which constitutes 'sport.'"

When dinner was served, and the fish, crisp, brown, and hot, were distributed, Dick found time to observe, between two swallows, "I wonder, major, if we would think these trout more savory if they had enjoyed the elegant advantage of being blown up the chimney from a hot stone!"

The cottagers, who were familiar with the story, all laughed heartily at this allusion.

"My romantic youth," mumbled the veteran, looking up from his plate as if he begrudged the time lost in replying, "I am pleased to perceive your subaqueous adventure with Peggy Teters has not entirely drowned your wit."

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DOMESTIC LIFE AT ROY'S.

Rattlebrain winced, and flushed up fiercely. "I say, major, I won't stand that—"

At the moment Mrs. Roy emptied another pan of frizzling trout into the dish, and a drop of hot fat struck Richard on the back of the hand, which served so well as a counter-irritant that the conversation stopped, and the dinner went on.

It had been determined during the ride not to tarry at Red Creek, but to proceed at once to Fanceller's, at the mouth of Blackwater, thence to explore that stream far enough to resolve all the geographical questions suggested in the morning's discussion.

Trout were so abundant and so artlessly taken that we had lost interest in the sport, and mountaineering had become a little stale and monotonous, especially since Dick's stunning adventures; in fact, there was an unacknowledged under-current setting toward the lowlands—a secret hankering after the fleshpots of Egypt—a still more potent and mysterious attraction emanating from the electro-magnetism of silken fabrics. But while we were all evidently of the same mind, no one dared speak it to his fellows while an unexplored nook in the wilderness remained to test our constancy and challenge our manhood. Roy himself had caught something of our spirit, and concluded to accompany us; and as soon as the lunch was ended we took the road again.

All we had yet seen of mountain travel was tame and insignificant beside this day's experiences. Our path no longer coasted the streams, but led directly across the rugged spurs jutting out from the western base of the Backbone. These suckling mountains were of gigantic proportions, and the intersecting glens deep and difficult.

He who engineered this road was evidently not a politician, and condescended to no deviations or doublings for the sake of expediency, but rather a fierce dogmatist, who went toward his destination in a bee-line, as it might have appeared on the charts; but the ups and downs were frightful, and I am sure an occasional well-considered detour on grades nearer the horizontal plane would have actually shortened the distance made

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by the sharp perpendicular doublings of ridge and glen, as your man of expediency, after all, will often reach his goal in better time and temper than the narrow-minded and tyrannical slave of conscience, who, rather than turn aside, essays to leap the chasm or tunnel the precipice.

For the first two or three miles the road crept along the steep and nearly precipitous sides of a mountain overlooking the Black Fork, a narrow track barely affording footing for a horse between the thicketed wall rising on one side, and a sheer precipice of five or six hundred feet on the other, menacing destruction to man and horse as the penalty for the slightest misstep. To aggravate the danger and difficulty, a heavy rain came on; and then, to climax all, at the narrowest and steepest point we met a horseman, loaded to his eyes with a bale of carded wool. Here was a dilemma indeed, and the whole company were brought to a dead halt, to stare in each other's faces, and consider the question of life and death. There were the murky clouds above and the dark, misty river below, and here were we in mid-air, clinging to the mountain-side by a shelving and slippery bridle-path scarcely two feet wide. To turn was literally impossible; to pass was not even thought of; to dismount one must carefully slide backward over his horse's rump, or climb from the saddle upward into the bushes which fringed the upper side. Even while we stood there my cursed beast reached up to crop the leaves overhead, and in the effort threw her hind-legs partially over the precipice. A mass of earth and stones, displaced in her struggle to recover her footing, went thundering down into the dim abyss. She was barely righted when up went her nose again among the tempting leaves. The situation was rather too much for my nerves, so I reached up, and lifted myself from the unsteady seat, and by means of a gnarled tree got footing among the rocks above our path.

"My man," said the major, grimly, "I see but one way out of this. We are five to one. You must therefore dismount, and cling to the hill-side, while we throw your horse over the cliff."

"Hit does look middlin' ticklish, hit does," replied the stranger, "but I should hate to lose me critter, so I would, mister."

"What's her value in money?" asked the soldier, curtly.

"Well," said the man, in a lingering manner, "she mought be worth about sixty dollars, I reckon, but I'd hate to lose her, I would. And then she moughtn't be peaceable when you tried to throw her over, and—"

"Dismount!" said the major, sternly, leveling his rifle; "we'll soon settle that question."

Roy meanwhile had followed my example,



THE MOUNTAINEER.

and crept along the upper side until he was opposite our unhappy vis-à-vis, who at the sight of the gun had hastened to dismount, dragging his roll of wool up with him.

"Hold on a bit, major!" shouted Roy, "and maybe we can fix this business without a-killin' of the critter."

The veteran raised the muzzle of his piece, and awaited the announcement of our guide's plan.

"Neighbor," quoth Washington, "jist hook yer wool to that bush, and take yer mar' by the bridle, as I tell ye."

The mountaineer obeyed his order with hopeful alacrity. Roy then got behind and took her by the tail, and in a few moments the peaceable critter was forced back about ten paces, until opposite a little cove, or rather indentation in the upper hill-side. Here both men, creeping around the animal's fore and hind legs, planted their heads and shoulders under her belly, and actually heaved the horse four or five feet up into the niche, and held her there, leaving the path free. The major, who had been watching the proceeding with intense interest, promptly gave the order, "Forward! march, quick time!" In a minute our cavalcade (the loose horses following) had passed the point, and the stout mountaineers quietly let their burden slide back into the path. A shout of applause and gratulation burst from our party, while Roy's eye twinkled with pleasure as he observed, "Now that's what I call a middlin' cute trick, wasn't it, now?"

"Well, I'm mighty glad my critter's safe, anyhow," said the mountaineer; "and I don't begrudge a treat to show my goodwill." And with that he lugged a plethoric flask of apple-brandy from his pocket, and handed it to Roy. It passed along our line, and got a lover's kiss from every mouth, the stranger wishing us good luck on the heel-taps. Then pocketing the empty vessel, he resumed his wool-pack, mounted his critter, and went on his way rejoicing.

As we progressed our road became less dramatically dangerous, but scarcely less

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UPS AND DOWNS.

difficult and vexatious. The river went curving away on its own free course, while we drove steadily straightforward, over hill and dale. Going up hill, our saddles slipped backward over the horses' rumps, and going down, rider and equipage gravitated to a position between the steed's ears. In default of breast straps and cruppers, the manes and tails of our struggling beasts were nearly deracinated in the desperate efforts of the horsemen to counteract the steepness of the ascending and descending grades.

Poor Cockney was, as usual, pre-eminent for his mishaps, and his backward and forward slips gave rise to the only mirthful passages of that gloomy and fatiguing journey. I took advantage of the general dullness to engage Roy in conversation respecting the mysteries of Gandy. He shrugged his shoulders, as if he knew more than he desired to know. They were a civil, quiet neighborhood in the main, harmed nobody that he ever heard of, and were honest and fair in their dealings as most people, but there were some queer doings up there among some of 'em, he was sure; suspicious-looking strangers often made journeys to and from that lonesome country, and not being known cattle dealers, nobody knowed their business.

"When I first saw your party," said he, frankly, "I thought you mought be of that set, but when I see ye a-cookin' of them fish, I knowed I was mistaken."

I was rather pleased with the mountaineer's tribute to our manners and faces, and asked by what token he distinguished honest men from rogues.

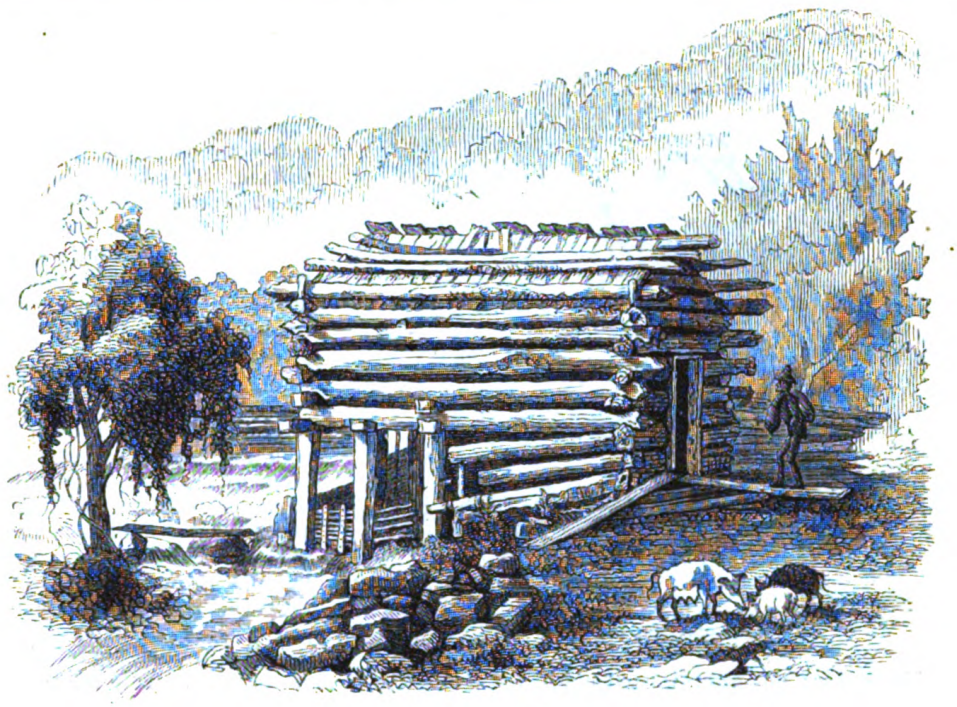
"Oh, as to that," said he, "there is no outward mark that I could ever see, but it's easy enough to tell the difference between men that's travelin' on business and them that's jist tryin' to fool away their time."

I complimented Roy on his sagacity, and relapsed into silence.

About one o'clock we halted at a blacksmith's shop, where we lunched and rested during two hours that Mulciber was occupied in reshoeing our horses and refitting our equipage generally. Then, stiffened rather than refreshed by our nooning, we sullenly remounted and pursued our sloppy way.

Late in the afternoon we called at Johnson's cabin, hoping to engage the proprietor

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THE TUB MILL.

to accompany us on our projected exploration. He was not at home, and leaving word for him to report at Fanceller's early next morning, we rode on to the mouth of Blackwater, arriving in time to witness a glorious sunset, which foretold clear weather on the morrow. At the tub mill on the Blackwater we found Fanceller and Johnson together discoursing on the very subject which was uppermost in our minds. The dark red waters and headlong current of the river were unmistakable. This was, indeed, the Blackwater of our Virginia Canaan. Johnson readily engaged to accompany our party in the morning, but Fanceller warned us against the attempt in the present stage of the water. With a rugged and rapid descent the wild torrent had no margins, but rushed through a narrow gorge, bounded by precipitous rocks. In low water one might find a practicable passage over dry rocks and drift-wood, wading through occasional shallows; but now the stream occupied the whole width of its bed, and the current was irresistible.

We heard his objections, and agreed to eat and sleep on them. Fanceller's was the jolliest house we had yet visited. His wife was the ideal of a Flemish housewife; his daughter pretty enough to serve beer to a king; his little boys comely, sociable, and obliging; his table smoked with the best the country afforded, excellently cooked, and amiably served. It took us back to the times of Chaucer, when mills were the centres of social civilization, and a miller the magnate of his district.

After a good supper came good beds; ours were so comfortable that we didn't blame the fleas for congregating in them. But it requires more than one night's rest to counterbalance the fatigues of such a day as we had passed. Although the following morning was fresh and fair, we all rose more or less stiffened and complaining. We breakfasted on some fine suckers and perch, taken in the Black Fork of Cheat, and Johnson came in while we were at table. Fanceller reported that instead of falling, as we had hoped, the Blackwater had risen during the night, owing to the recent rain, and again urged us to tarry several days until the waters fell before attempting the ascent. Our guides, too, seemed to have cooled off a little, and, with our jaded spirits, the enterprise was so languidly discussed that we were upon the point of abandoning it.

"Well, gentlemen, what next?" I asked, looking consecutively into the faces of my companions.

No response was elicited, but an interchange of sheepish glances, as if each was waiting for his fellow to repeat a favorite quotation from Byron:

"'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home;
'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come."

Sweet it may be, but not without honor or

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FANCELLER'S YOUNGEST.

achievement; not after wasted effort, neglected opportunities, to remember unfulfilled hopes and vainglorious vaunts; not as sneaking back from the defeated enterprise, or conning over apologies for the lost battle.

"Comrades," I again asked, "can we look Moorfield in the face without having seen the Great Falls of Blackwater?"

Of course we couldn't; and in half an hour after we were grappling with the laurel. Then followed a day of the most intolerable fatigue and difficulty that any of our party had ever experienced.

As Fanceller had told us, there was no footing to be found near the river, and we were obliged to travel along the mountain-side, composed of jagged and broken rocks, from the interstices of which sprung an overhanging forest of pines, with an undergrowth of twisted rhododendrons and snaky greenbrier, so dense that all movement was painful, and we were frequently constrained to creep long distances on all fours. In addition to these difficulties, the thick, mossy carpeting of the rocks slid beneath our feet, tripping us up and disclosing numerous fissures and pitfalls that opened deep down into the darkness, how deep no one could tell. The greatest circumspection was required continually to avoid falling into these holes, and many and narrow were the escapes we made on this memorable day. The heat was intense, and our superhuman exertions created a continual and tormenting thirst. Now one of the peculiar miseries of our position was that while we could hear the gurgling and plashing of numerous brooks rushing down through the bowels of the mountain, there was no water to be found near the surface. This forced us to descend to the main stream to quench our thirst, and here, within a few yards of the edge, we could see these subterranean streamlets bursting out in pretty cascades of diamond purity and icy coldness ere they plunged into the dark red torrent. Then, dreading the fatigue of another ascent, we would endeavor to coast the river by walking along slippery and bobbing drift-logs, swinging across chasms by the aid of pendent branches, scaling precipitous buttresses of rock which directly barred our progress, ascending and descending by climbing trees and clinging to exposed roots. This was worse than the mountain-side, so that when forced to the escalade of some projecting bluff, we would resume the upper route, until the torments of thirst again drove us down to the water-side. Thus alternating between bad and worse, we halted about mid-day upon a flat rock to dine, felicitating ourselves that we had made about five miles of our journey. Garments in shreds, faces and hands bleeding, arms and shins scratched and bruised, eyes swelled and blinking from the thrusts of sharp projecting branches, ankles twisted, and frames generally exhausted, was the condition of our party after the first morning's contest with the difficulties of the Blackwater.

Except Roy, whose tough harness and iron frame seemed as yet laurel-proof, the rest of us were ground down to a common level. The bluff major's soldierly resolution, Dick's reckless swaggering, Cockney's dread of rid-



ROY AND JOHNSON.

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icule, my enthusiasm, and even Johnson's impassive hardihood, were quenched in sullen and desperate silence. We had neither gibes nor jokes nor words of cheer, but munched and swallowed our cold pone and skippery bacon in silence, forcing down the few mouthfuls of unsavory food as a matter of duty, for we were too exhausted to feel hunger. Then, when the pretense of a meal was over, Roy looked up at the belt of blue sky which shone between the mountain walls two thousand feet in height, and said, curtly,

"Men, time is passing, and these is middlin' mean accommodations for travelers."

So we wore along until sunset, and then finding a flat rock which rose a foot or two above the water-line, we concluded to spend the night there. Nearly opposite this rock was the mouth of that picturesque tributary of the Blackwater upon which we had encamped in 1852, and which, in the published descriptions, was mistaken for the main stream. This we knew was only about seven miles above our starting-point at Fanceller's. Cold, hard, and rugged as it was, a flat rock was a luxury not to be despised, for in that awful gulch we might travel for miles without finding a level surface large enough to stretch our battered frames upon.



THE STORM.

While our guides kindled a fire and gathered hemlock boughs for beds, we tourists stretched our limbs on the bare and crimped mattress of stone, esteeming it a luxury to rest even there. But the enjoyment was of brief duration, for we were presently beset with clouds of minute stinging gnats.

"Why in thunder," quoth Dick, "do they spell 'em with a 'g?'"

I'm sure I didn't know, but the letter came in very glibly and frequently in expressing our opinions concerning them, as they entered our eyes, ears, nostrils, whiskers, and eyebrows, creeping up our sleeves and down our backs, with the combined capacities of mosquitoes, fleas, and bed-bugs. It was simply infernal, and in our despair we rushed into the clouds of stifling smoke that rose from the fire, where, by enduring a lesser misery, we found a temporary protection from these barbarous insects. Finding it impossible to rest, some turned their hands to cooking supper, while others tried the stream for trout. No fish were caught, and we were fain to make the best of our mouldy biscuit and infested bacon, which, purified by fire, furnished a tolerable supper. Fortunately the gnats left us after dark, and our hemlock beds afforded us a good night's rest.

There had been a thunder-shower up on the high levels during the afternoon, a milking of the clouds by the mountain-tops, and our guides were apprehensive lest we might be swept away by a sudden rise in the water. They were up frequently during the night replenishing the fire and watching the stream, but at dawn we had the satisfaction of hearing that all was safe and the river falling. Sunrise we had none, but it was pleasure to look up through the misty shadows and see the gilded summits a thousand feet above us—solid rocks and trees gleaming away up in the zenith, where one might naturally look for unsubstantial clouds. Then we gathered up our weary and stiffened limbs and breakfasted with what cheer we could, harnessed up, and resumed our journey.

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THE GREAT FALLS OF THE BLACKWATER.

After progressing about two miles we saw on the opposite mountain a brook pouring like a stream of silver from the clouds, which I recognized as the Canaan Falls of the second Blackwater expedition. The sight of these beautiful cascades drew our party together, and we took occasion to discuss the prospects seriously. The sturdiest now frankly acknowledged that our powers of endurance were nearly exhausted. If any broke down or met with an accident, we were virtually beyond the reach of human assistance. Our commissariat was miserably deficient, and had been stupidly neglected in the outset; for while we had enough of bad bread and meat, perhaps, to sustain life, we had neither coffee nor whisky, nor any of those dietetic stimulants more essential than solid food to the sustenance of men subjected to extraordinary fatigues. Yet "pride of character" was involved in the enterprise, and we resolved to push on rapidly as possible until one o'clock. If by that time we had not reached the Great Falls, the question of retreat would be seriously discussed.

It was something of a relief to understand that there was at length a definite limit fix-

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ed to this contest between pride and suffering, and although the difficulties and dangers of the route had in no wise diminished, we struggled along with more resignation, if not cheerfulness, than had hitherto appeared. At length a little after mid-day, on scaling a projecting buttress, the foremost climber whirled his hat in the air and uttered a ringing shout that rose above the din of waters. Presently we were all collected on the spot, which commanded a full view of the Great Falls of the Blackwater. It was a scene of singular beauty, and for the moment all other feelings were merged in simple admiration. Then followed the not less pleasing sensation of triumph at the accomplishment of a difficult and dangerous enterprise.

Gathering its waters among the swampy glades of the broad, level summits of the Alleghany, the Blackwater winds in peaceful obscurity through dense overhanging forests for about twenty miles. Swelled with numerous tributary brooks and rivulets, it at length has attained a width of about fifty yards, and a considerable volume of water. Then its placid face begins to break into dimples and wrinkles, and its sluggish current freshens into a frolicsome race with the red deer that haunt its banks. Suddenly emerging from woodland shades, like a bold youth taking leave of his paternal shelter, the stream makes a wild leap into the abyss of life, and never thereafter knows peace or rest until engulfed in the Lethean pools of the Black Fork of Cheat.

It is estimated that in the ten miles from this point to its mouth the Blackwater falls 1500 feet—an average descent of 150 feet to the mile. This descent is not broken into alternate stretches of rapids and sluggish pools, as is commonly the case with mountain streams, but the fall is as evenly distributed as if the rugged gully was the work of an engineer. In its raging career and suggestions of irresistible power it recalls the shute below Niagara, or the Long Saut in the St. Lawrence; but the narrower bed of Blackwater is hemmed in by mountains 2000 feet in height, and its headlong current unceasingly fretted with masses of drift and monstrous boulders, so that I can remember no spot in the whole distance where an artist might study an unbroken reflection, or an angler cast a fancy fly.

But now for a study of the picture before us. Between the glittering crown of the cataract and the blue dome above there is a misty fringe of forest, from which the spindling mountain pines shoot up like Gothic spires above the smoke of some mediæval city. The ledge of rock over which the river pours projects toward the spectator in the shape of a convex semicircle, so regularly formed that, viewed in perspective from below, it presents the idea of a magnificent artificial fountain, whose amber waters, interlaced with snowy foam, spout in massive jets and sheets from a common centre, falling in graceful curves into the black pool below. The flanking bluffs join the falls by two perpendicular walls of stratified rock, gracefully tapestried with masses of rhododendrons in full bloom. The height of the main fall is sixty feet by the line. Just under it, in the shadow, is a cat-step fall of thirty or forty feet more, completing the picturesque composition happily, both in form and *chiaro-oscuro*. Taken altogether, with its graceful lines, its rich and varied coloring, its singularly regular and art-like beauty, in the midst of this disjointed and hideous wilderness, I think this fall one of the most pleasing natural objects I ever beheld.

And thus we celebrated our victory—each going forward, catching a cupful of the rainbow spray, and in devout silence drinking to his absent love.

"Now, men," shouted Washington Roy, cheerily, shouldering his rifle and pack, "the home-bound horse needs no spur."

By night-fall we had managed to worry our way back as far as the flat rock which had been our former resting-place. The hemlock beds were ready gathered, and the embers of our morning fires still smoking. Our night's lodging was an improvement on the last, and in the morning we were pleased to perceive that the stream had fallen ten or twelve inches. Fortune also seemed to be relaxing in her asperities; for we hooked half a dozen little trout to sweeten our wretched breakfast.

As a result of our suffering, it was humiliating to observe how quickly the social amenities had disappeared from among us. Now every man dipped his own drink, and toasted his own bread and meat, never offering to divide with a comrade, but guarding each little advantage with a niggard jealousy. I had taken no trout, and no man offered to divide; so I proceeded to frizzle my unsavory fat middling in bitter silence. Just then a diminutive wood bird lighted on a branch near us, plumed his sea-green wings, and sung a little twittering song—a gossamer thread of sound, but yet distinctly and sweetly audible amidst the jarring thunder of the waters. While most of the company seemed absorbed in their selfish cookery, Roy and myself looked up at the bird simultaneously, and so our eyes met.

"How little and lonesome it sounds," he said, "in such a terrible and mighty place!"

There was poetry in the soul which could mark and appreciate the infinity of the contrast at a time like this—ay, and true chivalry in the heart that offered me that plump roasted trout on a smoking chip. My bitter pride would have declined the proffered feast; but the mountaineer's kindly eye conquered me.

"Take it, man—it 'll do you good; but we

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THE LITTLE FOOT-PRINTS.

rough mountain folks set no store on sich weak vittles."

A cup of water sweetened with maple-sugar completed the only satisfactory meal I had made since leaving Fanceller's. It really did me good, and we resumed the downward journey with a cheerfulness only dampened by the dread of being obliged to pass another night in the wilderness. But the continued shrinking of the stream had opened a new and easier route along its margin, and by two o'clock in the afternoon, scarcely trusting our own senses, we emerged into the open meadows half a mile above Fanceller's mill. There we threw ourselves upon the grass, and for a while reposed in the triumphant joy of an accomplished adventure: something to have seen, and something to talk about for years to come. Johnson swore a round oath, and slapped his thigh for emphasis.

"Well, men, I'm glad I've to say that I've ben up Blackwater, I am. But I wouldn't undertake it agin if a man was to offer me—" (and Johnson swelled and puffed his imagination to conceive a bribe of sufficient magnitude) — "no, not if a man was to offer me four dollars a day."

Roy knew of a spring hard by, and went over to get a drink. Presently we observed him kneeling beside the rivulet, and considering something with great interest. He called his neighbor, Johnson, and we all went over, expecting to find some fresh traces of game —turkeys, deer, or perhaps bears.

"Look'ee here, men; don't them remind ye of home folks?" And the mountaineer passed his sleeve across his rugged brow as he indicated the prints of some children's bare feet in the sand.

As we approached the mill the Fancellers, men, women, and children, came trooping up the path to meet and welcome us with eager congratulations. During our absence the whole settlement had been in a state of uneasiness. All manner of mishaps had been suggested and prophesied; and had we not got back that afternoon, an expedition would have started on the morrow to search for us. Until the following morning we enjoyed our



AMBITION'S DREAMS.

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BILL GREY.

renown, feeding and sleeping like heroes. The little boy that drove the yoke of pigs abandoned his juvenile playmates, and fell to worshiping the major's boots. The pretty girl that served at table went dimpling all over with smiles. The dame of the Flemish school puffed and sweltered among the pots and ovens, radiating with good-humored admiration. She was ashamed Fanceller hadn't went up with us, she was; and so was Fanceller.

We felt already rewarded for our trouble and suffering; and then, mounting our well-rested steeds, we took leave, and rode gayly off toward Towers's store at the Horseshoe Bend, five miles distant. *En route* we encountered two wood-choppers engaged in felling a tree, and one of them immediately dropped his axe and addressed us.

"See here, men; are you the men that have jest ben up Blackwater?"

We modestly acknowledged the charge.

"Well, now, see here, men. My name's Flanagin. I was born up there in Canaan, I was; and I come down when I was a boy, and never went up agin."

The major bowed to the speaker, and intimated that he had heard of him.

"You've hearn tell of old Flanagin, have ye?" said he, with a conceited nod to his companion.

"Yes," said the major; "and I wanted to inquire if you ever got that jug of apple-jack you left up the tree."

"Oh!" quoth the woodman, rather abashed; "you must have met that lying fool, Bill Grey. But see here; I want to talk about Blackwater, I do. Jest see here, now."

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And taking a large chip, he stuck it up in the sand. "Them's the falls." Then with another chip he drew a waving line across the road, sticking his "stylus" at the terminus. "That's the mouth of Blackwater, jest down here by Fanceller's. Now see here, man; jest move yer critter a bit." Looking about for another chip, and finding none handy, he seized the falls, and drew another crooked line. "Now, man, move yer critter agin. See here: this is North Fork of Potomac that heads over there by Par-a-fax's stone. You've hearn tell of that, haven't ye, men?"

Yes, we had, and knew all about it.

"Yes, but see here, now. Ephraham" (to his fellow), "hand me an armful of chips. Now move all yer critters up that way." And the excited old man proceeded to project his map on a scale that would soon have covered a South Branch estate; and our party, rather indifferent to geography, began to get restive.

The major insisted that he knew all about it, and endeavored to anticipate him by naming the points beforehand. But the map-maker refused to be understood until he laid off his plots and stuck up his chips. Every attempt at a courteous farewell was silenced by his everlasting "See here, men; jest wait, now, an' I'll show ye the course of Dry Fork, an' Laurel Fork, an' Middle Fork, an' all them."

Presently the major signaled us to hold ourselves alert.

"Friend Flanagin, now please show us the line of the Potomac as far down, say, as Cumberland."

"Yes, certain, men; see here. Where's Par-a-fax's stone? Oh! yer critter has got his foot on it. Now move yer critter a little to the right. Here's Par-a-fax's stone agin."

"Now for the Potomac," said the major.

Flanagin started down the road with his marker, and disappeared behind some laurels. Then we broke toward Towers's under whip and spur.

"South Branch jines jest here," screamed Flanagin, mounting a log to look after his audience. Beholding our flight, he started after us at full speed, with a chip in each hand.

"See here, men; stop—this is Cumberland—stop jest a minute, now—see here."

We dashed across the broad fording of the Black Fork as if a band of scalping Comanches was on our tracks, and scarcely thought ourselves safe until we drew rein at Towers's store. Even then our peace was momentarily disturbed by a suggestion that he might follow us up and recommence his illustrated lecture at the house.

"There's no danger," quoth our host; "he owes me a smart bill for whisky, and knows better than to come." This assurance was fully justified. He did not come.

HAUNTED.

He stood by the castle door alone:
Over the moor the winds made moan;
Light from the painted oriels streamed;
Bloom and fire on the snow-drifts gleamed;
Music throbbed on the bitter air,
Triumph chorus and trumpet's blare:
Only through it all,
Like a spirit's call,
Far, sad, and low,
Crept a little voice that said—
Was it from the dead?—
"None shall ever love you,
None as I have loved you!
Farewell; I go."

Silk and jewels and satin sheen
Robe his bride like an Asian queen;
Gold hath no glitter like her hair;
Her sapphire eyes are past compare;
Her voice is clear as a wedding bell,
Somewhat softened her love to tell:
Only over all
Creeps the little call,
Far, sad, and low,
As if once for life it plead,
Now forever fled:
"None shall ever love you,
None as I have loved you!
Farewell; I go."

Black as midnight across the sky
A shadow clasped him silently;
Life that tempted and love that called,
All that lonely soul appalled.
Sin and grief like spectres stood
Mixing gall with his drink and food:
Bitterest of all
Sounded still the call,
Far, sad, and low;
Softly wailed above the dead,
Drearily it said,
"None shall ever love you,
None as I have loved you!
Farewell; I go."

No more stars in the purple skies;
Only tender and mournful eyes,
Long, long looks of wan despair,
Haunted his vision every where:
By wooded mountain or moaning sea
From voice and presence he could not flee;
In the arms of love and the hush of prayer,
The same strain whispered every where:
"Hear above it all
My forsaken call!
Once a living woman said,
Though her life was fled,
None shall ever love you,
None as I have loved you!
Farewell; I go."

Now the death-pang grasps his throat;
His eyes are blinded to beam or mote;
Hushed is speech for sigh or prayer;
Vainly fragrance loads the air;
The swift feet can not stand or go;
The blood in his cold veins will not flow;
Yet, last of all,
Heareth he that call,
Sad, clear, and low,
No more far, but overhead,
By that dying bed:
"None shall ever love you,
Not in heaven above you,
None as I have loved you!
Farewell; I go."

ROSE TERRY.

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A FEW FRENCH CELEBRITIES.



VICTOR HUGO.

WHAT is not clear is not French, says Voltaire. And yet, in this country, whatever is French is profoundly misunderstood. The language is perspicuity itself, and the American mind is singularly intelligent; but the two have never been introduced; hence the mutual ignorance. Cultivated persons here as elsewhere are familiar with French character, French genius, and French literature; but the medial intellect knows little of any one of these, and cares less. It considers the French so exceptional that it calls the absence or violation of all ethics French morals, and imagines French literature to be published licentiousness. This is not so strange when we remember how totally unlike are Anglo-Saxon and Gallic traditions, temperament, and thought. French literature, though thinner and poorer, is much bolder and broader conventionally than ours. The French put in print what we say in private; they express our thought, and we, with a silly squeamishness, refuse to admit it. Terrible fellows these Gauls; they are always publishing what we want to hear, what we openly censure and secretly devour. They have the gift of naturalness, and are preserved from hypocrisy. We are favored of form, and resolute to utter the varied phases of our non-belief.

A radical difference between us and the French is that we insist on morality, and they are intent on art. We constantly couple the two; they hold the two have no necessary connection. They represent Nature through the delicate veil of the ideal; we force her into high necks and long skirts —cumbersome raiment, beginning too soon and ending too late. They paint life as they see it; good or bad matters not, so it be true. We paint life as it should be, indifferent to its truth, provided it be moral. They often seem prurient or indelicate to us. We frequently appear humdrum and tedious to them. They admire us, but wish we would not be so monotonously moral. We are delighted with them, but feel constrained to declare against their absorption by art.

The French, notably the Parisians, are undeniably the most artistic people of modern times; and they are so superlatively conscious of the fact that to tell them it would be like carrying olives to Bologna. They are not to be informed of any thing. What they do not know can hardly be worth knowing. They are intimately acquainted with Paris and all it contains. What lies beyond is unworthy of their attention. This sovereign egotism, this assumption of omniscience, is passing on the Seine. Lutetia has at last discovered her mistake, is laboring to correct it, will labor long, and, in the end, effectually.

It is remarkable how little is popularly known here of French authors. They are seldom translated, for those desirous to read them can do so in the original, and the mass is indifferent to the charm of the polished and treacherous tongue. Original as Rabelais is, profound as Pascal, witty as Voltaire, analytic as Balzac—each a master in his kind—few of the average minds of this country are acquainted with them to any extent. Touching contemporaneous French authors, the general knowledge is still less. It has scarcely heard of *The Flowers of Evil*, *The Forerunners of Socialism*, *Namouna*, or *The Comedy of Death*; has no definite idea of the productions of Charles Baudelaire, Gérard de Nerval, Alfred de Musset, Théophile Gautier, or fifty other eminent writers who belong to the present generation.

Victor Hugo is so well known that we shall content ourselves with simply placing his portrait at the head of this article.

Alexandre Dumas the whole novel-reading world knew literally by heart. He was the son of a mulatto general of extraordinary prowess and courage, to whom Napoleon, on account of his single-handed defense of a bridge against the enemy in the battle of Brixen, gave the name of the Horatius Cocles of the Tyrol. Dumas, though the son of a Caucasian woman, was darker than his fighting father, and had many more marks of the mulatto. To his admixture of African blood he owed his vivid imagination, his extreme prodigality, his love of display, and his melodramatic instincts. In his boyhood he was unwilling to study, but became a good shot and swordsman, an expert billiardist, and an excellent equestrian. At fifteen he was a copying clerk in a notary's office at the small

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ALEXANDRE DUMAS, PÈRE.

town of Villers-Cotterets, where he was born. Even then he began writing plays, and before he was twenty he was obliged to go to Paris to seek his fortune. Aided by a friend of his father, he obtained a small office in the household of Louis Philippe, then Duke of Orleans, and felt himself rich on $250 a year. He then tried to make up for some of the defects of his education; wrote a number of vaudevilles anonymously, and even attempted tragedy. When he was twenty-five he brought out *Henry III. and his Court*, a historical play that discarded all ordinary rules, offended the critics, and pleased the public. In four months he cleared by it $10,000, and found himself on the high-road to fame and fortune. *The Tower of Nesle* (formerly a stock piece at the principal theatres of the United States), which, though claimed by Frédéric Gaillardet, he produced four years later, enjoyed the extraordinary run of two hundred successive nights.

After establishing his reputation as a dramatist he turned his attention to novels. *The Three Guardsmen* and *The Count of Monte Cristo*, printed in 1844, demonstrated his story-telling genius, gave him an immense popularity, and filled his purse with gold. His fecundity was unequaled, as may be seen from the fact that about this time he bound himself to furnish two newspapers annually with manuscript enough to make seventy good-sized volumes, not counting dramas, essays, and miscellaneous articles. It seemed absolutely impossible for any one brain to conceive or any one pair of hands to execute the work he contracted to do; but evidence elicited during a lawsuit proved that, while he made the most liberal use of assistants and labor-saving machinery, he really had sufficient share in his innumerable literary enterprises to justify him in calling them his own.

His capacity for composition and tireless work was altogether abnormal. He wrote faster than a rapid penman could copy, his average daily task being thirty-five pages of a French octavo volume. Stories have been circulated of his having had in Paris a species of mental machine shop, in which clever men wrote, at his suggestion and under his supervision, dramas, travels, novels, histories, brochures, sketches, and memoirs by the dozen, turning them out almost as rapidly as shoes are turned out at Lynn or print cloths at Fall River. Such stories were exaggerations, but not without a substantial basis of fact. Invention and industry like his had never been known in France or in any other land. He was a miracle of performance, the Samson of scribes. He did not labor so much from literary ambition as for money, of which he was eternally in need. The more he earned (he is said to have been in receipt during the height of his popularity of $30,000, $40,000, and even $50,000 a year) the more he wanted, for his expenditure was unlimited, and his tastes were as extravagant as they were capricious. His purse was open at both ends, yawning to be filled at one and running empty at the other. Gold burned in his pocket, and he hated to be hot. Always earning, constantly working, forever borrowing, ceaselessly lending, eternally in debt, was his normal and unvarying condition. Prudence, economy, provision for the future, were entirely alien to his sanguine and lavish nature. He did not have all he wanted, but he wanted all he did not have. Concern for the morrow was not likely to oppress a man who required nothing except pen, ink, and a few reams of paper for the creation of a princely income. His life was as romantic as the career of his heroes, and his resources were as wonderful. He was at once the autocrat of composition and the padishah of plagiarists. No human being ever carried to greater lengths the assumption of genius claiming its own. All printed matter he held to be his for whatever use he chose to make of it; and yet his intellect was original, fertile, and exhaustless beyond precedent. He simultaneously plundered and enriched imaginative literature; he exasperated and astonished his contemporaries; he impoverished the past and made opulent the present.

Dumas sought to put in practice the things he dreamed of. Ever full of projects, enterprises, expeditions, with all his prodigious work, he was obliged to abandon more than he accomplished. In his forty-fourth year he began to build near St. Germain a fantastic and costly villa—it was called the Château of Monte Cristo—but the revolution of 1848 and the expulsion of Louis Philippe interfered with his plans and restricted his revenues, compelling the sale, some years

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later, of his country-seat at less than one-tenth of the original outlay. Though always fond of women, as his father had been before him, he did not legally marry until he was nearly forty, his wife being Ida Ferrier, a vivacious and engaging actress of the Porte St. Martin, with whom he had long been in love.

Among his other follies he published a daily newspaper, *The Liberty;* but this was too much for him, and he retired worsted from the financial engagement. Then he essayed a review, named *The Month*, from the time of its issue, and failed in this too. Subsequently he published *The Guardsman*, revived years after under the title of *Monte Cristo*, in which he printed his translations, sketches, and romances as they fell hot from his busy brain. *The Three Guardsmen* and its two sequels—*Twenty Years After* and *Viscount of Bragelone—Margaret of Anjou, Memoirs of a Physician, Queen Margot*, and *Monte Cristo*, especially the last, are the most popular of all his works, having been translated into not less than twelve languages. The extent of his productions can not be ascertained; but it is estimated that, including translations and adaptations, he must have been the author of nearly a thousand volumes—far more than the combined works of Lope de Vega, Voltaire, Goethe, and Walter Scott, four of the most prolific writers of modern or mediæval times.

The chief of romancers has not long been dead. He was to the last the same pleasant, careless, vain, egotistic, wonderful wizard of the pen that he had been for over forty years. Every body knew him in Paris. A thousand eyes followed him when he walked along the Boulevards or drove in the Bois. He fairly beamed with good nature: his stout, full figure shaking with a sort of unctuous satisfaction, and his bright eyes laughing and shedding a glow over his yellow complexion, and kindling his large sensual features from his round heavy chin to the roots of his woolly and bushy hair.

Alexandre Dumas, the younger, as he used to be called before the elder's death, is now fifty, and very different from what his father was. Rather irregular in his early youth—otherwise he would not have been a Dumas—he soon found loose morals unremunerative, and based his reformation upon habits the opposite of his parent's. By careful economy and some self-denial he paid all his debts, resolving never to contract any more; and he has kept his word. While still a boy he was introduced into the society of authors and artists by his father, who was extremely proud and expectant of his son. At sixteen Alexandre printed a collection of verses, entitled *Sins of my Youth*, more remarkable for pretension than any thing else. After accompanying his restless parent on his travels through Spain and Africa,



ALEXANDRE DUMAS, FILS.

he wrote *The Adventures of Four Women and a Parrot*, and several other novels, which attracted little attention, and thereby disappointed the precocious author.

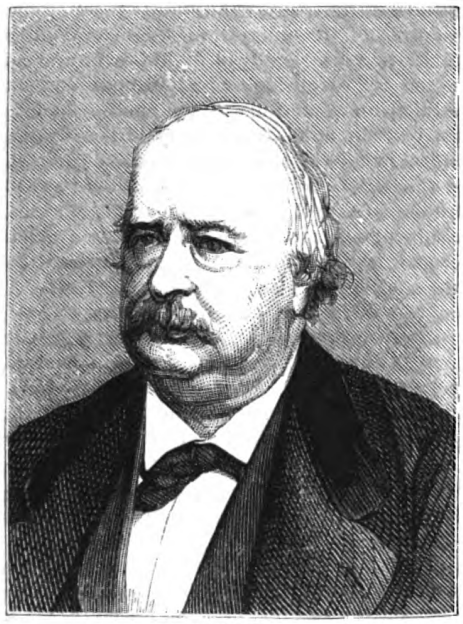
Discovering his want of the brilliant imagination and superabundant intellectual resources of the elder Dumas, he resolved to cultivate a literary field of his own, and he did so by careful observation and correct delineation of manners. He made a special study of the equivocal society of the French capital; and the first fruit was *The Lady of the Camellias*—a novel that obtained great and immediate success by the simplicity and pathos of the story and the dramatic character of its incidents. Afterward converted into a play, it was represented at all the theatres of France, and translated into half a dozen languages. It is essentially the same as our well-worn *Camille*, performed on every stage in this country, from New York to Denver, and from Portland to Galveston. Verdi set it to music under the name of *La Traviata*, and it may be fairly said that entire civilization wept over the sentimental woes of the consumptive lorette. Dumas's story carried his name every where: he was highly lauded and bitterly censured; but every body admitted he had achieved an astonishing success. *The Romance of a Woman, Diane de Lys, The Lady of the Pearls*, and *Life at Twenty* followed the lachrymose novel, and each of them won encomiums, and evinced power, knowledge of human nature, and caustic wit. In their dramatic form they drew crowds in spite, or rather on account, of the severe denunciation they elicited, and the manifest objection that they idealized the demi-monde, and painted its denizens in very seductive colors. He aft-

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erward wrote *The Question of Money*, *The Natural Son*, and *The Prodigal Father*, many of the incidents of the latter two having been drawn, it is supposed, from his own experience and circumstances.

Grave considerations of morals enter into all his works, and consequently provoke wide and earnest discussion. He claims to be a philosopher of the iconoclastic school, and a reformer of the Ishmael stamp. One of his latest productions, *The Man-Woman*, has been widely criticised and commented upon. Dumas is obviously in earnest, and a genuine thinker, albeit his love of paradox and of dramatic effect often gives him an air of artificiality. He resembles his father in face, though not in figure; has a thoughtful and serious expression, and a calm and highly disciplined character. Profiting by parental blunders, he has taken care of his health, his ideas, and his money; has many friends, and a handsome income, wholly the result of his own industry and of judicious investment.

Jules Sandeau, toward the close of his life, terminated some years ago, did not look like the man whom so intense and romantic and beauty-worshiping a woman as Madame Dudevant would have fallen in love with in her first protest against conventionality. Born at Aubusson, he went to Paris to study



JULES SANDEAU.

law, and forming an intimacy with that fiery and splendid woman, his thoughts were turned to literature. They made their début together in the novel *Rose and Blanche*, bearing for author the name of Jules Sand. (In the works she wrote alone she borrowed half of his patronymic, and has ever since been known to the literary world as George Sand.) When he was forty-seven he gained the honor dear to every Parisian's heart, a chair in the Academy. Before and after he wrote very clever novels and plays, which enhanced his fame and augmented his ducats. At fifty he was rather fleshy, and would have been mistaken for a prosperous merchant with a tendency to gout. His best novels are *Fernand* and *Madeleine*, and his finest dramas *Mademoiselle De Seiglière* and *The House of Penarvan*.



PAUL DE KOCK.

Paul de Kock gained a much worse reputation over here for licentious stories than he deserved, from the spurious and prurient rubbish that used to be put off on the American public as translations of his works. The son of a Dutch banker who perished on the revolutionary scaffold, he received a slender education, and undertook to make himself acquainted with the rudiments and routine of commerce. Such pursuits were distasteful, and he decided at last to pursue literature, believing he could catch it if he ran long and swift enough. Ere he was sixteen he had completed a romance, *The Child of my Mother*, and unable to secure a publisher, bore the expense of printing it himself. As the public was indifferent to the bantling, the youth devoted his pen to the stage, producing some most melancholy melodramas and flimsy vaudevilles. Thinking he was not appreciated, he returned to his first love, and in two or three years had been responsible for a number of light novels illustrating manners, not always of the best, and peculiar relations of the sexes. Such titles as *Gustave, or the Bad Subject*, *Barber of Paris*, *Man with Three Pairs of Trowsers*, *Bashful Lover*, *A Woman with Three Faces*, *The Shop-Girl*, and *The Lady of Three Petticoats* indicate the quality of the books. He is responsible

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for over fifty such works, widely translated, all of them written in an easy, fresh, simple style that has done much for their popularity. Almost eighty at his death, he had an air of substantial comfort, and something of the stolid appearance usually found in the Hollanders. No outward aspect of the Bohemian in him; on the contrary, the suggestions of good sense, thrift, conservatism. De Kock was a great favorite in the Faubourg St. Antoine, but he never made much progress in the Faubourg St. Germain. Privately, he was represented as an amiable, kind-hearted, conscientious man, who often expressed annoyance at the forgeries practiced upon the community in his name, feeling conscious, perhaps, that he had no reputation to spare—as indeed he had not.



THÉOPHILE GAUTIER.

Théophile Gautier, recently deceased, was a Frenchman in excess, and a very eccentric character withal. Balzac used to declare, with distinguishing egotism, "There are only three of us who write French—myself, Hugo, and Gautier." Born at Tarbes, the Southern sun crept into his blood, and fired his imagination. At fourteen he visited Paris to study, and soon after experienced a passion for the old French language, which is revealed in his style. Forming a friendship with Gérard de Nerval that continued through life, he became an ardent advocate of the romantic school under the leadership of Victor Hugo, and rendered efficient service in the fierce contests which prevailed at the first representations of *Hernani*. Like many other poets, he fancied his vocation to be painting, and studied it for several years. But, disgusted with the poverty of his first efforts, he threw down the pencil, and seized the pen, affirming that he would make his mark in a still higher department of art. At twenty-two he printed his first volume of verse, followed two years later by a rhyming version of the legend of Albertus, both of which brought him into favorable notice. The *Literary France* engaged him as a regular contributor; and he wrote for it, for the *Review of Paris*, and *The Artist* some of his most brilliant papers, De Nerval assisting him in his labors.

In 1838 appeared his *Comedy of Death*, an original and striking poem, strong though ghastly, a strange blending of voluptuous imagination and morbid sensibility. That fixed his reputation as one of the eminent poets of the country, and extorted praise from some of the most cautious of his contemporaries. Hugo pronounced it an effusion of pure genius, and De Nerval shed tears of joy over its early recognition. The classicists, however, who were his uncompromising foes, violently assaulted the *Comedy*, and aroused the poet's bitterest resentment. In his preface to *Mademoiselle De Maupin*, published some time after, he retaliated upon them savagely, and brought upon himself the severe condemnation of a highly intelligent and influential class by his defiance of social opinions and the audacity of his ethics. *De Maupin* is as brilliant as it is vicious. It seems to have been written, as doubtless it was, to excite the fiercest opposition. In its pages every canon of conventionality is impugned, every conviction of the orthodox ridiculed and degraded. Its entire spirit is pagan, and its scenes of voluptuousness, with which the volume is stuffed, are scarcely removed from the slough of sensuality. The sparkling diction and the extraordinary power of word-painting can not rescue the volume from reprobation. Though still read and admired by scholars, it is one of the books which all prudent parents in France, as well as elsewhere, carefully keep out of their daughters' hands. Gautier never got rid of the odium of the authorship of *De Maupin*. Years after its appearance it prevented his election to the Academy, thus causing him to feel the reaction of his work in his most sensitive part. His chances to be chosen one of the forty immortals had been excellent, but that infamous book, as it was called, forever blighted his prospects.

The Innocent Profligates and *A Tear of the Devil* are novels in the same vein, though much less objectionable than the one which had excited such wide-spread hostility.

Gautier's travels, for a Frenchman, were quite extensive, and his books on Italy, Russia, and the Orient, interspersed with elaborate and elegant criticisms on art, were deservedly praised by the discriminating, not less than the public at large. He prepared several ballets, the most noted of them *The Giselle* (Madame Blangy made this memorable here), which still retain possession of the stage.

Gautier, in his feeling, mode of thought, range of sympathies, was as essentially pa-

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gan as if he had been born in Athens twenty-five centuries ago. He openly proclaimed and was proud of his gentilism, holding that the ancient mythology was quite as true as Christianity, and had an infinite advantage over it through its picturesque quality and its artistic associations. The art sentiment permeated him like his arterial blood—it absorbed and controlled him. He cared nothing for politics, and had few convictions outside of æsthetics. He was by turns a violent republican, an enthusiastic imperialist, an earnest Orleanist, and an ardent devotee of the Bourbons. He was a born image-breaker, and yet one of the most fervid of idealists. Tall, muscular, broad-shouldered, dark-eyed, and black-haired, he marched through the streets of his dearly beloved Lutetia with the look and mien of one who worshiped beauty only, and whose spirit was communing with his cherished gods.



JULES JANIN.

Jules Janin, one of the most noted of critics, and best known of all the French journalists, continues, in his sixty-ninth year, to define the laws of criticism, and to exercise a profound influence on all matters of art.

Journalism in Paris is a very different thing from what it is in London or New York. On the Seine it scarcely exists in our sense. There it is usually but another name for literature. There all journalists are littérateurs, and most littérateurs, journalists. News, our first consideration, is altogether secondary in France. The readers of a Paris daily are indifferent to a great fire at the Batignolles or a distressing accident on the Lyons Railway, but they can not forgive the omission of a studied criticism of the new ballet at the Gaîté, or of the latest play at the Gymnase. The American turns to the telegrams, and the Parisian to the feuilleton.

In the meaning of the French, Janin is a great journalist; in the meaning of the Americans, he is merely a clever writer and an eminent critic. Born at Côndrieu, the son of an advocate, he studied at the College St. Etienne, where he gave such promise that he was sent to the College of Louis the Great, in Paris, to complete his education. After that, resolving to remain in the capital, he took up his abode with an old aunt, supporting himself by acting as a private tutor. Feeling, however, that journalism was his forte, he wrote upon the drama in some of the minor newspapers, and was afterward introduced to the *Figaro* by Nestor Roqueplan. From that his course was upward. He founded the *Review of Paris* and *The Children's Journal* (I translate titles literally, even though they convey a very different impression in the vernacular), and about the same time finished his virgin romance, fantastically christening it *The Dead Ass and the Beheaded Woman*. Taking an active part in politics, without manifesting remarkable steadfastness or consistency, he finally became the dramatic critic of the *Journal of Debates*, where he has since exercised an enormous influence. He soon grew to be, what he modestly called himself, the prince of criticism, and without any declaration of principles, by the right of his mind, established Janin as the most arbitrary and absolute of sovereigns.

In his thirty-seventh year he married a wealthy heiress, both young and pretty, and had the ill taste to give, soon after, in the place of his regular feuilleton, a rose-colored account of his wedded happiness, under the title of *The Marriage of the Critic*. This rendered him ridiculous—it is a serious thing to be made ridiculous in Paris—and, provoking very satirical and cutting comments on the part of his contemporaries, made the happy bridegroom for a while a very unhappy critic.

Janin's vanity and egotism have always been unbounded. Among a thousand other assumptions, he claims to have made the great tragédienne Rachel. When she had been induced by vast sums of money to visit this country on a professional tour, he scolded her through his columns very much as if she had been a little child bent on eating lobster-salad before going to bed. Not satisfied with this, he abused the republic in all the diversities of French revilement, declaring us a set of barbarians, wholly incapable of comprehending Corneille or Racine, and unable to distinguish between Agamemnon and an Apache Indian. He never forgave the artiste for coming here, and was ungenerous enough to say, privately, that she deserved her death, which resulted from a cold con-

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tracted during her engagement in Charleston, South Carolina.

Janin has been a very prolific author, writing on almost every subject, and always with such emphasis of opinion and supreme self-consciousness as to indicate his belief that the globe would cease to revolve but for the expression of his judgment. His complete works would make more than one hundred good-sized volumes, and his prefaces, introductions, essays, and commentaries to and upon other books would, if collected, be a conspicuous monument to his industry and his egotism.

A rotund, corpulent critic is he, measuring almost as much diametrically as vertically. Genial in manners, he is often very caustic with his pen, which has the reputation of flowing with gall or honey, just as the writer has been defied or propitiated. He is bitter when he thinks of those too stupid to admire him, and gracious when occupied with the delightful and customary task of taking his own altitude. If ever man felt inclined to remove his hat on beholding his reflection in a mirror, that man is Jules Janin.

Jules Michelet, the historian, carries his age gracefully, being now seventy-five, and yet so full of literary projects that he could hardly complete them should he live to be twice a centenarian. The son of a banknote printer, he was called at twenty-three to the chair of history at the Rollin College, in Paris, where he lectured also on the ancient languages and on philosophy, holding the position for five years. The revolution of 1830 secured to him the very desirable position of chief of the historical division of the Archives of the kingdom. At the same time Guizot chose him as his assistant at the Sorbonne, and Louis Philippe made him professor of history to his daughter, the Princess Clémentine. A little later he published the first volume of his *History of France*, followed by a series of historical works, resulting in his occupation of a chair of ethics and history in the College of France and in the Academy of the Moral Sciences. In this position, sustained by the sympathies of the young men of the time, he began his brilliant propagandism in favor of democracy, and especially against the Jesuits, which excited against him among the ultramontanists of the Continent such a determined animosity. The fruit of his zeal was three books, called *The Jesuits*, *The Priest of the Wife and Family*, and *The People*. In 1847 was published the initial volume of his *History of the Revolution*, and the following year he was nominated by the liberal party to the Chamber of Deputies; but he declined to be a candidate. Meanwhile he continued to teach at the College of France his democratic doctrines, and this caused the government to close his course of lectures. The ensuing December he resigned his place in the Archives. Since his second marriage—his present wife is represented as a remarkably charming and lovely woman—he has varied his severe labors by the composition of such lighter works as *Love*, *The Bird*, *The Insect*, *Woman*, and *The Sea*. These are very daintily and eloquently written; and two of them, *Love* and *Woman*, notwithstanding their excess of sentiment, show such a delicate understanding of the sex, and such a beautiful spirit of chivalry, as to merit all their commendation.



JULES MICHELET.

Michelet's histories make a long list. As a historian, he stands, in France, in the front rank; as a man, his position is equally assured. An ardent republican and a devoted patriot, his sympathies comprehend the whole race, and his belief and aspirations are such as are recorded in his *Bible of Humanity*.

Octave Feuillet, just turned of sixty, is best known in this country as the author of *The Romance of a Poor Young Man*, familiar both as a novel and a drama. He has published not less than fifty or sixty novels, comedies, vaudevilles, and scenes of phantasy, nearly all of which have received a warm welcome in Paris, where he has resided since his early boyhood. Though the son of a captain-general of prefecture, he owes his advancement to his own exertions, and his success in literature to a high order of intellect and indefatigable industry. Once, when he was complaining that some of his later books had not sold as well as they ought to sell, his wife told him they were too pure to be popular—that the public preferred printed wickedness to any thing else. The consequence was *Camors*, which was eagerly

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purchased, and of which a translation in English has found here a host of readers.

Madame Feuillet evidently understands the world.

Feuillet is a thorough-paced Frenchman, and hates the Germans as vehemently as any Frenchman should. It will be remembered that, just after the close of the war, he was arrested on the frontier by the enemies of his country for some severe strictures he had published upon them, and that he took advantage of his temporary imprisonment to wrap himself, metaphorically, in the tricolor, and to become typographically epigrammatic at the expense of the barbarous foe. Feuillet has a calm, fine, strong face,



OCTAVE FEUILLET.

was decidedly handsome in his youth, and his manners and address are reposeful and attractive.

One of the most elegant and entertaining of contemporaneous French authors is Arsène Houssaye, sprung from an ancient line of agriculturists, and allied by blood to the famous Condorcet. A native of the little town of Bruyères, he made his début in Paris in good season, and at twenty-one appeared in print as the writer of two romances, *The Fair Sinner* and *The Kingdom of the Blue-Bottles*. The friendship of Jules Janin, Théophile Gautier, and Jules Sandeau materially aided him in his literary advancement, and he soon acquired vogue and favor as an art critic. In 1849 he was indebted to the support of Rachel for the place of administrator of the French Comedy, which he managed so well that the theatre, though it had had a very large debt, attained a remarkable degree of prosperity. He caused to be presented many of the best works of Hugo, Dumas, Ponsard, Augier, Musset, Mallefille, Gozlan, and others, and the period of his direction was regarded as a revival of true dramatic art. In many of his books the style and manner of thought of the age of Louis XV. are reproduced, and the stately grace and artificial refinement of the epoch well preserved.



ARSÈNE HOUSSAYE.

Philosophers and Actresses, one of his best-known books, gives a very correct idea of his literary treatment and epigrammatic diction. His talent has been described by Philarète Chasles as a smile tempered by a tear, and a turn of wit softened by a stroke of sentiment. *The Eleven Forlorn Mistresses*, *The Journey to my Window*, and *The Daughters of Eve* are exceedingly clever stories, marked by the fantastic quality and pointed ease characteristic of the author. Houssaye, now in his fifty-eighth year, is actively engaged upon several novels, the scenes and characters taken from the great but brief war which so bitterly humiliated the pride of France. He much resembles, and is often mistaken for, an American, and his uniform amiability and engaging manners have endeared him to a wide circle of widely divergent friends.

The most successful, though not the cleverest, of Parisian dramatists just at present is Victorien Sardou, who has the knack of pleasing popular audiences by seizing upon the prevailing idea, and adapting it to the temper and the taste of the multitude. A native of Paris, he studied medicine at first, but soon gave it up to devote himself specially to the investigation of history. Having no means, he gave instructions, in order to support himself, in philosophy and mathematics, wrote articles for the reviews and the minor journals, and put upon the boards of the Odéon a comedy named *The Student's*

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VICTORIEN SARDOU.

Tavern. The piece was generally condemned before the end of the first act, causing such bitter mortification and disappointment to the young author that he did not enter the theatre again for two years.

In his twenty-eighth year he married Mademoiselle De Brécourt, whose greenroom relations were intimate, and who introduced him to the ancient immortal, Déjazet. The veteran actress encouraged him to try again, and offered him all possible inducements to produce another play at the theatre bearing her name. His second attempt went far beyond his most ardent expectations, and from that time his reputation has been growing and his purse swelling. Among his best dramas are *Our Particular Friends* and *The Benoiton Family.* There is no end to his stage productions, nearly all of which are composed with a rapidity, not to say precipitation, that precludes exactness of delineation and finish in detail. Most of them are remarkable for reminiscence, and the author, in consequence, is repeatedly accused of wholesale borrowing. His dramas have a good deal of movement, and the characters certain striking features that insure appreciation from the masses. A number of them have been given here, but with less success than in Paris, where whatever appears under his name is almost certain to draw. He is reputed to be an extraordinary medium, having long felt a deep interest, and cherished a firm belief, in spiritualism. One of the youngest of the prominent French authors—he is but forty-two—he enjoys a larger income from the theatres than any playwright in Europe. His face denotes Hebrew extraction, and some of his envious rivals are fond of calling him the cunning Israelite who makes dramatic brass watches with stolen works, and adroitly puts them off as gold upon an undiscriminating public.

A marvel of industry and production is Gustave Doré, who does so much that one would imagine he had the power of multiplying himself. He is forty-three, an Alsacian, a paragon of good nature, and a delightful companion withal when he is fairly out of harness. His illustrations are so far superior to his paintings that he is seldom thought of as a painter. He has illustrated Rabelais, Sue, Balzac, Montaigne, Dante, Cervantes, Taine, and many others, and bids fair, should he live forty years longer, to illustrate all the famous authors of the past and present. His reputation is world-wide, and he has ten times as many orders as he can fill. He is said to earn from 200,000 to 250,000 francs per annum, and he might augment his income fiftyfold if he only had as many hands as Briareus. Of late years his manner has become almost if not quite mannerism, which, while it may add to the individuality of his sketches, renders them unpleasantly monotonous. In temperament



GUSTAVE DORÉ.

and in semblance Doré is rather German. He looks younger than he is; has a broad face, small eyes, high cheek-bones, wears only a mustache, and smokes like a Spaniard.

Of the gifted and world-famous woman, Aurora Dupin Dudevant, known to two hemispheres as George Sand, little need be said, since volumes have been written in praise of her genius and in attempted analysis of her character. She is descended on her father's side from Maurice de Saxe, natural son of Augustus II., King of Poland, and

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Aurora of Königsmark. Her father dying when she was a child, she was left to the charge of her grandmother, who never understood her, and whom she always disliked. Removed from Paris, where she was born, to the country-seat of the family—it was called Nohant—near La Châtre, she led an irregular, moody, and eccentric life. Her understanding and imagination were abnormally developed. At ten years of age she had the thoughts and feelings of a woman, and at fourteen was a philosopher and a sage. She spent two years at a fashionable boarding-school in the capital, where, her unsettled and unhappy condition of mind having been taken the usual advantage of, she was duly proselyted into the Roman Catholic Church. She even contemplated entering a convent, and would have done so but for some fortunate circumstance which sent her back to Nohant before she was sixteen. Her grandmother's death was the cause of her going to reside with some friends near Melun. There she became acquainted with a young man, Casimir Dudevant, to whom she was married at eighteen.



GEORGE SAND.

He was one of the last men she should have wedded, but he was attentive to her. Her heart was on fire, her poetic brain transfigured him, and the quivering soul of genius fell to the keeping of a conventional and commonplace husband. The result was inevitable. They could not coalesce any more than the ivy and the cabbage, and in a few months they were so spiritually divorced that all the laws of civilization could not have held them together. Her growing melancholy and feverish unrest made her long for excitement which would enable her to forget herself. She was starving for Paris, where she hoped to support herself, inasmuch as her liege had already lost most of her fortune in injudicious speculations. He consented to her spending half the time in the capital, and she flew thither like a liberated bird.

There, as has been said, she wrote her first novel in conjunction with Jules Sandeau. Then, unaided, she produced *Indiana*, which created a genuine sensation. *Lélia*, the boldest and perhaps the most striking of all her works, followed, and frightened those it did not fascinate. The name of George Sand was on every body's lips, and the rumor that she was a woman intensified the interest in her. She had by this time resolved to break through conventionality, and live, as she expressed it, in harmony with God and her own soul. She had many gifted companions and intimate friends. She went to Italy with Alfred de Musset; she learned the profundities of law from Michel de Bourges, the inconsistencies of theology from Lamennais, the doctrines of socialism from Pierre Leroux, the mysticism of music from Frédéric Chopin, and the broadest republicanism from Ledru-Rollin.

Her history is that of a strong and fervid soul, misguided perhaps, but struggling upward to the light. She has been misrepresented and abused, though to-day most unprejudiced minds give her credit for purity of motive and sincerity of purpose. Beautiful in her youth, she is no longer so; but her face is attractive from its geniality of expression and the singular brightness of her ever-changing eyes. Her *History of my Life* is one of the most spiritual and profoundly interesting works ever written. No one can read it without feeling the power and the virtue of the woman. This passage is impressive: "My religion has never essentially varied. The forms of the past have vanished for me, as for my age, in the light of reflection; but the eternal doctrine of all believers, the goodness of God, the immortality of the soul, and the hope of another world, have resisted all investigation, all discussion, and even the intervals of despairing doubt."

SONNET.

SUNSET, the godlike artist, paints on air
Pictures of loveliness and terror blent:
Lo! yon black clouds, like mountains tempest-rent,
Through whose abysmal depths the lightning's glare
Darts from wild gulfs and caverns of despair:
O'er these a calm, majestic firmament,
Flushed with rich hues, with rainbow isles besprent,
Like homes of peace in heavenly oceans fair:

But *still* beyond, one lone mysterious cloud,
Steeped in the solemn sunset's fiery mist,
Strange semblance takes of Him whose visage bowed,
Divinely sweet, o'er all things dark or bright,
Yet draws the darkness ever toward His light—
The tender eyes and awful brow of Christ!

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SOUTH-COAST SAUNTERINGS IN ENGLAND.

[Saunter VIII.]



CORSECOMBE.

DORSET.—I.

THROUGH downs rising every now and then to bold heights, whose broken edges revealed the ever-recurring substratum of chalk, I arrived at the quiet little town of Bridport, in Dorsetshire. Professor Huxley, in his lecture on a lump of chalk, does not stop until the little white fragment before him has grown, in the eyes of his audience, to the dimensions of England. England is a lump of chalk. I am not sure that the geologist of history might not take the humblest village built on English chalk and show the whole history of this country traced in its annals. "There is nothing remarkable about Bridport," said one of its most intelligent residents to me. "The place has always been quietly engaged manufacturing hempen articles. Some two hundred years ago Monmouth's men invaded the place, attacked it from that hill where the sheep are grazing, but it was a small affair." Nevertheless, even if we regard it as fanciful that the old name Brutport points this out as the place where Brute landed, there are in its old church registers records of the ancient power of the church to tax the bread of the people; of how the abbots used to make money by Sunday markets; and its municipal annals tell of the visit of the plague, the alternate possessions of it by King and Parliament in the civil wars, and of Charles II. wandering in it in disguise, and sleeping at the George Inn. Taking these slight threads in one's hand, and the Monmouth affair, to what epochs would they not guide us!

Thoreau was wont to thank the wild gods of Walden that he was not dwelling on the top of ruins, like the miserable folk of the Old World. I am not sure he was right, for those flint arrows he used to find so dextrously were very much like those which whizzed about the head of Brute, and are found now about these Saxon roads; but even if he were right in fact, I am quite certain that he was wrong in pitying the old world because its strata consist of ruins. The Germans have now settled it that an individual man is simply a chain of memories. The more history, the more individuality. It takes long for a variety to be produced, and longer for its flavor to be perfected. If one sees any village west of the Mississippi, he has seen all; but when one has seen Concord, with eight historic generations in its stem, and the dust of Thoreau beneath it, he finds it not easy to discover other Concords. Some such explanation must, I think, account for the vigorous indi-

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viduality of the Englishman. An amalgam of other races, he does not easily amalgamate. The force uniting the various races built up into an English people resembles that cement which held together the bricks in Elizabethan walls: the cement has by age been made brick also, and the house wall become one solid stone. And yet, as the bricks are still separable to the eye, the various elements of Great Britain retain a curious distinctness. I do not allude to the great divisions of English, Scotch, Irish, Welsh, but to the varieties within England itself—Yorkshire, Northumbrian, Cumbrian, Cornish, and Dorset. These Dorset people, for instance, have been polished and set in the British wall by their history and by the institutions of this country, but the grain they brought from their Dane-Saxon quarry is more marked than I have been able to discover in any other part of the kingdom, and their language makes the dry bones of Professor March's *Saxon Grammar* move, if it does not clothe them with flesh. They have generally the light complexion, with blue eyes, and full, prominent faces, somewhat heavy-jawed. They seemed to me a less tall people than the Cornish men, or even than the contiguous Devonshire folk, but thick-set and sturdy. The women of the working classes, so far as I was able to observe them, appeared stunted and homely, though those of the upper class whom I had the good fortune to meet were particularly intelligent, and had simple and graceful manners.

In a recent lecture on Landscape, delivered at Oxford, Mr. Ruskin declared that the landscape, like every thing else, was chiefly dependent for its beauty on its association with humanity, and that the same view which would be beautiful in an old country would not be beautiful in an unsettled one. The statement was accompanied by explanations and illustrations, necessary perhaps to its full force, but which I can not give here. But the eloquent lecturer did not seem to me to remember that the effect of human association with the landscape might be to render it more dismal than if it had never been settled at all, as when it is the background of the toiler's degradation.

There is one thing that I observe about these otherwise beautiful English farms—that is, the laborers on them seem as naturally part of their produce. The workmen in the fields do not now, indeed, wear bronze collars around their necks with the landlord's name on them; but there are serfs and serfs; and these men who have no means of leaving the poorest farm tenements except to encounter the wolf whose name is hunger, are *adscripti glebæ*, and bear their bronze collars in their bronzed faces and clod-like heads. One feels that it must have taken ages of natural selection to produce this race so related to the soil, and is not surprised to find in the old British laws how many of them tended to draw to the fields, and fix to them, those fittest for such work. The laws bribed men to menial farm service by the prospect of owning the land. If any one laid dung on a field with the consent of the proprietor, he was entitled to use that field for one year. If the dung was carried out in a cart in great abundance, he was to have the use of the land for three years. Whoever rendered land arable by cutting down a wood, with consent of the owner, was to have the use of it for five years. If any one, with the owner's consent, folded his cattle upon a piece of ground for one year, he was to have the use of that ground for four years. Now and then we find a law calculated to encourage the laborers to learn higher arts than the carrying of manure: thus it was decreed at one period that no man should guide a plow who could not make one, and that the driver should make the ropes of twisted willows which drew it. But as a general thing the effort seems to have been to put premiums upon the coarser farm-work; and when by this means the agricultural laborers had become personally identified with and virtual proprietors of a large part of the soil, then came the Conqueror with his peers to be made possessors and masters of them all, as they continue to be to this day. So now, without the prospect of owning any land thereby, the laborers do by necessity what they once did with the hope of fortune. Ages have moulded them to their dismal work, so that nine out of ten might answer with the little Devon girl, when asked at Sunday-school, "For what end were you created?" "To carry dung on Dartmoor."

Another thing sadly marred my enjoyment of the Dorset landscape—namely, the fact that I was there in the hunting and shooting season. Several of the farms by which I passed were literally honey-combed with the holes made by those destructive little animals which England refuses to call vermin, but which the farmers know to be such. Not that burrowing the ground is the chief evil resulting from the overpreservation of game; the hares and rabbits devour immense quantities of the farmer's produce, and the deer drive laborers from the land. A member of Parliament recently described hares and rabbits as "British lions" which "have committed ten times as much ravage and desolation as the tigers of Bengal;" and he quoted a letter from a farmer which said that "the only difference between game-preserving landlords and highwaymen is that the landlords have had the making of the laws." The railway carriages in Dorset were filled with the red-coated gentry going off to their "sport," and many a poor creature must have found the sparkling days gloomy enough. In this year's Royal Acad-

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emy exhibition (1871) that powerful artist, V. C. Prinsep, has a large painting of the Norse god Odin tramping over the waste of Northern snow, attended by his raven. The picture was suggested by the lines of Morris's *Lovers of Gudrun:*

"As slow-paced, weary-faced he went along,
Anxious with all the tales of woe and wrong
His raven's thought and memory bring to him."

There is a weird sadness on the great dark face of him; but if in the grounds around Walhalla Odin still continues to hunt the boar, and remembers that, as the Wild Huntsman, he has given to the Teutonic and Anglo-Saxon races those sports which were once serious and necessary pursuits, what "tales of woe and wrong" must his raven whisper in his ear! Surely the old god would put up his spear and let it rust at the thought of what toiling Saxon men suffer, to say nothing of the wretched animals. If Mr. Darwin's industry in tracing the human family tree to its roots in these four-footed creatures is distressing in one way, perhaps we shall find some day a compensation from his theory in its suggestion to our sportsmen that they are hunting their ancestors! Whether the family pride of the deer will feel wounded by the attempt to connect them with the two-footed species which finds its chief pleasure in persecuting and lacerating them, I do not pretend to say; but surely no keener satire has ever been uttered by a class of men upon itself than when the country gentlemen recently declared, on a motion in Parliament to abolish the game-laws, that in such an event they would take no interest in their estates personally, and England as well as Ireland would be cursed with absenteeism.

Some English sports are at once mean and cruel. I am not an enthusiastic admirer of Disraeli's new novel, but I remember feeling some delight when he makes Lady Corisande say to Lothair, when he desired congratulation after the pigeon match, "A tournament of doves! I would rather see you all in the lists of Ashby." It is astonishing how long it can remain the sport of a civilized country to gather together pigeons, and, letting them loose, see who can shoot most of them. This morning's paper tells me that two gentlemen —Halledge and Fowler by name—had a famous match yesterday in the presence of about two hundred delighted spectators, whom nothing short of such a match could have called out into the snow and bitter cold. Out of his one hundred pigeons Halledge brought down fifty, whereas Fowler brought down only forty-six out of his lot. These are "gentlemen"—that is, they live in fine houses and drive in broughams. If they had been having a match with rats, they would be disgraced for life, but custom —from which there is no appeal—calls the bringing down of fluttering doves "sport." On Saturday last the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was rash enough to prosecute two huntsmen for riding their horses to death on a fox-chase. They were on Lord Middleton's hunt, and, it was shown, rode their horses so hard that they (the horses, unhappily) fell down and died. The case was, fortunately for the riders, heard before county squires, who look upon foxes as sacredly as the Egyptians did upon beetles, and hold any sacrifice of horses or men on their altars to be appropriate. The case was dismissed, the chairman saying that there was no more cruelty than occurred whenever a pack of hounds was called out.

By-the-way, you in America may not know what a heavy loss England has sustained in the recently deceased Lord Henry Bentinck. He was a brother of that Lord George Bentinck whose life Disraeli wrote, making it a vehicle for an ingenious encomium on Jews in general and Judas in particular, without whose timely intervention the vicarious sacrifice could never have been offered up. Now Bentinck is no more, the foxes and the pheasants have, we may assume, been holding a grand jubilee, while Tattersall's and all sporting clubs are draped in mourning. Where Lord B. went, the foxes had not holes nor the birds of the air nests. If Mr. Gladstone could have equaled him in the saddle, or with rod and gun, he could easily be Prime Minister for life. By the side of historic events Lord B.'s victories over animated creation were announced by the *Times*. On one day the noble lord killed 497 grouse with his own gun. Last season he killed seventy-six stags at Loch Ericht; and as for the foxes he has caused to bite the dust, I do not like to estimate their number. So fond of that sport was he that for weeks together he used to ride sixty miles to a favorite hunting field—to and from—six days in the week. The profound learning of this noble gentleman in horseflesh, his zoological profundity in the habits of game, his heroic success in vulpicide, were at his decease dwelt on with tearful admiration in the country of his adoption. His portrait will hang on a thousand walls. Ah, how the village tradesmen and publicans in the country places glory in noble sportsmen! I once saw a grand full-length portrait of one such in a country inn, and on inquiry concerning the original, learned that his grandeur consisted in his love of danger. He never saw a particularly high wall or fence but he at once made for it.

"Many a horse," said mine host, with pride, "has fallen under that man to rise no more."

"I wonder," I submitted, "that he did not hurt himself."

"Hurt himself! You better believe he did. He broke his arm once, his leg twice, and once again two of his ribs."

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"And it didn't cure him of his daring?"

"Cure him! He gloried in it. There wasn't a fence nor a gate in this part of the country that could stand against that man—no, not even when he got old;" and Boniface looked up to the red-coated and red-faced squire with an awe which the martyrs of Smithfield probably never inspired.

All this enthusiasm is the rock upon which the game-laws of England rest in security. I was in the House of Commons at the time when Mr. P. A. Taylor moved the abolition of the game-laws, and the scene could hardly have been equaled had he proposed the abolition of the crown. The country members roared with laughter at him; and when he began to state facts connected with the gentlemanly butchery of animals known as the *battue*, they roared at him with wrath. Woe be to the poor man who yields to the temptation to poach. Ten thousand of such were imprisoned last year, not one feeling himself guilty of any crime. Man is held cheap by the squires in comparison with game. The rabbit might pass unharmed through the streets of a starving English village.

There is one indication that this devotion to sport must ere long terminate—the parson rarely fails now to discountenance some of its worst features, and rarely participates in it. The "fox-hunting parson" will soon become historical. However, let it not be understood that in the days when fox-hunting was among the country clergy more frequent than now, the reverend sportsman was worse than his brethren; either because of his better digestion, or for some other reason, the contrary seems in many instances to have been the case. In this very region of Dorset the most celebrated fox-hunter a generation back was the Rev. William Butler, vicar of Frampton. I believe his parishioners used to call him Nimrod; but nevertheless they were extremely attached to him, and he to them. He was not wealthy, and Frampton was a small "living," hardly, it may be, entitled to be so termed; and yet when the Prince Regent offered Mr. Butler a very fine and rich living elsewhere, the said Nimrod declined it, preferring to remain among those to whom he had ministered.

It did not take me long to "do" Bridport. For that one need only drive through the single important street it contains, at the end of which he will come to the long and ugly houses devoted to the hemp manufacture, of which the town once had a monopoly. From this specialty came the proverbial phrase "to die of a Bridport dagger," *i. e.*, to be hung with a rope. Old Leland seems to have taken the phrase literally, and says, "There be many daggers made here." Probably a dagger of the kind he meant was never made in the town. Yet around this same out-of-the-way little village there are homes which I shall ever remember with grateful pleasure as among the most beautiful and cultivated I have ever known. It is, however, the same almost every where. The strength and destiny of England lie in the fact that along every by-way of it are homes wherein every high taste and every variety of intelligence are nurtured, and whose inmates show by their friendly relation to the towns-people, as well as by their hospitality to strangers, that they hold their position and fortune under a sense of responsibility to the community, and as representing a human trust. I sometimes think that, where it is not overlaid and hidden by that peculiar ignorance which besets the landed aristocracy, there is an instinct in every landowner which makes him feel, however unconsciously, that his land does not and can not belong to him absolutely, but in some part to the people who must live on it and be fed by it. The very name *fee* by which he holds it is from *fides*, trust, and the name of the uninclosed land, "the common," reminds us that the landlord holds soil which was abstracted from the possession of that commune which Mr. Maine has recently pieced together again from its scattered fragments and relics. In looking up some old records of families and their estates in Dorset, I was struck by the fact that whenever the king donated a manor or piece of land to a favorite, he nearly always attached to it the performance of some public function as the consideration for which it should be held. The consideration is generally a mere fiction or pretense, but the naming of it indicates that the original theory of land was that it was owned by the king as the chief functionary of the people; it was not his as an individual, that is, but as a trustee, and those to whom he granted it mere trustees, and must be performing some official work. A very interesting case in point is the hamlet of the Russells, near Bridport, a very charming and ancient residence.

Kingston Russell is the original seat of the family whose leading representative is the present Earl Russell. The manor was given to their ancestor by William the Conqueror. In the third year of King John the sheriff accounts for fifty marks paid to the king by John Russel for marrying the sister of Doun Bardulf, a baron. She was the daughter of Thomas Bardulf by Adela (a concubine of Henry I.). It seems that the name Russell was originally Rosel, and that the family came from that village in Normandy. The amount of royal blood which, through the easy virtue of Adela, entered the veins of the Russells was the means of carrying with it favors and estates. And it is probable that two-thirds of the hereditary fortunes in Great Britain would be traced to a similar source, were they trace-

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able at all. The blood, however, does not seem to have produced any man of much mark up to the present earl. "Kingston Russell" preserves in its name the fact that the town is the king's, but intrusted to Russell. In other words, it was as servant of the king that it was held. Coker says: "Not farre from Burton stands Kingston Russell, an obscure hamlet, yet antientlie the possession of the Russells, barons of high repute in Gloucestershire, who held it by grand sergeantie, that they should present a cuppe of beere unto our soveraigne lord the king on the four principall feasts of the yeare, as it is in an old record of Henry the Third's time." In the time of Edward III. the official service in virtue of which the manor is held is thus stated by the king to Simon de Bereford: "Because we have learnt by inquisition that Nichola, who was the wife of Nicholas de Mortesthorn, deceased, held the manor of Kyngeston Russel, with appurtenances, for term of her life, of the gift of William Russel, and that that manor is held of us in capite by service of counting our chess-men in our chamber, and putting them in place when we have done playing, and that the before-named Nichola held the manor of Athelyngton and appurtenances for term of life of Theobold Russel, by knight's service, and that the said Theobold is son and heir of the said William, we have accepted his homage for the manor thus held of us."

There are some customs faintly lingering on the Dorset coast which distinctly recall the ancient commune. The fisheries were once of very considerable importance; and that they are no longer so is explained by the fishermen as a judgment for the impious non-observance of those old rites and customs which formerly preceded their expeditions. They were that the whole crew should kneel around the boat before launching it, and commend their undertaking to the Almighty. As each puts his hand upon the boat to thrust it away from the shore he ejaculates, "In the name of God!" Nevertheless, these same fellows would probably not long after be swearing lustily and coming home drunk. "The captain of the boat," writes the Rev. William Jenkins, "has the sole disposal of what is taken, and accounts for the profits of the week's labor every Saturday evening, when the amount is divided after this manner: They assemble at the captain's house, where, on a table, is placed a quantity of beer, which they call their flagon, with biscuits or bread and cheese, and pipes and tobacco, in proportion to the success of the preceding week. Opposite to each person is laid his allotted share of the gains. Then, before they presume to take the money or refresh themselves, they kneel around the table and thank Heaven for its favors; and adding this emphatical expression, 'The God who gave us this can give us more,' they rise and merrily partake of the cheer provided for them. Whenever it happened that they catch more fish than the purchasers take off their hands, or so few that the dealers do not think them worthy of their notice, they have this singular method of dividing them: They part the whole into as many shares as there are persons to partake. When all are satisfied with the quality of the lots, one of the crew is blindfolded, and another, the rest looking on, touches at his option either of the lots, and asks the blinded person whose it shall be. The person named by him immediately takes the lot; and the same question is repeated, and an answer given, till an owner is fixed on for every one. These fish they salt and barrel, or dry in the manner of red herrings, for their winter's food.

"For the liberty of fishing, the sum of £1 5*s.* is annually paid by each boat to the lord of the royalty, who likewise has a claim to certain fish called prize-fish, which are delivered to his agent at the prices affixed of old by the abbots, viz., a salmon at 6*d.*, a turbot at 4*d.*, and several other kinds at a price proportionable. But here it must be observed that the lord is entitled to only one fish of each sort, and that the first or best which is taken by each boat every day."

A pleasing custom still obtains on old May-day. The children belonging to the crew of each boat build up a large garland of handsome flowers upon a frame, and carry it from house to house, usually getting a few pence apiece from those who can afford it. The people throng the beach, weather permitting, in the afternoon, when the garlands are taken out in boats, and thrown into the sea. The Lord Ilchester had of late years provided an entertainment for the children, often close upon two hundred in number, and was accustomed to attend them to the beach, where the vicar read a suitable portion of Scripture, followed by a psalm sung, and a prayer.

The coast at the port of Bridport is very dangerous. The sea beats with fury against the base of the towering cliff, some part of which falls every year with a crash upon the inviting (at low tide) but perilous beach. That same old monster which has devoured all the land that once stretched to France still eats nearer and nearer to Britannia, as if she were chained to the ocean rock for his dragonship's breakfast at some future day. Nor has any Saint George come forward to slay him, or keep him at bay. So long after us will come that deluge that the inroads of the sea are willingly relegated to the men of science. A more immediate matter to the Bridport people are the wrecks which frequently occur. The *Kenneth*, a brig from Ireland, laden with grain, was wrecked while I was at Bridport, and I was interested in

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the moral phenomena which were elicited on the occasion. The few sailors who were on board managed to get ashore, though much chilled by their immersion and very sad at the loss; for they had to stand on the shore and see their vessel go to pieces, and all on it floating on the waves. Nevertheless, the hardy sailors of the port went out a little way in boats, and with their hooks managed to drag many things on shore, and the masts and sails were tugged at until they were saved. One poor youth who had been on the brig, and whose clothes, etc., had all been lost, said, mournfully, "It's bad for I." "Ha!" said a gentleman near me, "that boy's not Irish. He's from Somersetshire, where they always say 'for I,' instead of 'for me.'" He then approached the youth, and said, "It's not so bad for you as it might be. You've saved your life; and we have a Humane Society here which will take care of you, and pay your expenses home. Go into the house there, and tell them to give you some dry clothes and something to eat, and hot coffee. We'll settle the bill." The youth looked up with an amazed delight, and vanished very speedily into the house. But though Ormuzd the Good was thus present, Ahriman the Bad was there also, or at least suspected to be there, for the humanity people had to set a watch through the whole night to keep the wreckers from purloining so much of the *Kenneth* and its accoutrements as their pal, the sea, had been unable to appropriate.

Like every old town in England, Bridport has its ancient "charities," which are far more interesting to antiquaries than they are important to the poor. The amount of money which might be unlocked, if this people could only make up its mind that the spirit of a bequest is more important than its letter, would be enough to rescue millions from suffering. Still some little is done; and there is in each town a little group of old men or women, or of little children, made comfortable for life, or receiving the rudiments of education, through the benevolence of some long-defunct individual, who left them crumbs which time has changed to loaves. In Bridport there is a certain "Pitfield's Charity," the terms of whose establishment show not only what was a rich man's idea of doing good two hundred years ago, but also remind us that in bestowing on women the municipal franchise England is but returning to her ancient usage and principle. By an indenture, dated July 5, 1675, a rent-charge of £15 was conveyed to certain trustees on the estate of Thorncombe in consideration of £450 (£300 of which was the money of Charles Pitfield, and £150 that of the corporation), which rent-charge Mr. Pitfield directed should be paid quarterly to the church-wardens and overseers of Bridport,



THOMAS HOLLIS.

to be distributed as follows: £7 10*s.* should be paid to the overseers of the poor, to be bestowed in bread on every Sunday in the year, immediately after the church services, to forty aged and helpless persons of honest life and conversation, who had spent their time laboriously; not to wanderers, thieves, and common beggars, persons of loose and defamed lives or conversation, but to poor and industrious householders, to be nominated by the bailiffs and burgesses and their successors. To each was to be given one penny loaf of good new wheaten bread. The forty poor persons were to be constant frequenters of divine service, and should every Sunday attend in the church both at the service and the sermon; and every such person absent, or indecently behaving, should lose his dole of bread, unless prevented by some reasonable excuse; and if any should fail to attend three several times, they should be wholly excluded from the gift. The forty poor must be chiefly the inhabitants and natives of Bridport, or of Arlington, or Symondsbury, except that any of the kindred or surname of Pitfield should have the preference. Ten shillings were to be paid to the vicar for a sermon in Bridport church upon every 2d day of March; and if he refuse or neglect this, the church-wardens were to appoint any other minister to preach the sermon, and in such sermon should be devoutly expressed the thankfulness of Mr. Pitfield to Almighty God for his great bounty and goodness toward him; 2*s.* 6*d.* to be given yearly to the clerk of the parish who should officiate, and to the sexton 1*s.* 6*d.*; and on this 2d of March one penny loaf was to be given to the said poor out of the said £7 10*s.*, unless it fell on a Sunday, when the sermon was to be preached and bread given on the following day. With the residue of the £15, the church-wardens and overseers were directed to provide by every 2d day of March (the birthday of Pitfield) eight good, new, sad, gray-colored coats of kersey cloth, to be trimmed with red serge or shalloon stuff upon the sleeves

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and bands, and a little square piece of the same stuff with five letters upon the breast or sleeve; the buttons to be of red thread, six for men and two for women, to be so bestowed annually that each of the forty poor persons might, once every five years, receive a new gray coat of kersey. In the forepart or breast or sleeve of each coat should be placed these letters, $\begin{smallmatrix} D & \times & D \\ \times & P & \times \\ C & \times & P \end{smallmatrix}$, made and cut in cloth or stuff. Pitfield further directed that the six poor men, in the year in which they should receive a coat, should, upon every Sunday and holiday when the said bailiffs and burgesses publicly attended church, also attend in their new coats, each carrying a white staff during the time of divine service and sermon. The Thorncombe estate was sold in 1753 by the corporation, subject to the rent-charge of £15, which is still regularly paid.

Another old charity worthy of mention is one called "Bull's." Robert Bull, by will, in 1726, gave £200 in money: £4 per annum for teaching twelve young children to read; £3 per annum to twelve poor men at Christmas; any overplus to be laid out in books called *The Whole Duty of Man;* which sum was laid out in the three per cent. consols, and yielded £250, vested in the rector of Bridport and his successors forever.

There was one man who lived, not, indeed, in this town, but in this region, whose charities were not confined to any parochial or even national limits—one whose name consecrates Dorsetshire dust for every educated American. In a quiet old mansion in this neighborhood Thomas Hollis passed the latter years of one of the truest lives ever lived. Descended from those Hollises whose benefactions have still their monuments in the hall, the professorship, and scholarships of Harvard named after them, the more distinguished resident of Corsecombe was indefatigable in his efforts to see that the library of that institution should be enriched with the noblest English books. There was no monument, or even grave, to which, as one who had inherited the benefits he so bestowed, I could make a visit of homage. When he died he required, in his will, that his body should be quietly buried ten feet below the surface in one of his fields, and the spot plowed over and sown with grain, so as to render it undistinguishable: not altogether an unpoetical disposition of the dust of one who sowed the best seed-grains of thought in his time in many parts of Europe, and as far as America, where, indeed, he sows them still, in the books annually added to Harvard library by his fund. A vast number of letters were found among his papers, and they were chiefly letters from various parts of England, Holland, Germany, Switzerland—above all, Massachusetts—acknowledging munificent gifts of books. Two thousand pounds—a far greater sum then than now—were devoted by him to Harvard University.

Thomas Hollis was such a peculiar man, and his life, while so intimately related to the most memorable years of America, is so little known there, that I venture to dwell at some length upon the subject, the more confidently because of the curious points of interest it presents. He was born at London in 1720. His grandfather had been a whitesmith in Yorkshire, from which place, having made a fortune, he removed to London. This money had been inherited by three brothers, who were all benefactors of Harvard College. Of these was Thomas Hollis, the father of the Dorset worthy, who (the father) gave as much as £5000 to endow its professorships and scholarships. Some of the friends of the family have tried to make out that it was descended from Denzil, Lord Hollis; but it is not true. When Mr. Hollis, of Corsecombe, was at Naples, an Irish colonel, a Jacobin, said to him, "There was a great man of your name on the Parliament side in the civil wars; are you of his family?" "No, Sir," replied Hollis; "but I am full of his spirit." When Hollis said this he was a handsome, dashing youth, who, after studying Dutch and French at Amsterdam, and receiving a classical education at Gresham College, had been traveling about on the Continent. For a long time he seemed to be studious only of old pictures, coins, and *virtu;* and although he became deeply interested in the great political questions of his day, the antiquarian disposition in him was always strong, and he was the means of founding antiquarian societies at Basle and other places on the Continent. He also contributed many rare specimens to the British Museum, and left a valuable private collection. When Hollis returned to England, chance threw in his possession a copy of the original edition of Milton's *Iconoclastes.* That book had been burned throughout the country by servile priests and others, who wished to show their affection for the memory of Charles I. or their servility to Charles II. But a gentleman had inherited from his father—a friend of Milton—a copy, which he presented to Hollis, who was the means of giving to the world the complete edition of that and, indeed, of other works of Milton which we now have. From the time of reading that work Hollis seems to have held Milton in profound reverence. He distributed the works of Milton among the chief libraries of Europe, and they were his first gift to Harvard. He collected the rarest portraits of Milton, taken at various periods of his life. He bought the bed on which Milton died, and sent it to the poet Akenside, with this memorandum: "An English gentleman is desirous of having the honor to present a bed, which once belonged to John Milton, and on which he died, to Dr.

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Akenside; and if the doctor's genius, believing himself obliged, and having slept in that bed, should prompt him to write an ode to the memory of John Milton, and the assertors of British liberty, that gentleman would think himself abundantly recompensed." Akenside was delighted with the bed, and had it put up in his house; but to write an ode in honor of Milton was, in 1760, not "the thing," and there was nothing more heard of it. Another story is characteristic of Hollis's reverence for Milton. Late one night a fire broke out in his house. The family were asleep, and he alone was up. He roused the family, but soothed their fears. He at once ran to a bureau and opened a drawer, intending to save a purse of money kept there, but became ashamed of himself when he reflected that he might be about to lose things whose value was beyond price. He shut the drawer, and took down a portrait of Milton as a boy. Having secured that, he returned and took the money, and bore both to a safe place. Fortunately the fire was subdued without serious loss.

When Hollis was about thirty-seven years of age he got hold of a work by Jonathan Mayhew (1752), entitled *The Pillars of Priestcraft and Orthodoxy Shaken*. This pleased him very much, and turned his attention to New England and to Harvard College, for which his father had done so much. He at once sent there a valuable lot of books, which, however, were lost with the ship carrying them. Hearing of this, he sent another box, containing the works of Milton. President Holyoke, acknowledging this gift, wrote: "We have just now received from your bountiful hand a most beautiful as well as most valuablo present of Milton's prose works—valuable to us, as we have a very high regard for that great man, whom (his political principles not at all withstanding) we esteem a great honor to the British name." Holyoke thought that it was yet too early to write to an Englishman in unreserved commendation of Milton's political principles, even as Akenside's muse thought an ode in honor of him premature. But he did not know his correspondent. Hollis, writing to Mayhew, alluded to the Harvard president's reservation, and said: "If I understand Milton's principles, they are these: That government, at least our government, is by compact; that a king becoming a tyrant, and the compact thereby broken, the power reverts again to the constituents, the people, who may punish such tyrant as they see fit, and constitute such a new form of government as shall then appear to them to be most expedient. It is true, indeed, that that form of government which he and many other able, honest men inclined to on the death and punishment of the tyrant Charles was a commonwealth, which the army, that hydra-beast, prevented, forcing the nation thereby, against its bent, after numberless vexations, to call back that riot-prince, Charles the Second. But Milton, or the warmest commonwealth man, never thought of altering the ancient form of government till Charles the First had sinned flagrantly and repeatedly against it, and had destroyed it by his violence.....It is to Milton, the divine Milton, and such as he, in the struggles of the civil war and the revolution, that we are beholden for all the manifold and unexampled blessings which we now every where enjoy, and Mr. President Holyoke for liberty and his college." While Holyoke was thus apologetic, Hollis was making a pilgrimage to Cromwell's house, and exchanging visits with the Protector's great-grandson, William Cromwell. Mayhew writes back that Holyoke is "a well-disposed, worthy gentleman," and "his political notions and sentiments concerning Milton, I am confident, are not materially different from your own. These are, indeed, the principles which, God be thanked, generally prevail in New England, though bigotry in religious matters has far too much place among us—so much as almost make me ashamed of my country."

Hollis was from an early period under suspicion of being a heretic in religious matters. His neighbors exaggerated his free opinions because he never went to church; but no doubt it is true that he was too devout a man to be content with the conventional religion of his time. In fact, looking over his papers, diaries, and letters, I have found it touching to witness the sad efforts of a deeply religious man to steer true amidst the social, moral, and political corruptions of that miserable reign of the Georges. It is a somewhat remarkable thing to find in those days a wealthy English gentleman having an engraving made of Jesus taken down from the cross, with the following sentence, prepared by himself, engraved beneath it: "A certain gentleman, perceiving his son held, and was desirous to publish, some opinions contrary to the established creed of his Church, pointed to a crucifix, and said to this young man, *Behold the fate of a reformer!*" It is characteristic of the time that many found in this description of Christ as a reformer plain proof that Hollis was an infidel! Mr. Hollis had the patronage of an important church living, for which there were many applicants. He gave out that he should bestow it upon the clergyman who should most nearly answer the following description:

"A clergyman forty-five to fifty-five years of age, of a sound constitution, and no changeling; is truly, in civil principles, a Whig; has officiated always as a curate; is active in disposition, yet mild in manners; is beloved by his neighbors, and has a *clear and undoubted character;* one who will content himself with

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this living, without [an additional] curacy, alone, and reside upon and serve it, or will engage, upon his honor, to resign it instantly in case of future preferment."

That he was not orthodox seems probable from letters he received from Dr. Priestly, and also from an entry in his diary: "Received a visit from the reverend and ingenious Mr.——; agreed together that Dr. Lardner's book concerning the *Logos* was suppressed as much as possible, and left unnoticed by the clergy (a better manner, however, than to persecute the author); and that the doctor, though a free as well as a learned writer, was yet in some respects biased himself by remaining prejudices [*sic*] of education." In Dr. Mayhew, of Boston, Mr. Hollis found the truest sympathizer with his independent spirit, though their correspondence rarely ran upon theology. Once Mayhew writes of a divine of high character: "He appears to be a very able man, though I think it appears that even his learned head has not yet got the great goddess Diana out of it." Hollis answers: "Dr.—— is a learned, excellent gentleman, but a son of the Church, a son of articles and tithes." But whatever his views, Hollis publishes nothing on the subject. He works in his own way, which is to get out and circulate editions of Milton and Sidney, the *Life of Andrew Marvell*, and other liberalizing books. His first considerable correspondence with Dr. Mayhew was about the feasibility of establishing some kind of literary society in New England. The doctor seems to think that America is not ripe for such a thing. Hollis urges that many places have such societies with fewer advantages than New England; but he has at last to note that the Virginians have been the first to establish such an institution, "at the instigation of their deputy-governor, the spirited Mr. Fauquier." At length the correspondence of the two turned upon the increasing signs of collision between the two countries. Dr. Mayhew described vehemently the indignation at Boston caused by the Stamp Act, though he is yet cautious enough to write about the king's representative in Massachusetts as "the g——r." Hollis, who had already shown his friendship for New England in resisting the project of sending a bishop there, was deeply afflicted at the portents which preceded the Revolution, and when the Stamp Act was under discussion he sent to the newspapers this warning: "*To whom it may concern:*—Men of England, the Colonies, Brethren!—Consider well the reverse of a Dutch medal struck in their early troubles—two earthen vessels floating upon the waters; inscription, *Frangimur si collidimur.*" He had printed in London (1768) *A Dissertation on the Canon and Feudal Law*, noting in the end of his copy that it is "by John Adams, Esq., a young gentleman of the law, who lately removed from the country to Boston. He has large practice, and probably will be soon at the head of his profession." He noted Otis also, and writes of his *Rights of the British Colonies Asserted and Proved:* "It is a noble piece. All the great and generous principles of government, that is, of public good, which ever warmed Milton, Locke, or any patriot heart are familiar to the author, and applied to his own particular argument in a way they had not thought of, but would have honored and approved."

Boston was engaged in the summer of 1765 in hanging Andrew Oliver in effigy, following the boot with a green sole in procession, and burning it, and otherwise protesting against the Stamp Act. Hollis was kept informed of all these things by Dr. Mayhew, and repeatedly held interviews with members of the ministry to urge the repeal. He finally had the pleasure of sending to his Boston friend a popular print representing the funeral of the Stamp Act, attended by Bedford, Bute, Grenville, and others as mourners. In those days he built his faith on Pitt as the man destined to conquer Bute and secure justice to America. He presented Pitt with a beautiful antique, in Oriental alabaster, representing the head of Phocion, as a homage "to the magnanimity of his procedure." Once Pitt came down here to Lyme Regis, and Hollis hastened to see him, and parted from him in the full faith that the statesman was to be the copingstone of a cisatlantic New England. Many of Pitt's friends desired strongly to have Hollis enter Parliament, and had he been an ordinary politician, nothing could have been easier. But he was as firm as John Stuart Mill was in his determination not to enter into the bargain-and-sale business upon which a seat in Parliament depended. "I would almost give my right hand," he said, "to be chosen into Parliament, but can not give a single crown for it by way of bribe. Let those play that game that choose it. I remember too well the saying of an ancient to think of it—*I can live contented without glory, but can not suffer shame.*"

In July, 1766, Jonathan Mayhew died suddenly. His death was a great shock to Hollis, who, on receiving the intelligence, sent it to the papers, with these words appended: "Reader, pursue his plan, the good of North America and of mankind: live, like him, to great ends; nor dread, from the excess of it, his exit." He wrote several touching letters to the widow, but never afterward consented to carry on an intimate correspondence with any one in America. He caused a fine memorial portrait of Dr. Mayhew to be engraved.

But he was destined soon to suffer a heavier calamity than the death of his friend. The storm was inevitably gathering over America that must burst in bloodshed. On

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February 15, 1768, the good man sent to the London *Chronicle* this sigh: "Englishmen, Scottishmen, Irishmen, Colonists, Brethren! —DISCORDIA RES MAXIMÆ DILABUNTUR." From this time he devoted himself to the work of reprinting and circulating in England the writings, speeches, and protests which came from America. But, alas! he made little impression. There was no English audience for such a man as Thomas Hollis in those days. His description was true: "Among the nobility and great commoners reign venality, ignorance, and scribbleism; among the middle ranks, dissipation and squander; and among the lower classes, wickedness and want." But he did not live to see the worst. On the first day of January, 1774, Hollis wrote to one of the servants of his London house: "I have to thank God for continuing me in health, of his bounty, and I wish you all well.—T. H." He then walked into his fields around Corsecombe, and while speaking to one of his workmen, fell down dead.

Thus closed one of the most useful lives that was known in the dismal days of George III. He was by many supposed to be the author of Junius's letters, and it is curious that he did not write. In America Hollis would have been a great leader. He could not be so distinguished in an age and country that chose Bute as the fountain of living waters, and sent Pitt into retirement. Of his vast fortune Hollis gave half to noble charities. The people of Lyme still point to the good buildings with which he replaced some wretched tenements which he saw while casually visiting their town. Personally he lived a sweet and pure life. When in London the only amusements which he attended were the opera and oratorio. He was fond of fencing lessons, and took much walking exercise. He rose early, and passed his evenings at home. His absorption in studies led his neighbors to think him unsocial, but he was never without good humor. When he had read enough in the evening, he loved to play on the flute. He had a large collection of music, and was a good judge of it. He was abstemious, never drinking wine or beer, and eating but little, never butter or spices. He indulged himself a little too much in tea, perhaps. He lived habitually amidst the great spirits of the past, whose portraits were around him, and whose works were his delight. Such a thorough hero-worshiper was he that he named his fields and roads after them—such, indeed, as he did not name in honor of great events or societies. However, I have been astonished at not finding among these names either Milton, Sidney, or Marvell. The names have been sacredly preserved in the neighborhood to this day, and I am indebted to the rector of Corsecombe for the following list of the fields, etc., of the estate as they stand now on the rent-charge schedule: Grenville Down, Shaftesbury, Molesworth, Magna Charta, Little Antiquarian, Trenchard and Collins, Bethems, Royal Society, Luther, Wycliffe, Cobham's Mead. Another mead is called Hollis, being that in which the good man's dust was laid, at his own desire, ten feet deep, and plowed over so that no man knows the place of his burial.

I can not but think that Grenville (one of the mourners at the funeral of the Stamp Act) was honored in the name of a field after the old man's death. Shaftesbury Field was named after that Earl of Shaftesbury who was the pupil of John Locke, whose side he took when Dr. Fell and other Oxford potentates denied him his doctor's degree on account of his liberal principles. Hollis studied carefully those writings of the earl in which, as Warburton said, he showed "how much he has imbibed the deep sense and how naturally he could copy the gracious manner of Plato." Molesworth was William III.'s minister to Denmark, who wrote concerning that kingdom a work which Hollis admired extremely, and of which he distributed many copies among the libraries of Europe. Among his papers is recorded the anecdote that when Molesworth's book was first published the Danish embassador complained to the king of the freedom with which his master's affairs had been treated, remarking that if any Dane had done the same by the King of England his Danish majesty would have taken off the author's head. "That I can not do," replied the king; "but, if you please, I will tell him what you say, and he shall put it in the next edition of his book." The field which bears the name of Trenchard and Collins furnishes another evidence of Hollis's skeptical tendencies, both of those men being distinguished only as deists.

Hollis's library had peculiar bindings, and specimens of them are well known yet among the dealers in rare books in London. I presume the books of his presentation now at Gore Hall, Cambridge, are similarly bound. Those that I have seen are generally of complete red. He was fond of having old symbols stamped in gilt on the covers. The figure of Justice with her scales on the books treating of justice in a spirit he approved, the liberty-cap on books about freedom, an owl on books of wisdom. But these figures were likely to be found stamped upside down on books he disapproved. His library was in part a curiosity shop. Among other things he had a dagger made of the sword which slew Sir Edmondbury Godfrey, and on it the inscription, "Memento Godfrey, protomartyr pro religione Protestantium." He also had rare antiquarian treasures, one which he much prized being an owl with eyes made of rubies, which had been dug up at Canterbury.

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HOLLIS'S OWL.

When Thomas Hollis died he "alienated" his property, much to the disgust of his relatives, giving the mass of it to a Mr. Thomas Brand, a friend, who afterward assumed the name of Thomas Brand-Hollis. This Mr. Brand-Hollis was also a liberal benefactor of Harvard, which conferred upon him the degree of LL.D., and he was also chosen a member of the Society of Arts and Sciences in America. He was a firm friend of America during the Revolution; and when that "young gentleman of the law," as Thomas Hollis had noted John Adams, came to England as the first embassador after the Revolution, he and his wife were entertained by Mr. Brand-Hollis in the summers of 1786 and 1787. Concerning these visits there are sundry interesting notes in Mr. Adams's diary. Thomas Brand-Hollis died in 1804, aged eighty-four. There were printed and privately distributed among his friends a few details of his life. Among these private memorials I have found four letters written by John Adams, and two by his wife, which, having never, so far as I can learn, been published, will possess interest for American readers. I must be content with the following extracts:

From a letter, dated Grosvenor Square, January 4, 1788, by John Adams: "Whether the human mind has limits or not, we ought not to fix a limit to its improvement until we find it and are sure of it. Encumbered with gross bodies and weak senses, there must be some bounds to its refinements in this world. You and I entertain the joyous hope of other states of improvement without end; and for my part, I wish that you and I may know each other, and pursue the same objects together, in all of them. Fair science, equity, liberty, and society will be adorable forever."

From the same, dated Fountain Inn, Portsmouth, April 5, 1788: "If ever there was any philosophic attitude, your two friends have found it in this place, where we have been windbound a whole week without a creature to speak to. Our whole business, pleasure, and amusement have been reading Necker's *Religious Opinions*, Hayley's *Old Maids*, and Cumberland's fourth *Observer*. Our whole stock is now exhausted, and if the ship should not arrive with a fresh supply of books, we shall be obliged to write romances to preserve us from melancholy.

"I know not whether atheism has made much progress in England; and perhaps it would do more hurt than good to publish any thing upon the subject, otherwise Necker's book appears to me to deserve the best translation and edition that can be made of it. Mr. Mortimer, perhaps, might find his account in it. Necker's subject is so much more interesting to human nature that I am disgusted with my own. Yet my countrymen have so much more need of arguments against errors in government than in religion that I am again comforted and encouraged. At this moment there is a greater fermentation throughout all Europe upon the subject of government than was, perhaps, ever known at any former period. France, Holland, and Flanders are alive to it. Is government a science or not? Are there any principles on which it is founded? What are its ends? If, indeed, there is no rule, no standard, all must be accident and chance. If there is a standard, what is it? It is easier to make a people discontented with a bad government than to teach them how to establish and maintain a good one. Liberty can never be created and preserved without a people; and by a people I mean a common people, in contradistinction from the gentlemen; and a people can never be created and preserved without an executive authority in one hand, separated entirely from the body of the gentlemen. The two ladies, Aristocratia and Democratia, will eternally pull caps till one or other is mistress. If the first is the conqueress, she never fails to depress and abase her rival into the most deplorable servitude. If the last conquers, she eternally surrenders herself into the arms of a ravisher. Kings, therefore, are the natural allies of the common people, and the prejudices against them are by no means favorable to liberty. Kings and the common people have both a common enemy in the gentlemen, and they must unite in some degree or other against them, or both will be destroyed — the one dethroned, and the other enslaved. The common people, too, are unable to defend themselves against their own ally, the king, without another ally in the gentlemen. It is, therefore, indispensably necessary that the gentlemen in a body, or by representatives, should be an independent and essential branch of the constitution. By a king I mean a single person possessed of the whole executive power. You have often said to me that it is difficult to preserve the balance. This is true. It is difficult to preserve liberty. But there can be no liberty

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without some balance, and it is certainly easier to preserve a balance of three branches than of two. If the people can not preserve a balance of three branches, how is it possible for them to preserve one of two only? If the people of England find it difficult to preserve their balance at present, how would they do if they had the election of a king, and a House of Lords to make once a year, or once in seven years, as well as of a House of Commons? It seems evident at first blush that periodical elections of the king and peers in England, in addition to the Commons, would produce agitations that must destroy all order and safety, as well as liberty. The gentlemen, too, can never defend themselves against a brave and united common people but by an alliance with a king, nor against a king without an alliance with the common people. It is the insatiability of human passions that is the foundation of all government. Men are not only ambitious, but their ambition is unbounded; they are not only avaricious, but their avarice is insatiable. The desires of kings, gentlemen, and common people all increase, instead of being satisfied, by indulgence. This fact being allowed, it will follow that it is necessary to place checks upon them all."

From the same, dated Fountain Inn, Isle of Wight, April 9, 1788: "I wish I could write romances. True histories of my wanderings and waitings for ships and winds at Ferrol and Corunna, in Spain; at Nantes, Lorient, and Brest, in France; at Helvoet, the island of Goree, and Over Flakkee, in Holland; and at Harwich, Portsmouth, and the Isle of Wight, in England, would make very entertaining romances in the hands of a good writer.

"It is very true, as you say, that 'royal despots endeavor to prevent the science of government from being studied.' But it is equally true that aristocratical despots, and democratical despots too, endeavor to suppress the study, and with equal success. The aristocracies in Holland, Poland, Venice, Bern, etc., are as inexorable to the freedom of inquiry in religion, but especially in politics, as the monarchies of France, Spain, Prussia, or Russia. It is in mixed governments only that political toleration exists; and in Needham's *Excellencie of a Free State*, or right constitution, the majority would be equally intolerant. Every unbalanced power is intolerant.

"I admire your magnificent idea of an 'imperial republic.' But would not republican jealousy startle at this title even more than that of a 'regal republic?'

"I mentioned to you that I found in your favorite writer, Mr. Hutcheson, Zeno named as a friend to the balance. I have since received further information from Diogenes Laertius (lib. 7, cap. 1, n. 66). If you find any thing more of the sentiments of Zeno upon this subject, let me pray you to note it. Cumberland, in his *Observer*, mentions Heniochus, an Athenian comedian, as enumerating several 'cities fallen into egregious folly and declension from having delivered themselves over to be governed at the discretion of two certain female personages whom I shall name to you—the one Democracy, Aristocracy the other. From this fatal moment universal anarchy and misrule inevitably fall upon those cities, and they are lost.' I wish to know his authority for this quotation, and to know the words of the original. Perhaps it is found in Ælian or Athenæus. I wish to collect every word from antiquity in favor of an equal mixture of monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy. It is an honor to the idea that Zeno approved it, for he was, I think, one of the wisest and profoundest of the philosophers. The loss of his book *De Lege* is a great misfortune to me. I have often met with a quotation from some of the Greek commentators which speaks of two quarrelsome women—Aristocratia and Democratia—but never knew before that it was taken from Heniochus.

"Mrs. A. and I have been to visit Carisbrooke Castle, once the prison of the booby Charles. At what moment did Cromwell become ambitious? is a question I have heard asked in England. I answer, before he was born. He was ambitious every moment of his life. He was a canting dog. I hate him for his hypocrisy. But I think he had more sense than his friends. He saw the necessity of three branches, as I suspect. If he did, he was perfectly right in wishing to be a king. I don't agree with those who impute to him the whole blame of an unconditional restoration. They were the most responsible for it who obstinately insisted on the abolition of monarchy. If they would have concurred in a rational reform of the constitution, Cromwell would have joined them."

From the same, dated Braintree, near Boston, December 3, 1788: "I found my estate, in consequence of a total neglect and inattention on my part for fourteen years, was falling to decay, and in so much disorder as to require my whole exertion to repair it..... It is not large.....It is but the farm of a patriot. But there are in it two or three spots from whence are to be seen some of the most beautiful prospects in the world.....There is a fine brook runs through a meadow by my house. Shall I call it Hollis Brook?

"What shall I say to you of our public affairs? The increase of population is wonderful. The plenty of provisions of all kind amazing, and cheap in proportion to their abundance, and the scarcity of money, which certainly is very great. The agriculture, fisheries, manufactures, and commerce of the

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country are very well, much better than I expected to find them.

"The elections for the new government have been determined very well hitherto, in general. You may have the curiosity to ask what share your friend is to have. I really am at a loss to guess. The probability, at present, seems to be that I shall have no lot in it. I am in the habit of *balancing* every thing. In one scale is vanity, in the other comfort. Can you doubt which will preponderate? In public life I have found nothing but the former; in private life I have enjoyed much of the latter.

"I regret the loss of the booksellers' shops, and the society of the few men of letters that I knew in London. In all other respects I am much happier and better accommodated here.....A letter left at the New England Coffee-house will be brought me by some of our Boston captains."

From a letter written by Mrs. Adams, dated New York, September 6, 1790, I give the following extract: "I have sometimes been suspected of partiality for the preference I have given to England; but were I to live out of America, that country would have been my choice. I have a situation here which, for natural beauty, may vie with the most delicious spot I ever saw. It is a mile and a half distant from the city of New York. The house is situated upon an eminence; at an agreeable distance flows the noble Hudson, bearing upon her bosom the fruitful productions of the adjacent country. On my right hand are fields beautifully variegated with grass and grain to a great extent, like the valley of Honiton, in Devonshire. Upon my left the city opens to view, intercepted here and there by a rising ground and an ancient oak. In front, beyond the Hudson, the Jersey shores present an exuberance of a rich, well-cultivated soil. The venerable oaks and broken ground, covered with wild shrubs, which surround me give a natural beauty to the spot which is truly enchanting. A lovely variety of birds serenade me morning and evening, rejoicing in their liberty and security; for I have as much as possible prohibited the grounds from invasion, and sometimes almost wished for game-laws when my orders have not been sufficiently regarded. The partridge, the woodcock, and the pigeons are too great temptations to the sportsmen to withstand. How greatly would it add to my happiness to welcome here my much-esteemed friend! 'Tis true, we have large portion of the blue and gold of which you used to remind me when you thought me an Egyptian; but, however I might hanker after the good things of America, I have been sufficiently taught to value and esteem other countries besides my own.....

"I know it will give you pleasure to know that our union is complete by the accession of Rhode Island; that our government acquires strength, confidence, and stability daily; that peace is in our borders, and plenty in our dwellings; and we earnestly pray that the kindling flames of war, which appear to be bursting out in Europe, may by no means be extended to this rising nation. We enjoy freedom in as great a latitude as is consistent with our security and happiness. God grant that we may rightly estimate our blessings!"

The most curious thing that I found in these privately printed papers of Mr. Brand-Hollis is a report, taken down from the lips of Mr. Adams, of the reply that George III. made to him on the occasion of his first official presentation at court. The brief address of the king, as given here, is as follows: "I wish you, Sir, to believe, and that it may be understood in America, that I have done nothing in the late contest but what I thought myself indispensably bound to do by the duty I owed my people. I will be very frank with you, Sir. I was the last to consent to the separation being made; but that having been inevitable, I have always said, and I say now, that I will be the last to disturb the independence of the United States, or in any way infringe their rights." The words are added: "Mr. Adams said this to Thomas Brand-Hollis, October, 178–."

The report of the king's reply which Mr. Adams sent to Washington differs materially from this. It was as follows: "I wish you, Sir, to believe, and that it may be understood in America, that I have done nothing in the late contest but what I thought myself indispensably bound to do by the duty I owed my people. I will be very frank with you, Sir. I was the last to consent to the separation being made; but that separation having been made, and having become inevitable, I have always said, and say now, that I would be the first to meet the friendship of the United States as an independent power. The moment I see such sentiments and language as yours prevail, and a disposition to give to this country the preference, that moment I shall say, let the circumstances of language, religion, and blood have their natural and full effect."

The last sentence of the king's speech was in reply to words just spoken by Mr. Adams, expressing the hope that he might aid in restoring "the old good nature and the old good humor between people who, though separated by an ocean and under different governments, have the same language, a similar religion, and kindred blood." But the tone of this sentence, which makes the king's proffer of friendship conditional upon America's showing thereafter a disposition to give England "the preference," constituted the gist of the speech to the Washington cabinet, because of its plain indication of the monarch's jealousy of France. France having, through hostility to England, be-

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friended the Americans during their Revolution, and been the first to recognize their republic, the king felt very sore at seeing prominent Americans flocking to Paris after the peace. Among those who went there was Mr. Adams; but there had been rumors that he (Mr. Adams) had not been very friendly with the French radicals—as, indeed, is very probable; for from the moment that American independence was secured Adams became a reactionist, and babbled interminably about the need of an aristocratic balance against the people. So soon as he met George III. the latter alluded with glee to the reports that he (Adams) had not been very cordial with the French. The emphasis which he put upon this feature of his first interview with the king naturally served to interpret the monarch's official speech to the rulers at Washington as a bid against France, and a reserve from cordial relations. When Mr. Adams sent the address home he enjoined that it should be kept secret. It is surely very odd, to say the least, that in reporting a speech of three sentences, according to one version, or four sentences, according to another—a speech of an importance calculated to impress every word of it upon a mind like that of the first embassador to England—there should be such a material discrepancy as is exhibited by a comparison of the two, as given above. It certainly looks as if there had been a little diplomacy at work, and I must say that the version of the king's speech as taken down by Mr. Brand-Hollis seems to be the most natural. It seems hardly probable that the king would have bluntly demanded of the Americans a preference for his country over others. Small as the point may now seem, it is noticeable as one of the many discolorations given by the partisan exigencies of the time, the effect of which has been to bring before the American mind a figure of George III. as little like the reality as is possible. The poor old man was dull, and his reign was dismal enough; he could not distinguish the true man from the false much better than Lear could distinguish true affection from its counterfeit; and his end was, like Lear's, to be weak, despised, insane. But George III. was an honest man, and he was good-hearted. This is only one of many perversions which have accumulated bit by bit until they avail to give every American a training of traditional hatred to England. I know of no work more fairly appealing to a wise American than the rewriting of his country's history in the interest of truth rather than prejudice.

TRANSITION.

O Summer, we clasp thee with sorrow!
Thou hast blessed us—only to die,
Lavishing splendor,
Whose fading shall shroud thee to-morrow:
But only a sigh
Will the Autumn breathe, mockingly tender!

A TALE OF TWO CITIZENS.

HENRY DALRYMPLE THORNDYKE and John Thorn were the best friends in the world, and had been so since the day when, as Freshmen, they took their places side by side at the class roll-call—"Thorndyke, Henry D.;" "Thorn, John."

At the end of the four college years Thorndyke determined to become a physician, and with this purpose he went through the medical schools of this country, serving afterward in the English hospitals. In 1871 he had come home to begin his career as partner of the famous Dr. Raphael Stone.

His name, the prestige of this new professional relation, and a small fortune left to him by his uncle, Joseph Thorndyke, all contributed to make his future appear brilliant, though of course time alone could show the result of this fair beginning.

John Thorn had decided to become a man of the law. He had therefore staid two years in the law school at Cambridge after Thorndyke's departure in 1867, and at the time of his friend's return had been established for about two years in a lawyer's office in New York.

The two friends, reunited after their long separation, promised themselves the pleasure of a summer's vacation spent together, and they chose to make the White Mountain tour, partly to be achieved on foot, partly by staging, as they might think best at the time. They met in Boston on the 20th of July, and took train direct for North Conway. They settled themselves comfortably, with the harness for the pedestrian part of their journey neatly stowed away in the rack above, the doctor taking the seat next the window, and the chat between them was pleasant, of the old time and the new.

It is always a good and refreshing thing to listen to the talk of men who have been friends at college. How they look back, and with what good nature do they remember the fellows and the professors, and how the president had not been popular with their class! And what has become of Jeffers and Ellison, and a host of men they have not thought of since they all climbed the elm after flowers on class-day? And it is not only that they must have been in the same class, but the very college name seems to bind hearts together in a sort of brotherhood that extends over many years.

I was dining not long since with my friend Centiman, the banker. There were with him two or three old fellows who had been in his class at Harvard—Dr. Buzlington, the great divine, with his gold spectacles and his deep voice; and the Hon. B. Spooner, United States consul at Florence; and little Mr. Dingey, thin, poor, and worn.

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Mr. Dingey had been the first scholar in his class, and was now a clerk in the Custom-house, and had even dropped the *e* out of the final syllable of his name. He took only whisky and water after dinner, instead of the Lafitte which Buzlington and Centiman rejoiced in.

"Help yourselves," cried my friend Centiman. "And do you remember, Spooner, the time when the doctor was in bad favor among us because of his long sermons on Sunday? Do you remember when Widow Mitchell's calf was found tied in the pulpit? I have never known how that calf came there, but certainly he was in the pulpit, with one of the doctor's sermons open before him, and a huge pair of gilt spectacles over his nose. I thought the whole class would be expelled, but we never knew who did it, and nobody was punished. Ha, ha!"

"Good Heavens, Centiman!" cried Dingy, "you don't say so! Why, I did it. Good Heavens!"

"Indeed you did," says Buzlington, the great divine, "and I—I boosted you up at the chapel window. Ho, ho!"

And then from the table's end rose young Spyker, where he and his chum, Dobbs, had been sitting, as it were, below the salt, because of their youth, with half a bottle of claret between them, and Spyker struck a mighty blow upon the mahogany.

"By Jove, Sir," says he, "did you do that? It is one of the traditions of the college."

"Are you a Harvard man?" asks the delighted Dingy, with just a dash of whisky and water in his eyes.

"I have that honor, Sir," says the unblushing Spyker, a three-months' Freshman.

"I am proud to know you, Sir." Then Spyker comes above the salt, and Centiman says, "Help yourself. And what are they doing now at old Harvard? In my time we read the *Antigone* and some of Horace in Sophomore year. Draw up nearer, Dobbs, and help yourself."

"Ah, Thorn John," said his friend, pulling his hat comfortably on to the tops of his ears —"ah, my boy, this is happiness. Wake me up when we touch the mountains."

Thorndyke's share in the conversation had grown by degrees more uncertain, until at last, when Thorn asked him the "number of Johnston's store," he had replied, "I think he died last October." Johnston had just left them at the Eastern Dépôt, after giving them a lunch at Parker's. Thorn advised his friend to try what effect a little sleep would have upon his mind.

The seat in front of them was occupied by an old gentleman and a young lady, a graceful form of gray camel's-hair cloth with a blue grenadine head. There had entered also a lad, probably the son and brother of the party, but he left in a few minutes and went into another car. The father fell asleep, and the young lady occupied herself with a book. As the afternoon wore on the sun came round to their side of the car, and Mr. Thorn was interrupted in a pleasant train of fancy by the gray figure trying to arrange her window-shade. He rose at once, with a polite "Will you allow me?" and pulled the stiff shutter to its place. Thorndyke, who was nearest the window, awoke just in time to receive a very charming acknowledgment from the gray lady for what she presumed to be his courtesy. The two friends exchanged a smile at the little misunderstanding.

It was dark when they reached North Conway. Thorn registered their names, and found among the list on the book, "D. D. Savage and son, Staten Island; Miss Savage," written in the cramped hand of an old person, and just above this announcement the son had evidently wished to make himself more conspicuous, and appeared with a magnificent flourish as Mr. George Morgan Savage.

The child's game of "stage-coach" must have contained great truth when it was first invented, or rather adapted from real life. Even now, when, as I heard an Irish girl say, who was probably on her wedding-tour, "Ye can feel yerself to be rayly more at home a-thraveling in thim palace kyars than ye can a-stopping in yer own place," that remnant of poetry (or of barbarity, Mr. Pullman would say), a White Mountain stage-coach, at the hour of starting, is the scene of wild excitement.

A porter says, "Any room for this yaller chist up there on top?" The owner jumps up wildly. "Do you mean my little yellow chest, porter, do you? Of course there is room. I can't go without it. Up, porter. Not on the end; can't you see which is the top?" The owner wipes his brow and smiles, and gets into the coach again, with a half-audible murmur of apology for the disturbance he has caused. "It contains a very valuable microscope and—and—and—" Nobody pays any attention to him. Somebody says, "Bandbox." It is the cue for an old lady, who starts, but resumes her place on finding her property under her feet. Somebody says, "Jane, if you go to Crystal Cascade, be sure you take your India rubbers." This is the cue for a lady from Philadelphia. She puts her head far out of the window on the wrong side and cries, "Hetty! Hetty!" She then uses her parasol to poke a gentleman sitting on that side of the coach roof. "Friend, will thee ask Hetty if she remembered to put her gums in her pocket? She is so forgetful! It's the young woman with the brown veil. I'm obliged to thee." A baggage-master cries, "Checks!" A gentleman with a red face and a black alpaca coat comes up, breathless. "Can you tell

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me, Sir, which of these checks belongs to the little black trunk that belongs to my mother-in-law?" As there is no mark of femininity about either of the checks, the agent says, "I can not, Sir, tell which belongs to the lady; but it makes no odds, for they are both left behind at Centre Harbor." I hope the trunks were finally identified, though I can imagine the mother-in-law in black alpaca coats.

Darry Thorndyke and John Thorn the next morning got the last places on top. There were not many passengers by this coach, as it happened. Two others had just started, heavily laden, and this was an extra put on for the few people who were yet undisposed of, and to transport the baggage of a family who had gone the day before. Thorndyke, in his mountain rig, made a striking picture. He was a tall and handsome fellow, and could wear a scarlet shirt, a loose black neckerchief, and a pair of white canvas boots, and look more like a gentleman than an acrobat. Thorn, on the contrary, was rather short and strongly made, with nothing specially to attract you in his face but an exceedingly genial smile. He wore a dull gray shirt, and a pair of boots which were valuable from old association.

The two were waiting quietly in their places, when a girl's voice reached their ears in tones of the bitterest disappointment:

"Oh, papa, I am so sorry! There is not one place left on top. Indeed, I can't ride inside, papa. I shall have a headache in no time. Oh, I am so sorry!"

It was the gray young lady. She had put away the blue veil, and appeared in a hat with a sweeping feather. Whether it was the change from a prim costume of the fashion to this soft short dress she wore without hoops, or whether the mountain air had already breathed its spirit into the girl, John Thorn did not know; but as he looked down at her face, with just a shade of childish disappointment and a sort of hopelessness over it, he thought he had never before seen any thing so lovely.

"I declare, Thorndyke, it is a shame, really, now. I suppose the old gentleman took long enough about his breakfast for two. Here, do you take my seat, and give her yours. Offer it to her, Darry. I'll get down on this side."

"Don't be a fool, Thorn John. The girl will do very well inside. What an obstinate boy you are! I'll put her on the end of the seat, and perhaps she will fall off soon—over a bridge or something."

Then Dr. Thorndyke stood up straight in his scarlet splendor, and addressed the old gentleman:

"Will you offer the young lady this place upon the coach, Sir? My friend has been kind enough to put it at your disposal."

"Eh, what? Place? I am very much obliged to you, Sir—very.—Ah, Mary! do you hear, Mary? This gentleman has made room for you on top.—You are exceedingly kind. I'll see you again, later.—Here, my dear George, just help your sister.—My daughter, Sir. Ah, thank you!"

The girl is fairly in her place between Thorndyke and an old German professor, who had taken his position before the horses were harnessed that morning, and had neither moved nor spoken since. In the front seat were two female figures, whose presence had evidently soothed Mr. Savage's mind as he handed his daughter up to solitary freedom on top. One of these figures was dressed in yellow linen and blue spectacles, the other in blue spectacles and yellow linen.

The coach swayed and creaked, the brakes were off, Thorndyke's neighbor heaved a sigh of exquisite delight, and the journey began.

Away from the region of boarding-houses, and the ledges with their troop of white horses (for whoever looks to find the original old white horse is sure to discover another that looks yet more like one). Through the dim pine woods, straight toward Kearsarge Mountain, that is forever evading you and changing its position, sometimes appearing on that side, now a sudden surprise on this. Past the smiling Interval, the Happy Valley, flanked by the great beacon of all wanderers in that country, Mount Washington. Down in the green meadows of the Interval the Saco ties itself into double bow knots among the elm-trees. Some of the trees are so wonderfully poetic and graceful; some of them look consumptive. It was so early when our friends passed this lovely green oasis, then in the Conway dust, that little white clouds were still rising from the shining Saco, and hiding behind the trees of Iron Mountain, where springs lie cool among the rocks and moss.

Suddenly there came down some big raindrops. Dr. Thorndyke was thinking of his umbrella within the coach, when the handle was put up toward him through the window. There were both his own and Thorn's umbrellas; and "whatever do I want with two?" came into his mind, when he perceived a card stuck on one of them:

"Dear Darry,—The old gentleman has gone to sleep again on the top of his bundle of umbrellas. Protect the hat of the young person. Mine is the lightest. The name is Savage. Says he knows my father. Told him I am an orphan. Yours, J. T."

"'The hat of the young—' Oh, to be sure!—very stupid!" and then, aloud, "Will you permit me to raise this umbrella for you? I am afraid the rain may injure the hat of the—" Dr. Thorndyke checked himself with a really pleasant smile instead of the rather melancholy and severe glance that usually appeared in his gray eyes.

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Miss Savage looked up with an equally frank and kind expression.

"Oh, thank you very much. Papa has our umbrellas in the coach with him. He thinks we always lose them," smiling; "but mine might as well be lost just now. It is like the Irishman's tay-kittle, that isn't lost when ye know where it is"—with a funny little brogue.

Dr. Thorndyke laughed. The girl was charming. On a stage-coach, in a red flannel shirt, you feel as though you had known people forever. He acknowledged at once a sort of responsibility for Miss Savage's comfort.

"Are you quite comfortable? I think I can arrange this trunk so as to make a sort of support."

"You are very kind. That is like an arm-chair."

It was Thorn's trunk that Darry had pulled into place, and against which she was leaning.

"How curious these sudden flurries of rain are in the mountains! The sun is still shining over the valley. You can see the fringes of the cloud. I suppose it will only last a few minutes."

"I like it," said Miss Savage. "How sweet it makes the air! When I was a little child I thought this was the way that the sun gave the woods and flowers perfume. I suppose I fancied it a sort of atomizer on a large scale."

The rain stopped as it had begun, with a sudden flash of sunlight. It was nearly ten o'clock, and they were perhaps five miles beyond Jackson, when the top-heavy coach swayed to one side, made a plunge forward, and turned half over, with the near front wheel lying on the ground, and the axle striking in the bank that had prevented their complete overthrow. The horses stopped at once, and the driver scrambled down to find the extent of the damage.

"What's the matter, Mary? are you hurt or frightened? There's no danger," called old Mr. Savage.

"I am not hurt, father."

"Pin's gone," said the driver.

"Does he want a pin?" asked one of the ladies in front. "I have both black and white in my sachel."

Thorn and the old gentleman were out by this time. Mr. George Morgan Savage had slid from his seat on the highest trunk among the baggage into a tree, and so to the ground.

Thorn came to the side. Thorndyke handed him their overcoats and knapsacks and the umbrellas, and Miss Savage's waterproof cloak and traveling-bag, and while he put these safely away, got down himself, and assisted the young lady to descend with great ease. George was standing by them. Said he: "There's something lost out of the wheel, and we can't get off till the driver finds it. I have been helping the nankeen ladies with the blue eyes to get down. They are frightened to death, and wouldn't move at first. I had to get on top again and pinch the first one, and then the other came down without any difficulty. You have to manage women somehow. What will you do, Mary, with nothing to eat all day?"

"Perhaps the robins will come and cover us with leaves when we die of starvation. It can't be so bad as that, George, and this is a lovely place for a breakdown."

Darry went after John. He was sitting on a flat stone beside a clear, deep spring a little way from the road-side.

"Hush!" said he. "Do not interrupt me. I am cooling the poteen." He raised his hand, dripping, from the spring, and held aloft his silver canteen.

"'Now Mrs. Gilpin, careful soul,
Had two stone bottles found
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.'

I filled it with tea at the Kearsarge, and now I think it will cheer us. It is as cold as Greenland in that well. Give the girl a drink, Darry, and don't waste it."

"What a blessed man you are, Thorn John! Of all beings I should prefer you as my companion on a desert island."

Thorn sat on the stone till his sleeve was dry, repeating silently scraps of poetry—a habit he had taken from being often alone and never moody.

"'A violet by a mossy stone,
Half hidden from the eye'—

That's me—

'Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky'—

That is Miss Savage." Then he got up and stood in the shadow of a tree while he watched Thorndyke lean over her and offer her the tea. She was sitting by her father on a great striped horse-blanket that had been spread for her on the ground. The little flecks of sunshine playing among the leaves found her bright hair, and stopped a moment there to rest. A tall fern plant bowed and murmured just behind her, and from this nest of green she looked up and took Thorn's silver cup, with a pleasant word of thanks to Thorndyke.

Said she, "You make me think of the Swiss family Robinson, Dr. Thorndyke."

They knew each other's name by this time. Mr. Savage was quite sure he had known Darry's father. Then he became anxious about Thorn, and called aloud for him.

"Where is he? where is Mr. Thorn? Old friend of his father's.—Ah, Mr. Thorn, I've been looking for you, Sir. Want to introduce you to my daughter—Miss Savage."

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She half rose, and greeted him very kindly, and then quite innocently, and to Thorn's great amusement, said,

"Will you not have some of this delicious tea, Mr. Thorn? It is so refreshing!"

"If you will be so kind as to give it me, Miss Savage."

He took his cup from her hand, and only thanked her, though he thought he had really made it very well at the Kearsarge that morning.

They were more than two hours in the woods, waiting for what Thorndyke called the "missing link," and when at last it was found, it took a long time to right the coach and fasten the wheel on. Then the horses were harnessed, and the passengers took their places again. George, once more a true knight, assisted the ladies up in front, and half whispered to Thorndyke as he mounted the trunk,

"They are ophthalmic incurables out on a spree."

Said Miss Savage, presently, "I am afraid, Dr. Thorndyke, that I did not thank you for giving me your place this morning."

"My place? Why—ah, yes. I am very glad, since the accident. It would hardly have been safe on the end."

She was still ignorant of Thorn's sacrifice; and having, as she thought, been sufficiently grateful for the civility of Dr. Thorndyke in moving when there was quite room enough for two, let her mind rest on the subject.

They reached the Glen without further delay.

On the Wednesday Dr. Thorndyke and Thorn started to walk up Mount Washington. It was so early that Miss Savage had not yet appeared, and they departed on their travels without any farewell beyond the pleasant wishes of the night before that they might all meet again somewhere in the mountains. During the walk the young men did not allude in any way to Miss Savage.

The ascent of Mount Washington has been described many times. Nothing of marked interest occurred to these pedestrians. They walked over more mountain peaks than were really necessary, scrambled down to Crawford's on Thursday, and were again on their way early Friday morning. They roamed about, and halted that night at the Twin Mountain House. At the houses of entertainment it was with the greatest difficulty that they obtained where to lay their heads. Indeed, on Friday they could get no beds, but were obliged to sleep on the floor in the billiard-room.

It is only a few miles from the Twin Mountains to the Profile, but Dr. Thorndyke and his friend made the distance long by finding an unexplored region among the hills, losing their way, and sleeping for two hours in a forest, where they were surprised by a thunder-storm. They got to the Profile House, in a very wet condition, just before the arrival of the Crawford stage and the Savage party. Thorn, with his usual forethought and precision, had written from New York for a room at the Profile House, and into his hands was given the last unclaimed key. "I positively had to hide it, Mr. Thorn. We have never been so crowded before."

"There is not so much as a closet unoccupied; I assure you, Sir, we are entirely full," said the clerk for the sixth time.

Mr. Savage thought it was an imposition.

"If you had telegraphed us, we could have told you, Sir, and you might have staid over at Crawford's."

Mr. Savage said it was outrageous; Crawford's was crammed.

"Of course we will try to arrange a mattress in the parlor for the ladies of your party, though the parlor is already full."

Mr. Savage turned away to condole with his daughter.

Thorn and the doctor were following their modest baggage up the stairs, when John again beheld that lovely face, with so despondent and worn a look that once more his heart was moved to pity.

"Good gracious, Darry, there's Mr. Savage! He can't get a room. You are more presentable than I am. Here, take the key and give it to her."

"And sit up another night, Thorn? Do you want— Well, I suppose— All right, if you say so; it is your room."

He ran down and accosted Mr. Savage: "My friend and I will be very glad to give up our room. The house is so overcrowded that I am sure you have had trouble about a place." He bowed to the young lady, who was standing a little apart and did not hear the conversation.

"Thank you, thank you a thousand times. I did not know what to do about my daughter."

He was evidently explaining the situation to her as Thorndyke joined his friend at the head of the stairs.

"He was almost too grateful. Now that you have pulled down the very roof about your ears, what do you propose to do, Mr. Thorn?—Put down the things, Sambo; we will hold a council of war," said Thorndyke.

"There were tears in the girl's eyes," said John, musingly. "Hillo! here's Lawrence! —Why, my dear fellow, hail! Have you got a room?"

"My dear John! my dear Thorndyke! delighted to see you! I haven't a room exactly; I've a bath-room. I arise every morning, like Aphrodite, from the pellucid wave. Come in. 'I give thee all, I can no more.'"

He opened a door and ushered them into a room. There were two small beds and a large bath-tub in this apartment, and scarcely space to move between them.

"Terry had the other bed; he went this

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morning. One of you is welcome to it, and we will try to rig up something for the other."

Miss Savage received the wanderers—who, having found their trunks, appeared in the costume of the nineteenth century—as though they had been old friends. "And how can I thank you, Dr. Thorndyke, and your friend too, for your great kindness this evening? I hope papa has told you that I am really grateful."

Thorn at this time was being walked up and down by old Mr. Savage, and did not receive the reward of Miss Savage's sweet voice and smile of thanks. It never occurred to Thorndyke that she seemed to be unaware of Thorn's special kindness in the matter.

It was late when they found their way again to Lawrence's quarters. The problem of three men in two beds remained unsolved. Lawrence was fast asleep.

"We shall have to take it by watches. Get to bed, Thorndyke, and I will see what can be done," said the philosophic John.

Thorn shut the door softly and stood in the dim entry. He walked up and down the deserted corridors, with a sort of sleepy fancy that a bed would suddenly appear, after the fashion of the fairy tale, and invite him to slumber. At last, having spent fifteen minutes in vain wandering, he found three chamber-maids sitting and sewing near a kerosene lamp. Two of them were stupid, the third was smart. The stupid ones declared there was not a mattress unoccupied in the whole house. The smart one chuckled. Said she, "I know where ye kin git one if so be ye ain't afeared to take it."

"I am afraid of nothing." He at once felt the utmost faith in the chamber-maid.

"Why, Jane, don't you know Sixty-three is drunk 'most every night? and I bet he won't even try to get up stairs to-night, and he can't find his room if he does.—If you ain't scary of Sixty-three in the morning, I don't see why ye can't have his bed to-night."

She whisked up the lamp and led the way to Sixty-three's apartment. Thorn, as he followed her, ran over in his mind the *Code as it is*, and his own legal experience; but as he could find no horrible example of the consequences of such theft as he contemplated, he thanked the chamber-maid, and departed with Sixty-three's mattress and pillows.

Thorndyke was already asleep in the second bed, and the third man, placing his mattress on the bath-tub, and quoting the old adage, "As you make your bed, you must lie in it," betook himself, like Diogenes, to his tub, and so solved the problem. Sixty-three's property was replaced in the morning.

Miss Savage remained for three days at the Profile House. At the end of that time she went with her father and brother to Mount Desert. Mr. Savage expressed great regret at the loss of Mr. Thorn's company.

Three days after this Thorn repeated to himself some of the *Fair Inez:*

> "'She took our daylight with her,
> The smiles that we love best.'"

Then aloud he said, very quietly, "Darry, I am tired of this place. Let us try a little sea-air."

Dr. Thorndyke answered in an equally unmoved manner, "I am of your opinion, John. Let us go to Mount Desert."

They had now known Miss Savage for twelve days.

At Mount Desert the charm of her society was even greater than it had been in the mountains.

The salt air, the broad sweep of the ocean, the wild, beautiful life that she led, exploring the country in her short mountain dress, seemed to rouse an exultant spirit. Her face shone with perfect happiness. She would break out with a clear, sweet voice, and sing like a bird as she went through the woods, or stood on the great rocks to watch the surf beat up. Dr. Thorndyke and John were always with her. Over the hills and far away she led them with her voice and her bright face and her kind and gracious words. Mr. Savage seemed perfectly content with the situation, except when he wanted to talk to John Thorn. He was very fond of John, and liked to talk with him about politics, on which subject they thought alike. Mr. Savage was a man who preferred to have his opponent agree with him. This was not so entertaining for the younger man.

One morning Mr. Thorn, wandering alone upon the cliffs, came suddenly to where Miss Savage was sitting, comfortably ensconced in a niche in the rock. There was a book of poetry open upon her lap, but she was not reading, and her eyes were turned toward the water. She smiled as he came near, and he sat down. The book was the *Golden Treasury*. He put out his hand, and she gave it to him. Then, as he turned over the leaves, he saw those lines of Byron, "She walks in beauty, like the night." Hardly knowing that he did it he read the first stanza aloud, then closed the book, and gave it very gently back to her.

"Miss Savage," said he, "I have always fancied that when a man is wholly absorbed and governed by one thought, and yet lives among his friends just as he used to do, trying to seem the same man, to take the same sort of interest in his daily life, he is, after a fashion, a hypocrite."

She looked at him in perfect wonder.

"The last two weeks have been the happiest time that I have ever known. Now there seems to me to be one great truth in all the world, and it is this—I love you, I

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love you! I can not see you every day, be near you, where the light of your sweet face can shine upon me; I can not touch your hand, and feel the blessing of your presence, and yet not tell you this."

He walked away a little distance, and then came back to her. She had become very pale, but she was ready to answer him.

"Will you be my wife?"

"Oh, Mr. Thorn, I can not tell you how sorry you have made me!"

"Are you sorry that I love you?"

"Yes, yes."

"Are you sorry that I have told you this so suddenly? Perhaps if I had borne my silence—you have known me such a little time. Though it was long enough to teach me how dear you have become," he added, hoarsely.

A splendid blush flashed into her face. "No, it is not that. But, Mr. Thorn, this is the only answer I can give—I do not love you in return. I know how good you are; I know that you are wise and noble. I know this; but what can I say—oh, what can I do? Mr. Thorn, you are the only one who has really loved me, and yet I have to send you away! Oh, what have I done?"

Thorn's eyes were full of tears. She was crying out of excitement and pity for him. The *Golden Treasury* lay in the wet sea-weed thirty feet below, where it had fallen when she rose.

Thorn took her hand. "Don't cry," he said. "You have done nothing for which you can be sorry. You could not help my sorrow. I must ever be thankful that I have known you, though Heaven knows I suffer now. From the first moment that I saw you, you have seemed to me more than lovely. You are the only woman I have loved in all my life, Mary." Then he kissed her hand and left her.

John Thorn went back to the hotel, packed his trunk, wrote a note that Thorndyke should find when he came in from fishing, and left Mount Desert in two hours.

Thorndyke came back in the afternoon. He called George Savage, who was passing at the moment, and handed him a soiled and salt-stained copy of the *Golden Treasury*. "I think this belongs to your sister; I found it out there among the rocks."

He learned at the desk that Mr. Thorn had gone.

"Did he get a telegram?"

"No, Sir; but he left a note for you."

This was all he could gain from the clerk. The note told him little more:

"DEAR DARRY,—I am off rather unexpectedly. Sorry not to see you to say good-by. Write to me at the Hoffman House. Dear old boy, we have enjoyed the holiday time together, haven't we?

"As ever, yours, J. T."

"What in thunder made him go? Some confounded old letter or something, I suppose." Thorndyke grew almost profane over this sudden action of his friend. It did not, however, prevent his joining Miss Savage later in the evening, and walking with her among the trees in the moonlight. She said she would rather not go on the rocks.

He was quiet and cross; she was quiet and pensive. By degrees, as he walked beside her, the sadness of her spirit stole over his own and conquered the anger he had felt toward Thorn for leaving him in so unexplained a manner. From this feeling it was but a step to a state of rapture over the gentle influence that he felt had subdued him.

"MY DEAR THORN JOHN,—You positively enraged me by going off the other day, but anger can't last long with an angel of peace near one. I am engaged to be married. If you had waited a few hours, I should have introduced you to the bride. But you know her already. Mary Savage has accepted me. To own the truth, I have been in love with her for a long time—that is to say, almost since I have known her. I can scarcely believe it when I look back and see in how short a time all this has happened. If Mary knew of my writing, I am sure she would wish to be remembered to you. In two weeks I shall see you in New York, and receive your congratulations in person.

"Till then, and always, yours,

"HENRY DALRYMPLE THORNDYKE."

"DEAR DARRY,—Your news indeed surprises me. Pray offer my sincere congratulations to the young lady. I wish you all the happiness in the world. I shall hardly be here when you get back. Business calls me away, and I expect to sail in the *Cuba* on Wednesday. I think I might have married the father. Yours, J. T."

"John Thorn offers you his kind wishes in a note I have from him this afternoon."

"Mr. Thorn! Henry, does he really? How good he is! Is it a kind message?"

"Of course—why not? What is it, Mary?"

"Did he not tell you? I thought you knew: perhaps I am wrong to speak now. Oh, Henry, that day, when he went so suddenly, he told me—he asked me to be his wife."

"My Mary! Poor old Thorn John! No; he never spoke. But you loved me all the time? Poor John!"

"How could I help loving you, Henry? Why, from the very first—ah, you have forgotten, but I never can!—when you fixed the shade for me in the Boston train, when you gave me your place on the stage-coach, when you held your umbrella—"

"Oh, stop, stop, Mary! It was not I. Good Heavens! it was Thorn. I remember well enough. He fixed the window; it was his seat you took on the coach, because he said you looked so disappointed; he even handed up the umbrella specially for you. It was always Thorn. What does it all mean?" cried Thorndyke, dismayed by what seemed to him an endless imposition on his part.

"It means," said Mary, with her hand in his, "that I love you, and not Mr. Thorn."

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A LONE WOMAN IN IRELAND.



DOORWAY OF THE JOYCE MANSION.

WERE I to be asked my first impression of Galway, I would say it was of a city that had retired from business. It seems to have closed its doors, put up its shop windows, and adopted idling as a more congenial manner of passing through life. The dirt and encumberment one sees are those of neglect, not of traffic; and a jingling chain or rotting rope dangling from some lofty warehouse gives strange emphasis to the inactivity and silence which prevail. Where once resounded the bargainings of rich merchants, the wind and rain whistle through the broken panes, or the crouching beggar shields himself from the storm, while the grass in the streets hides the foot-prints worn by centuries of trade. It is the Micawber of cities, patiently waiting for some ray of good fortune to revive its commerce. Although most advantageously situated for commercial purposes, all its ventures seem to have failed. A few years ago an attempt was made to establish a regular line of steamers to New York, distant twenty-seven hundred miles, which, though subsidized by government and maintained for a while with great spirit, was completely unsuccessful, and immense rows of vacant warehouses, with the deserted quays, are a perpetual warning to adventurous enterprise. In the fourteenth century Galway coined money from its own mint, and until the beginning of the seventeenth its trade was enormous; yet while twelve hundred tuns of Spanish wine were brought into its port in the year 1615 alone, a forlorn Italian brig which wanders here with a cargo of flour in 1872 is stared at with surprise.

These knee-breeched idlers, however, whose pockets I think never contain anything except their hands, and who apparently, like Horatio, have nothing but their good spirits to feed and clothe them, seem well nourished, if I may judge from their ruddy, jovial faces, albeit much can not be said for the sufficiency or condition of their attire. One of the brightest of these humble Galwegians, whose voice was as cheery and sympathetic as the chirp of a bird, and whose face shone with kindliness—which I am sure is a quality native of Ireland—was the first person who accosted me in the damp, half-lighted railway station at Galway. A frightened scream from the locomotive announced our arrival, and a few sleepy travelers (for it was midnight) crowded round the baggage van as I looked around for some appearance of a city, some gleam of gas-light to say welcome, some officious cabbies to invite me to rush with them into the bustle of life and cheerfulness which most cities present in contrast with a long, dreary railway ride at night. There was none of this. Surprise was depicted on the face of the railway porter, as he surveyed me over a heap of luggage, among which I could not descry my own. At last, from a group of knights of the whip eying the passengers as if in despair rather than hope of a fare, a square-shouldered man emerged, and singling me out with his twinkling black eyes, which shone brighter than the lamps overhead, touched the scarcely perceptible rim of his hat with the butt of his whip.

"You are looking for me, ma'am," he said; and I supposed I was, as he seemed the only individual in sight who thought that by any possibility a lone woman could be coming to Galway. Ere I could tell him to get my trunk he anticipated my wishes, as is usual with his countrymen, and pounced upon an article of luggage that was apparently as solitary and unclaimed as myself, but which certainly was not mine.

"It is the black one!" he asserted, with a rising inflection which sounded like an interrogation.

"No; a white one," I replied.

"It's meself that knows it well," he returned. "I'll have it on me back before ye have time to think." And after having seized at random various articles which were disputed him by reluctant owners, he hit upon my trunk, and with that positive air about myself and my belongings that was at least a novel feature in a stranger, he declared I was going to the Railway Hotel; and resigning myself to chance in this matter, as hotel choosing in all countries is

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only that, I followed him across the platform to a dismal portal that opened into the station from the hotel mentioned. Proceeding along a dark passage-way, at the other end of which a dim gas-jet flickered, we arrived at a stairway which descended into the main building. A spectral waiter issued from the gloom, and by his cadaverous visage increased the sepulchral effect of the lofty, ill-lighted corridors and immense staircases, built in a style of architecture that might be justly termed monumental. With my cheerful guide all life seemed to depart. I actually shuddered as I waited for a moment while the ghastly attendant singled from an array of forty or fifty keys that which was to unlock my bedroom. Judging from the display presented, there was either a "plentiful lack" of guests in the house, or they had all been carefully locked in for the night. Afterward I better understood this silence and desertion. In truth, I was the only guest—save a small captain, with large eyes, who looked out of the coffee-room windows all day long—and the large and magnificent hotel was even then trembling on the brink of that tomb-like decay which seems the fate of all prosperous and splendid beginnings in Galway, as, a few days after my departure, its doors were closed, and a great, derisive "To Let" placarded on its walls. As the waiter preceded me, with lighted candle, I involuntarily stepped upon my toes with an undefined fear. So ghostly and vault-like was the room to which I was shown, with its heavily curtained window, and a bed draped like a hearse, lacking but the black plumes at the top of its four posts to make the image complete, that I felt the dead would be the fittest frequenters of such a hostelry. Had not extreme fatigue closed my eyes, the screaming wind and dashing rain, with the dismal accompaniment of the creaking furniture, would have made my night one of torture. Sleep soon made me oblivious to all such distractions, and prepared me for the sight-seeing of the morrow.

Unwholesomeness and unhappiness appear to be the characteristics of waiters in all countries; but my waiter of the previous night, when I descended to the coffee-room on the following morning, was more ghastly and grave than any I had ever seen. His eye was cold and dead; his complexion was that of a suet pudding, and a damp and mildewed air pervaded him, which communicated itself to the limp napkin hanging on his arm, while he served my breakfast with a despondency that would have taken the edge off the keenest appetite. Breakfasting under such gloomy influences is not exhilarating in a strange country. The fog without gave an additional chill to the coffee and rolls, and even damped the ardor of a fire that seemed surprised to find itself alight in such quarters. Moving from table to table, as if he saw the phantoms of those guests who had regaled themselves there years ago, and who now were eating or being eaten in Heaven knows what remote climes, he straightened a cloth or fondly touched a spoon or a plate, so that every thing should be in readiness for the people who never came. Indeed, this weird man so absorbed my attention that my fancy became filled with the associations he aroused. To escape from these too melancholy impressions I sallied into the street, and wandered without heeding the direction of my steps. The scene was livelier here, it being market-day. Men in knee-breeches, women in red petticoats and bare feet, with picturesque cloaks that hung in graceful folds, were buying and selling potatoes, pigs, peat, cabbage, and flannel, which are the staple articles of trade on these occasions.

The main street, which is lined with shops of the ordinary provincial stamp, led me to the spacious but silent and unoccupied quays. Commerce does not deign to send her ships to this ample and completely fitted harbor, where there is a floating dock of five acres in extent, which admits vessels of fourteen feet draught, and the tongue of land that separates the river Gallire from the bay is quayed to the distance of 1300 feet. Here and there small fishing boats rose and fell upon the tide, and groups of half-clad men and women lounged with untiring pertinacity.

As I passed, a group of children stopped a rather complicated dance, in which they were holding up their ragged skirts as daintily as if they had been of the rarest silk, and wished me "godspeed" — a blessing much marred in its effect when followed up by unequivocal hints for coppers; and though they deserved a gratuity if only for their ruddy, happy faces, which kept their heavenly brightness untarnished amidst so much squalid poverty, I dared not bestow it, for every haggard eye and greedy hand in sight would have assailed me; and as I had no desire to be reduced to the same state as themselves, I escaped as quickly as possible into an adjoining street. A few steps brought me to another quay, bordered by immense warehouses, where lay moored a ship, looking seedy and untidy, as if the entire absence of all others of her own importance made a trimmer toilet quite unnecessary. Lounging over her bulwarks were two or three dark-skinned, unkempt sailors, whose languor disappeared when, in response to my demand, spoken in what I presumed to be their native language, they informed me that it was an Italian ship, and had been waiting a month for ballast, of stones, as no other cargo could be procured—unless, I thought, misery could be shipped. Thence to the contiguous streets of immense

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VIEW ON THE QUAY.

warehouses, now disused and decaying in every part where their massive stony architecture could decay, I wandered as though I were in a great cemetery, where, while all reminded one of life, no life was to be seen. But one sound disturbed the stillness, although it was mid-day. Faint and timid, it was, I thought, that of a cricket; but as I drew near I perceived it was caused by the hammer of a smith, who worked in a little cellar-way, and in the back part his wife and a brood of chubby children were nestled like swallows in a ruined wall. On the opposite door a sign less obliterated than the surrounding objects bore the inscription, "No admittance except on business!" while the doors were rotting away, and the broken windows showed the decay within, reminding one of those days when the great edifice was so filled with the momentous affairs of commerce that there was no room for visitors, or the idle and unprofitable social ceremonies by which men link themselves in amity. A little further on I stopped before the ruins of a palatial mansion, the walls of the first and second stories only remaining. From its shadow an old woman sprang out with that deer-like agility which seems not to desert them with youth hereabouts, and entreated a copper of me to buy herself a coffin. As her demise seemed not so imminent as to necessitate great haste in procuring that melancholy receptacle, I prayed her to tell me whose initials were upon the escutcheon, and learned that it was the mansion of the Joyces, one of the greatest and richest families in Galway in the days when her merchant princes were powerful and considered. They were one of the thirteen tribes of Galway, so called by Cromwell in derision of the friendship and attachment which during their persecutions held together the families of the original settlers of the city, but afterward adopted as an honorable mark of distinction among themselves. Farther along, on the corner of the main street, is the only complete example of Spanish-Irish architecture in existence. It is a large building, having square-headed doorways and windows, with richly decorated mouldings and drip-stones. There is also a portion of the cornice or projecting balustrade at the top of the house, the horizontal supporting pillars being terminated with grotesque heads. On the street face are richly ornamented medallions containing the arms of the Lynches, with their crest, a lynx; and the carved figure of a monkey and child commemorates the saving of an infant belonging to the family by a favorite monkey on an occasion when the house was burned. A striking commentary on the emptiness of earthly glory is formed by the fact of a chandler's shop now occupying what was the home of a once great and powerful family.

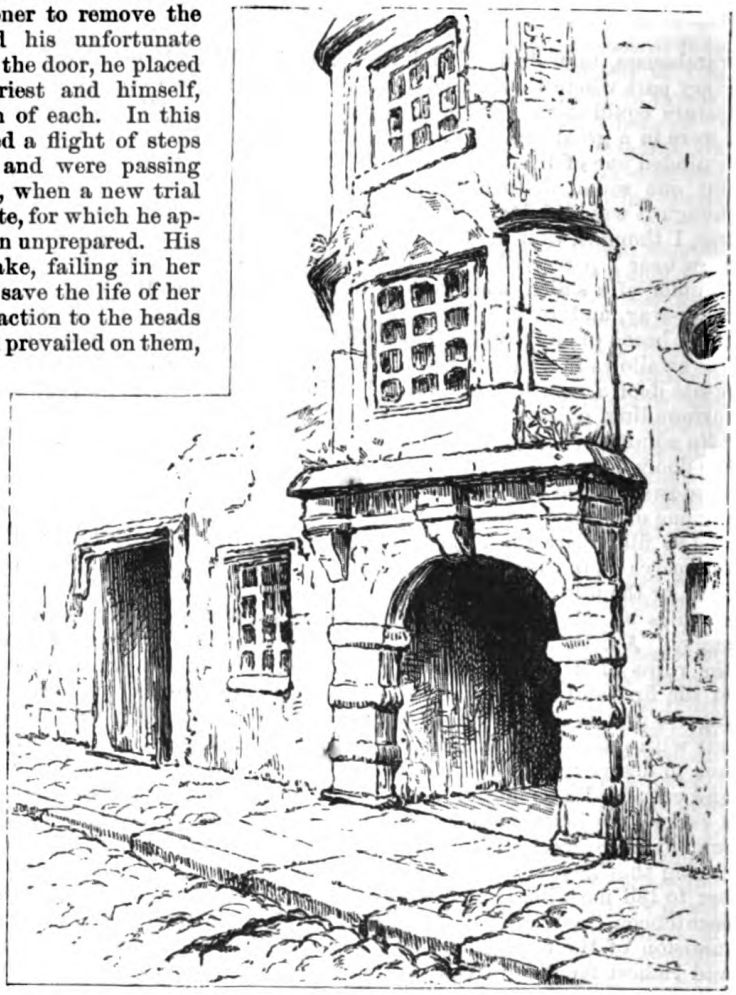
A very remarkable story is told by Hardman of James Fitzstephen Lynch, mayor or warder of Galway in 1493. "He traded largely with Spain, and sent his son on a voyage thither to purchase and bring back a cargo of wine. Young Lynch, however, spent the money intrusted to him, and obtained credit from the Spaniard, whose nephew accompanied the youth back to Ireland to be paid the debt and establish further inter-

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course. The ship proceeded on her homeward voyage, and as she drew near the Irish shore young Lynch conceived the idea of concealing one crime by committing another. Having seduced or frightened the crew into becoming participators, the Spanish youth was seized and thrown overboard. The father and friends of Lynch received the voyager with joy; and he proposed for a very beautiful girl, the daughter of a wealthy neighbor, in marriage. The proposal was accepted; but previous to the appointed day one of the seamen was taken suddenly ill, and in a fit of remorse summoned Warder Lynch to his dying bed and communicated to him a full relation of the villainy of his only and beloved son. Young Lynch was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to execution, the father being his judge. The wretched prisoner had many friends among the people; his relations determined he should not die a shameful death, and they resolved to rescue him.

"Day had scarcely dawned when the signal of preparation was heard among the guards without. The father arose and assisted the executioner to remove the fetters which bound his unfortunate son. Then unlocking the door, he placed him between the priest and himself, leaning upon an arm of each. In this manner they ascended a flight of steps lined with soldiers, and were passing on to gain the street, when a new trial assailed the magistrate, for which he appears not to have been unprepared. His wife, who was a Blake, failing in her personal exertions to save the life of her son, had gone in distraction to the heads of her own family and prevailed on them, for the honor of their house, to rescue him from ignominy. They flew to arms, and a prodigious concourse soon assembled, whose outcries for mercy for the culprit would have shaken any nerves less firm than those of the mayor of Galway. He exhorted them to yield submission to the laws of their country; but finding all his efforts fruitless to accomplish the ends of justice at the accustomed place and by the usual hands, he, by a desperate victory over parental feelings, resolved himself to perform the sacrifice which he had vowed to pay on its altar. Still retaining a hold of his unfortunate son, he mounted with him by a winding stair within the building, that led to an arched window overlooking the street, which he saw filled with the populace. Here he secured the end of the rope, which had previously been fixed round the neck of his son, to an iron staple projecting from the wall, and after taking from him a last embrace he launched him into eternity. The intrepid magistrate expected instant death from the fury of the mob, but the people seemed so much overawed or confounded by the justice of the act that they retired slowly and peaceably to their several dwellings. The innocent cause of this sad tragedy is said to have died soon after of grief, and the father of Walter Lynch to have secluded himself from all society except that of his mourning family."

Thus Galway has its legends—as many as an Italian town. A ghastly monument of the one just related—a skull and cross-bones,



CONVENT DOOR ON LOMBARD STREET.

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executed in black marble, with the inscription, "Remember death! Vaniti of vanitii, and all but vaniti"—is situated in Lombard Street, commemorating an example of more than Roman severity.

Suffice it to say that a map of Galway, dated 1651, informs us that the city was then entirely surrounded by walls, defended by fourteen towers, entered by as many gates, and not only the centre of a great trade, but the seat of many rich and powerful families.

Adjoining the city of Galway—a small bridge divides them—is the village of Claddagh, with a population composed entirely of fishermen and their families. With an exclusiveness not to be expected from their humble condition, they hold themselves quite aloof from all inhabitants of the neighboring city and country, save in the relations of trade. Until quite recently a king, elected at certain intervals, administered justice, and from his judgment there was no appeal. Its fisheries are now declining in importance, and its population gradually decreasing. Instead of a king, a sombre policeman now represents the majesty of the law, which, however, is seldom offended in the precincts of their own village. It consists of a group of thatched huts, from the doors of which emerge chickens, pigs, and children, and one is puzzled to know how, amidst such rags and filth, these ruddy youngsters retain their bright eyes and faces, radiant with health and beauty. Here, as elsewhere in Ireland, beggars start up as it were from the ground, and pour upon the passer-by those exuberant blessings which, in imaginative richness, remind one of the Orientals. "May God take hould o' ye!" might be received as a blessing or curse according to the state of one's conscience; but "May the Holy Ghost walk beside ye the rest o' yer days!" "May the Son o' Glory watch over ye!" with a thousand others of the same character, are expressions acceptable alike to saint and sinner. After exhausting my supply of small change I excused myself to one of these eloquent pleaders by saying I had not a copper, when he quickly returned, "May the Lord soon send ye one!"

A traveler's satisfaction with the country he visits is generally proportioned to the length of his purse. If that be well filled, hotel bills made by the yard do not annoy him, and on every side he meets with a cheerful politeness and amiability which is all the more excessive because it knows it will be paid for. Flattered by the consideration shown him, he feels that he never was appreciated before, and is too much occupied with the pleasant contemplation of those virtues and charms universally attributed to him to perceive that as his heart is filled with satisfaction on one hand, his purse is depleted of gold on the other. But when one desires to see and know as much of the world as possible with limited means, the obsequiousness of attentive landlords and waiters is rather viewed as a gilded snare to increased expenditure, and the smiles and blessings of shop-men and beggars but insidious attacks upon the fair citadel of his purse. Chaffering over bills is a very sure way of breaking through the amiable surface and arriving at the rugged and wolfish nature beneath; disputing the charge for attendance with a landlord, and seeing it crop out—having increased its dimensions in the transfer—under the head of candles, or going to swell the price of a cup of tea or a bottle of wine, are sure ways of laying bare the treachery of men. Recommend a beggar to work or to the hospitality of a poor-house, or accuse a shop-keeper of cheating, and you will surely think the people among whom these incidents occur brutal, bad-tempered, and dishonest. Many an excellent dinner has been spoiled by too much anxiety as to its price. A predetermination to travel a certain route upon so many dollars has brought many a tourist to the end of it with the weary yet relieved sensation of one who has passed through a horrid nightmare, in which no scene has been fully enjoyed, no meal eaten with ease or pleasure, no night's rest that was not either begun or terminated in the middle of it for the want of time, so that the recollection of the tour is a confused one of exorbitant hotel bills, of squabbles with coachmen, of fierce and deadly encounters with custom-house officers, all enveloped in one sad mist of fatigue.

As to myself, my desire has always been to conform as much as possible to the ways of living of those among whom I may be, and, furthermore, to endeavor never to appear richer than I am. I had resolved,



FLANIGAN.

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THE PIPER.

therefore, on my arrival in Galway, to purchase or hire a car and pony, and, with one who should be at once guide and driver, go where my fancy might direct. Having confided my intention to the sepulchral waiter at the hotel, I desired him to find me a reliable individual who might serve my purpose. He was not long in doubt as to whom to present. In an hour's time he introduced to me my old acquaintance of the railway station. His bright eyes lost none of their lustre by daylight, and his merry face smiled a thousand blessings before his tongue, quick as it was, could utter them. He had a broad face, to which a pug-nose gave an inimitable expression of pertness and readiness, a tuft of gray whiskers on either cheek, and curly hair that straggled from under the rim of a hat placed jauntily on the back of his head. A pair of worn corduroy knee-breeches incased his bandy-legs, which were quite out of proportion with his square, robust body. A bargain was soon concluded. Flanigan—such was the name of my coachman—was for a certain number of shillings per day to conduct me over the mountains and moors of Connemara till I should weary of them or of him. The pony, he assured me, was trustworthy, and the car the most comfortable vehicle in the round world, on which you could have the wind either in your face or on your back, and with a neat well between for luggage. After one succeeds in persuading one's self that the wind and rain are not disagreeable, and that every lurch of the vehicle will not deposit one on the road-side, Flanigan's estimate of an Irish car may be fully accepted. I may here state I never had occasion to regret my agreement with Flanigan; at the same time, traveling in Ireland, it is well to make one's bargains beforehand, although an Irish gentleman assures me such is not the case in Scotland, as the following incident, from his own experience, proves:

Traveling with his family in the Highlands, they were landed, along with an English party—one of whom was energetic in impressing upon every one that he was not to be imposed upon—from a steamer on the border of a lake, and were to continue the journey on ponies. The Englishman was soon in an excited controversy about the fare, when my friend was asked by a worthy gillie whether he desired ponies.

"Certainly," he replied, and on the assurance that they would be immediately furnished, felt much relieved.

"I say!" exclaimed the Englishman, "you have ruined our bargain. We were endeavoring to bring this fellow to reasonable terms, when you engage him without even asking the price."

"I must get my family and luggage to the nearest inn," my friend returned; "and as there is no other means, I certainly accept such as I am offered."

On the arrival of the party at their destination my friend proceeded to pay the price demanded, when the Englishman rushed up in horror, and cried out that they had been outrageously imposed upon, as they had paid the gillie four times as much.

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THE GEOLOGISTS.

"Ah, weel, mon," said the old Scotchman, with inexpressible gravity, "ye *wad* make your bargain, and ye *hae* your bargain; but this gentleman trusted to my honor, and I only asked him the usual fare."

The sun, softened by the humid air of this mild climate, where the wind seems tempered for the shorn lamb, shone with peculiar richness on the morning of our departure from Galway. For a few miles the road lay over a gently undulating country, beautifully shaded by overhanging trees, which retain so long their rich green. It was market-day, and the peasantry and small farmers, with their wives and children, were wending their way to the city with pigs, sheep, turf, and flannel. As I watched them with their bright garments, now dotting some sunny expanse, now disappearing in the shade of the trees, I thought their light steps seemed less laden with the weight of care than those of any mortals I had ever seen. After proceeding a while in this embowered road, where the solemn twilight was only broken by occasional gleams of the mid-day sun, we were startled by the shrill yet plaintive notes of the Irish bagpipe. By a spring which made a spot of way-side refreshment for the country people, was a humble cottage, whitewashed to a dazzling brilliancy, and by its door sat an old man, who played upon the pipes. While Flanigan regaled his pony, and lamented the absence of poteen for himself, I sketched the musician.

"It is seldom," said Flanigan, remarking upon the gratuity I had given in return for our entertainment, "that he sees the color of coin; a potato or a piece of turf is all that he gets for his music, for the real travelers who bring money into the country and spend it, they are rare. Few one sees on these roads who are not natives, except the anglers going to the lakes, or them geologist men who go about the country cracking stones, like the poor divils ye see at the way-side, except that no road seems any the better for *their* labor."

A little further on we passed the wild and lonely Ross Lake, and the country now changed to mountains and moorlands. Cottages became more rare, and cultivated fields were followed by dreary stony moors. Flanigan, who professed to know every thing, insisted upon our turning off to see Lough Corrib, where, he said, there was a ruined castle that had belonged to the O'Flahertys; and as, following his suggestion, we left the main road, my attention was arrested by a graveyard of sadder aspect than any I had ever seen. The graves were huddled together without order and overgrown with weeds, and the unhewn stones which marked them, probably gathered from the neighboring fields, bore neither name nor date; yet sad as was this crowd of unrecorded dead, I asked myself whether it were not better, after all, that their epitaphs should be graven upon the hearts of those who loved them rather than upon the head-stones that have become symbols of falsity.

Lough Corrib is a wild and picturesque lake, beautifully dotted with islands. On

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its border the ruined castle of the O'Flahertys is one of the many evidences of the ancient prowess of this fallen people. Between the immense banqueting-hall, whose floor is now overgrown with rank grass, and the massive square tower which still defies the ravages of time, we found an old woman "who was there to keep the place warm," we were informed, living in what had probably been a guard-room. I think all of us when among ruins have peopled them with fierce warriors and gentle ladies, and heard the hautboys and clink of goblets, the hurrying feet of servants, and the slow and dignified steps that were in those times the measure of their dance. But as I looked from the ruined window whence, perhaps, many a fair Irish girl, as elegant, as *spirituelle*, as bright with vivid white and red, and raven hair, as now, watched the feather of her knight disappear over the neighboring hill, I saw not one but a dozen deserted, unroofed huts. The crows fluttered in and out overhead, and seemed to give a dismal cadence to the words of the English historian, Mr. Froude, which echoed through my brain: "Industry had taken root: it needed only fair play to develop Ireland into the rival of England; it needed only justice and political equality to have made an end of Irish misery." As I recalled these words I looked upon the lake that feeds the river Gallire, which is one of the finest water-power streams in the world, never varying in volume winter or summer, flowing through an unexcelled wool-growing country; and I remember that Mr. Froude tells us that the woolen manufactures of this district were killed by English laws, actuated by English jealousy. To tell the truth, I felt more sentimental, more prone to sound a plaintive strain, than my readers, even considering the fact that I am a woman, would excuse. I leave, therefore, the political side of the question—which, indeed, I do not feel competent to pronounce upon—descend the worn stairs that wind down the tower, and, calling Flanigan, depart. To dilate upon the ancient prowess and glory of this people, who have sunk from generation to generation, not only from the want of practical justice, but because the simplest fair dealing which Christians grant to Turks has been denied them, would be to mock them. Come, Flanigan, let us to our journey, and let novelty efface from our minds the grave questions which are beyond our ken! The ruined cottages and sad, untilled fields are, after all, more picturesque than pale fences or well-tilled patches, and the wind that bears the sigh of Tara's harp to every crumbling wall built by hands of those who thought their children would nestle there is sweeter perhaps to the ear than the blacksmith's hammer or the plowman's horse-talk.

Evening was drawing on, yet I did not wish to stop at Oughterard, which even now was in sight. On referring to Murray, I found that there was a good hotel at Recess, where I purposed spending the night, and was then too inexperienced in Irish traveling to doubt the guide that had so well informed me as to other countries. *En passant*, let me advise the reader, if he would avoid a thousand mistakes and annoyances, to place no faith in a Murray's *Ireland* that does not bear a later date than that at which I write. In my simplicity I referred to Flanigan, and he—thinking, doubtless, that he might risk his word on so good authority as Murray—avowed that there was a fine hotel at Recess, one of the best in Ireland. I did not then know that an Irishman will always say yes to any question upon which he is un-



INTERIOR OF O'FLAHERTY'S CASTLE.

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informed. We proceeded on our way in the balmy evening, after a brief refreshment. Twilight melted into that delicious half-obscurity which here is night; and my guide, pulling at his pipe with immense smacks, questioned me about the country which is the promised land to every Irishman. I suppose I took that pleasure which is attributed as peculiar to Americans in dilating upon their Christian government, which demands of its subjects only good purpose and honest endeavor to insure its protection; and after all one finds traveling "here abroad" — to use a Hibernianism —that is the only feature that distinguishes a happy country from a wretched one. I think I gave Mr. Flanigan much besides his tobacco to smoke in his pipe that night, and it seemed to me there was that kind of tremor in his voice which tells of a tear in the eye when he murmured, "God bless it—'tis a good country!"



THE HISTORIAN OF THE CASTLE.

Even if the tears were not in his eyes, they were in the sky above us, for a blinding mist swept over us, and great clouds obscured the grim outlines of the mountains. The car was stopped, water-proof adjusted, and the pelting rain made me wish that I had waited at Oughterard. In the prevailing half obscurity the landscape had a strange charm, which was heightened by the feeling of complete loneliness that took possession of me. On either side of the road stretched a succession of dark lakes, backed by the mountains, which were now and then hidden by the rain.

Suddenly great rifts were torn in the now impenetrable rain gloom, and gave us glimpses of the sky; the dark mountains became more and more defined, and here and there gleams of gray light showed the streaks of silent water. Then the stars were every where, a dark line of mountains only dividing those of the sky from those mirrored in the lakes below. I was wet and tired, but not cold, for the rain was as warm as that of midsummer. As the car jogged on slower, with a creaking, straining effort as we ascended and with a reckless trot as we descended the hills, a feeling of exquisite repose came over me. The wild, strange scene showed not one cottage, not one cultivated field, yet there was something sad and human in it. Perhaps it was because the air was warm and the rain did not chill that I felt that nature, though savage, was kind; for while in the midst of these storms one felt protected and not injured by them. There was no moon; a soft twilight was given by the stars. Flanigan, on the other side of the car, was silent, save an occasional shrill whistle to his horse; and I, who had felt uneasy about our shelter for the night, now cared not should we be compelled to jog through all its long hours in this lonely road.

Flanigan, on whose spirits the rain had no depressing effect, presumed that it had on mine, and volunteered the comforting reminder that Recess was not far off. "As a general thing, ma'am," he added, "it is a long way off, in this country, to the man that lives next door; but, as I told you, the hotel at Recess is as comfortable as any one would wish to find, and kept equal to the best English establishments." Here a turn of the road brought us to a cottage whose half-door

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emitted the usual blaze of light, which, in any other country, would lead me to suppose that the interior was in a state of conflagration. Two small, forlorn boys were fluttering about the road, like bats—it was quite ten o'clock—and stared at us in the half-obscurity with as much surprise as we felt in greeting them.

After repeated questions, as their knowledge of English was very limited, they asserted that Recess was a quarter of a mile beyond. We hurried on. The glowing fire that was gilding every nook of the humble cottage with golden comfort awakened me to a sense of fatigue. I looked forward with impatience to the supper and bed which would terminate my first day's wanderings in Ireland. At last, in a declivity of the road where the overhanging trees made utter darkness, we stopped at a faint smoky glimmer that issued from the door of a hut. We both alighted; Flanigan called out in Irish, and I essayed to catch a glimpse of the interior over his shoulder, but the smoke made only an illuminated fog. After a while a head emerged from this fog, not much more distinct than the vapor surrounding it—a dark outline with shaggy hair, thin jaws, and broad shoulders—leaning on the half-door. This spectre told us in Irish and broken English that the Recess Hotel was a few steps further on, and that it had been uninhabited for six or eight years. I walked on, and descried a tumble-down gate; I looked into what appeared in the darkness to be one of the most abject and irrecoverable ruins I had ever beheld. Alas, Mr. Murray! how vain is one's trust in guide-books!

"You have told me a falsehood, Flanigan," I said, bitterly, having no more respectable authority at hand to condemn. "How dared you assert that this hotel was in existence?"

"Indeed, ma'am, doesn't every body think so? Isn't the book itself mistaken? But I would sooner lose the best tooth in my head than have you suffer through me. Give me five minutes, and I will set all right!"

We returned to the hut and its shadowy occupant. I entered, and saw, as well as the smoky atmosphere would permit, a miserable hovel, without window or chimney, in one corner of which on the mud floor lay a pig, and in the other, near the few sods of smouldering turf which found no other outlet than the door, a mat of straw, on which squatted the wife of our informant. To pass the night here was utterly impossible. The wet floor, the suffocating smoke, the filth and stench, were insupportable even for an instant, and I sallied into the air again.

"He tells me, ma'am," said Flanigan, with an air of great humility, "that the house we passed a quarter of a mile back is a shebeen" (a shebeen is a way-side groggery, where occasional refreshment in the shape of illicitly distilled whisky is sold, but further its



MRS. MURPHY.

accommodations do not extend), "where I am sure we can have a clean meal and a decent room, at least for yourself."

The pony seemed to partake of my disappointment, as we were a long while retracing our steps to the "shebeen." The fire was still blazing within, but the children had disappeared from the road-side. I recognized them, however, when we unceremoniously entered the cabin, sitting in the immense fire-place warming their shins with an evident relish. An old man and woman were seated also on the floor near them, and in answer to Flanigan's salutation of "God save all here!" a younger woman, whom I had not descried, issued from a corner and replied, "You're welcome."

She was not only very tall, but very fat, and barefooted and bare-armed. Her attire was composed of the usual red petticoat, the looped-up over-petticoat and apron, with her hair tied up in a red handkerchief. Altogether, with her neatly turned wrists and ankles and her immense body and small head, she presented a strange mixture of brutality and comeliness, as with a defiant air she

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LAKE GLENDALOUGH AND THE TWELVE PINS.

placed her arms upon her hips and leisurely surveyed us.

"Have you accommodations here for us?" I asked.

"I have not," she replied, as she took an inventory of me and my belongings.

"Can you give us any thing to eat?"

"I can not."

I turned helplessly to Flanigan, who was looking hopelessly at the insurmountable barrier which divided us from food and lodging.

"You see, ma'am," said Flanigan, in an insinuating tone, "the lady is wet, and tired with traveling, and we had come this far thinking the hotel beyond was still open."

"Will clean straw and a dry floor do ye?" asked Mrs. Murphy—for so was she called—without deigning a glance at her interrupter.

"It will, indeed," I replied. "'Tis impossible to go further to-night."

"Will a piece of bacon do ye for supper? The potatoes are after being boiled," she continued.

"Whatever you have I will gladly accept," I returned, eagerly.

"A hot cake and cup of tea, and fresh eggs?"

I smiled with gratitude, while the mere mention of this unexpected bill of fare made Flanigan's jaw fall and his eyes moisten.

Whether the gentleness of my answers softened this stern republican into a belief that I was not too aristocratic to accept with proper appreciation her humble hospitality, or she melted, as most defiant natures do, with the amiability of my submission, I know not; but I shall long remember the hot cakes made of buttermilk, eggs, and flour, the tea, bacon, and fresh eggs, that formed my repast. While I enjoyed it my hostess watched me with an approving air, standing always in her favorite position, with her arms akimbo.

My after-supper conversation with Mrs. Murphy was much abridged, firstly, by her extreme reticence; secondly, by my own great fatigue. I was shown into a little side-room smelling strongly of spirits, but unobjectionable on the score of cleanliness, where, in a fresh straw bed, I passed a very comfortable night.

The next morning broke bright. Mrs. Murphy's stern heart relented so far as to give us an excellent breakfast, after which, while Flanigan harnessed the pony, I sketched our fair hostess. The idea of sitting or standing for her likeness so pleased her that I thought it had influence in the very moderate bill presented; but when, as I paid it, she saw the portrait, I detected a regret in her eye that she had not charged me twice as much—which proved to me that the likeness was good.

I determined to go by Roundstone to Clifden and Westport. We therefore turned off at Glendalough, where the Twelve Pins begin their solemn watch, and pursued a road unmatched, I think, for dreary, stony, uninhabited desolation. The bright morning was now hidden, and fitful gusts of mist warned us of a wet day. Flanigan was in high spirits, and his pony partook of his hilarity, for whenever his master's voice became more earnest in the recital of some story, the poor forlorn-looking beast pricked up his ears and quickened his gait, as if with gleeful approbation.

The clouds that had only occasionally obscured the sky now united, and dimmed with their gray breath the rainbows which had burst forth at every turn; then they settled on the granite heads of the mountains, on whose sides the dark, thread-like streams became swollen into white, flaunting ribbons of torrents, until stream and mountain were lost in their damp embrace. For a few yards on either side of us I saw the red heather, but beyond, the pouring rain curtained every thing. Before the storm had shut out from our view the surrounding scenery we had jogged for miles without descrying a living creature, if I may except here and there a crow, and now we traveled for I know not how many miles more in the utter obscurity of the mist and

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DEPARTURE FOR AMERICA.

rain, which we seemed to carry with us like a cloak. When I caught a glimpse of the bare green fields, wherein there was no sign of human use, I could not but think Ireland, with its deserted lands, its undeveloped resources, and roofless cottages, was like the sleeping beauty of the fairy tale, enshrined in the silence and inactivity of some strange spell.

The pony, Flanigan, and myself were a good deal surprised to overtake a traveler. Something about his attire, and especially his "acute" expression, made me think him an Irishman who had returned from America. And it proved I was right. My guide gave him good-day, and, with my permission, a seat beside himself. Whereupon I ventured to ask him where he was from and where he was going. I believe it is a right peculiar to Americans to ask that all the world over.

"I have come from America, ma'am, and am going to see my mother, who lives up in the mountains, by Cashla Bay back."

I was warm in my praises of his dutiful conduct.

With a little laugh, he said, "I came for that and one other thing."

"To be married, perhaps?"

"No, your honor, ma'am; it was just for a bit of skull-cracking. Indeed, ma'am, saving your presence, I'll tell you all about it. About five years ago I went to Spiddle fair, being then in the mind of going to America the month after. It's a grand fair, with a great many pig-jobbers and cattle-dealers in it, and they'll drink poteen like water. I met a boy there, one Magraw, who flourished ahead of the whole fair. I wasn't half his size, because he swelled himself up with his conceit, and I kept mine to myself; but I could not bear to see him calling himself a better boy than myself. So I dared him out, and I got the greatest beating I ever got in my whole life. Indeed, I did not think there was a sound bone in my body. But I promised to pay him back with interest, even if I was leaving for America, and I have done it. In five years I got good work in America, good health, and money to the fore; so I made up my mind to go to Spiddle fair this year to pay Magraw his interest, and then tramp up the hills to the old cabin. It was the last day of the fair when I arrived at Spiddle, but I had not been there an hour when I heard a voice like Magraw's come from the door of a shebeen. As soon as I approached, Magraw's head came out, and I tapped it with my blackthorn stick, and he dropped. I cried out, 'That's the principal, and if you'll stand up I'll give you the interest.' And then half the fair gathered round and cried, ''Tis Tim Ryan come from America to beat Magraw.' And they made a ring for us, and although I shouldn't say it myself, ma'am, they told me afterward that it was as pretty a fight as they had ever seen. The whole fair was talking about it. Indeed, I did give him principal and interest, and he's now laid up in his cabin to count them. So now I am going to see my mother, and can then return to America with nothing on my mind."

After a while the rain ceased, and the clearer air freshened up our spirits. As we ascended a little hill we saw a group of people, dressed mostly in holiday attire, huddled together and impressed with a certain air of subdued emotion. A little further stood half a dozen cabins—some roofless, and

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more to be so, I thought, after I had learned the occasion of the assemblage. An old man in frieze coat and knee-breeches, mounted on a frowzy horse of the color known in the Southern States of America as ginger sorrel, was certainly the loftiest, and therefore the most prominent, figure of the party. A strong-limbed barefooted country girl, attired in red petticoat, with a white flannel over-skirt tucked up in front, a bundle of clothes in one hand and a package of tea in the other, went from one person to another with a flurry and noise that but ill concealed her anxiety, bidding them good-by, and they in turn, wishing her godspeed. She was going to America, and these were her friends and family gathered to bid her adieu and wave their handkerchiefs after her for the last time as she disappeared over the hill. At last she came to the aged mother, and to the hearts of both came the thought that they never were to look into each other's eyes again. Then the tears streamed down the poor girl's white cheeks, and her lips became speechless, while the poor old woman sank to the earth and rested her gray head against the stone wall by the road. The girl mounted with the aid of her friends behind her father, who did not cease in his endeavors to fill the horrid silence made by grief with his incessant and unnecessary chidings. The old man and the sorrel horse were to escort her to the nearest railway town; and as the emigrant disappeared over the neighboring hill her head was resting on the back of the frieze coat, shutting out the scene that would never again appear to her in reality.

THE LIVING LINK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DODGE CLUB," "THE AMERICAN BARON," ETC.



CHAPTER I.

A TERRIBLE SECRET.

ON a pleasant evening in the month of May, 1840, a group of young ladies might have been seen on the portico of Plympton Terrace, a fashionable boarding-school near Derwentwater. They all moved about with those effusive demonstrations so characteristic of young girls; but on this occasion there was a general hush among them, which evidently arose from some unusual cause. As they walked up and down arm in arm, or with arms entwined, or with clasped hands, as young girls will, they talked in low earnest tones over some one engrossing subject, or occasionally gathered in little knots to debate some point, in which, while each offered a different opinion, all were oppressed by one common sadness

While they were thus engaged there arose in the distance the sound of a rapidly galloping horse. At once all the murmur of conversation died out, and the company stood in silence awaiting the new-comer. They did not have to wait long. Out from a place where the avenue wound amidst groves and thickets a young girl mounted on a spirited bay came at full speed toward the portico. Arriving there, she stopped abruptly; then leaping lightly down, she flung the reins over the horse's neck, who forthwith galloped away to his stall.

The rider who thus dismounted was a young girl of about eighteen, and of very striking appearance. Her complexion was dark, her hair black, with its rich voluminous folds gathered in great glossy plaits behind. Her eyes were of a deep hazel color, radiant, and full of energetic life. In those eyes there was a certain earnestness of expression, however, deepening down into something that seemed like melancholy, which showed that even in her young life she had experienced sorrow. Her figure was slender and graceful, being well displayed by her close-fitting riding-habit, while a plumed hat completed her equipment, and served to heighten the effect of her beauty.

At her approach a sudden silence had fallen over the company, and they all stood motionless, looking at her as she dismounted.

"Why, what makes you all look at me so strangely?" she asked, in a tone of surprise, throwing a hasty glance over them. "Has any thing happened?"

To this question no answer was given, but each seemed waiting for the other to speak.

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At length a little thing of about twelve came up, and encircling the new-comer's waist with her arm, looked up with a sorrowful expression, and whispered,

"Edith dearest, Miss Plympton wants to see you."

The silence and ominous looks of the others, and the whispered words of the little girl, together with her mournful face, increased the surprise and anxiety of Edith. She looked with a strange air of apprehension over the company.

"What is it?" she asked, hurriedly. "Something has happened. Do any of you know? What is it?"

She spoke breathlessly, and her eyes once more wandered with anxious inquiry over all of them. But no one spoke, for, whatever it was, they felt the news to be serious—something, in fact, which could not well be communicated by themselves. Once more Edith repeated her question, and finding that no answer was forth-coming, her impatience allowed her to wait no longer; and so, gathering up her long skirts in one hand and holding her whip in the other, she hurried into the house to see Miss Plympton.

Miss Plympton's room was on the second floor, and that lady herself was seated by the window as Edith entered. In the young girl's face there was now a deeper anxiety, and seating herself near the centre-table, she looked inquiringly at Miss Plympton.

The latter regarded her for some moments in silence.

"Did you wish to see me, auntie dear?" said Edith.

Miss Plympton sighed.

"Yes," she said, slowly; "but, my poor darling Edie, I hardly know how to say to you what I have to say. I—I—do you think you can bear to hear it, dear?"

At this Edith looked more disturbed than ever; and placing her elbow on the centre-table, she leaned her cheek upon her hand, and fixed her melancholy eyes upon Miss Plympton. Her heart throbbed painfully, and the hand against which her head leaned trembled visibly. But these signs of agitation did not serve to lessen the emotion of the other; on the contrary, she seemed more distressed, and quite at a loss how to proceed.

"Edith," said she at last, "my child, you know how tenderly I love you. I have always tried to be a mother to you, and to save you from all sorrow; but now my love and care are all useless, for the sorrow has come, and I do not know any way by which I can break bad news to—to—a—a bereaved heart."

She spoke in a tremulous voice and with frequent pauses.

"Bereaved!" exclaimed Edith, with white lips. "Oh, auntie! Bereaved! Is it that? Oh, tell me all. Don't keep me in suspense. Let me know the worst."

Miss Plympton looked still more troubled. "I—I—don't know what to say," she faltered.

"You mean *death!*" cried Edith, in an excited voice; "and oh! I needn't ask who. There's only one—only one. I had only one—only one—and now—he is—gone!"

"Gone," repeated Miss Plympton, mechanically, and she said no more; for in the presence of Edith's grief, and of other facts which had yet to be disclosed—facts which would reveal to this innocent girl something worse than even bereavement—words were useless, and she could find nothing to say. Her hand wandered through the folds of her dress, and at length she drew forth a black-edged letter, at which she gazed in an abstracted way.

"Let me see it," cried Edith, hurriedly and eagerly; and before Miss Plympton could prevent her, or even imagine what she was about, she darted forward and snatched the letter from her hand. Then she tore it open and read it breathlessly. The letter was very short, and was written in a stiff, constrained hand. It was as follows:

"DALTON HALL, *May* 6, 1840.

"MADAME,—It is my painful duty to communicate to you the death of Frederick Dalton, Esq., of Dalton Hall, who died at Hobart Town, Van Diemen's Land, on the 2d of December, 1839. I beg that you will impart this intelligence to Miss Dalton, for as she is now of age, she may wish to return to Dalton Hall.

"I remain, madame,

"Your most obedient servant,

"JOHN WIGGINS.

"MISS PLYMPTON, *Plympton Terrace.*"

Of this letter Edith took in the meaning of the first three lines only. Then it dropped from her trembling hands, and sinking into a chair, she burst into a torrent of tears. Miss Plympton regarded her with a face full of anxiety, and for some moments Edith wept without restraint; but at length, when the first outburst of grief was past, she picked up the letter once more and read it over and over.

Deep as Edith's grief evidently was, this bereavement was not, after all, so sore a blow as it might have been under other circumstances. For this father whom she had lost was virtually a stranger. Losing her mother at the age of eight, she had lived ever since with Miss Plympton, and during this time her father had never seen her, nor even written to her. Once or twice she had written to him a pretty childish letter, but he had never deigned any reply. If in that unknown nature there had been any thing of a father's love, no possible hint had ever been given of it. Of her strange isolation she was never forgetful, and she felt it most keenly during the summer holidays, when

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all her companions had gone to their homes. At such times she brooded much over her loneliness, and out of this feeling there arose a hope, which she never ceased to cherish, that the time would come when she might join her father, and live with him wherever he might be, and set herself to the task of winning his affections.

She had always understood that her father had been living in the East since her mother's death. The only communication which she had with him was indirect, and consisted of business letters which his English agent wrote to Miss Plympton. These were never any thing more than short, formal notes. Such neglect was keenly felt, and Edith, unwilling to blame her father altogether, tried to make some one else responsible for it. As she knew of no other human being who had any connection with her father except this agent, she brought herself gradually to look upon him as the cause of her father's coldness, and so at length came to regard him with a hatred that was unreasoning and intense. She considered him her father's evil genius, and believed him to be somehow at the bottom of the troubles of her life. Thus every year this man, John Wiggins, grew more hateful, and she accustomed herself to think of him as an evil fiend, a Mephistopheles, by whose crafty wiles her father's heart had been estranged from her. Such, then, was the nature of Edith's bereavement; and as she mourned over it she did not mourn so much over the reality as over her vanished hope. He was gone, and with him was gone the expectation of meeting him and winning his affection. She would never see him—never be able to tell how she loved him, and hear him say with a father's voice that he loved his child!

These thoughts and feelings overwhelmed Edith even as she held the letter in her hand for a new perusal, and she read it over and over without attaching any meaning to the words. At length her attention was arrested by one statement in that short letter which had hitherto escaped her notice. This was the name of the place where her father's death had occurred—Van Diemen's Land.

"I don't understand this," said she. "What is the meaning of this—Van Diemen's Land? I did not know that poor papa had ever left India."

Miss Plympton made no reply to this for some time, but looked more troubled than ever.

"What does it mean," asked Edith again—"this Hobart Town, Van Diemen's Land? What does it mean?"

"Well, dear," said Miss Plympton, in a strangely gentle and mournful voice, "you have never known much about your poor father, and you have never known exactly where he has been living. He did not live in India, dear; he never lived in India. He lived in—in—Van Diemen's Land."

Miss Plympton's tone and look affected Edith very unpleasantly. The mystery about her father seemed to grow darker, and to assume something of an ill-omened character. The name also—Van Diemen's Land—served to heighten her dark apprehensions; and this discovery that she had known even less than she supposed about her father made it seem as though the knowledge that had thus been hidden could not but be painful.

"What do you mean?" she asked again; and her voice died down to a whisper through the vague fears that had been awakened. "I thought that poor papa lived in India—that he held some office under government."

"I know that you believed so," said Miss Plympton, regarding Edith with a look that was full of pity and mournful sympathy. "That was what I gave out. None of the girls have ever suspected the truth. No one knows whose daughter you really are. They do not suspect that your father was Dalton of Dalton Hall. They think that he was an Indian resident in the Company's service. Yes, I have kept the secret well, dear—the secret that I promised your dear mother on her death-bed to keep from all the world, and from you, darling, till the time should come for you to know. And often and often, dear, have I thought of this moment, and tried to prepare for it; but now, since it has come, I am worse than unprepared. But preparations are of no use, for oh, my darling, my own Edith, I must speak, if I speak at all, from my heart."

These words were spoken by Miss Plympton in a broken, disconnected, and almost incoherent manner. She stopped abruptly, and seemed overcome by strong agitation. Edith, on her part, looked at her in equal agitation, wondering at her display of emotion, and terrified at the dark significance of her words. For from those words she learned this much already—that her father had been living in Van Diemen's Land, a penal colony; that around him had been a dark secret which had been kept from her most carefully; that her parentage had been concealed most scrupulously from the knowledge of her school-mates; and that this secret which had been so guarded was even now overwhelming Miss Plympton so that she shrunk from communicating it. All this served to fill the mind of Edith with terrible presentiments, and the mystery which had hitherto surrounded her father seemed now about to result in a revelation more terrible than the mystery itself.

After some time Miss Plympton rose, and drawing her chair nearer, sat down in front of Edith, and took both her hands.

"My poor darling Edith," said she, in

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pitying tones, "I am anxious for you. You are not strong enough for this. Your hands are damp and cold. You are trembling. I would not have brought up this subject now, but I have been thinking that the time has come for telling you all. But I'm afraid it will be too much for you. You have already enough to bear without having this in addition. You are too weak."

Edith shook her head.

"Can you bear it?" asked Miss Plympton, anxiously, "this that I wish to tell you? Perhaps I had better defer it."

"No," said Edith, in a forced voice. "No—now—now—tell me now. I can bear whatever it is better than any horrible suspense."

Miss Plympton sighed, and leaning forward, she kissed the pale forehead of the young girl. Then, after a little further delay, during which she seemed to be collecting her thoughts, she began:

"I was governess once, Edith dearest, in your dear mamma's family. She was quite a little thing then. All the rest were harsh, and treated me like a slave; but she was like an angel, and made me feel the only real happiness I knew in all those dreary days. I loved her dearly for her gentle and noble nature. I loved her always, and I still love her memory; and I love you as I loved her, and for her sake. And when she gave you to me, on her death-bed, I promised her that I would be a mother to you, dear. You have never known how much I love you—for I am not demonstrative—but I do love you, my own Edith, most dearly, and I would spare you this if I could. But, after all, it is a thing which you must know some time, and before very long—the sooner the better."

"I wish to know it now," said Edith, as Miss Plympton hesitated, speaking in a constrained voice, the result of the strong pressure which she was putting on her feelings—"now," she repeated. "I can not wait. I must know all to-day. What was it? Was it—crime?"

"The charge that was against him," said Miss Plympton, "involved crime. But, my darling, you must remember always that an accusation is not the same as a fact, even though men believe it; yes, even though the law may condemn the accused, and the innocent may suffer. Edith Dalton," she continued, with solemn earnestness, "I believe that your father was as innocent as you are. Remember that! Cling to that! Never give up that belief, no matter what you may hear. There was too much haste and blind passion and prejudice in that court where he was tried, and appearances were dark, and there was foul treachery somewhere; and so it was that Frederick Dalton was done to ruin and his wife done to death. And now, my darling, you have to make yourself acquainted not with a father's crimes, but with a father's sufferings. You are old enough now to hear that story, and you have sufficient independence of character to judge for yourself, dear. There is no reason why you should be overwhelmed when you hear it—unless, indeed, you are overcome by pity for the innocent and indignation against his judges. Even if society considers your father's name a stained and dishonored one, there is no reason why his daughter should feel shame, for you may take your stand on his own declaration of innocence, and hold up your head proudly before the world."

Miss Plympton spoke this with vehement emotion, and her words brought some consolation to Edith. The horrible thought that had at first come was that her father had been a convict in some penal settlement, but this solemn assurance of his innocence mitigated the horror of the thought, and changed it into pity. She said not a word, however, for her feelings were still too strong, nor could she find voice for any words. She sat, therefore, in silence, and waited for Miss Plympton to tell the whole story.

Miss Plympton surveyed Edith anxiously for a few moments, and then rising, went over to an escritoire. This she unlocked, and taking from it a parcel, she returned to her seat.

"I am not going to tell you the story," said she. "I can not bear to recall it. It is all here, and you may read it for yourself. It was all public ten years ago, and in this package are the reports of the trial. I have read them over so often that I almost know them by heart; and I know, too, the haste of that trial, and the looseness of that evidence. I have marked it in places—for your eyes only, dearest—for I prepared it for you, to be handed to you in case of my death. My life, however, has been preserved, and I now give this into your own hands. You must take it to your own room, and read it all over by yourself. You will learn there all that the world believes about your father, and will see in his own words what he says about himself. And for my part, even if the testimony were far stronger, I would still take the word of Frederick Dalton!"

Miss Plympton held out the parcel, and Edith took it, though she was scarce conscious of the act. An awful foreboding of calamity, the mysterious shadow of her father's fate, descended over her soul. She was unconscious of the kiss which Miss Plympton gave her; nor was she conscious of any thing till she found herself seated at a table in her own room, with the door locked, and the package lying on the table before her. She let it lie there for a few moments, for her agitation was excessive, and she dreaded to open it; but at length she mastered her feelings, and began to undo the strings.

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The contents of the parcel consisted of sheets of paper, upon which were pasted columns of printed matter cut from some newspaper. It was the report of the trial of Frederick Dalton, upon charges which ten years before had filled the public mind with horror and curiosity. In those days the most cursory reader who took up the report came to the work with a mind full of vivid interest and breathless suspense; but that report now lay before the eyes of a far different reader—one who was animated by feelings far more intense, since it was the daughter of the accused herself. That daughter also was one who hitherto had lived in an atmosphere of innocence, purity, and love, one who shrank in abhorrence from all that was base or vile; and this was the one before whose eyes was now placed the horrible record that had been made up before the world against her father's name.

The printed columns were pasted in such a way that a wide margin was left, which was covered with notes in Miss Plympton's writing. To give any thing like a detailed account of this report, with the annotations, is out of the question, nor will any thing be necessary beyond a general summary of the facts therein stated.

CHAPTER II.

THE CONTENTS OF THE MANUSCRIPT.

On the date indicated in the report, then, the city of Liverpool and the whole country were agitated by the news of a terrible murder. On the road-side near Everton the dead body of a Mr. Henderson, an eminent banker, had been found, not far from his own residence. The discovery had been made at about eleven o'clock in the evening by some passers-by. Upon examination a wound was found in the back of the head which had been caused by a bullet. His watch and purse were still in their places, but his pocket-book was gone. Clasped in one of the hands was a newspaper, on the blank margin of which were some red letters, rudely traced, and looking as though they had been written with blood. The letters were these:

"DALTON SHOT ME BEC—"

It was evident that the writer intended to write the word "because," and give the reason why he had been shot, but that his strength had failed in the middle of the word.

A closer search revealed some other things. One was a small stick, the point of which was reddened with a substance which microscopic examination afterward showed to be blood. The other was a scarf-pin made of gold, the head of which consisted of a Maltese cross, of very rich and elegant design. In the middle was black enamel inclosed by a richly chased gold border, and at the intersection of the bars was a small diamond of great splendor. If this cross belonged to the murderer it had doubtless become loosened, and fallen out while he was stooping over his victim, and the loss had not been noticed in the excitement of the occasion.

At the coroner's inquest various important circumstances were brought to light. The fact that his watch and purse remained made it plain that it was not a case of common highway robbery, and the loss of the pocket-book showed that the deed was prompted by a desire for something more than ordinary plunder. Proceeding from this, various circumstances arose which, in addition to the terrible accusation traced in blood, tended to throw suspicion upon Frederick Dalton.

It came out that on the morning of that very day Mr. Henderson had discovered a check for two thousand pounds that had been forged in his name. Being a very choleric man, he felt more than the anger which is natural under such circumstances, and vowed vengeance to the uttermost upon the forger. That same morning Mr. Frederick Dalton came to see him, and was shown into his private office. He had just arrived in the city, and had come on purpose to pay this visit. The interview was a protracted one, and the clerks outside heard the voice of Mr. Henderson in a very high key, and in a strain of what sounded like angry menace and denunciations of vengeance, though they could not make out any words. At last the office door opened, and Dalton came out. He was very pale, and much agitated. One of the clerks heard him say, in a low voice,

"Only one day—till this time to-morrow."

Whereupon Mr. Henderson roared out in a loud voice, which all the clerks heard,

"No, Sir! Not one day, not one hour, if I die for it!"

Upon this Dalton walked away, looking paler and more agitated than ever.

In the course of the day Mr. Henderson told his confidential clerk that the check had just been used by Dalton, who, however, denied that he was the forger; that the visit of Dalton professed to be on behalf of the guilty party, whom he wished to screen. Dalton had refused to give the culprit's name, and offered to pay the amount of the check, or any additional sum whatever, if no proceedings were taken. This, however, Mr. Henderson refused, and in his indignation charged Dalton himself with the crime. Under these circumstances the interview had terminated.

Thus the evidence against Dalton was the forged check, the clerks' reports concerning the exciting interview with Mr. Henderson, the awful accusation of the deceased

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himself, written in his own blood, together with the Maltese cross, which was believed to belong to Dalton. The arrest of Dalton had been made at the earliest possible moment; and at the trial these were the things which were made use of against him by the prosecution. By energetic efforts discovery was made of a jeweler who recognized the Maltese cross as his own work, and swore that he had made it for Frederick Dalton, in accordance with a special design furnished him by that gentleman. The design had been kept in his order-book ever since, and was produced by him in court. Thus the testimony of the jeweler and the order-book served to fix the ownership of the Maltese cross upon Dalton in such a way that it corroborated and confirmed all the other testimony.

On the other hand, the defense of Dalton took up all these points. In the first place, it was shown that in his case there was no conceivable temptation that could have led to the commission of such a crime. He was a man of great wealth, possessed of a fine estate, and free from all pecuniary embarrassments. He was not what was called a sporting man, and therefore could not have secretly accumulated debts while appearing rich. It was shown, also, that his character was stainless; that he was essentially a domestic man, living quietly at Dalton Hall with his wife and child, and therefore, from his worldly means as well as from his personal character and surroundings, it was morally impossible for him to have forged the check.

With reference to the interview with Mr. Henderson, it was maintained that it arose, as he himself said, from a desire to shield the real culprit, whom he knew, and for whom he felt a strong and unusual regard. Who this culprit was the defense did not assert, nor could they imagine, though they tried every possible way of finding him out. Whoever he was, he appeared to be the only one who could have had a motive strong enough for the murder of Mr. Henderson. The unknown assassin had evidently done the deed so as to obtain possession of the forged check, and prevent its being used against him. In this he was unsuccessful, since the check had already been intrusted to the hands of others; but the aim of the assassin was sufficiently evident.

Again, as to the writing in blood, a vigorous effort was made to show that this was a conspiracy against an innocent man. It was argued that Mr. Henderson did not write it at all; and efforts were made to prove that the wound in his head must have caused instantaneous death. He himself, therefore, could not have written it, but it must have been the work either of some one who was plotting against Dalton, or who was eager to divert suspicion from himself.

The testimony of the Maltese cross was met by counter-testimony to the effect that Dalton had never worn such an ornament. His servants all swore that they had never seen it before. Mr. Henderson's clerks also swore that Mr. Dalton wore no pin at all on that morning of the interview.

And, finally, an effort was made to prove an *alibi*. It was shown that Dalton's occupation of his time during that evening could be accounted for with the exception of one hour. Witnesses were produced from the hotel where he put up who swore that he had been there until eight o'clock in the evening, when he left, returning at nine. An hour, therefore, remained to be accounted for. As to this hour—on the one hand, it seemed hardly sufficient for the deed, but yet it was certainly possible for him to have done it within that time; and thus it remained for the defense to account for that hour. For this purpose a note was produced, which was scribbled in pencil and addressed to John Wiggins, Esq.

It was as follows:

"DEAR WIGGINS,—I have been here ever since eight, and am tired of waiting. Come to my room as soon as you get back. I'll be there. Yours, F. DALTON."

Mr. John Wiggins testified that he had made an appointment to meet Dalton at the hour mentioned in the note, but had been detained on business until late. He had found this on his return thrust under the office door. On going to see him the following morning he had learned of his arrest.

This note and the testimony of Wiggins were felt to bear strongly in Dalton's favor. If the accused had really been waiting at the office, as the note stated, then clearly he could not have followed on Mr. Henderson's track to Everton. The force of this weighed more than any thing else with the court; the summing up of the judge also bore strongly toward an acquittal; and, consequently, Dalton was declared not guilty.

But the acquittal on this first charge did not at all secure the escape of Dalton from danger. Another charge, which had been interwoven with the first, still impended over him, and no sooner was he declared free of murder than he was arrested on the charge of forgery, and remanded to prison to await his trial on that accusation.

Now during the whole course of the trial the public mind had been intensely excited; all men were eager that vengeance should fall on some one, and at the outset had made up their minds that Dalton was guilty. The verdict of acquittal created deep and widespread dissatisfaction, for it seemed as though justice had been cheated of a victim. When, therefore, the trial for forgery came on, there

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weighed against Dalton all the infamy that had been accumulating against him during the trial for murder. Had this trial stood alone, the prisoner's counsel might have successfully pleaded his high character, as well as his wealth, against this charge, and shown that it was false because it was morally impossible. But this was no longer of avail, and in the public mind Frederick Dalton was deemed only a desperate murderer, whose good reputation was merely the result of life-long hypocrisy, and whose character was but an empty name.

And so in this trial it was shown that Dalton had first put forth the forged check, and afterward learning that it was discovered prematurely, had hurried to Liverpool so as to get it back from Mr. Henderson. His asserted wealth was not believed in. Efforts were made to show that he had been connected with men of desperate fortunes, and had himself been perhaps betting heavily; and all the arts which are usually employed by unscrupulous or excited advocates to crush an accused man were freely put forth. Experts were brought from London to examine Dalton's handwriting, and compare it with that of the forged check; and these men, yielding to the common prejudice, gave it as their opinion that he was, or *might have been* (!), the author of the forgery.

But all this was as nothing when compared with the injury which Dalton himself did to his own cause by the course which he chose to adopt. Contenting himself with the simple assertion of his innocence, he refused to give the name of the guilty man, or to say any thing that might lead to his discovery. Actuated by a lofty sense of honor, a chivalrous sentiment of loyalty and friendship, he kept the secret with obstinate fidelity; and the almost frantic appeals of his counsel, who saw in the discovery of the real offender the only chance for the escape of the accused, and who used every possible argument to shake his resolve, availed not in the slightest degree to shake his firmness. They employed detectives, and instituted inquiries in all directions in the endeavor to find out who might be this friend for whom Dalton was willing to risk honor and life; but their search was completely baffled. Dalton's silence was therefore taken as an evidence of guilt, and his refusal to confess on a friend was regarded as a silly attempt to excite public sympathy. When the counsel ventured to bring this forward to the jury, and tried to portray Dalton as a man who chose rather to suffer than to say that which might bring a friend to destruction, it was regarded as a wild, Quixotic, and maudlin piece of sentimentalism on the part of said counsel, and was treated by the prosecution with unspeakable scorn and ridicule. Under such circumstances the result was inevitable: Frederick Dalton was declared guilty, and sentenced to transportation for life.

Among the notes which had been written by Miss Plympton, Edith was very forcibly struck by some which referred to John Wiggins.

"Who is this J. W.?" was written in one place. "How did F. D. become acquainted with him?'

In another place, where Wiggins gave his testimony about the note, was written: "Where was J. W. during that hour? Had he gone to Everton himself?"

And again: "J. W. was the friend of F. D., and wished to save him. Might he not have done more?"

Again: "Mark well! J. W. is a Liverpool man. H. was a Liverpool man. Had F. D. ever heard of even the name of H. before the forgery? What was the nature of the dealings between F. D. and J. W.?"

Again, when Dalton's silence was so sharply commented on and urged as a proof of his guilt, there occurred the following: "If F. D. was silent, why did not J. W. open his mouth? Must he not have known at least something? Could he not have set the authorities upon the track of the real criminal, and thus have saved F. D.?"

Again: "The Maltese cross did not belong to Dalton. He had ordered it to be made. For whom? Was it not for this same friend for whom he was now suffering? Was not this friend the murderer? Has he not thrown suspicion upon F. D. by that writing in blood? The same one who committed the murder wrote the false charge, and left the Maltese cross."

Other notes of a similar character occurred in various places, but those which impressed Edith most were the following:

"F. D. was evidently betrayed by his false friend. Was not that false friend the real murderer? Did he not contrive to throw on F. D. the suspicion of the murder? Might not the forgery itself from the very beginning have been part of a plan to ruin F. D.? But why ruin him? Evidently to gain some benefit. Now who has been most benefited by the ruin of F. D.? Whoever he is, must not he be the murderer and the false friend?"

Again, a little further on: "Has any one gained any thing from the ruin of F. D. but J. W.? Has not J. W. ever since had control of the Dalton property? Is he not rich now? Has not the ruin of F. D. made the fortune of J. W.?"

Such was the substance of the papers which Edith perused. They were voluminous, and she continued at her task all through that night, her heart all the time filled with a thousand contending emotions.

Before her mind all the time there was the image of her father in the judgment-hall. There he stood, the innocent man, betrayed

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by his friend, and yet standing there in his simple faith and truth to save that friend, obstinate in his self-sacrificing fidelity, true to faith when the other had proved himself worthless, suffering what can only be suffered by a generous nature as the hours and the days passed and the end approached, and still the traitor allowed him to suffer. And there was the hate and scorn of man, the clamor for vengeance from society, the condemnation of the jury who had prejudged his case, the sneer of the paid advocate, the scoff of the gaping crowd, to whom the plea of *noblesse oblige* and stainless honor and perfect truth seemed only maudlin sentimentality and Quixotic extravagance.

All these thoughts were in Edith's mind as she read, and these feelings swelled within her indignant heart as all the facts in that dread tragedy were slowly revealed one by one. Coming to this task with a mind convinced at the outset of her father's innocence, she met with not one circumstance that could shake that conviction for a moment. In her own strong feeling she was incapable of understanding how any one could honestly think otherwise. The testimony of adverse witnesses seemed to her perjury, the arguments of the lawyers fiendish malignity, the last summing up of the judge bitter prejudice, and the verdict of the jury a mockery of justice.

CHAPTER III.

THE MOMENTOUS RESOLVE.

EARLY on the following morning Miss Plympton called on Edith, and was shocked to see the changes that had been made in her by that one night. She did not regard so much the pallor of her face, the languor of her manner, and her unelastic step, but rather the new expression that appeared upon her countenance, the thoughtfulness of her brow, the deep and earnest abstraction of her gaze. In that one night she seemed to have stepped from girlhood to maturity. It was as though she had lived through the intervening experience. Years had been crowded into hours. She was no longer a school-girl—she was a woman.

Miss Plympton soon retired, with the promise to come again when Edith should feel stronger. Breakfast was sent up, and taken away untasted, and at noon Miss Plympton once more made her appearance.

"I have been thinking about many things," said Edith, after some preliminary remarks, "and have been trying to recall what I can of my own remembrance of papa. I was only eight years old, but I have a pretty distinct recollection of him, and it has been strengthened by his portrait, which I always have had. Of my mother I have a most vivid remembrance, and I have never forgotten one single circumstance connected with her last illness. I remember your arrival, and my departure from home after all was over. But there is one thing which I should like very much to ask you about. Did none of my mother's relatives come to see her during this time?"

"Your mother's relatives acted very badly indeed, dear. From the first they were carried away by the common belief in your dear father's guilt. Some of them came flying to your mother. She was very ill at the time, and these relatives brought her the first news which she received. It was a severe blow. They were hard-hearted or thoughtless enough to denounce your father to her, and she in her weak state tried to defend him. All this produced so deplorable an effect that she sank rapidly. Her relatives left her in this condition. She tried to be carried to your dear father in his prison, but could not bear the journey. They took her as far as the gates, but she fainted there, and had to be taken back to the house. So then she gave up. She knew that she was going to die, and wrote to me imploring me to come to her. She wished to intrust you to me. I took you from her arms—"

Miss Plympton paused, and Edith was silent for some time.

"So," said she, in a scarce audible voice, "darling mamma died of a broken heart?"

Miss Plympton said nothing. A long silence followed.

"Had my father no friends," asked Edith, "or no relatives?"

"He had no relatives," said Miss Plympton, "but an only sister. She married a Captain Dudleigh, now Sir Lionel Dudleigh. But it was a very unhappy marriage, for they separated. I never knew the cause; and Captain Dudleigh took it so much to heart that he went abroad. He could not have heard of your father's misfortunes till all was over and it was too late. But in any case I do not see what he could have done, unless he had contrived to shake your father's resolve. As to his wife, I have never heard of her movements, and I think she must have died long ago. Neither she nor her husband is mentioned at the trial. If they had been in England, it seems to me that they would have come forward as witnesses in some way; so I think they were both out of the country. Sir Lionel is alive yet, I think, but he has always lived out of the world. I believe his family troubles destroyed his happiness, and made him somewhat misanthropical. I have sometimes thought in former years that he might make inquiries about you, but he has never done so to my knowledge, though perhaps he has tried without being able to hear where you were. After all, he would scarcely know where to look. On the whole, I consider

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Sir Lionel the only friend you have, Edith darling, besides myself, and if any trouble should ever arise, he would be the one to whom I should apply for assistance, or at least advice."

Edith listened to this, and made no comment, but after another thoughtful pause she said,

"About this Wiggins—have you ever heard any thing of him since the—the trial?"

Miss Plympton shook her head.

"No," said she, "except from those formal business notes. You have seen them all, and know what they are."

"Have you ever formed any opinion of him more favorable than what you wrote in those notes?"

"I do not think that I wrote any thing more than suspicions or surmises," said Miss Plympton; "and as far as suspicions are concerned, I certainly have not changed my mind. The position which he occupied during the trial, and ever since, excites my suspicions against him. All others suffered; he alone was benefited. And now, too, when all is over, he seems still in his old position—perhaps a better one than ever—the agent of the estates, and assuming to some extent a guardianship over you. At least he gives directions about you, for he says you are to go back to Dalton Hall. But in that he shall find himself mistaken, for I will never allow you to put yourself in his power."

"Have you ever seen him?" asked Edith.

"No."

She bent down her head, and leaned her forehead on her hand.

"Well," said she, in a low voice, half to herself, "it don't matter; I shall see him soon myself."

"See him yourself!" said Miss Plympton, anxiously. "What do you mean?"

"Oh, I shall see him soon—when I get to Dalton Hall."

"Dalton Hall!"

"Yes," said Edith, simply, raising her head and looking calmly at Miss Plympton.

"But you are not going to Dalton Hall."

"There is no other place for me," said Edith, sadly. "I am going—I am going as soon as possible."

"Oh no—oh no, darling; you are going to do nothing of the kind," said Miss Plympton. "I can not let you go. We all love you too dearly. This is your home, and I now stand in the place of those whom you have lost. You are never to leave me, Edith dearest."

Edith sighed heavily, and shook her head.

"No," she said, speaking in a low, melancholy voice—"no, I can not stay. I can not meet my friends here again. I am not what I was yesterday. I am changed. It seems as though some heavy weight has come upon me. I must go away, and I have only one place to go to, and that is my father's home."

"My darling," said Miss Plympton, drawing her chair close to Edith, and twining her arms about her, "you must not talk so; you can not imagine how you distress me. I can not let you go. Do not think of these things. We all love you. Do not imagine that your secret will be discovered. No one shall ever know it. In a few days you yourself will feel different. The consciousness of your father's innocence will make you feel more patient, and the love of all your friends will make your life as happy as ever."

"No," said Edith, "I can not—I can not. You can not imagine how I dread to see the face of any one of them. I shall imagine that they know all; and I can not tell them. They will tease me to tell them my troubles, and it will only worry me. No, for me to stay here is impossible. I would go any where first."

She spoke so firmly and decisively that Miss Plympton forbore to press her further just then.

"At any rate, my darling," said she, "you need not think of Dalton Hall. I can find you other places which will be far more suitable to you in every way. If it distresses you to stay here, I can find a happy home for you, where you can stay till you feel able to return to us again."

"There is no place," said Edith, "where I can stay. I do not want to go among strangers, or to strange places. I have a home, and that is the only place that I can go to now. That home is familiar to me. I remember it well. It is where I was born. Dear mamma's room is there, where I used to sit with her and hear her voice. My dear papa and mamma were happy there; and she died there. It has its own associations; and now since this great sorrow has come, I long to go there. It seems the fittest place for me."

"But, my child," said Miss Plympton, anxiously, "there is one thing that you do not consider. Far be it from me to stand in the way of any of your wishes, especially at a time like this, but it seems to me that a return to Dalton Hall just now is hardly safe."

"Safe!"

Edith spoke in a tone of surprise, and looked inquiringly at Miss Plympton.

"I don't like this John Wiggins," said Miss Plympton, uneasily; "I am afraid of him."

"But what possible cause can there be of fear?" asked Edith.

"Oh, I don't know," said Miss Plympton, with a sigh; "no one can tell. If my suspicions are at all correct, he is a man who might be very dangerous. He has control of all the estates, and—"

"But for that very reason I would go home," said Edith, "if there were no stronger

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inducement, to do what I can to put an end to his management."

"How could you do any thing with him?" asked Miss Plympton; "you so young and inexperienced."

"I don't know," said Edith, simply; "but the estates are mine, and not his; and Dalton Hall is mine;-and if I am the owner, surely I ought to have some power. There are other agents in the world, and other lawyers. They can help me, if I wish help. We are not living in the Middle Ages, when some one could seize one's property by the strong hand and keep it. There is law in the country, and Wiggins is subject to it."

"Oh, my child," said Miss Plympton, anxiously, "I am terrified at the very thought of your being in that man's power. You can not tell what things are possible; and though there is law, as you say, yet it does not always happen that one can get justice."

"That I know, or ought to know," said Edith, in a mournful voice; "I have learned that this past night only too well."

"It seems to me," said Miss Plympton, with the same anxiety in her voice, "that to return to Dalton Hall will be to put yourself in some way into his power. If he is really the unscrupulous, crafty, and scheming man that I have suspected him to be, he will not find it difficult to weave some plot around you which may endanger your whole life. There is no safety in being near that man. Be mistress of Dalton Hall, but do not go there till you have driven him away. It seems by his last letters as though he is living there now, and if you go there you will find yourself in some sense under his control."

"Well," said Edith, "I do not doubt his willingness to injure me if he can, or to weave a plot which shall ruin me; but, after all, such a thing takes time. He can not ruin me in one day, or in one week, and so I think I can return to Dalton Hall in safety, and be secure for a few days at least."

Miss Plympton made some further objections, but the vague fears to which she gave expression met with no response from Edith, who looked upon her journey home in a very sober and commonplace light, and refused to let her imagination terrify her. Her argument that Wiggins would require time to injure her was not easy to answer, and gradually Miss Plympton found herself forced to yield to Edith's determination. In fact, there was much in that resolve which was highly natural. Edith, in the first place, could not bear to resume her intimacy with her school-mates, for reasons which she had stated already; and, in addition to this, she had a strong and irresistible longing to go to the only place that was now her home. There she hoped to find peace, and gain consolation in the midst of the scenes of her childhood and the memories of her parents. These were her chief motives for action now; but in addition to these she had others. The chief was a strong desire to dismiss Wiggins from his post of agent.

The detestation which she had already conceived for this man has been noticed in a previous chapter. It had grown during past years out of a habit of her mind to associate with him the apparent alienation of her father. But now, since her father's past life was explained, this John Wiggins appeared in a new light. The dark suggestions of Miss Plympton, her suspicions as to his character and motives, had sunk deep into the soul of Edith, and taken root there. She had not yet been able to bring herself to think that this John Wiggins was himself the treacherous friend, but she was on the high-road to that belief, and already had advanced far enough to feel convinced that Wiggins could have at least saved her father if he had chosen. One thing, however, was evident to all the world, and that was what Miss Plympton laid so much stress on, the fact that he had profited by her father's ruin, and had won gold and influence and position out of her father's tears and agonies and death. And so, while she longed to go home for her own consolation, there also arose within her another motive to draw her there—the desire to see this Wiggins, to confront him, to talk to him face to face, to drive him out from the Dalton estates, and if she could not vindicate her father's memory, at least put an end to the triumph of one of his false friends.

The result of this interview was, then, that Edith should return to Dalton Hall; and as she was unwilling to wait, she decided to leave in two days. Miss Plympton was to go with her.

"And now," said Miss Plympton, "we must write at once and give notice of your coming."

"Write?" said Edith, coldly, "to whom?"

"Why, to—to Wiggins, I suppose," said Miss Plympton, with some hesitation.

"I refuse to recognize Wiggins," said Edith. "I will not communicate with him in any way. My first act shall be to dismiss him."

"But you must send some notice to some one; you must have some preparations made."

"Oh, I shall not need any elaborate preparations; a room will be sufficient. I should not wish to encounter the greetings of this man, or see him complacently take credit to himself for his attentions to me—and his preparations. No; I shall go and take things as I find them, and I should prefer to go without notice."

At this Miss Plympton seemed a little more uneasy than before, and made further efforts to change Edith's decision, but in vain. She was, in fact, more perplexed at Edith herself than at any other thing; for this one who but a day before had been a gentle, tractable, docile, gay, light-hearted girl had suddenly

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started up into a stern, self-willed woman, with a dauntless spirit and inflexible resolve.

"There is only one more thing that I have to mention," said Edith, as Miss Plympton rose to go. "It is a favor that I have to ask of you. It is this;" and she laid her hand on the papers of the report, which were lying rolled up in a parcel on the table. "Have you any further use for this? Will you let me keep it?"

"The need that I had for it," said Miss Plympton, "was over when I gave it to you. I prepared it for you, and preserved it for you, and now that you have it, its work is accomplished. It is yours, dearest, for you to do as you choose with it."

To this Edith murmured some words of thanks, and taking up the parcel, proceeded to tie it up more carefully.

CHAPTER IV.

THE WELCOME HOME.

DALTON HALL was one of the most magnificent country-seats in Somersetshire. The village of Dalton, which bears the same name as the old family seat, is situated on the banks of a little river which winds through a pleasant plain on its course to the Bristol Channel, and at this place is crossed by a fine old rustic bridge with two arches. The village church, a heavy edifice, with an enormous ivy-grown tower, stands on the further side; and beyond that the gables and chimneys of Dalton Hall may be seen rising, about a mile away, out of the midst of a sea of foliage. The porter's lodge is about half a mile distant from the church, and the massive wall which incloses Dalton Park runs along the road for some miles.

There was a railway station about four miles away from the village, and it was at this station that Edith arrived on her way home. Miss Plympton had come with her, with the intention of remaining long enough to see Edith comfortably installed in her new abode, and with the hope of persuading her to go back if circumstances did not seem favorable. A footman and a maid also accompanied them.

On reaching the station they found themselves at first at a loss how to proceed, for there were no carriages in waiting. Of course, as no notice had been sent of her journey, Edith could not expect to find any carriage from Dalton Hall; nor did she think much about this circumstance. Dressed in deep mourning, with her pale face and dark, thoughtful eyes, she seemed to be given up to her own mournful reflections; and on finding that they would have to wait, she seated herself on a bench, and looked with an abstracted gaze upon the surrounding scene. Miss Plympton gave some directions to the footman, who at once went off to seek a carriage; after which she seated herself near Edith, while the maid sat on a trunk at a little distance. They had traveled all day long, and felt very much fatigued; so that nothing was said by any of them as they sat there waiting for the footman's return. At length, after about half an hour, a hackney-coach drove up, which the footman had procured from an inn not far away, and in this undignified manner they prepared to complete their journey. A long drive of four or five miles now remained; and when at length they reached the park gate none of them had much strength left. Here the coach stopped, and the footman rang the bell loudly and impatiently.

There was no immediate answer to this summons, and the footman rang again and again; and finally, as the delay still continued, he gave the bell a dozen tremendous pulls in quick succession. This brought an answer, at any rate; for a man appeared, emerging from a neighboring grove, who walked toward the gate with a rapid pace. He was a short, bull-necked, thickset, broad-shouldered man, with coarse black hair and heavy, matted beard. His nose was flat on his face, his chin was square, and he looked exactly like a prize-fighter. He had a red shirt, with a yellow spotted handkerchief flung about his neck, and his corduroy trowsers were tucked into a pair of muddy boots.

The moment he reached the gate he roared out a volley of the most fearful oaths: Who were they? What did they mean, *dash* them? What the *dash dash* did they mean by making such a *dash dash* noise?

"You'll get your ugly head broken, you scoundrel!" roared the footman, who was beside himself with rage at this insult to his mistress, coming as it did at the close of so long and irritating a delay. "Hold your infernal tongue, and open the gate at once. Is this the way you dare to talk before your mistress?"

"Mistress! You *dashed* fool," was the response, "what the *dash* do I know about mistresses? And if it comes to breaking heads, I'll make a beginning with you, you sleek, fat powder-monkey, with your shiny beaver and stuffed calves!"

Edith heard all this, and her amazement was so great that it drove away all fatigue. Her heart beat high and her spirit rose at this insult. Opening the carriage door, she sprang out, and, walking up to the gate, she confronted the porter as a goddess might confront a satyr. The calm, cold gaze which she gave him was one which the brute could not encounter. He could face any one of his own order; but the eye that now rested on him gave him pain, and his glance fell sulkily before that of his mistress.

"I am your mistress—Miss Dalton," said Edith. "Open that gate immediately."

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"I don't know any thing about mistresses," said the fellow. "My orders are not to open them gates to nobody."

At this rebuff Edith was for a moment perplexed, but soon rallied. She reflected that this man was a servant under orders, and that it would be useless to talk to him. She must see the principal.

"Who gave those orders?" she asked.

"Mr. Wiggins," said the man, gruffly.

"Is that man here now?" asked Edith.

The man looked up suspiciously and in evident surprise, but his eyes fell again.

"Mr. Wiggins? He is here; he lives here."

"Then do you go at once," said Edith, loftily, "and say to that man that Miss Dalton is here."

The fellow glanced furtively at the carriage, where he saw the pale face of Miss Plympton and the paler face of the maid, and then with a grunt he turned and walked up the avenue. Edith went back to the carriage and resumed her seat.

This scene had produced a profound effect upon her two companions. Miss Plympton's worst apprehensions seemed justified by this rude repulse at the gates, and the moment that Edith came back she began to entreat her to return.

"Come back," she said, "to the inn. Do, darling, at least for the night, till we can send word to Wiggins."

"No," said Edith, firmly; "I will not recognize Wiggins at all. I am going to dismiss him the moment that I enter the Hall. I can wait patiently just now."

"But at least come back for this night. You may be sure that they will not be ready for you. You will have to come back after all."

"Well," said Edith, "I shall at least take formal possession of Dalton Hall first, and let Wiggins see that I am mistress there."

Miss Plympton sighed. Every hour only showed in a stronger manner how hopeless was any attempt of hers to move Edith from any resolve that she might make. Already she recognized in that slender young girl the stubborn spirit of her father—a spirit which would meet death and destruction rather than swerve from its set purpose.

Nothing more was said, but they all waited patiently for the porter's return. It seemed a very long time. The footman fussed and fumed, and at length beguiled the time by smoking and chatting with the coachman, whom he questioned about Mr. Wiggins. The coachman, however, could give him no information on the subject. "I on'y know," said he, "as how that this yer Wiggins is a Liverpool gent, an' latterly he seems inclined to live here. But he don't never see no company, an' keeps hisself shut up close."

At length, after waiting for more than half an hour, the noise of carriage wheels was heard, and a brougham appeared driven by the porter. He turned the brougham inside the gate, and then getting down, he unlocked the small gate and advanced to the carriage. The fellow seemed now to try to be more respectful, for he had a hat on his head which he took off, and made a clumsy attempt at a bow.

"Beg pardon, miss," said he, "for keepin' you waitin'; but I had to put the hosses in. Mr. Wiggins says as how you're to come up in the brougham, an' your trunks an' things 'll be took up afterward."

"But I want to drive up in this coach. I can't remove the luggage," said Edith.

"I don't know about that, miss," said the porter. "I've got to do as I'm told."

At this Edith was silent; but her flashing eyes and a flush that swept over her pale face showed her indignation.

"So this is the way he dares to treat me," said she, after some silence. "Well," she continued, "for the present I must yield and submit to this insolence. But it only shows more clearly the character of the man. I suppose we must go," she continued, looking at Miss Plympton, and once more opening the coach door herself.

Miss Plympton had been more agitated than ever at this last message, and as Edith opened the door she asked her, breathlessly,

"What do you mean? What are you going to do, dear?"

"I am going to Dalton Hall," said Edith, quietly. "We must go in the brougham, and we must quit this."

Miss Plympton hesitated, and the maid, who was still more terrified, clasped her hands in silent despair. But the porter, who had heard all, now spoke.

"Beg pardon, miss," said he, "but that lady needn't trouble about it. It's Mr. Wiggins's orders, miss, that on'y *you* are to go to the Hall."

"What insufferable insolence!" exclaimed Miss Plympton. "What shocking and abominable arrogance!"

"I do not regard it in the slightest," said Edith, serenely. "It is only assumption on his part. You are to come with me. If I pass through that gate you are to come also. Come."

"Oh, my dearest, my own dearest Edith, do not!—wait!—come back and let us talk over what we ought to do. Let us see a lawyer. Let us wait till to-morrow, and see if a stranger like Wiggins can refuse admission to the mistress of Dalton Hall."

"Beg pardon, mum," said the porter, "but Mr. Wiggins ain't refusin' admission to Miss Dalton—it's others that he don't want, that's all. The lawyers can't do any thin' agin that."

"My child," said Miss Plympton, "do you hear that? You shall not go. This man knows well what he can do. He understands all the worst injustice that can be done in the

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name of law. His whole life has been lived in the practice of all those iniquities that the law winks at. You see now at the outset what his purpose is. He will admit you, but not your friends. He wishes to get you alone in his power. And why does he not come himself? Why does he use such an agent as this?"

Miss Plympton spoke rapidly, and in excited tones, but her excitement did not affect Edith in the slightest degree.

"I think you are altogether too imaginative," said she. "His orders are absurd. If I go through that gate, you shall go too. Come."

"Edith! Edith! I implore you, my darling," cried Miss Plympton, "do not go. Come back. It will not be long to wait. Come to the village till to-morrow. Let us at least get the advice of a lawyer. The law can surely give an entrance to the rightful owner."

"But he doesn't deny an entrance to me," said Edith, "and if I go, you shall come also. Come."

Miss Plympton hesitated. She saw that Edith was fully determined to go to Dalton Hall, and she could not bear to part with her. But at the same time she was so terrified at the thought of forcing a way in spite of the opposition of so formidable a villain as Wiggins that she shrank from it. Love at length triumphed over fear, and she followed Edith out of the coach, together with the maid.

Meanwhile the porter had stood in deep perplexity watching this scene, but at length when Miss Plympton had reached the ground and prepared to follow Edith he put himself in front of them.

"Beg pardon, miss," said he, "but its agin orders for them others to go. It's on'y you that Mr. Wiggins 'll let in."

"Mr. Wiggins has nothing to say about the matter," said Edith, coldly.

"But I've got to obey orders," said the man.

"Will you please stand aside and let me pass?" said Edith.

"I can't let them others in," said the porter, doggedly. "You may go."

"John," said Edith, quietly, "I'm sorry to trouble you, but you must watch this man; and, driver, do you stand at the gate and keep it open."

At this John flung down his hat upon the road, tore off his coat and tossed it after the hat, and, with a chuckle of something like exultation, prepared to obey his mistress by putting himself in a "scientific" attitude. He saw well enough that the porter was a formidable foe, and his face was a diploma in itself that fully testified to the skill and science of that foe; but John was plucky, and in his prime, and very confident in his own powers. So John stood off and prepared for the fray. On the other hand, the porter was by no means at a loss. As John prepared he backed slowly toward the gate, glaring like a wild beast at his assailant. But John was suddenly interrupted in his movements by the driver.

"See here, young man," said the latter, who had sprung from the box at Edith's order, "do you stand by the gate, an' I'll tickle that feller with this whip, an' see how he likes it."

The driver was a stout, solid, muscular fellow, with broad shoulders and bull-dog aspect. In his hand he flourished a heavy whip, and as he spoke his eyes sought out some part of the porter's person at which he might take aim. As he spoke the porter became aware of this second assailant, and a dark and malignant frown lowered over his evil face. He slowly drew from his breast a large clasp-knife which was as formidable as a dagger, and opening this, he held it significantly before him.

But now a new turn was given to the progress of affairs. Had the porter said nothing, Miss Plympton might have overcome her fears far enough to accompany Edith; but his menacing looks and words, and these preparations for a struggle, were too much.

"Edith, my child, my dearest, do not! do not! I can not go; I will not. See these men; they will kill one another. John, come away. Driver, go back to the box. Come away at once. Do you hear, John?"

John did hear, and after some hesitation concluded to obey. He stepped back from the gate, and stood awaiting the progress of events. The driver also stood, waiting further orders.

"Edith dearest," said Miss Plympton, "nothing would induce me to go through those gates. You must not go."

"I'm sure," said Edith, "I shall be very sorry if you will not come; but, for my own part, I am quite resolved to go. Don't be afraid. Come."

Miss Plympton shuddered and shook her head.

"Well," said Edith, "perhaps it will be as well for you to wait, since you are so agitated; and if you really will not come, you can drive back to the village. At any rate, I can see you to-morrow, and I will drive down for you the first thing."

Miss Plympton looked mournfully at Edith.

"And you, Richards," said Edith, looking at her maid, "I suppose it is no use for me to ask you. I see how it is. Well, never mind. I dare say she needs you more than I do; and to-morrow will make all right. I see it only distresses you for me to press you, so I will say no more. Good-by for the present."

Edith held out her hand. Miss Plympton took it, let it go, and folding Edith in her arms, she burst into tears.

"I'm afraid—I'm afraid," said she.

"What of?" said Edith.

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"HE DREW FROM HIS BREAST A LARGE CLASP-KNIFE."

"About you," moaned Miss Plympton.

"Nonsense," said Edith. "I shall call on you to-morrow as soon as you are up."

Miss Plympton sighed.

Edith held out her hand to her maid, Richards, and kindly bade her good-by. The girl wept bitterly, and could not speak. It was an unusual thing for Edith to do, and was rather too solemn a proceeding in view of a short separation for one night, and this struck Edith herself. But who knows what one night may bring forth?

Edith now left them, and, passing through the gate, she stood and waved her hand at them. The porter followed and shut the gate. Miss Plympton, the maid, the driver, and John all stood looking after Edith with uneasy faces. Seeing that, she forced a smile, and finding that they would not go till she had gone, she waved a last adieu and entered the brougham. As she did so she heard the bolt turn in the lock as the porter fastened the gate, and an ominous dread arose within her. Was this a presentiment? Did she have a dim foreshadowing of the future? Did she conjecture how long it would be before she passed through that gate again, and how and wherefore? It matters not. Other thoughts soon came, and the porter jumping into the seat, drove rapidly off.

Edith found herself carried along through lordly avenues, with giant trees, the growth of centuries, rising grandly on either side and overarching above, and between which long vistas opened, where the eye could take in wide glades and sloping meadows. Sometimes she caught sight of eminences rising in the distance covered with groves, and along the slopes herds of deer sometimes came bounding. Finally there came to view a broad lawn, with a pond in the centre, beyond which arose a stately edifice which Edith recognized as the home of her childhood.

It needed only one glance, however, to show Edith that a great change had taken place since those well-remembered days of childhood. Every where the old order and neatness had disappeared, and now in all directions there were the signs of carelessness and neglect. The once smooth lawn was now overgrown with tall grass; the margin of the pond was filled with rushes, and its surface with slime; some of the windows of the Hall were out, and some of the chimney-pots were broken; while over the road grass had been allowed to grow in many places. Edith recognized all this, and an involuntary sigh escaped her. The carriage at length stopped, and she got out and ascended the steps to the door of the house.

The door was open, and an ungainly-looking negro servant was standing in the hall.

"Who has charge of this house?" asked Edith. "Is there a housekeeper?"

The servant grinned.

"Housekeepa, miss? Yes, miss, dar's Missa Dunbar."

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"Call the housekeeper, then," said Edith, "and tell her that I am waiting for her in the drawing-room."

The servant went off, and Edith then entered the drawing-room.

CHAPTER V.

THE STRANGE INMATES OF DALTON HALL.

In that well-remembered drawing-room there was much that renewed the long past grief of childhood, and nothing whatever to soothe the sorrow of the present. Looking around, Edith found many things the same as she once remembered them; but still there were great changes — changes, too, which were of the same nature as those which she had noticed outside. Every thing showed traces of carelessness and long neglect. The seats of many of the handsome, richly carved chairs were ruined. Costly vases had disappeared. Dust covered every thing. Books and ornaments which lay around were soiled and spoiled. In that apparently deserted house there seemed to have been no one for years who cared to preserve the original grace and elegance of its decorations. But Edith did not have a very long time to give to her survey of this room, for in a few minutes she heard the rustle of a dress, and, turning, she saw a woman approaching who was evidently the housekeeper.

Edith was prepared to see some woman who might be in keeping with these desolate surroundings and with the ruffian porter at the gate—some coarse, insolent female; and she had also prepared herself to encounter any rudeness with fortitude. But the first sight of Mrs. Dunbar was enough to show her that her anticipations were completely unfounded.

She was a woman who might have been about fifty, and even older. The outline of her features showed marks of former beauty, and the general air of her face was altogether above the rank of a household domestic. The expression was one of calm, strong self-control, of dignity, and of resolution; at the same time there was in her dark, earnest eyes a certain vigilant outlook, as of one who is on guard at all times; and her gaze as she fixed it upon Edith was one of searching, eager, yet most cautious and wary examination. On the whole, this woman excited some surprise in Edith; and while she was gratified at finding in her one who was not out of the reach of respect, she yet was perplexed at the calm and searching scrutiny of which she was the object. But she did not now take any time to think about this. A vague idea occurred to her that Mrs. Dunbar, like many other housekeepers, was one of that numerous class who "have seen better days;" so, after the first look, she felt sufficiently satisfied, and advancing a step or two to meet her, she frankly held out her hand.

The housekeeper took it, and said, simply, "Welcome to Dalton Hall."

"Thank you," said Edith. "If I had met you before, I might have been spared some humiliation. But I need not talk of that. I am very tired and very faint. I have traveled all day, and have met with gross insult at my own gate. I want food and rest. Will you have the kindness, then, to take me to my own room at once, and then get me a cup of tea?"

Mrs. Dunbar had not removed her earnest eyes from Edith; and even after she had ceased speaking she still looked at her for a few moments in the same way without answering.

"We did not know that you were coming so soon," said she at length; "and I can not tell you how I regret what has happened. It was too hard for you. But we were taken by surprise. I entreat you not to suppose that any thing but kindness was intended."

Edith looked now at Mrs. Dunbar with an earnest scrutiny that was fully equal to the searching gaze of the former. Mrs. Dunbar's tone was cordial and lady-like, but Edith felt repugnance at her use of the word "we." By that little word she at once identified herself with Wiggins, and made herself in part responsible for the scene at the gate.

"Kindness," said she, "is a strange word to use in connection with that scene, when I found myself forced to part with the only mother that I have known since my own mamma died."

Mrs. Dunbar looked at her in silence, and there came over her face a strange, patient expression that at any other time would have excited Edith's sympathy and pity. Some reply seemed to rise to her lips, but if it was so, it was instantly checked; and after a moment's hesitation she said, in a low voice,

"It is cheerless in this room. If you will come with me I will take you where you can be more comfortable."

Saying this, she led the way out, and Edith followed, feeling a little perplexed at Mrs. Dunbar's manner, and trying to understand how it was that she was so identified with Wiggins. She thought she could see an evident kindliness toward herself, but how that could coexist with the treatment which she had received at the gates was rather a puzzle.

Mrs. Dunbar led the way up to the second story, and along a corridor toward the right wing. Here she came to a room in the front of the house which looked out upon the park, and commanded an extensive view. There was a well-furnished bedroom off this room, to which Mrs. Dunbar at once led her.

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"If we had only received notice that you were coming," said she, "you would have met with a better reception."

Edith said nothing, for once more the word "we" jarred unpleasantly upon her.

"Shall you have any objection to occupy this room for to-night?" asked Mrs. Dunbar.

"Thank you," said Edith, "none whatever; but I should like very much to have my luggage. It was taken back to Dalton."

"Taken back?"

"Yes. Miss Plympton was not admitted, and my luggage was on the coach."

Mrs. Dunbar made no reply for some moments.

"I should feel much obliged if you would send one of the servants to fetch it," said Edith.

"I don't see why not," said Mrs. Dunbar, in a hesitating voice.

"And have you any writing materials?" asked Edith. "I should like to send a few lines to Miss Plympton."

Mrs. Dunbar looked at her with one of those strange, searching glances peculiar to her, and after some hesitation said, "I will look."

"Thank you," said Edith, and turned away. Mrs. Dunbar then left her, and did not return for some time. At length she made her appearance, followed by the black servant, who carried a tray. A table was laid in the outer room, and a bountiful repast spread there. Edith did not eat much, however. She sat sipping a cup of tea, and thinking profoundly, while Mrs. Dunbar took a seat a little on one side, so as to be unobserved, from which position she watched Edith most closely. It was as though she was studying the character of this young girl so as to see what its promise might be. And if Mrs. Dunbar had any knowledge of the world, one thing must have been plainly manifest to her in that examination, and that was that this young girl was not to be managed or controlled after the fashion of most of her kind, but would require very difficult and very peculiar treatment if she were to be bent to the will of others. Mrs. Dunbar seemed to recognize this, and the discovery seemed to create distress, for a heavy sigh escaped her.

The sigh roused Edith. She at once rose from her seat and turned round.

"And now, Mrs. Dunbar," said she, "if you will let me have the writing materials I will send a few lines to poor Miss Plympton."

Mrs. Dunbar at once arose, and going out of the room, returned in a few minutes with a desk, which she laid upon another table. Edith at once seated herself to write, and while the black servant was removing the things she hurriedly wrote the following:

"DALTON HALL.

"MY DARLING AUNTIE,—I write at once because I know you will be devoured with anxiety, and will not sleep to-night unless you hear from me. You will be delighted to learn, then, that I am safe and unharmed. The man Wiggins has not yet made his appearance, but I hope to see him this evening. The Hall looks familiar, but desolate, except in the room where I now am writing, where I find sufficient comfort to satisfy me. I am too much fatigued to write any more, nor is it necessary, as I intend to call on you as early as possible to-morrow morning. Until then good-by, and don't be foolishly anxious about your own EDITH."

This note Edith folded and directed to "Miss Plympton, Dalton." After which she handed it to Mrs. Dunbar, who took it in silence and left the room.

For some time Edith sat involved in thought. She had written cheerfully enough to Miss Plympton, but that was from a kindly desire to reassure her. In reality, she was overwhelmed with loneliness and melancholy. The aspect of the grounds below and of the drawing-room had struck a chill to her heart. This great drear house oppressed her, and the melancholy with which she had left Plympton Terrace now became intensified. The gloom that had overwhelmed her father seemed to rest upon her father's house, and descended thence upon her own spirit, strong and brave though it was.

In the midst of her melancholy thoughts she was startled at the sound of a low sigh immediately behind her. She turned hastily, and saw a man standing there, who had entered the room so silently that, in her abstraction, she had not heard him. He was now standing about half-way between her and the door, and his eyes were fixed upon her with something of that same earnest scrutiny which she had already observed in the gaze of Mrs. Dunbar. One glance at this man was sufficient to show her that it was no servant, and that it could be no other than Wiggins himself. He was not a man, however, who could be dismissed with a glance. There was something in him which compelled a further survey, and Edith found herself filled with a certain indefinable wonder as she looked at him. His eyes were fixed on her; her eyes were fixed on him; and they both looked upon each other in silence.

He was a man who might once have been tall, but now was stooping so that his original height was concealed. He was plainly dressed, and his coat of some thin black stuff hung loosely about him. He wore slippers, which served to account for his noiseless entrance. Yet it was not things like these that Edith noticed at that time, but rather the face that now appeared before her.

It was a face which is only met with once

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"AND THIS WAS WIGGINS."

in a lifetime—a face which had such an expression that the beholder could only feel baffled. It was the face of one who might be the oldest of men, so snow-white was the hair, so deep were the lines that were graven upon it. His cheek-bones were prominent, his mouth was concealed by a huge gray mustache, and his cheeks were sunken, while his forehead projected, and was fringed with heavy eyebrows, from behind which his dark eyes glowed with a sort of gloomy lustre from cavernous depths. Over his whole face there was one pervading expression that was more than despondency, and near akin to despair. It was the expression of a man whose life had been a series of disheartening failures, or of one who had sinned deeply, or of one who had suffered unusual and protracted anguish of soul, or of one who has been long a prey to that form of madness which takes the form of melancholy. So this might mean a ruined life, or it might mean madness, or it might be the stamp of sorrow, or it might be the handwriting of remorse. Whatever it was could not certainly be gathered from one survey, or from many, nor, indeed, could it be known for certain at all without this man's confession.

For in addition to this mysterious expression there was another, which was combined with it so closely that it seemed to throw conjecture still further off the track and bewilder the gazer. This was a certain air of patient and incessant vigilance, a look-out upon the world as from behind an outpost of danger, the hunted look of the criminal who fears detection, or the never-ending watchfulness of the uneasy conscience.

All this Edith could not help seeing, and she gathered this general result from her survey of that face, though at that time she could not put her conclusion in words. It seemed to her to be remorse which she saw there, and the manifestations of a stricken conscience. It was the criminal who feared detection, the wrong-doer on the constant look-out for discovery — a criminal most venerable, a wrong-doer who must have suffered; but if a criminal, one of dark and bitter memories, and one whose thoughts,

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reaching over the years, must have been as gloomy as death.

And this was Wiggins!

Not the Mephistopheles which she had imagined; not the evil mocking fiend; but one rather who originally had not been without good instincts, and who might have become a virtuous man had fate not prevented. It was not the leering, sneering tempter that she saw, but rather some representation of that archangel ruined, for it was as though "his brow deep scars of thunder had intrenched, and care sat on his faded cheek."

At first the woman's heart of Edith made itself felt, and she pitied him; but quickly the daughter's heart spoke, and it denounced him. If this man felt remorse, it could only be for one great crime, and what crime was so great as that of the betrayal of Frederick Dalton? Was it this that had crushed the traitor? Thoughts like these flashed through her mind, and her glance, which at first had softened from commiseration, now grew stern and cold and hard; and the fixed, eager look which came to her from those gloomy and mournful eyes was returned by one which was hard and pitiless and repellent. Back to her heart came that feeling which for a moment had faltered: the old hate, nourished through her lifetime, and magnified during the last few days to all-absorbing proportions: the strongest feeling of her nature, the hate of the enemy of herself and the destroyer of her father.

Wiggins, on his part, with his quick, vigilant eyes, did not fail to mark at once the change that had come over Edith. He saw the first glance of pity, and then the transition to coldness deepening into hate. Until then there had seemed a spell upon him which fixed his gaze on Edith, but now the spell was suddenly broken. He removed his gaze, and then, taking a chair, he sat upon it, and for a few moments remained with his eyes fixed on the floor.

At last he raised his head, and, looking fixedly at Edith, began to speak, and spoke in a strange, low, measured tone, with frequent hesitations; in a way also that gave the idea of one who, for some cause or other, was putting a strong constraint upon himself, and only speaking by an effort.

"I regret, very deeply," said he, "that you were treated with rudeness. Had I known that you would come so soon, I should have notified the—the porter. But he—he meant no harm. He is very faithful—to orders."

"I am sorry to say," said Edith, "that it was not the rudeness of the porter that was offensive, but rather the rudeness of yourself."

Wiggins started.

"Of myself?" he repeated.

"Certainly," said Edith; "in refusing to admit one who is my dearest friend on earth."

Wiggins drew a long breath, and looked troubled.

"It was distressing to me," said he at length; "but it could not be."

At this, Edith felt inexpressibly galled, but for the time restrained herself.

"Perhaps you would have been pleased," said she, "if I had gone away with her."

"Oh no," said Wiggins, dreamily—"oh no."

"I thought for a time of doing so," said Edith; "and in that case I should have come to-morrow, or as soon as possible, with the officers of the law, to reply to your orders."

At this Wiggins looked at her with a strange and solemn glance, which puzzled Edith.

"You would have regretted it," said he, "eventually."

"Few would have done as I did," said Edith, "in coming here alone."

"You did right," said Wiggins.

"At the same time," said Edith, firmly, "if I have forborne once, I assure you I shall not do so again. You are in a wrong course altogether. I shall put an end to this at once. And I tell you now that this place must be made ready for Miss Plympton to-morrow. I will have that brutal porter dismissed at once. As to yourself and the housekeeper, I need say nothing just now."

If it had been possible for that gray face to have turned grayer or paler, it would have done so as Edith uttered these words. Wiggins fixed his solemn eyes on her, and their glance had something in it which was almost awful. After a moment he slowly passed his thin hand over his brow, frowned, and looked away. Then he murmured, in a low voice, as if to himself,

"The girl's mad!"

Edith heard these words, and for a moment thought that Wiggins himself must be mad; but his calmness and cold constraint looked too much like sober sense. She herself had her own dark and gloomy feelings, and these glowed in her heart with a fervid fire—too fervid, indeed, to admit of utterance. She too had to put upon herself a constraint to keep back the words, glowing with hot wrath and fervid indignation, which she could have flung upon her father's betrayer. But because words were weak, and because such deeds as his had to be repaid by act and in kind, she forbore.

"It is necessary," said Wiggins at length, "to live here in seclusion for a time. You will gradually become accustomed to it, and it will be all for the best. It may not be for so very long, after all—perhaps not more than one year. Perhaps you may eventually be admitted to—to our purposes."

"This," said Edith, "is childish. What you mean I do not know, nor do I care to. You seem to hint at seclusion. I do not feel inclined for society, but a seclusion of your

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making is not to my taste. You must yourself go elsewhere to seek this seclusion. This is mine, and here I intend to bring the friends whom I wish to have with me. I can only regard your present course as the act of a thoroughly infatuated man. You have had things all your own way thus far, and seem to have come to regard this place as yours, and never to have counted upon any thing but acquiescence on my part in your plans."

Wiggins fastened his solemn eyes upon her, and murmured,

"True."

"It is useless, therefore," said Edith, loftily, "for you to make any opposition. It will only be foolish, and you will ultimately be ruined by it."

Wiggins rose to his feet.

"It is only a waste of time," said he. "I confess you are different from what I anticipated. You do not know. You can not understand. You are too rash and self-confident. I can not tell you what my plans are; I can only tell you my wishes."

Edith rose to her feet, and stood opposite, with her large eyes flaming from her white face.

"This insolence," said she, "has lasted too long. It is you who must obey me—not I you. You speak as though there were no such thing as law."

"I said nothing about obedience," said Wiggins, in a mournful voice, which, in spite of herself, affected Edith very strangely. "I spoke of plans which could not be communicated to you yet, and of my wishes."

"But I," said Edith, mildly, "wish you to understand that I have my own wishes. You make use of a tone which I can not tolerate for a moment. I have only one thing more to say, and that is to repeat my former direction. I *must* have Miss Plympton here tomorrow, and preparations for her *must* be made. Once for all, you must understand that between you and me there is absolutely nothing in common; and I tell you now that it is my intention to dispense with your services at the earliest possible date. I will not detain you any longer."

Saying this, she waved her hand toward the door, and then resumed her seat.

As for Wiggins, he looked at her with his usual solemn gaze during these remarks. His bowed form seemed to be bent more as he listened to her words. When she ceased and sat down he stood listening still, as though he heard some echo to her words. Edith did not look up, but turned her eyes in another direction, and so did not see the face that was still turned toward her. But if she had looked there she would have seen a face which bore a deeper impress than ever of utter woe.

In a few moments he turned and left the room, as silently as he came.

Before retiring that night Edith called Mrs. Dunbar, and gave her some directions about preparing another bedroom and the drawing-room. To her orders, which were somewhat positive, Mrs. Dunbar listened in silence, and merely bowed in reply.

After which Edith retired, weary and worn out, and troubled in many ways.

THE LAST OF THE THREE.*

ONE of Wordsworth's most beautiful poems, though not one of his most widely known, *The Triad*, describes in glowing words the daughter of Southey, his own only daughter, and Sara, the youngest child and only daughter of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Of the lovely and accomplished triad immortalized in this graceful effusion of affection and imagination, the last only, the gifted member of a gifted family, whom an eminent critical authority in England has described as "the inheritrix of her father's genius and almost rival of his attainments," stepped outside of the retirement of the home circle into the great world of letters; and she with such feminine modesty, and with so little solicitude of public applause, that to many the memoir and correspondence so affectionately edited by her daughter will be a revelation and surprise. It was well said of her soon after her death, in 1852, by a writer in *The Literary World*, that her "high intellectual powers were held in harmony with that feminine delicacy and gentleness which sometimes are injured by pride or vanity attendant on the notoriety of authorship. Indeed, a noticeable peculiarity of the story of her literary labors is that they were prompted not so much, if at all, by ambition of authorship as by some form of duty—filial, for the most part, or maternal—which led to the publicity of print." In the charming letters now given to the world is revealed a rare and beautiful character. Richly endowed by nature and highly accomplished, if she had sought for fame she would soon have won it. But fame was not the goal of her ambition. Some moral purpose, some unselfish motive, prompted each of her publications. By this it is not meant that she had any thing in common with that dreadful creature, the "woman with a mission," or that she ever put herself forward as the advocate of "reform." In taking a public place in the con-

* *Memoirs and Letters of Sara Coleridge.* Edited by her Daughter. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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SARA COLERIDGE AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-SEVEN.

pany of authors, says an appreciative critic, "she preserved every grace of feminine character in perfect completeness. Hers was a career of womanly authorship of surpassing dignity and beauty, disfigured by no mean motive or mannish temper." With all her attainments, not a trace of pedantry appears in any of her writings. She never assumed the air of the superior woman; and whether discussing a difficult point in theology, a passage from some ancient or modern poet, a painting of Turner's or Landseer's, or writing a fairy story for the young, she displays the same winning unconsciousness of self, the same graceful, unassuming, natural ease, which made her one of the most delightful of letter-writers.

The beautiful portrait of Sara Coleridge at the age of twenty-seven shows that she was not attractive in mental endowments only. From girlhood she was singularly interesting in person. When she was but fifteen years old William Collins, distinguished chiefly as a landscape painter, described her, in a letter to Washington Allston, as "a most interesting creature." He painted a picture of her, of which her father, writing to the artist, says: "Your picture of Sara has quite haunted my eye ever since. Taken as a mere fancy piece, it is long since I have met with a work of art that has so much delighted me. If I described it as a union of simplicity with refinement, I should still be dissatisfied with the description, for refinement seems to me to express an after-act, a something superinduced. Natural *fineness* would be more appropriate. Your landscape, too, is as exquisite in its correspondence with the figure as it is delightful to the eye itself." The portrait which graces this page was painted just before her marriage. The beauty of

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the child had ripened into that of developed, thoughtful womanhood, as it appears in Wordsworth's word-portrait of her in *The Triad:*

"Last of the Three, though eldest-born,
Reveal thyself, like pensive morn,
Touched by the skylark's earliest note,
Ere humbler gladness be afloat;
But whether in the semblance dressed
Of dawn or eve, fair vision of the west,
Come with each anxious hope subdued
By woman's gentle fortitude,
Each grief, through meekness, settling into rest.
Or I would hail thee when some high-wrought page
Of a closed volume lingering in thy hand
Has raised thy spirit to a peaceful stand
Among the glories of a happier age.
Her brow hath opened on me—see it there,
Brightening the umbrage of her hair;
So gleams the crescent moon, that loves
To be descried through shady groves.
Tenderest bloom is on her cheek.
Wish not for a richer streak,
Nor dread the depth of meditative eye,
But let thy love upon that azure field
Of thoughtfulness and beauty yield
Its homage, offered up in purity.
What wouldst thou more? In sunny glade,
Or under leaves of thickest shade,
Was such a stillness ere diffused
Since earth grew calm, while angels mused?
Softly she treads, as if her foot were loth
To crush the mountain dew-drops, soon to melt
On the flower's breast; as if she felt
That flowers themselves, whate'er their hue,
With all their fragrance, all their glistening,
Call to the heart for inward listening;
And though for bridal wreaths and tokens true
Welcomed wisely; though a growth
Which the careless shepherd sleeps on,
As fitly spring from turf the mourner weeps on,
And without wrong are cropped the marble tomb to strew."

Mrs. Coleridge was once told by a poetical friend that, till he knew the original, he had always taken this passage in *The Triad* for a personification of the Christian grace of faith. She used to smile at her involuntary exaltation, and maintain that there must be something exaggerated and unreal in a description which was liable to such a misinterpretation. Yet the conjecture may have been a right one in the spirit, though not in the letter. Certainly no one who knew Sara Coleridge intimately, and was privileged to see "the very pulse of the machine"—

"A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveler betwixt life and death,
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill"—

could doubt that such a life as hers could only be lived "by faith."

The touching fragment of autobiography, and the brief affectionate memoir in which the story of her life is continued up to the time of her marriage, are a fitting prelude to the charming letters in which is told the history of the wedded life and widowhood of Sara Coleridge. She was born at Greta Hall, near Keswick, December 22, 1802. Her brother Hartley was then about six years old, her brother Derwent, the third child of her parents, about four. Their second child, Berkeley, born in May, 1798, had died in infancy. Sara, her mother used to say, as an infant was not so fine and flourishing as Berkeley, who was of a taller make than any of her other children, or Derwent, though not quite so small as her eldest brother. When about two years old she had a fall into the river Greta from a considerable height. She was speedily rescued, but her constitution received a shock from which she never recovered. To the day of her death she was always delicate. "I can just remember," she says in her autobiographic sketch, "sitting by my aunt Lovell in her little down-stairs wing-room, and exclaiming in a piteous tone, 'I's miseral!' A poor little, delicate, low-spirited child I doubtless was, with my original nervous tendencies, after that escape from the Greta. 'Yes, and you will be miserable,' Aunt Lovell compassionately broke out, as mamma has told me, 'if your mother doesn't put you on a cap.' The hint was taken, and I wore a cap till I was eight years old. I appear in a cap, playing with a doll, in a little miniature taken of me at that age by the sister of Sir William Benthorn."

At the age of six Sara paid a visit to Allan Bank, a large house on a hill overlooking Grasmere, where her father was at that time domesticated with the Wordsworths. She had seen but little of him: indeed, their separation may be said to have been lifelong; for, owing to circumstances too well known to be repeated here, she never lived with him more than a few weeks at a time. His other children lived not much with him, but most of their infancy passed under his eye. Her visit to him at this time was in obedience to his wish that she should spend a month with him at the Wordsworths'. There is something very touching in her account of this episode in her girlish life, written only a few months before her death.

"My father," she says, "insisted upon it that I became rosier and hardier during my absence from mamma. She did not much like to part with me; and I think my father's motive at bottom must have been a wish to fasten my affections on him. I slept with him, and he would tell me fairy stories when he came to bed at twelve and one o'clock. I remember his telling me a wild tale, too, in his study, and my trying to repeat it to the maids afterward.

"I have no doubt there was much enjoyment in my young life at that time, but some of my recollections are tinged with pain. I think my dear father was anxious that I should learn to love him and the Wordsworths and their children, and not cling so exclusively to my mother and all around me at home. He was, therefore, much annoyed when, on my mother's coming to Allan Bank, I flew to her, and wished not to be separated from her any more. I remember his showing displeasure to me, and accusing me of want of affection. I could not understand why. The young Wordsworths came in and caressed him. I sat benumbed; for truly nothing does so freeze affection as the breath of jealousy. The sense that you have done very wrong, or, at least, given great offense, you know not how or why—that you are damned for some

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SARA COLERIDGE—A LATER PORTRAIT.

payment of love or feeling which you know not how to produce or to demonstrate on a sudden, chills the heart, and fills it with perplexity and bitterness. My father reproached me, and contrasted my coldness with the childish caresses of the little Wordsworths. I slunk away and hid myself in the wood behind the house, and there my friend John, whom at that time I called my future husband, came to seek me."

Coleridge loved children. Babies in arms he used to call "little grand lamas." But he could not understand the delicate, sensitive, shrinking nature of a child like his daughter Sara. In later years the most beautiful union of heart and mind grew up between them. In her account of this visit we find this characteristic picture, which is more pleasant to dwell on:

"It was during this stay at Allan Bank that I used to see my father and Mr. De Quincey pace up and down the room in conversation. I understood not nor listened to a word they said, but used to note the handkerchief hanging out of the pocket behind, and long to clutch it. Mr. Wordsworth, too, must have been one of the room-walkers. How gravely and earnestly used Samuel Taylor Coleridge and William Wordsworth and my uncle Southey also to discuss the affairs of the nation, as if it all came home to their business and bosoms, as if it were their private concern!"

It must not be imagined that Sara was a sensitive mope during her childhood, or one of those remarkably uninteresting prodigies, a faultless child. She tells us that during a visit to Allonby, when nine years old, she and a girl of her own age whom she calls "M." sometimes quarreled with the brothers and boy cousins of her young friend, and of course in a trial of strength got the worst of it. She relates how the boys once burst "angrily into our bedroom, and flung a pebble at M., enraged at our having dared to put crumbs into their porridge; not content with which inroad and onslaught, they

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put mustard into ours next morning, the sun having gone down upon their boyish wrath without quenching it. One of them said, 'It was all that little vixen, Sara Coleridge; M. was quiet enough by herself.'"

Her sensitive organization and morbid imaginativeness brought upon her many childish sorrows. During her Grasmere visit she used to feel frightened at night on account of the darkness, although still a stranger to the whole host of night-agitators, ghosts, goblins, demons, burglars, elves, and witches. Horrid ghostly tales and ballads, of which crowds afterward came in her way, had not yet cast their shadows over her mind. And yet she was terrified in the dark, and used to think of lions—the only form of terror which her fancy took at first. Her next bugbear was the ghost in *Hamlet;* then the picture of Death at the gate of Hell, in an old edition of *Paradise Lost*—the delight of her girlhood. Last and worst came her uncle Southey's ballad horrors, above all, *The Old Woman of Berkeley.* So vivid were the agonies endured by the sensitive child between nine and twelve at night, before her mother joined her in bed, in presence of that hideous assemblage of horrors, the horse with eyes of flame, that even late in life she dared not dwell upon the remembrance for fear of calling up some of the old feeling, from which she was never quite free. What made the matter worse was that, like all other nervous sufferings, it could not be understood by the inexperienced, and consequently subjected the child to ridicule and censure. Her uncle Southey, who had no more imagination than a stone, laughed heartily at the cause of the agonies which he could not comprehend. Even her mother scolded her for creeping out of bed, after an hour's torture, and stealing down to her in the parlor, unable longer to bear the loneliness and the night terrors. Her father fortunately understood the case better, and insisted that a lighted candle should be left in her room until she fell asleep or was joined by her mother. From that time the terrors ceased to haunt her. Yet she was always a most fearless child by daylight, ever ready to take the most difficult mountain paths, and outgo her companions' daring in climbing trees. In those early days, she says, "we used to spend much of our summer-time in trees, greatly to the horror of some of our London visitors."

Of all the personal influences which had to do with the formation of the mind and character of Sara Coleridge, by far the most important were those exercised by the two eminent men with whom she was so intimately connected, by ties of kindred or affection, her uncle Southey and her father's life-long friend, Wordsworth. In matters of the intellect and imagination she owed most to Wordsworth. In his noble poetry she took an ever-increasing delight, and his impressive discourse, often listened to on summer rambles over the mountains, or in the winter parlors of Greta Hall and Rydal Mount, served to guide her taste and cultivate her understanding. But in matters of the heart and conscience, for right views of duty and practical lessons of industry, truthfulness, and benevolence, she was more indebted to the daily life and example of Southey, whom she long afterward emphatically declared to have been, "upon the whole, the best man she had ever known."

Before she was five-and-twenty Sara Coleridge had made herself acquainted with the leading Greek and Latin classics, and was well skilled in French, Italian, German, and Spanish. These acquirements were mainly the result of her own efforts, though it is needless to point out the advantages she derived in her studies from the advice and direction of a man like Mr. Southey, and from the use which she was kindly encouraged to make of his valuable library.

Natural history, too, in all its branches, especially those of botany and zoology, was a subject in which she found endless attractions. The beauty of nature manifested in bird or insect, flower or tree, delighted her poetical imagination; while the signs of Divine wisdom and goodness, revealed in all the works of creation, furnished a constant theme for the contemplations of a thoughtful piety. Other advantages accompanied these studies, so healthful both to mind and body. The out-door interests which they provided, the habits of careful observation which they rendered necessary, aided in the harmonious development of her faculties, and served to counterbalance the subjective tendencies of her intellect. She could turn at any time from the most abstruse metaphysical speculations to inspect the domestic architecture of a spider or describe the corolla of a rose.

Her first literary production has a somewhat curious history. It probably had its origin in the assistance she rendered Southey in the collection of material for his South American history. The story, as told by Professor Reed in *The Literary World,* is as follows: "In 1822 there issued from the London press a work in three octavo volumes, entitled '*An Account of the Abipones, an Equestrian People of Paraguay.* From the Latin of Martin Dobrizhoffer, eighteen Years a Missionary in that Country.' No name of translator appears, and a brief and modest preface gives not the least clew to it; even now in catalogues the work is frequently ascribed to Southey. At the time of the publication Miss Coleridge was just twenty years of age, and therefore this elaborate toil of translation must have been achieved before she had reached the years of womanhood. The stout-hearted perseverance needed for such

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a task is quite as remarkable as the scholarship in a young person. Coleridge himself spoke of it with fond and just admiration when, in 1832, he said:

"'My dear daughter's translation of this book is, in my judgment, unsurpassed for pure mother English by any thing I have read for a long time.'

"Southey, in his *Tale of Paraguay*, which was suggested by the missionary's narrative, paid to the translator a tribute so delicate, and so controlled, perhaps, by a sense of his kinswoman's modesty, that one need be in the secret to know for whom it is meant. It is in the stanza which mentions Dobrizhoffer's forgetfulness of his native speech during his long missionary expatriation, and alludes to the favor shown him by the Empress Maria Theresa:

'But of his native speech because well-nigh
Disuse in him forgetfulness had wrought,
In Latin he composed his history,
A garrulous but a lively tale, and fraught
With matter of delight and food for thought;
And if he could in Merlin's glass have seen
By whom his tomes to speak our tongue were taught,
The old man would have felt as pleased, I ween,
As when he won the ear of that great Empress Queen.'
—*Canto* III., *stanza* 16.

"Charles Lamb, in an epistolary strain eminently characteristic, echoes the praise bestowed upon his friend's child, and her rare achievement. Writing to Southey in acknowledgment of a presentation copy of the *Tale of Paraguay*, he says: 'The compliment to the translatress is daintily conceived. Nothing is choicer in that sort of writing than to bring in some remote impossible parallel—as between a great empress and the inobtrusive, quiet soul, who digged her noiseless way so perseveringly through that rugged Paraguay mine. How she *Dobrizhoffered* it all out puzzles my slender Latinity to conjecture.'"

Her daughter tells us that this laborious work was undertaken in the first instance for the purpose of assisting one of her brothers in his college expenses. The necessary means were, however, supplied by his own exertions, and the proceeds of the translation (£125) were funded in Sara Coleridge's name for her own use.

In 1829, after an engagement of seven years, she married her cousin, Henry Nelson Coleridge. Her married life was a very happy one. United by congeniality of tastes and pursuits, nothing marred the harmony of their domestic circle. In the genial atmosphere of loving appreciation, free from the cares and depressing circumstances of her girlhood, she was encouraged and enabled to put forth all her best powers. The imaginative genius which she inherited from her father found its most perfect expression in her beautiful romance of *Phantasmion*, published in 1837. The wild and beautiful scenery of her birth-place, vividly remembered and fondly dwelt on in the enforced seclusion of sickness (for she was now unhappily an invalid) reappears here, idealized by imagination, to form the main subject of the picture, while groups of graceful and dignified figures give animation to the landscape, and fairy forms flitting above or around them, Spirits of the Wind, the Woods, or the Waters, serve as a connecting link between humanity and nature.

Phantasmion was at first intended (though it soon outgrew its original limits) as a mere child's story for the amusement of her little boy. A series of educational rhymes, written for her children, was afterward published under the title of *Pretty Lessons for Good Children*. It proved a popular work, and passed through five editions. These things were, however, merely the amusements of her literary career; its serious work, first pursued in conjunction with her husband, and after his death, in 1843, alone, was that of collecting and arranging for publication the scattered literary remains of her father. The task was left incomplete at her own death ten years later, when it was taken up by her brother, the Rev. Derwent Coleridge. The helpful, loving, and unselfish spirit which made her a willing and affectionate partner in her husband's labors, after his death took a more commanding form, and led her to dedicate the whole of her intellectual existence to the great object of carrying out a husband's wishes, of doing justice to a father's name. In the fulfillment of this sacred trust she found occasion to illustrate and adorn the works which fell under her editorship with several compositions of no inconsiderable extent, and displaying powers of critical analysis, and of doctrinal, political, and historical research and discussion, of no common order. The most important of these are the "Essay on Rationalism, with a special Application to the Doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration," appended to Vol. II. of the *Aids to Reflection*, the "Introduction" to the *Biographia Literaria*, and a preface to the collection of her father's political writings, entitled *Essays on his Own Times, by S. T. Coleridge*, which contains, according to a high authority, the most judicious and impartial comparison between British and American civilization, and the social and intellectual conditions of the two countries, that has yet been written. In the desultory form of notes, appendices, and prefaces were thus expended an amount of original thought and an affluence of learning which, differently and more prominently presented, would have made her famous. It has been well said that there is not one woman in a thousand, not one man in ten thousand, who would have been thus prodigal of the means of celebrity. Her own feeling lines, from an unpublished poem, reveal the depth and

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strength of her affection for her father's memory:

"Father! no amaranths e'er shall wreathe my brow;
Enough that round thy grave they flourish now!
But Love his roses 'mid my young locks braided,
And what cared I for flowers of richer bloom?
Those too seemed deathless—here they never faded,
But, drenched and shattered, dropped into the tomb."

These affectionate labors continued for about seven years after her husband's death, when failing health compelled the relinquishment of the task to other hands. After a lingering and painful illness of about a year and a half, Sara Coleridge was released from her sufferings, borne with unfailing patience, on the 3d of May, 1852. Inclosed in a crypt under the school chapel, in the old church-yard of Highgate, her remains repose beside those of her parents, her husband, and her son.

The letters of this accomplished and most interesting woman, which follow the biographical sketch, and form the bulk of the volume, begin in 1833, and are continued till within a few months of her death. These letters, to use her daughter's words, were not acts of authorship, but of friendship. We feel, in reading them, that she is not entertaining or instructing a crowd of listeners, but holding quiet converse with some congenial mind. Her share of that converse we are privileged in part to overhear, while the response is borne away by the winds in another direction. Touching descriptions of personal feeling, acute remarks and wise reflections, pleasant pictures of literary life—of her father, Wordsworth, Southey, Lamb, De Quincey, Carlyle, and others less prominent in the world of letters—occur in abundance; yet there is little in her correspondence which falls under the head of gossip. She was not given to recording incidents or telling anecdotes about the celebrated men with whom she was on terms of friendship; and her pictures of the social and literary life of the Wordsworths, Southeys, and others are in the form of suggestions and allusions rather than of set descriptions. In reading these charming letters we seem to breathe the atmosphere of her time, and to be admitted into the inner life of the intellectual circle in which she moved with such sweetness, grace, and true womanliness. Sometimes a single graphic touch calls up a picture before the mind's eye. As, for instance, where she writes of Wordsworth, "with one leg upon the stair, delaying his ascent till he had uttered, with an emphasis which seemed to proceed from the very profoundest recesses of his soul, 'I would lay down my LIFE for the Church.'"

Writing to Mr. Aubrey de Vere, in 1847, she gives this interesting and touching description of the Wordsworths in their old age:

"I find them aged since I saw them last in many respects; they both look older in face, and are slower and feebler in their movements of body and mind. Mrs. Wordsworth is wonderfully active; she went three times to church on the fast-day, and would have fasted almost wholly had not Mr. W., in a deep, determined voice, said, 'Oh, *don't* be so *foolish*, Mary!' She wisely felt that obedience was better than this sort of sacrifice, and gave up what she had 'set her heart upon,' poor dear thing! She is very frail in look and voice, and I think it very possible that a real fast might have precipitated her downward progress in the journey of life—I will not say how many steps. Mr. Wordsworth can walk seven or eight miles very well, and he talks a good deal in the course of the day; but his talk is, at the best, but the faintest possible image of his pristine mind as shown in conversation; he is dozy and dull during the greater part of the day; now and then the dim waning lamp feebly flares up, and displays a temporary *comparative* brightness—but *eheu! quantum mutatus ab illo!* He seems rather to recontinue his former self, and repeat by habit what he used to think and feel, than to think any thing new. To me he is deeply interesting, even in his present state, for the sake of the past; the manner in which he enters into domestic matters, the concerns and characters of maids, wives, and widows, whether they be fresh and gay or 'withering in the stalk,' is really touching in one of so robust and manly a frame of mind as his originally was, and, in a certain way, still is. We sit round the fire in the evening, his aged wife, our excellent hostess, your friend S. C., Louisa F., a very handsome and very sweet and good girl, and my E., and talk of our own family matters, or the state of the nation, or the people of history, Tudors and Stuarts, as subjects happen to arise, Mr. W. taking his part, but never talking long at a stretch, as he used to do in former years."

There are many pleasant touches and bits of personal history in these letters, which, for the most part, can only be appreciated in connection with the text. Some of the most interesting portions of her correspondence are those in which she writes familiarly, but often profoundly, of literature and art. Her letters on Keats and Shelley betray a clear and independent judgment, while her criticisms on Wordsworth, whom as a man she almost worshiped, are very striking from her clear appreciation of the falling off in his later productions, to which neither affection nor reverence for his great genius could blind her. Her critique on his *Laodamia* may be cited as an illustration of her clear intellectual perception. She was before Ruskin in appreciating Turner's veracity in landscape painting. In religious philosophy she was a consistent and intelligent disciple of her father; but though holding firmly to her own opinions on points of faith and doctrine, she was never illiberal. She could be just to the heart and mind of poor Blanco White, and protested against the bigotry which classed Shelley's poems under the sixth vial of the Apocalypse.

The editor of this pleasant volume has done her work with excellent taste and judgment. It is always a delicate task to prepare such a collection for the public, though relieved in this case by the peculiar cast of Sara Coleridge's mind from many of the difficulties which ordinarily beset such undertakings. And although, as the editor truly says, to arrest the passing utterances of the hour, and reveal to the world that

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which was spoken in the innermost circle of home affection, or in the outer but still guarded circle of social and friendly intercourse, is a step which can not be taken by survivors without some feelings of hesitation and reluctance, yet we are sure that the number of readers is not few in whose hearts a sympathetic echo will respond to the affectionate words with which her daughter gives these letters to the world, that "if it be well for us to 'think on whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely,' and to rejoice in 'any virtue and any praise,' we ought surely to be willing that all who desire it should hear the music of the words in which these things are uttered, and see the light of the life in which they shone."

TWO PICNICS.

THE FIRST.

"COME to your picnic, forsooth!" said Miss Coulter. "Why should I come? I hate picnics."

"Oh! but, Miss Coulter—" "Hate picnics!" "Why, you *must* come!" said the girls.

"Dare say I shall; there's a vortex about them that draws you in. But I hate them, for all."

"But *why*?" said Myra Cross.

"Well, because they deserve it, I guess," said Miss Coulter. "They're just seed beds of mischief; little innocent-looking furnaces where hearts get overtempered, so as to break easy."

But here a chorus of laughter fairly cut her short.

"Yes, it's nice to laugh at," she said, when they gave her a chance. "Does sound funny, doesn't it?"

"As if hearts ever did break!" said Cornelia.

"Or as if picnics helped them!" said May.

"What business have hearts there, anyhow?" said Myra.

Only little Bessie, that small embodiment of sunshine, flushed up and looked down, and was silent. Miss Coulter glanced at her secretly.

"Maybe they have nothing to do there," she said. "Like enough they *are* better left at home. But some people, girls, ain't good at separating soul and body; it comes awkward. Somehow their hearts stick to 'em wherever they go. Depends very much, I guess, upon where you keep 'em in ordinary."

"Is there more than one place?" said Myra, laughing.

"More than a dozen, I should say," replied Miss Coulter. "Hearts will take to wandering round, if you don't give them something to do where they belong; and then they'll hide away 'most any where—in your over dress, or your boots, or your long curls that belong to somebody else."

There was a little murmur at that, several such curls being just then in sight; but the listeners knew better than to fight Miss Coulter on *that* ground. It was Bessie who spoke first now.

"Have you had such disagreeable picnics, Miss Coulter, that you hate them?" she asked, timidly. "Mine was so pleasant! I never went to but one."

It was indescribable the gesture of Miss Coulter's head. As if she tossed off a sigh and a laugh, and half a dozen other things that must be got rid of.

"I've seen a good many kinds, child," she said; "but the pleasantest one turned out the worst, and the hardest to bear turned out the best. You never can tell what you'll find at a picnic."

"Ah! well, tell us what you found!" cried the girls. "Now, dear Miss Coulter—please!"

"How could the best turn out the worst?" said Bessie, in that same under-tone.

"Well, I don't know how myself," said Miss Coulter. "Such things always do puzzle me, and always will, I suppose. Then I'm not a man—and a woman's comprehension is known to be limited."

There was another laugh at that: only little Bessie looked grave and wistful.

"What had men to do with it, anyhow?" said Myra.

"Did you ever hear of mischief without a man in the midst of it?" inquired Miss Coulter. "There's a world of talk about Eve; but *she* didn't rightly know what she was about: now Adam did. And I think it has been pretty much so all the way down. 'The woman, being deceived,' gets mixed up with a good deal of sorrow as well as transgression; but 'Adam was not deceived.' He walked into things with his eyes open, and has done ever since, like a lord of creation as he is."

"Why, Miss Coulter," said May, "I never heard you talk so in my life before."

"Don't you like men?" said Myra.

"They have their place," said Miss Coulter. "Whether that place is the heart of a woman is a matter of question. But there, girls! it's your own fault. You've got me all riled up talking of picnics."

"Ah, but you shall not get off so!" said Cornelia. "We are going to have that story, if you please, ma'am, before we stir; and if you don't begin soon you'll have us all on your hands to tea."

"Who said any thing about stories?" demanded Miss Coulter.

"You spoke of two picnics," little Bessie suggested.

"And there couldn't be two picnics without at least one story," said Miss Coulter, thoughtfully smoothing down Bessie's brown hair. "No, I don't suppose there could; nor

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one either, perhaps. Well, I don't know as it would do any harm to tell you, and I'm quite certain it won't do any good; so we'll have tea first, girls, and then the story. Maybe it'll help to make you tender of each other—maybe. But I'll not teach the lesson until you have had the text."

So tea was ordered and came in, and Miss Coulter set herself to make her young guests enjoy the delicate good things that always graced her table at the last meal of the day. But her thoughts had got fairly busy with the past; and when every body was helped and pressed to eat and made at home, Miss Coulter poured out a cup of tea for herself, and, refusing all other refreshment, took up her story.

"Every body chiefly concerned in it is dead now"—so she began—"and it can make no difference to *them* if I tell what I never have told yet. It's nigh on to fifty years ago, girls, and I was as strong and gay—yes, and handsome too—as the best of you; and Nannie M'Lean she was the dearest friend I had in the world. You see, we had grown up together, for she was an adopted daughter in my father's house. Nannie was not what is called handsome: I guess every one of you could bear the bell over her for mere personal beauty, and I know *I* did; but I should like to be sure that you, or I either, had as guileless a soul, as sweet a temper, as tender a heart, as Nannie M'Lean. And so when you looked at her it was no question of color and shape, but of sunshine and pure air: a sight of her face was like a breath from the mountain-top. Still she was *not* handsome—not what men call so; and the power she had, which was really great, had nothing to do with the chicanery of good looks."

"Chicanery!" said Cornelia, with a toss of her pretty head.

"What sort of power, then, Miss Coulter?" said May.

"It is hard to tell how some people lay hold of you," said Miss Coulter. "They win you and wind themselves about you, and make themselves indispensable; that is all you know. So did Nannie. Every body wanted her, and she must go every where: and she did, whether it was a bee, or a harvest-home, or a blackberry frolic; for we did not go to picnics with kid gloves on in the days of fifty years ago."

"But, dear Miss Coulter," said May, "fifty years ago! Do you mean that your hatred of picnics has lived on down through all *that* length of time?"

"The mischief lasted through forty of them," said Miss Coulter. "But it's not quite fifty years—only, as I said, nigh on to that—since there was a great picnic in our long meadow: very different from your picnics now, but every bit as good in its way—and as bad. Of course Nannie and I were very busy. We were in charge of the whole thing, so far as general arrangements were concerned, and had to do a deal of baking and boiling and compounding, such as always goes on at such times. There's a great fuss made nowadays," said Miss Coulter, reflectively, "over lady-cake and macaroons and patties and boned turkey; but I have yet to see any thing that comes near election-cake, as we used to make it, and the little pound-cakes that would melt in your mouth; seed-cakes that tasted like something, and jumbles!—the real thing! And as for chicken pies, I think the race has died out!"

"We have méringue pies, ma'am," said Cornelia, who had a weakness in that direction.

"Yes," said Miss Coulter, scornfully, "and they are about as near my Nannie's cream pies as the people that make 'em are to her! But a real cream pie of *that* stamp is what very few people in this generation have ever heard about. Things were different; and so, instead of expecting to sit still and count our pretty fingers or study each other's frills and furbelows, we were to have something to do at our picnic. There were fifty quarts of strawberries to pick and hull."

"Fifty quarts! At a picnic!" said the girls. "How very odd!"

"Why not?" said Miss Coulter. "Any harm in doing some good while you are enjoying yourselves?"

"But you mean *for* the picnic, I suppose," said Cornelia.

"No, I don't," said Miss Coulter. "I mean *at* the picnic, and for the church. Our minister's wife was sick that summer, and we were going to make all their sweetmeats."

"But I should think you would call it a 'bee,' Miss Coulter," said little Bessie.

"Well, yes, so they did in those days," said Miss Coulter; "but bees are so out of fashion now—all sorts of bees—that I gave it the modern name. It was a picnic with some sense in it; commonly called then a bee. A mere young people's bee, for we wanted to do the whole thing ourselves—picking, preserving, and presenting. It was as fine a day, girls, that 7th of June, as ever came up, all bright and shining, over this twisted world. Air new washed with showers, dust laid, strawberries dried off and ripened to the very picking point—a flood of summer every where. There was nothing wanting that could not be found that day in our village in any quantity except truth and honor and a few other little things that always have been scarce. Birds—how they sang! as if every tree had its nest, and no black snakes had ever crawled into Eden. And flowers! Well, they talk of roses nowadays, but I'd like to come across such ones as we had that morning: great cabbage-roses, so big you couldn't smell them all at

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once; and white climbers, and damask—red as your cheeks, Cornelia; and the sweet innocent-looking little May roses, not yet past; and the striped Scotch, all bloom and prickles; honeysuckles too—people don't set much store by them now; and lavender and rosemary and southern-wood—sweet things that have had to give way to patchouly and other druggist's stuff. The house was gay with columbines and sweet-williams and pinks, and when you looked in the garden it was hard to believe that one had been picked. There were so many people coming that day that Nannie and I had four girls to help us manage the things. Your mother was one, Bessie, and Cornelia's aunt. And we six ushers were to wear a simple bunch of lavender in our hair, tied with a white ribbon, that we might be easy to find if there was any thing wanted. So the day came. Not a cloud but a few fair-weather beauties to break and vary the universal sunshine with their flying shadows; a clear, lively breeze, not too strong; and a crowd of happy faces. Well, well!" said Miss Coulter, as she paused and looked thoughtfully out of the window. "Nigh fifty years have trodden down the dust and the grass over all that, and yet I see it as plain as I did then. My Nannie stood at the little front-gate to give the first greeting, and to pass the people on to me at the front-door (for some had shawls and some had umbrellas to dispose of); and I remember to this day just how she looked the minute before and the minute after Seth Guile came up. Seth Guile was not of our village. But he had run down from college with old Dr. White's son for a week's pleasure in the winter, and now a week's play in the summer, and we had seen him at church, and Mrs. White had asked us to tea; so we were quite acquainted. He came late. Almost every body else was in the field, and I was just thinking to go there myself; but I saw that Nannie lingered at her post, and so of course I stood fast at mine. In these days people would say she was waiting for her fate; anyhow it came. And I knew it before she did. It didn't need two looks at Seth's face as he came up to know what *he* saw in the summer day. And when my Nannie's head drooped, and she made him a grave courtesy, instead of the laugh and jest she had given to every one else, I knew well enough what the birds were singing to *her*. And for a minute I felt surprised. Not that I had in any way appropriated Seth Guile to myself, but, like all the other girls in the village, I had looked at him, just as all you girls do now at any new-comer."

"How do we do now, Miss Coulter?" said Cornelia, laughing.

"As an unknown possibility. Then I knew that I was much the prettiest of the two, and of course it was a little wonder to find that Seth's eyes went the other way. I wondered for the first minute, and then it was all good fun, and fun I meant to have out of it; but as Nannie turned and came up the walk by his side (there was nobody to wait for now), one sight of her face made me lock up my fun, or, rather, turned it all into deep earnest. Still with her head a little bent, and his eyes on her face, and he talking so eagerly that they never came up to me and the house door at all, but passed right on into the meadow. And I smiled to myself, and came after. Up along that walk," said Miss Coulter, looking out of the window again; "and through that very bar-place—so they went, and so I followed. The field has been cleared since then, and the orchard has been planted and grown old; but fifty years ago it was as rich a strawberry meadow as you will often find. Enough scattered trees and bushes and cropping-out rocks to give shade to both berries and pickers; for though the fruit grew all over, the largest and finest was generally hid away a little, where you had to look for it. And that was always my idea about girls," said Miss Coulter; "but in those days the girls thought so too. And so, as we went hither and thither with our tin pails and cups—there were no stacks of pint baskets to be had then—it was Seth who followed Nannie, she busy about her work, and hardly daring to look up at him. Hid away in a deep white sun-bonnet, as she was, Seth had to watch his chances of seeing her face, and make the most of them when they came."

"A sun-bonnet!" said Myra. "Only fancy it!"

"How horrid!" said Cornelia.

"Well, I don't know about that," said Miss Coulter. "They do have larger berries now, I suppose; what with French plants, and what they call 'cultivation,' the fruit does make a show, standing out on the sidewalk to be looked at as you go by. But I'd rather have one of the old-time strawberries, sought out and gathered from among the clover, needing no washing to get the sand off, wet with the fresh dew, ripened in the scented air—I'd rather have *one* like that than a whole quart measure of such as they bring to market nowadays—overripe and wilted and the hulls off—a strawberry that told where it was only by its wild-wood fragrance, and waited to be found, and was in no hurry to be picked.

"Well, well!" said the old lady, breaking off with a sigh. "I'm old-fashioned, and there's no use denying it. But, anyhow, Seth Guile wanted nothing better than could be had that day. And the way he and Nannie filled their baskets at some times and didn't fill 'em at others would have set the whole field on the watch if I hadn't covered things up. As it was, folks began to smile to each other before dinner was over; and when night came there wasn't one in that meadow

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who had much doubt of the state of the case. And not one of them but was glad; for nobody in the village thought any thing too good for my Nannie, and Seth Guile was already an uncommon favorite. He staid on after the rest that night, hanging round with a pretense of helping us measure the berries, or weigh the sugar, or any thing else about which men know nothing, until at last he got what he wanted, and I asked him to stay to tea. And of course *then* he staid on till the moon rose.

"It's well for the moon, I often think," said Miss Coulter, again breaking off, "that she's as cold and frozen up as she is. What things she has risen—and set—upon! What sights she has seen, what whispers she has heard! If I were young again, and going to be married fifty times, instead of the once which I never was, I'd have all *my* lovers' vows sworn in the sunlight. Moonshine's plenty and cheap, and so gets made up into many a new dress that won't wash and wear."

Little Bessie glanced up and down at this, and Miss Coulter stroked her head softly and smiled; then, with a sigh, went back to her subject.

"It was the old story, girls—'old,' as we old folks call it, though it seems wonderfully new when you hear it for the first time. The moon comes fresh out of the mint such nights, and the silver dust of her coinage falls around very 'promiscuous' indeed. I remember we hadn't a bit of bread left for tea (after all that had gone afield) but the end of a loaf that was two days old. And la! if it had been twenty days instead of two, Seth wouldn't have found it out. I've no doubt he thought it was pound-cake, hot out of the oven. He'd have eaten blue-mould, with Nannie to cut it for him, and looking at her. She was worth looking at, too. You girls in these days put rouge on your cheeks, and take arsenic and belladonna to brighten your eyes, but my Nannie's face had the clear red and white of happiness and the sparkling of joy. And when Seth went away that night the bunch of lavender had somehow disappeared from Nannie's fair head, and now hung at his button-hole, white ribbon and all.

"When people understand each other, there's not much use in making believe they don't," said Miss Coulter, with another light touch on Bessie's forehead; "and so Nannie and Seth were engaged, my father giving his hearty consent. But (unhappily, as I thought then) the marriage must wait. Seth was deep in his studies yet, getting ready to kill or cure with his jalap and calomel and all the old-fashioned doctors' stuff, and would not be through and his own man for a year or two. However, our village was not beyond reach, even in those days of slow coaches, and vacations worked round tolerably often; and if the post came in but once a week, maybe it was all the better when it came. Life flourished, and love flourished, and the world generally seemed growing better. We had an unusual amount of full moon about those days.

"Seth Guile graduated with all the honors—head of his class, prime favorite in his college, and undoubted leader of the aforesaid world. It was too far and too expensive for us to go over and hear his valedictory, but he told us about it, which, I guess, was better, especially as my Nannie was by no means anxious to parade herself and her engagement before the public, as is the fashion in these times. She was not ashamed of her love, but it was rather too precious a thing to be fingered by common hands. So even to the village people there was little said and little told; only Nannie and I held long confidences, and other folks, by degrees, returned to their own business, or somebody's else, and half forgot ours, except, of course, when Seth Guile—or Dr. Guile, as he began to be called—came down for one of his flying visits, and sat in our pew, and walked home with Nannie from church.

"There is a great deal of talk sometimes," said Miss Coulter, "against long engagements, and it all sounds plausible enough, but, after all, it's a point on which I have never clearly made up my mind. Why should people wait, if they love each other, and there's nothing in the way? But then, on the other hand, why shouldn't they—if there seems to be cause? True things will stand, and shaky ones won't, fix it anyhow you will; though, of course, with a short engagement there's always the chance of a long delusion, which may last you all your life. I don't know; it's a deep question. However, this engagement had to be long; for when the last year of Seth's college life had gone by there came a sudden advice and resolve to cross over to France, and pick up some of the new-fangled notions that were lying round there. If I could, I'd have married them then, and sent Nannie along; but every man concerned in the business, my father and all, said that was impossible. 'Unheard of,' they said—which didn't scare me in the least, for, after all, there must be a first time. But it was not a case where women's word could prevail when the men all said no; and as for Nannie, of course she never opened her lips on the subject, except to sigh. And nobody heard that but me.

"So Seth Guile sailed for France, and America was left empty to that point you'd have thought all the men had gone out of it, instead of one. He ate the first ripe strawberries with us just before he sailed; and my Nannie touched not another one that summer, nor, I guess, ever again to the end of her life. I've never eaten any sweet ones since myself.

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"And so that picnic passed quite away, and all visible traces of it came to an end. The leaves that had shadowed us were long since withered and fallen and blown out of sight; the marks of our footsteps had followed the summer; and now even Seth Guile's last tread upon the walk—it was a wet morning when he went away, and one strong, clean-cut step was left upon the gravel—even that too had passed away, and was stamped out by the coming and going of careless feet. But Nannie got it by heart first; for I think she went down and stood by it twenty times a day while it staid.

"I don't know any thing much more sickening," said Miss Coulter, abruptly, "than such small, inanimate tokens of what has been. The little, worthless, insignificant trifles that outlast what you really care for, they are more weird and keen-edged and heart-piercing sometimes than far greater things could be, taking you all unawares. So when the gate had swung to after Seth, and I came back to take up the daily round of duties, which must revolve, like the earth, quite regardless of earthquakes and volcanoes, I stood looking at the breakfast-table for ever so long before I could touch it. There was Seth's chair, half pushed back—when would he draw it up again?—and his knife and fork, as he had dropped them when the coach horn sounded, and the half-finished egg which Nannie had coaxed him to take, the broken biscuit, the glass of water partly drunk, the empty cup. I stood looking until Nannie came up behind me, and laying her hands on my shoulders, stood looking too. But then she turned and ran away, and I took up the round of life-work, and the day went on.

"Girls," said Miss Coulter, breaking off suddenly, "take some more cake. When I get talking about some things I forget every thing else; so if you don't look out for yourselves you'll come off poorly. Put more sugar on your berries, Bessie; they want smothering, child!"

"No, ma'am, thank you," said the young girl, shyly; "they are very sweet."

"Very sweet!" said Miss Coulter. "I wonder if you even know what 'very sour' means?"

THE SECOND.

"And you'll tell us the next story in the twilight, Miss Coulter?" said Cornelia, as the tea went merrily on.

"It's only the second volume of this, child."

"Better and better," said Myra. "I delight in second volumes; they clear every thing up so."

"Do they?" said Miss Coulter, with her short laugh. "In some stories I think it takes the third to do that."

"Well, you can tell us the third too," said May, laughing.

"The third volume of this isn't published."

"Published!" cried Cornelia. "Do you mean that this is a real written-down story?"

"It is real," said Miss Coulter, "and I think," she added, slowly, "it is written down, and the whole will be published some time."

"Why, that is quite charming!" said Myra.

Miss Coulter laughed dryly. "Very charming," she said, "for some of the parties concerned! Girls, I told you I was getting riled up with talking and thinking; now be quiet and let me rest. I'm too old to show my tempers."

But a little storm of laughter and entreaties met this.

"If you leave off here," said Cornelia, "we shall think there was a murder committed at the other picnic."

"That was pretty near the state of the case," said Miss Coulter.

"A murder at a picnic!" cried little Bessie, seizing her friend's hand. "Oh, how dreadful!"

Miss Coulter fondled the little hand in hers.

"No, dear, not quite," she said, tenderly; "but there would have been if the Lord had not interfered. He is the only real help in such cases, Bessie; never forget that."

"I hope it was not June this time," said Myra.

"It was October. Not the one following Seth Guile's departure, but a whole year from that; for so long had he been away. There were no telegrams, you know, in those days, and letters did not come every minute, and get here before they were written, as they do now. But then they *were* letters. Now you scratch off a greeting, a request, your love, and your name, tuck it all into an envelope, and call it a letter. But we used real sheets of paper in the old time, and they were full. Seth Guile's always bore double postage, but he paid *that*."

"Did letters ever get delayed then?" asked little Bessie, wondering, I suppose, how people lived if they *did*.

"Oh yes," said Miss Coulter. "Really, one way and another, the world is pretty much alike at all times. I think you worry more nowadays at missing the night mail than we did then when that failed which should come once a month. People expected to wait then, and grew patience. It's only an old-fashioned herb now.

"So of course Nannie had her ups and downs in the letter line, like other folks. Sometimes it was no letter, and sometimes two at once. But she never could take my advice, and distribute the reading so as to make it last. If a dozen had come, they must all be read straight off, as fast as her eyes could devour them. And just now, in this early part of October, was one of the times when the mails had been irregular, and we were looking eagerly for the next

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French packet to come in. Meanwhile we had our picnic. It was an apple bee this time —not to cut up, but to pick up; and, if any thing, there was more to prepare than usual, for October air always makes people sharp. And my Nannie was the busiest of the busy; for she never attended to her private cares and anxieties until all outside duties were disposed of, which, of course, left her little time for fretting. I think I see her now," said Miss Coulter, with a sigh; "her hands so full of business and her face so full of thought. For it so happened that this was the first large picnic at our house since the June of three years before. I knew Nannie remembered it, as I did; and for all the soft gladness in her face, I could see that as the morning wore on her eyes grew wistful and her cheeks were pale. It was so long to wait! A year and a half now almost since she had seen him, and it might be another half year before he came home. The last letters had been rather vague. And meantime life was slipping away.

"'What did he say, Nannie, exactly, about his coming?' I asked her, as I was changing my dress up stairs. Nannie had finished her dressing, and was standing by the window looking dreamily out.

"'Said—he couldn't tell,' she answered, slowly. And then she came and flung her arms round me and hid her face in my neck for a moment, and then hurried down to receive the first comers to the bee.

"I don't know how it happened," said Miss Coulter, "but our picnics were always what you call a great success. And I think, of all the ones I ever saw, for brilliancy that one in October took the prize. The air was like bottled cider, spicy and sweet and fit to turn your head; our feast was a wonder, and the people—how they did go on! I think there were three new engagements that very day: and we picked up more apples than we knew what to do with."

"It is such a funny combination!" said Cornelia, laughing—"the engagements and the apples. I can not get used to it."

"Not at all funny, if you mean strange," said Miss Coulter. "Girls always look best when they are at work. And then there were so many opportunities for helping, and so many remote nooks to which the apples *would* roll! And the strong, limber young fellows showed so well up in the apple-trees, bareheaded, brown with the sun, and gay as bobolinks; and the girls were so pretty, looking up from their deep sun-bonnets, afraid of the falling apples, and just a little more afraid of those who shook them down! And then, as I said, the air was enough to craze one."

"Dear Miss Coulter," said Myra, laughing mischievously, "I should think you must have been engaged at just such a picnic yourself!"

"Maybe I was, and maybe I wasn't," said Miss Coulter. "But that's neither here nor there—at least it's not here, if it was there. All of the folks came early but one, and he was a young city-bred fellow, who first staid for a killing toilet, and then, as it was mail-day, waited for the coach, that he might get his letters and bring the news. And the news was (for us) that the French mail-packet had got in. Of course after that Nannie and I had but one thought in our heads and one wish in our hearts—that the day would end and the people go home that she might get her letters. But my Nannie at least gave no token of impatience that others could see. *I* knew that the color went out of her cheeks in the struggle to be patient, and not all the fingers of the October wind could bring it back. Quiet and gentle and pale, she went round among the guests, attending to every body, giving every one a word, or a laugh, or a helping hand, but with a smothered fever of eagerness upon her that made the veins in her pretty throat go beat, beat, in a wild sort of way.

"Young Chapman—did I say what his name was?—had brought his own dispatches from the post—I thought at the time just to show how many they were. More than most of us in the village could ever boast. Letters, and a roll from his law-office, with a bundle of newspapers and pamphlets. And when he had run through them all (for I must say he picked up very few apples, not being in love with any body but himself) he very generously scattered them right and left for the rest of us to see. But there was small notice taken of them just then, what with the love and the apples, and the papers lay on the rocks, and drifted about a little in the wind, and were forgotten. The day was wearing on now, and we had done dinner, and packed up our dishes, and the people had gone back to their work and their play, and I besought Nannie to sit down and rest while I loaded up the cart and sent it home. For she looked so tired that I could not bear to see her about.

"'It's near three o'clock, dear,' I whispered; 'just a little while more.'

"She smiled at me, one of her fair, sweet smiles, and picking up one of the drifting papers that Chapman had thrown aside, she sat down in a shady corner near by, and pretty much out of sight of every one else. And she watched me, and talked a little, and then began to read.

"From that day to this," said Miss Coulter, again breaking off, "I never hear the cracking of china without feeling as if some of my heart-strings had snapped too. For just as I was crowding in the last cup where there was no room for it, and the cup, resisting, went to pieces in my fingers, at that moment I heard a cry. And at the end of a thousand years I should hear it, as I do

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now, as I did then. A low cry that meant dying without being death.

"In such moments mercifully the power of action remains, while sensation seems all gone. I had tossed the baskets out of the cart, and gathered up my Nannie and laid her in it, and hidden the newspaper in my bosom, before even the nearest to us knew there was any thing the matter. No one had seen her reading, hid away in her nook, but the cart stood in plain sight.

"Next to the blessing of your own keened wits at such a time comes the exceeding stupidity of every body else. How they talked, and 'supposed,' and 'imagined,' and 'guessed!' only just not driving me wild with their clatter, because I was too glad to have them make it. 'The heat,' said one, and 'fatigue,' said another; and I sent them all back to their work, and followed the cart home myself alone. I had sense enough not to try to restore her *there*. Quiet was the best thing for her, I told them, and I don't know what else; but I carried my point, and before many weary minutes were gone by I had my Nannie in the house and on her little white bed, from which for long, long weeks she never rose again. The first fainting-fit passed off into wild delirium, and it was hours, I guess, before I had a chance to even look at the paper I had torn from her hand. I don't know what instinct carried my eyes to the right place at once.

"'MARRIED—On the 7th of June, in Paris, France, Seth Guile, M.D., to Ellen, only daughter of Simon Longworth, Esq. All of the United States, N. A.'"

Miss Coulter paused, but nobody spoke. She sighed, passing her hand over her face.

"If I could show you that paper, girls," she went on presently, "if I could bear to show it to you, you would see how my fingers have worn it through. Day after day, sitting there by my Nannie, listening to her ravings, I held that paper in my hand, gazing at the printed words, hearing her wild protestations of love and truth—the whole innocent treasure of her heart—till I was well-nigh crazed myself."

"And, oh! did she live? *could* she live?" said little Bessie, whose blue eyes were all quenched with tears. Miss Coulter stroked her head tenderly.

"Poor little one!" she said, "you have never learned yet that when we can not die because we want to, we live because we must. Happy are they who can accept the Lord's good pleasure, whether for life or death. Slowly, slowly the brain-fever ran its course, and my Nannie crept back again to what we call life. And then I watched to see whether the mind would revive as well as the body; but for days after the fever left her and she became quiet she spoke no word, and the old doctor bade me give her time. He alone was in our secret, old Dr. White, who had known Seth Guile before we did. So again the days went by, and my Nannie lay white and silent and still; her eyes lifted to my face, or following me about the room, or going in a long, wistful gaze to the snowy world outside; for autumn had passed, and winter had come, and even that too was slipping away. Slowly, slowly the light came back to her eyes—a changing light, that was first simple consciousness, and then full agonized recollection, and then—the shining of Heaven dawned there, and never set again. And I, looking on awe-struck, saw defeat give way to victory, and the crown even already laid upon the cross.

"But for days after she was herself so far as to know us all, she never voluntarily spoke a word. If we asked her, she answered, nothing more, and that most often by a sign. And after a while the searching looks with which at first she scanned my face were quite given up; she looked at no one. For hours, lying there on her bed, she would gaze out of the window, as if at some fixed point, not moving, not saying a word; but that her thoughts were at work I had no doubt. And slowly so, as it seemed to me, the brow grew quieter, the look less stony, the lines of the mouth were more unbent, and a glow—like the first faint flush of the morning—began to show itself in her eyes. I was wild to find out how she felt, and still I dared not talk to her, and break the quiet which the doctor had enjoined.

"We were in her room one evening, he and I—the good old doctor, who had watched my Nannie like his own child—and I had been pouring out my grief and impatience, and begging to be allowed to break this weary silence. We had thought her dozing, or else, perhaps, the doctor would have spoken more softly.

"'It is so hard!' I said, under my breath. And he answered me aloud,

"'Not if you take it right, my dear. "The Lord is good to all: His tender mercies are over all His works."'

"And then, like a breath from the other world—so sweet, so clear, so unearthly—came the tones of my Nannie's voice. 'Even me!' she said: that was all.

"They set great store by a hymn with that refrain now," said Miss Coulter, as she paused and wiped away a few tears; "and people sing it for the sweet sound pretty often, I guess, without knowing what it means. But if ever there spoke a child of God—accepting His will, acknowledging His love, and ready to do His pleasure—there spoke one then. Old Dr. White broke right down, and cried like a baby. And as for me, I could almost have died then and there, I was so happy. For 'when He giveth quietness, who then can make trouble?' and I knew that my Nannie was at last beyond

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reach of Seth Guile, with the Lord's own hand forever stretched out between her and all evil."

"And do you think that can always be true for any body, Miss Coulter?" said Bessie, with a grave face.

"Christ is the captain of the Lord's host," said Miss Coulter. "Did ever any outgeneral Him? One thing my Nannie could not do—she could not talk of what had been. From that day Seth Guile's name never passed her lips, nor mine. I was sure she knew all; I was sure she remembered all; but she never spoke of it. Like a fair, sweet shadow, she left her bed at last, and began to move softly about the house, doing by degrees her old work. Like a beam of light from heaven she went on shining from that time until the end."

"Was it long?" asked little Bessie, with a shiver.

"Very long, as men count. More than forty years scattered their snows and dropped their rose leaves; more than forty times she saw the June light flush over the world, and the October orchards crimson with their fruit, before the Lord said, 'It is enough.' And when at last He took her home there were two glad hearts—my Nannie's and mine."

"Forty years!" said Myra. "Oh, Miss Coulter, how did she live through all that time?"

"By the will of God," said Miss Coulter, solemnly. "I had almost said upon His will. It seemed to be the one thing life had left for her. And morning and noon and night, day in and day out, it *was* her life. Working for Jesus—bearing His message not only on her lips but in her face; giving to every one the quickest sympathy, the tenderest help; counseling, comforting, drawing others to Christ—so she lived. Most of all, her heart went forth to the young things of the village, and they were not slow to find it out. They came to her with their troubles, they told their joys first to her. Even love-stories and love-letters yielded up their secrets before that face of refined silver; and no girl thought herself dressed for her wedding unless my Nannie sat by to see. To the weddings themselves she never went."

"I don't see how she could bear any of it," Bessie said, under her breath.

"She had gone up on a higher table-land," said Miss Coulter, "where all these lower winds of earth could reach her but remotely, and she saw the cloud-heads at her feet."

"And things do die out," said Cornelia, who was in her third engagement.

"No, they don't—not a bit," said Miss Coulter, sharply: "not out of some natures. The color is there as long as there's a thread of the stuff left to show it; though maybe it is all hid away, and never *does* show to human eyes. It never did but once in this case, and that was when a good twenty years had come and gone.

"Minnie Devaux, a young neighbor of ours, fresh from school and from Europe and from things in general, of course (among the rest) was engaged to be married, and equally of course she could not rest till she had displayed her new acquisition before my Nannie's eyes. So, when 'Worth' arrived, the next thing was to bring him to us; and Nannie and I were told that he was in our sitting-room. We went down stairs quietly enough, until suddenly a gay laugh sounded from the room, and Nannie sprang past me, and went in alone. I think she was half beside herself for the minute, for it was Seth Guile's own laugh. And there, standing by the window, his head bent down toward Minnie in Seth's own way, the June sunshine all tangled in Seth's very hair, stood 'Worth,' or Longworth Guile, his only son. And Nannie gave a cry, like the echo of that one so long ago, and dropped on the floor in a dead faint, from which I thought she never would wake again.

"And did she wake again, Miss Coulter?" said May.

"Ay," said Miss Coulter, "she waked with one long shiver, and sat up, and lived. But she never raised her eyes while Longworth staid, nor let them find him any where ever again. She lived a life of utter, whole consecration, the light of the Lord's face so full upon her that all lesser lights grew pale. And if I could tell you, girls, how many hearts He sent her to bind up, how many quarrels she healed, how many souls she won over to her Master's side—if I could show you the long, long train of followers of Christ who first came to Him following her—you would get a glimpse, maybe, of what the Lord meant when He said, 'I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction.'"

"But, Miss Coulter," whispered little Bessie, lingering behind the rest, "John Loring could never do so?"

"Is his name John?" asked Miss Coulter, kissing the girl's uplifted face. "No, dear," she added, with a short laugh. "'John' never does—it's always 'James!'"

SONNET.

By PAUL H. HAYNE.

This eve, along the calm, resplendent west,
I marked a cloud alive with fairy light—
A light so pure, yet warm, so softly bright,
It seemed a spirit of ether floating, blessed,
In its own happy empire. While possessed
With admiration of this marvelous sight,
Slowly its hues—opal and chrysolite—
Faded, as at some wizard's stern behest.

The cloud became a terror, whose dark womb
Throbbed with keen lightnings, by destruction hurled,
Red bolt on bolt, while a drear, ominous gloom
Enveloped nature; o'er the startled world,
A deep alarum, burst the thunder-boom,
And the swift storm its coal-black wings unfurled!

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NORTHERN CALIFORNIA.

By CHARLES NORDHOFF.

I.—THE SACRAMENTO VALLEY.

THE State of California extends over somewhat more than ten degrees of latitude. If it lay along the Atlantic as it lies along the Pacific coast, its boundaries would include the whole shore line from Cape Cod to Hilton Head, and its limits would take in the greater portion of ten of the original States.

It contains two great mountain ranges—the Sierra Nevada and the Coast Range. These, running parallel through the State, approach each other so closely at the south as to leave only the narrow Tejon Pass between them; while at the north they also come together, Mount Shasta rearing its splendid snow-covered summit over the two mountain chains where they are joined.

Inclosed within these mountain ranges lies a long, broad, fertile valley, which was once, no doubt, a great inland sea. It still contains in the southern part three considerable lakes—the Tulare, Kern, and Buena Vista—and is now drained from the south by the San Joaquin River, flowing out of these lakes, and from the north by the Sacramento, which rises near the base of Mount Shasta. These two rivers, the one flowing north, the other south, join a few miles below Sacramento, and empty their waters into the bay of San Francisco.

That part of the great inland plain of California which is drained by the Sacramento is called after its river. It is more thickly inhabited than the southern or San Joaquin Valley, partly because the foot-hills on its eastern side were the scene of the earliest and longest continued, as well as the most successful, mining operations; partly because the Sacramento River is navigable for a longer distance than the San Joaquin, and thus gave facilities for transportation which the lower valley had not; and finally, because the Sacramento Valley had a railroad completed through its whole extent some years earlier than the San Joaquin Valley.

The climate of the Sacramento Valley does not differ greatly from that of the San Joaquin, yet there are some important distinctions. Lying further north, it has more rain; in the upper part of the valley they sometimes see snow; there is not the same necessity for irrigation as in the lower valley; and though oranges flourish in Marysville, and though the almond does well as far north as Chico, yet the cherry and the plum take the place of the orange and lemon; and men build their houses somewhat more solidly than further south.

The romance of the early gold discovery lies mostly in the Sacramento Valley and the adjacent foot-hills. Between Sacramento and Marysville lay Sutter's old fort, and near Marysville is Sutter's farm, where you may still see his groves of fig-trees, under whose shade the country people hold their picnics, his orchards, which still bear fruit, and his house, which is now a country tavern. Of all his many leagues of land the old man has, I believe, but a few acres left, and of the thousands who now inhabit and own what once was his not a dozen would recognize him, and many probably scarcely know his name. His riches melted away, as did those of the great Spanish proprietors; and he who only a quarter of a century ago owned a territory larger than some States, and counted his cattle by the thousand—if, indeed, he ever counted them—who lived in a fort like a European noble of the feudal times, had an army of Indians at his command, and occasionally made war on the predatory tribes who were his neighbors, now lives upon a small annuity granted him by the State of California. He saved little, I have heard, from the wreck of his fortunes; and of all who were with him in his earlier days, but one, so far as I know—General Bidwell, of Chico, an able and honorable gentleman, once Sutter's manager—had the ability to provide for the future by retaining possession of his own estate of twenty thousand acres, now by general consent the finest farm in California.

As you go north in California the amount of rain-fall increases. In San Diego County they are happy with ten inches per annum, and fortunate if they get five; in Santa Barbara twelve and a half inches insure their crops; the Sacramento Valley has an average rain-fall of about twenty inches, and eighteen inches insure them a full crop on soil properly prepared. This year they have had less, yet the crops looked well wherever the farmers had summer-fallowed the land. This practice is now very general, and is necessary, in order that the grain may have the advantage of the early rains. When a farmer plows and prepares his land in the spring, lets it lie all summer, and sows his grain in November, just as the earliest rain begins, he need not fear for his crop.

There is less difference in climate than one would suppose between the Sacramento and the San Joaquin valleys. Cattle and sheep live out and support themselves all the year round in the Shasta Valley on the north as constantly as in Los Angelos or any other of the southern counties. The seasons are a little later north than south, but the difference is slight; and as far north as

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Red Bluff they begin their harvest earlier than in Monterey County, far south on the coast. Snow rarely lies on the ground in the northern counties more than a day. The best varieties of the foreign grapes are hardy every where. Light frosts come in December; and in the flower gardens the geranium withers to the ground, but springs up from the roots again in March. The eucalyptus flourishes wherever it has been planted in Northern California; and as far north as Redding, at the head of the valley, the mercury very rarely falls below twenty-five degrees, and remains there but a short time.

As you travel from Marysville, either north or southward, you will see before and around you a great wide plain, bounded on the west by the blue outlines of the Coast Range, and on the east by the foot-hills of the Sierra, a great level, over which as far as your eye can reach are scattered groves of grand and picturesque white oaks, which relieve the solitude of the plain, and make it resemble a well-planted park. Wherever the valley is settled you will see neat board fences, roomy barns, and farm-houses nestling among trees, and flanked by young orchards. You will not find a great variety of crops, for wheat and barley are the staple products of this valley; and though the farms here are in general of 640 acres or less, there are not wanting some of those immense estates for which California is famous; and a single farmer in this valley is said to have raised on his own land last year one-twentieth of the entire wheat crop of the State.

Northwest of Marysville the plain is broken by a singularly long range of mountains, the Buttes. They rise abruptly from the plain, and their peaks reach from two to three thousand feet upward. It is an extremely pretty miniature mountain range, having its peaks, passes, and cañons — all the features of the Sierra—and it is well worth a visit. Butte is a word applied to such isolated mountains which do not form part of a chain, and which are not uncommon west of the Mississippi. Shasta is called a butte; Lassen's Peaks are buttes; and the traveler across the continent hears the word frequently applied to a mountain. It is pronounced with the *u* long.

Along the banks of the Sacramento there are large quantities of land which is annually overflowed by the river, and much of which is still only used for pasturage during the dry season, when its grasses support large herds of cattle and sheep, which are driven to the uplands when the rains begin to fall. But much of this swamp and tule land has been drained and diked, and is now used for farm land. It produces heavy crops of wheat, and its reclamation has been, and continues to be, one of the successful speculations in land in this State. Congress gave the State, as is customary, all the swamp lands within its borders. The State offered to sell them to private persons for one dollar per acre—twenty per cent. to be paid down, the rest on demand, but with the provision that if the purchaser reclaimed his land within a specified time, he should have all his money back. On this capitalists bought hundreds of thousands of acres, and already the dikes can be counted by hundreds of miles; and lands which the State actually gave away are, as soon as drained and protected against floods, sold for from twenty to fifty dollars per acre, and in some cases rented for ten dollars per acre per annum. It will not be long before the shores of the Sacramento and its tributaries will be for many miles so diked that these rivers will never transcend their bounds, and thus a very considerable area will be added to the fertile farming lands of the State.

Already, however, the Yuba, the Feather, and the American rivers, tributaries of the Sacramento, have been leveed at different points for quite another reason. These rivers, once clear, and rapidly flowing within deep banks, are now turbid, in many places shallow, and their bottoms have been raised from twenty to thirty feet by the accumulation of the washings from the gold mines on the foot-hills. It is almost incredible the change the miners have thus produced in the short space of a quarter of a century. The bed of the Yuba has been raised thirty feet in that time; and seeing what but a handful of men have effected in so short a period, the work of water in the denudation of mountains, and the scouring out or filling up of valleys, during geological periods becomes easily comprehended.

All our Northern fruits grow thriftily in the Sacramento Valley, and also the almond, of which thousands of trees have been planted, and a few considerable orchards are already in bearing. The cherry and the plum do remarkably well, the latter fruit having as yet no curculio or blight; and the canning and drying of peaches, plums, apricots, nectarines, and pears are already a considerable as well as very profitable business. Dried plums, in particular, sell at a price which makes the orchards of this fruit very valuable. Excellent raisins have also been made, and they sell in the open market of San Francisco for a price very little less than that of the best Malaga raisins. The climate, with its long dry summer, is very favorable to the drying and curing of every fruit: no expensive houses, no ovens or other machinery, are needed. Raisins, for instance, are dried by laying the grape bunches on sheets of coarse brown paper between the rows of vines, and the final curing is perfected in very slightly built sheds and houses. Plums, in the same way, when they have been pitted, are dried on clean wooden or canvas floors, in the

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open air; but they need to be sheltered from the wind, which would drive sand and dust upon them. So considerable is the business of canning and drying fruit that a firm engaged in this business paid during the present summer ten thousand dollars in gold for the product of a peach orchard of one hundred acres. The day is not distant when the great Sacramento plain will be a vast orchard, and the now unoccupied foot-hills will furnish a large part of the raisins consumed in the United States. For the present the population is scant, and cattle, horses, and especially sheep, roam over hundreds of thousands of acres of soil which needs only industrious farmers to make it bloom into a garden.

The farmer in this State is a person of uncommon resources and ingenuity. I think he uses his brains more than our Eastern farmers. I do not mean to say that he lives better, for he does not. His house is often shabby, even though he be a man of wealth, and his table is not unfrequently without milk; he buys his butter with his canned vegetables in San Francisco, and bread and mutton are the chief part of his living, both being universally good here. But in managing his land he displays great enterprise, and knows how to fit his efforts to the climate and soil. Thus, in the tule lands, when they are first drained, he finds it impossible to work the soil with cattle or horses; but this does not prevent him from putting in a crop, for after burning off the tules, which are tall reeds, and the high grasses, he sows his hundreds of acres with a coffee-mill wheat sower, and coolly turns a flock of sheep on the ground, driving them compactly and slowly over it, with the help of dogs to keep the flanks of his flock from scattering; and wheat thus "sheeped in," as they call it, has borne sixty bushels per acre. Nor is this all. Unless he depends upon a volunteer crop next year, he must plow the ground. It is still, however, commonly too light to bear up horses, and so he shoes these animals with stout wooden sabots, eleven inches long by eight broad, and thus they can walk at leisure and drag the gang-plow after them.

The gathering of the wheat crop goes on on all the valley lands with headers, and you will find on all the farms in the Sacramento Valley the best labor-saving machinery employed, and human labor, which is always the most costly, put to its best and most profitable uses. They talk here of steam-plows and steam-wagons for common roads, and I have no doubt the steam-plow will be first practically and generally used, so far as the United States are concerned, in these Californian valleys, where I have seen furrows two miles long, and ten eight-horse teams following each other.

Withal, they are somewhat ruthless in their pursuit of a wheat crop. You may see a farmer who plows hundreds of acres, but he will have his wheat growing up to the edge of his veranda. If he keeps a vegetable garden, he has performed a heroic act of self-denial; and as for flowers, they must grow among the wheat or nowhere. Moreover, while he has great ingenuity in his methods, the farmer of the Sacramento plain has but little originality in his planting. He raises wheat and barley. He might raise a dozen, a score, of other products, many more profitable, and all obliging him to cultivate less ground, but it is only here and there you meet with one who appreciates the remarkable capabilities of the soil and climate. Near Tehama some Chinese have in the last two years grown large crops of pea-nuts, and have, I was told, realized handsome profits from a nut which will be popular in America, I suppose, as long as there is a pit and a gallery in a theatre; but the pea-nut makes a valuable oil, and as it produces enormously here, it will some day be raised for this use, as well as for the benefit of the old women who keep fruit stands on the street corners. It would not be surprising if the Chinese, who continue to come over to California in great numbers, should yet show the farmers here what can be done on small farms by patient and thorough culture. As yet they confine their culture of land mainly to vegetable gardens.

To the farmer the valley and foot-hill lands of the Sacramento will be the most attractive, and there are still here thousands of acres in the hands of the government and the railroad company to be obtained so cheaply that, whether for crops or for grazing, it will be some time before the mountainous lands and the pretty valleys they contain north of Redding, the present terminus of the railroad, will attract settlers. But for the traveler the region north of Redding to the State line offers uncommon attractions.

The Sacramento Valley closes in as you journey northward, and at Red Bluff, which is the head of navigation on the river, you have a magnificent view of Lassen's Peaks on the east—twin peaks, snow-clad, and rising high out of the plain—and also of the majestic snow-covered crag which is known as Shasta Butte, which towers high above the mountains to the north, and though 120 miles off, looks but a day's ride away.

Redding, thirty miles north from Shasta, lies at the head of the Sacramento Valley. From there a line of stage-coaches proceeds north into Oregon through the mass of mountains which separates the Sacramento Valley in California from the Willamette Valley in Oregon. The stage-road passes through a very varied and picturesque country, one which few pleasure travelers see, and which yet is as well worth a visit as any part of the western coast. The Sacra-

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mento River, which rises in a large spring near the base of Mount Shasta, has worn its way through the high mountains, and rushes down for nearly a hundred miles of its course an impetuous, roaring mountain stream, abounding in trout at all seasons, and in June, July, and August filled with salmon which have come up here through the Golden Gate from the ocean to spawn. The stage-road follows almost to its source the devious course of the river, and you ride along sometimes nearly on a level with the stream, and again on a road-bed cut out of the steep mountain-side a thousand or fifteen hundred feet above the river, through fine forests of sugar-pines and yellow pines, many of which come almost up to the dimensions of the great sequoias.

The river and its upper tributaries abound in trout, and this region is famous among California sportsmen for deer and fish. Many farm-houses along the road accommodate travelers who desire to stay to enjoy the fine scenery, and to hunt and fish, but a notable stopping place is Fry's Soda Spring, fourteen hours by stage from Redding, kept by Isaac Fry and his excellent wife—a clean, comfortable little mountain inn, where you get good and well-cooked food, and where you will find what your stage ride will make you welcome—a comfortable bath. The river is too cold for bathing here in the mountains because of the snow-water of which it is composed. About ten miles south of Fry's lies Castle Rock, a remarkable and most picturesque mountain of white granite, bare for a thousand feet below its pinnacled summit, which you see as you drive past it on the stage.

Fry's lies in a deep cañon, with a curious, almost precipitous, mountain opposite the house, which terminates in a sharp ridge at the top, one of those "knife-edge" ridges of which Professor Whitney and Clarence King often speak in their descriptions of Sierra scenery. If you are a mountain climber you have here opportunity for an adventure, and an excellent guide in Mr. Fry, who told me that this ridge is sharp enough to straddle, and that on the other side is an almost precipitous descent, with a fine lake in the distance. If you wish to hunt deer or bear, you will find in Fry an expert and experienced hunter. He has a tame doe, which I was told is better than a dog to mark game on a hunt, its sharp ears and nose detecting the presence of game at a great distance. If you are a fisherman, there are within three minutes' walk of the house pools abounding in trout, and you may fish up and down the river as far as you please, with good success every where. In June and July, when the salmon come up to spawn, they, too, lie in the deepest pools, and with salmon eggs for bait you may, if you are expert enough with your rod, take many a fat salmon.

It is astonishing to see how the salmon crowd the river at the spawning season. The Indians then gather from a considerable distance, to spear and trap these fish, which they dry for winter use; and you will see at this season many picturesque Indian camps along the river. They set a crotch of two sticks in a salmon pool, and lay a log from the shore to this crotch. Upon this log the Indian walks out, with a very long spear, two-pronged at the end, and there armed with two bone spear-heads, which are fastened to the shaft of the spear by very strong cord, usually made of deer's sinews. The Indian stands very erect and in a really fine attitude, and peers into the black pool until his eye catches the silver sheen of a salmon. Then he darts, and instantly you see a commotion in the water as he hauls up toward the surface a struggling twenty-five or thirty pound fish. The bone spear-heads, when they have penetrated the salmon, come off from the spear, and the fish is held by the cord. A squaw stands ready on the shore to haul him in, and he is beaten over the head with a club until he ceases to struggle, then cleaned, and roasted on hot stones. When the meat is done and dry it is picked off the bones, and the squaws rub it to a fine powder between their hands, and in this shape it is kept for future use. From one of these pools a dozen Indian spearmen frequently draw out four hundred salmon in a day, and this fish forms an important part of their food. Of course they kill a great many thousand female salmon during the season; but so far, I believe, this murderous work has not been found to decrease the number of the fish which annually enter the river from the ocean, and go up its head waters to spawn.

If you visit this region during the last of June or in July, you may watch the salmon spawning, a most curious and remarkable sight. The great fish then leave the deep pools in which they have been quietly lying for some weeks before, and fearlessly run up on the shallow ripples. Here, animated by a kind of fury, they beat the sand off the shoals with their tails, until often a female salmon thus labors till her tail fins are entirely worn off. She then deposits her eggs upon the coarse gravel, and the greedy trout, which are extravagantly fond of salmon eggs, rush up to eat them as the poor mother lays them. They are, I believe, watched and beaten off by the male salmon, which accompanies the female for this purpose. When the female salmon has deposited her eggs, and the male salmon has done his part of the work, the two often bring stones of considerable size in their mouths to cover up the eggs, and protect them from the predatory attacks of the trout. And thereupon, according to the universal testimony of the fishermen of these waters, the salmon dies.

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I was assured that the dead bodies often cumber the shore after the spawning season is over; and the mountaineers all assert that the salmon, having once spawned up here, does not go down to the ocean again. They hold that the young salmon stay in the upper waters for a year, and go to sea about eighteen months after hatching, and it is not uncommon, I believe, for fishermen hereabout to catch grilse weighing from two to four pounds. These bite sometimes at the fly. The salmon bite, too, when much smaller, for I caught one day a young salmon not more than six inches long. This little fellow was taken with a bait of salmon eggs, and his bright silvery sides made him quite different from the trout which I was catching out of the same pool. His head also had something of the fierce, predatory, hawk-like form which the older salmon's has.

Fry is an excellent fisherman himself, and knows all the best pools within reach of his house, and, if you are a mountaineer, will take you a dozen miles through the woods to other streams, where you may fish and hunt for days or weeks with great success, for these woods and waters are as yet visited by but few sportsmen. And if you happen to come upon Indian fishermen on your way—they are all peaceful hereabout—you may get the noble red man's opinion of the great Woman Question. As I stood at the road-side one day I saw an Indian emerging from the woods, carrying his rifle and his pipe. Him followed, at a respectful distance, his squaw, a little woman not bigger than a twelve-year-old boy; and *she* carried, first, a baby; second, three salmon, each of which weighed not less than twenty pounds; third, a wild goose, weighing six or eight pounds; finally, a huge bundle of some kind of greens. This cumbrous and heavy load the Indian had lashed together with strong thongs, and the squaw carried it on her back, suspended by a strap which passed across her forehead. When an Indian kills a deer he loads it on the back of his squaw to carry home. Arrived there, he lights his pipe, and she skins and cleans the animal, cuts off a piece sufficient for dinner, lights a fire, and cooks the meat. This done, the noble red man, who has calmly or impatiently contemplated these labors of the wife of his bosom, lays down his pipe and eats his dinner. When he is done, the woman, who has waited at one side, sits down to hers, and eats what he has left.

"Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow." Miss Anthony and Mrs. Cady Stanton have good missionary ground among these Indians. One wonders in what language an Indian brave courts the young squaw whom he wishes to marry; what promises he makes her; what hopes he holds out; with what enticing views of wedded bliss he lures the Indian maiden to the altar, or whatever may be the Digger substitute for that piece of church furniture. One wonders that the squaws have not long ago combined and struck for at least moderately decent treatment; that marriages have not ceased among them; that there has not arisen among the Diggers, the Pit River Indians, and all the Indian tribes, some woman capable of leading her sex in a rebellion. But, to tell the truth, the Indian women are homely to the last degree. "Ugly," said an Oregonian to me, as we contemplated a company of squaws —"ugly is too mild a word to apply to such faces;" and he was right. Broad-faced, flat-nosed, small-eyed, unkempt, frowzy, undersized, thickset, clumsy, they have not a trace of beauty about them, either young or old. They are just useful, nothing more; and as you look at them and at the burdens they bear, you wonder whether, when the Woman's Rights movement has succeeded, and when women, dressed like frights in such Bloomer costume as may then be prescribed, go out to their daily toil like men, and on an equality with men—when they have cast off the beauty which is so scornfully spoken of in the conventions, and have secured their rights—whether they will be any better off than these squaws. When you have thoughtfully regarded the Indian woman, perhaps you will agree with Gail Hamilton that it is woman's first duty to be useless; for it is plain that here, as in a higher civilization, when women consent to work as men do, they are sure to have the hardest work and the poorest pay.

As you ascend the Sacramento you near Mount Shasta, and when you reach Strawberry Valley, a pretty little mountain vale, you are but a short ride from its base. It is from this point that tourists ascend the mountain. You can hire horses, guides, and a camp outfit here, and the adventure requires three days. You ride up to the snow line the first day, ascend to the top the following morning, descend to your camp in the afternoon, and return to the valley on the third day. Mount Shasta has a glacier, almost, but not quite, the only one, I believe, within the limits of the United States. The mountain is an extinct volcano. Its summit is composed of lava, and if your eye is familiar with the peculiar shape of old craters, you can easily trace the now broken lines of this old crater as you view the mountain from the Shasta plain to the north.

There are many extremely pretty valleys scattered through these mountains, and these are used by small farmers, and by sheep and cattle owners, who in the winter take their stock into the lower valleys, but ascend into the mountains in May, and remain until October. This is also a timber region, and as it is well watered by permanent streams, you see frequent saw-mills, and altogether more improvement than one expects to find.

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But proceeding further north you come upon a large plain, the Shasta Valley, in which lies the considerable town of Yreka, notable during the last winter and spring as the point from which news came to us about the Modoc war. From Yreka you may easily visit the celebrated "lava beds," where the Indians made so stubborn and long-continued a defense against the United States troops, and at Yreka you may hear several opinions upon the merits of the Modocs and their war. You will hear, for instance, that the Indians were stirred up to hostilities by mischievous and designing whites, that white men were not wanting to supply them with arms and ammunition, and that, had it not been for the unscrupulous management of some greedy and wicked whites, we should not have been horrified by the shocking incidents of this costly Indian trouble, in which the United States government for six months waged war against forty-six half-starved Modocs.

The Shasta Valley is an extensive plain, chiefly used at present as a range for cattle and sheep. It seems, however, to be fertile, and contains some good farms. Beyond Yreka gold mining is pursued, and, indeed, almost the whole of the mountain region north of Redding yields "the color," and at many points along the Upper Sacramento, and the mountain streams which fall into it, gold is mined profitably. One day, at the Soda Spring, several of us asked Mr. Fry whether he could find gold near the river. He took a pan, and digging at random in his orchard, washed out three or four specks of gold; and he related that when he was planting this orchard, ten years ago, he found gold in the holes he dug for his apple-trees. But he is an old miner, and experience had taught him that a good apple orchard is more profitable, in the long-run, than a poor gold mine.

A large part of the Sacramento Valley is still used for grazing purposes, but the farmers press every year more and more upon the graziers; and the policy of the government in holding its own lands within what are called "railroad limits"—that is to say, within twenty miles on each side of the railroad—for settlement under the pre-emption and homestead laws, as well as the policy of the railroad company in selling its lands, the alternate sections for twenty miles on each side of the road, on easy terms and with long credit to actual settlers, prevents land monopoly in this region. There is room, and cheap and fertile lands, for an immense population of industrious farmers, who can live here, in a mild climate, and till a fertile soil, and who need only intelligence and enterprise to raise profitably raisins, orchard fruits, castor-oil, pea-nuts, silk, and a dozen of other products valuable in the world's commerce, and not produced elsewhere in this country so easily. It is still in this region a time of large farms poorly tilled; but I believe that small farms, from 160 to 320 acres, will prove far more profitable in the end.

To those who wish to raise sheep the Sacramento Valley and its foot-hills offer advantages which, in my belief, the southern coast counties of California do not possess. Northern California is less subject to drought, and the pastures of the Sacramento Valley may be made safely to carry more sheep than an equal area in the southern counties. Moreover, the sheep ranges here are less broken up than in the coast counties farther south; and it is better and more profitable to pay five dollars per acre for grazing lands in the Sacramento Valley than two dollars and a half for grazing lands further south and among the mountains. The grazier in the northern counties has two advantages over his southern competitor: first, in the ability to buy low-lying lands on the river, where he can graze from three to six, or even ten sheep to the acre during the summer months, and where he may plant large tracts in alfalfa; and secondly, in a safe refuge against drought in the mountain meadows of the Sierras, and in the little valleys and fertile hill-slopes of the Coast Range, where there is much unsurveyed government land, to which hundreds of thousands of sheep and cattle are annually driven by the graziers of the plain, who thus save their own pastures, and are able to carry a much larger number of sheep than they otherwise would. The sheep of the Sacramento Valley are of a better quality than those of the southern counties, and their wool brings usually several cents more per pound. Moreover, nearness to the railroad is an important advantage for the sheep-farmer; and I found that the most enterprising and intelligent sheep men in the northern counties send their wool direct by railroad to the Eastern States, instead of shipping it to San Francisco to be sold. Finally, much of the land now obtainable for grazing in the Sacramento Valley, at prices which make it not too dear for grazing purposes, is of a quality which will make it valuable agricultural land as soon as the valley begins to fill up; and thus, aside from the profit from the sheep, the owner may safely reckon upon a large increase in the value of his land. This can not be said of much of the grazing land of the southern coast counties, which is mountainous and broken, and fit only for grazing. For these reasons I believe the Sacramento Valley holds out inducements to sheep-farmers which the great grazing region of the southern coast counties is without.

The Sierra abounds in timber; the Central Pacific Railroad runs through nearly a million of acres, and the company owns, I believe, about four hundred thousand acres

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of pine and oak timber, and the mountains are full of saw-mills. Some day turpentine and rosin will be produced in these immense forests.

The part of the Lower Sacramento Valley which lies between the river and the Coast Range is drier than the more eastern part; the high Coast Range catches the moisture driven up from the sea by the prevailing northwest winds, and the result is that Colusi and some parts of Yolo counties have less rain than the district on the other side of the Sacramento. They have, however, extremely fertile soil, and there are here very large and productive wheat fields. The benefits of irrigation are now so well seen in California that while the San Joaquin Valley Irrigating Company is preparing to dig a canal which shall supply water enough to irrigate the whole of the great southern plain, another project has arisen and found favor—to lead a canal, as an irrigating ditch, from Clear Lake, a fine sheet of water lying west of Colusi, in Lake County, through the whole of the drier parts of the Sacramento plain. Competent engineers have gone over the ground, and show that it is feasible, and can be done at a moderate cost.

The progress of California in material enterprises is something quite wonderful and startling. A year brings about changes for which one can hardly look in ten years. It is but eighteen months ago that the idea of a system of irrigation, to include the whole of the San Joaquin Valley, was broached, and then the most sanguine of the projectors thought that to give their enterprise a fair start would require years, and a great number of shrewd men believed the whole scheme visionary. But a few experiments showed to land-owners and capitalists the enormous advantages of irrigation, and now this scheme has sufficient capital behind it, and large land-holders are offering subsidies and mortgaging their lands to raise means to hasten the completion of the canal. Two years ago the reclamation of the tule lands, though begun, advanced slowly, and arguments were required to convince men that tule land was a safe investment. But this year eight hundred miles of levee will be completed, and thousands of acres will bear wheat next harvest which were overflowed eighteen months ago. Two years ago the question whether California could produce good raisins could not be answered; but last fall raisins which sold in the San Francisco market beside the best Malagas were cured by several persons, and it is now certain that this State can produce—and from its poorest side-hill lands—raisins enough to supply the whole Union. Not a year passes but some new and valuable product of the soil is naturalized in this State; and one who has seen the soil and who knows the climate of the two great valleys, who sees that within five, or, at most, ten years all their overflowed lands will be diked and reclaimed, and all their dry lands will be irrigated, and who has, besides, seen how wide is the range of products which the soil and climate yield, comes at last to have what seems to most Eastern people an exaggerated view of the future of California. But, in truth, it is not easy to exaggerate, for the soil in the great valleys is deep and of extraordinary fertility; there are no forests to clear away, and farms lie ready-made to the settlers' hands; the range of products includes all those of the temperate zone and many of the torrid; the climate is invigorating and predisposes to labor; and the seasons are extraordinarily favorable to the labors of the farmer and gardener. The people have not yet settled down to hard work. There are so many chances in life out there that men become overenterprising—a speculative spirit invades even the farm-house; and as a man can always live—food being so abundant and the climate so kindly—and as the population is as yet sparse, men are tempted to go from one avocation to another, to do many things superficially, and to look for sudden fortunes by the chances of a shrewd venture, rather than be content to live by patient and continued labor. This, however, is the condition of all new countries; it will pass away as population becomes more dense. And, meantime, California has gifts of nature which form a solid substratum upon which will, in a few years, be built up a community productive far beyond the average of wealthy or productive communities. This is my conclusion after seeing all parts of this State more in detail than perhaps any one man has taken the trouble to examine it.

SONG.—THE QUESTION.

Ask ye wherefor this song was sung?
Two met when a fated year was young.
But one sought fame in the lands of the Morn;
And a Love lies buried—unnamed, still-born.

When the last fire dies on Summer's ember,
When Autumn's hands the year dismember,
When June lies tombed in white December,
Will thy life my life remember?

Wilt thou, when the Dawn shall hold thee,
And the storied East enfold thee,
And the world's eyes with my eyes behold thee,
Forget what the West and I once told thee?

When Fame for thee the crown is braiding,
While my June's leaves and flowers are fading,
And Winter's wings my years are shading,
Will Spring's dead eyes look on upbraiding?

While my remembering pulses shiver,
To one June's deathless echoes quiver,
With pain wherefrom no gift, no giver,
The hollowed heart shall e'er deliver.

ALFRED H. LOUIS.

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THE REPUBLICAN MOVEMENT IN EUROPE.

BY EMILIO CASTELAR.

[Eleventh Paper.]

III.—THE GERMANIC PEOPLES.—(*Continued.*)

AS we seek in philosophical systems more the political, the social aspect than the metaphysical, we omit the conceptions and opinions of the harmonic philosophy in regard to the spiritual world and the natural. We will examine those concepts more related with politics. Philosophy, in the judgment of the school in question, founds the rational bases of institutions. Philosophy gives us the idea of right, absolutely conforming to the nature of man. Historic legislations, laws written or of usage, may be variable and progressive, but the idea of right is, like the nature of man, immutable. Society appears like an organism, composed of other political and civil organisms, whose object is to secure the development of human nature and the fulfillment of our destiny upon the earth. All society corresponds in its institutions to the moral and intellectual state of the individual as effect answers to cause. Elevating man in thought and in work, society will be elevated in laws and in institutions. Among the institutions which are to change more directly the mode of social existence are found principally the state, the church, the school. Philosophy labors for the respective independence of these political organisms. If the church absorbs the state, the philosophical thought insists upon the rights of the civil power. If the state absorbs the church, the philosophical thought insists upon the right of the liberty of the human conscience. If the state or the church absorbs the school, and pretends to an exclusive direction of education, philosophy shows that science is independent of all power, is a power in itself, and has the right to organize itself through its own authority and its own internal force. Practice obeys theory, the reality obeys the ideal, as the rock obeys the idea of the sculptor and the stroke of his chisel. Reactionary interests give the name of Utopia to the capital thought which animates every age. But the progressive thought passes from the conscience to laws with irresistible force.

The reformation and the revolution announced the beginning of a new organic age in the human race. The ideal of humanity before the reformation was religious. The ideal of humanity before the revolution was political. The ideal of humanity to-day is essentially scientific. This ideal does not only embrace the relation of man with God or the relation of man with society; beyond these fundamental relations, it embraces all human rights and duties in all the manifestations of our being. When each man feels himself a part of humanity, the idea of superior justice will guide him in his relations with other men. Feeling that besides being a part of humanity, he bears in himself the quality of humanity, a confidence in progress will sustain him; and little by little in each personality rises the ideal which is to embrace every thing, from the sentiment to the conscience, from the most primitive manifestations of life to the sublimity of the idea. And society will be reformed in a progressive sense, because while the history of philosophy recounts the evolutions of thought, and political history the evolutions of reality, the philosophy of history proclaims the following fundamental principle: the evolutions of reality have always in every succession of time obeyed the evolutions of thought.

History is an experimental science, a science of facts; philosophy is a science of laws, of principles. From the union of these two sciences is formed a third, with a sovereign influence in the present century, called the philosophy of history. In this science history gives facts, and philosophy the reason of them; history that which happens, and philosophy that which ought to happen; history the real, and philosophy the ideal; history the phenomena, and philosophy their laws; history life in its currents, its transformations, its continual mutation, and philosophy thought in its perpetual life. Thus history is the science of the development of life, and philosophy is the science of the principles which should regulate life. The philosophy of history is the science of life, and also of the laws of life.

Therefore the philosophy of history says to man that he lives under the authority of God and the law of Providence, in nature and among its cosmical laws, to realize the world of the spirit. But neither the authority of God and His laws, nor ambient nature and its powerful influences, nor the medium of society and its historical accidents, can annul the principle in virtue of which man controls his own life, the principle of liberty. And the moment that the idea of liberty arises, comes with it the idea of right. This conception of right is the most marvelous, the grandest work of modern life, and the most transcendent in its influence on universal politics. The ancient societies placed right in the state, modern society places it in man. The Middle Ages, on one side, placed right in space, in land—hence the feudal power; on the other hand, in time, in tradition, in something superhuman—hence the theocratic power. The loft-

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iest conception of modern philosophy is that of human right, the fundamental base of the new policy. Its recognition in every man has founded liberty, its recognition in all men has founded natural equality. The principle that right is in every man creates individuality, and the principle that right is in all men creates the complement of individuals, society.

This human being which forms a world apart, complete, which concentres, as in one focus, all the rays of life, which unites all the various organisms; a sensitive being, through which the individual knows what falls within his experience; a reflexive being, thus knowing the general relations between individuals; a being gifted with reason, through which it is raised to the divine; free, the artificer of its own life, responsible for its own actions; perfectible, and thus capable of creating new substitutions, and of enlightening itself with truth and directing itself toward the good, under an ideal which it constantly tends to realize through its own self-governing will—this being requires to incarnate in society all these various essences of its own nature. The ensemble of means, of conditions, depending upon the will, and necessary to the development of our nature, to the fulfillment of our destiny in the world, forms the essential constituents of right.

When we turn our eyes and our thoughts to the universe, we recognize a divine order. In the immense nebula to which we belong the sun illuminates us with its light, enlivens us with its warmth, sustains with its power, tinges the petals of the flower, fills with melody the throat of the bird; draws from the rivers, the torrents, the oceans, the vapors necessary for the refreshment of the air; engenders magnetism, electricity, which seem like currents of life to the earth, placed in the midst of our solar system, varied and yet one, moving in its ellipse with a uniform motion which gives the diversity and the harmony of the seasons; filled with the fruits required for the maintenance of its infinite species; and man, with his forehead and his eyes attracted toward infinity, the fire of his lungs heating and coloring his blood; with the fecundity of love maintaining and perpetuating him in humanity; with death, that divine expedient for renewing the generations and transfiguring them into more perfect existences in other, better worlds—all this system which extends from the zoophyte, born on the confines of organic life, to the brain, touching the divine—all this system proclaims the existence not only of natural laws, but also of a providential order. But this divine order of nature proceeds from necessity.

Another divine order is required in the world, more beautiful still than the natural, and founded not through necessity, but through liberty. This requires that the sentiment shall be not only the instinct which engenders and preserves, but an affection of the soul which elevates and educates, and death not only the force which destroys and renews, but a worship of the past, a religion of memory, a hope and certainty of immortality, and that the affections and the ideas shall form another new moral universe inside of nature. In this moral universe will exist the personality, the individual, sentient and responsible; the family, a collective personality, consecrated by love to the sacred ministry of the perpetuation of humanity; art, that order where the human heart takes refuge when wounded by the sorrows of every day and the strife between the real and the ideal; industry, that constant struggle to conquer matter, to transform it and place it at the service of our faculties; religion, that bond of the finite with the infinite, that eternal revelation of God in the conscience and in life; morality, that law of our actions; science, the sun of ideas, which maintains, vivifies, and illuminates all. And all these works will form in society something like the suns and the worlds and the stars in infinite space. All these achievements will be the varied creations of human beings in association. All these associations will be so many fundamental organisms which shall form the general organism called society. And the web of relations which will unite all these organisms, as the force of the celestial mechanism unites the worlds, and as the nerves unite our various organs in the body and communicate between them—this web of relations is called Right.

Human life is composed of a continual series of relations, so close that the good of one depends upon the good of others, and the social development of each one has its origin in that of all. These relations through which existences are mutually determined are called conditions. All the members of society are mutually conditioned and completed. Hence arises the divine order in society, analogous with the divine order in nature. But that divine order in society which is to realize human liberty can not be attained except through means of the principle of organization established in all spheres, all conditions, from which depends the fulfillment of human ends. Thus the harmonic school has defined right as the organic ensemble of free conditions, depending upon the will, which are to accomplish the destiny of man on earth.

Right exists primarily in the person, and there has its autonomy. But no one person exists alone, and right causes various persons and their different autonomies to coexist. But not only personalities exist and coexist; they do so to assist and complete each other; to co-operate through mutual rela-

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tions toward the fullness of life and the complete accomplishment of good. And the right which does not consecrate this relation of mutual help and assistance is a formal external right, the anchor of a barren liberty, and accomplishes nothing toward the full extent, grandeur, and development of life, the accomplishment and realization of all its social ends.

Right is a law of human relations. This law has always existed, although it has never been revealed until our own day, as gravity existed before Newton discovered and formulated it. But though it existed, it has not taken form in institutions until now in our democratic times. Right has not only its essence, it has also its procedures and its forms. To realize right, right means are necessary. Justice should not only be a result, but also a means. We should attain to good by the way of good. To elevate revolutionary measures into permanent measures of progress is one of the greatest errors and one of the bitterest evils of our time. Revolutions come as a necessary crisis, as an inevitable sickness, as a necessary evil, when powers which have died in the public conscience pretend to perpetuate themselves by force. One injustice engenders another, but revolutions necessarily disappear from among nations where their just aspirations can be realized and accomplished by means of right.

Right has for its origin the human person. Antiquity had presentiments of these ideas in art, foresight of them in philosophy, but did not arrive at any concrete knowledge of them nor of their diffusion in a social sense. Right is independent of and superior to human powers. To arrive at this conception many historical evolutions were required. It was necessary to break the ancient polytheism, which, confounding the gods with the world, oppressed man beneath the yoke of destiny. It was necessary through Christianity to raise God above the world and man, above the influences of climate and the peculiarities of race; and it has also been necessary, as Christianity brought in the idea of the unity of God in the first century of our era, that philosophy in the last century should bring in the idea of humanity, not as an abstract being, but an organic and living existence. Ideas are condensed in society, and the condensation of these humanitarian ideas was seen first in the American Revolution, which established fundamental rights as its epilogue or appendix, and afterward in the French Revolution, which established fundamental rights as the proem, the introduction to its institutions.

To regulate the relations of right, and to maintain right, a political organization is necessary, which is called the state. Aristotle strongly defined the necessity of the state when he said that to do without it it would be necessary for man to fall to the level of the beast or rise to the level of the gods. The state is the reflex of man himself. As reason directs man, the state directs society; as conscience chastises the inner man for moral faults, the state chastises the social man for his social faults and crimes. Every man is, as it were, within himself an abridged state; every state is an enlarged man. To define the limits of the state is the most important problem of modern times. There is a system which may be called the unitarian, which confounds the state with society, and gives over to it all social ends. There is the system of variety or opposition, which leaves the state reduced to the narrowest functions of public safety. The first system leads to despotism, the second to anarchy. The state of the harmonic school is a middle term between these two extremes. It is the synthesis, which contains within itself social unity and individual varieties or oppositions.

The gravest error which can be committed in politics is to consider the state as one sole organism, when it should be considered a series of organisms, independent among themselves, but also related and united. If we consider the state as one sole organism, we fall into the error of the French democratic policy, of creating an almost absolutist Convention, and converting it into a general dispenser of all right, and the only mediator among all institutions. Hence there results soon after setting up such a machine either revolution, and with it the government of a party, or a dictatorship, and with it the government of a man. Considering the state as a series of organisms, it follows that we must recognize the personality with its autonomy and its rights, the particular state or province with its autonomy and its rights, the central state or nation being the key of these rights, and the guarantee of all these necessary and different autonomies. And when the state is so understood, the best manner of assuring its existence is in the political contract. The political contract must never be confused with the social contract. The latter is a mere fiction. The political contract is the fundamental pact in which the rights of free persons are made to agree with the faculties of the public powers. The contract supposes reciprocal rights and duties. It supposes that no one can exact respect for his authority except in return for the fulfillment of his duty. Thus the citizens retain the fullness of their right, and impose upon the state the duty of recognizing and respecting them. Municipalities contract with a particular state for reciprocal rights and duties by means of municipal charters analogous to our ancient town char-

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ters. The particular states or provinces write their respective constitutions, where are defined the powers which they are to reserve and those which they are to relinquish to the central state or nation. This form of government, which distributes authority and liberty equally throughout the social organism, is not only in harmony with the most perfect public right, but in harmony also with the only international right which can assure perpetual peace upon the desolated soil of Europe. The United States, which brought this form of government to perfection, have merited well of humanity; and this not only for the ideal of justice and democracy which they raised up in the last century, but also for the practical school of republican and federal policy which they offer to-day of the only policy strong enough to insure perpetual peace. "Kings," said one of the most eloquent defenders of the harmonic philosophy—"kings have placed on their banners as symbols either ferocious wild beasts, such as lions and leopards, or ravenous birds; the American people display their stars, showing that each State forms a world apart, and all the States are associated and mutually sustained in the wide space of the federal republic."

Thus it is that history moves forward toward the foundation of the United States in all continents—united states which shall form the human federation. This formula of politics defines the beginning of mature age in the human race, and of the harmonic age in history. Thus, as thought is thesis, antithesis, and synthesis; the universe unity, variety, and harmony; the celestial mechanism attraction, repulsion, and equilibrium; the organic vegetable world, fixed to the earth; the animal, which moves and resists; the human race, or the synthetic species, humanity, is infancy, youth, and manhood; death, resembling birth—so history is, first, the Edenic or paradisaic age; second, the age of opposition; third, the age of harmony.

God presides over history as over the universe. Finite beings, human beings, live first as the fetus lives in the womb, one with nature, confounded with the universe. Next they are born to opposition; they exercise their strength, break out in open war with every thing, and thus acquire consciousness of their power, until learning the extent of their rights, their proper relations with the visible and invisible worlds, they enter into the period which has science for its true ideal and justice for its practical end. The spirit has been like the plant fastened to the earth. It will be, in the age of harmony, an existence in relation with all the universe, through a superior knowledge of created things, approaching to God through a complete realization of the ideal in life.

The divine instinct has united men in society, has taught them language, has held them in the enchantment of innocence, in the bosom of Eden. But this embryonic, the paradisaic, age is ended, and the age of struggle has begun, by the fall from peace to war, from innocence to guilt. Nature, which held man in its bosom, which nourished him with its purest milk, has abandoned him to the struggle and the combat of toil. Fortunate abandonment of nature, blessed guilt of man, which have brought with them the divine redemption of toil, of that activity, of that force, which have completed the creation! But man at last exalted his pride to the point of believing that every thing should submit to his personal satisfaction; hence the blind tyranny of some and the servile obedience of others; hence the master and the slave. The knowledge of the primitive age is reserved by the priestly caste for themselves; it is retained in a privileged place in the temple. It is diffused later through all the social classes by means of symbolism and art. Philosophy enters into the temple, like Prometheus into heaven, and makes the magic theocratic science human and rational. The world enters into its youth. While peoples in one region were losing themselves in the depths of barbarism, others were cultivating the germs of ideas, and this proceeded from the fact of the isolation of peoples, each one living for itself. There were warlike peoples like the Persians, trading peoples like the Venetians, artistic peoples like the Greeks, religious peoples like the Hebrews, but all lived in selfishness, and never looked outside of their family, their tribe, their city, or their nation. Rome, the most humanitarian of ancient cities, alone was able to make the world Roman.

And when the Roman world ended began the Middle Ages. Their ideal is that of the most radical opposition to paganism, the Christian ideal, in whose fire the world almost disappears, matter almost evaporates. The people on every hand, in every region, break into feudal war—the war of castle against castle, of city against city. There remains only one bond that unites them, that of faith. Thus the church absorbs the state, but the priesthood is no longer a caste excluding all except those sealed to it from the cradle. It is a free class, open to all. Thus in the midst of that chaos there is one principle of unity, the tendency of man to God which the soul realizes in prayer, literature in religious hymns, painting in sacred pictures, architecture in those Gothic spires which seem to ascend and lose themselves in the air, like incense in the temple.

The pontificate wished to make use of this sentiment of the divine to found a theocratic regimen after the manner of the East. But human nature revealed to the people the first notions of liberty, and they founded,

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against theocracy and over its ruins, civil society. Monarchy, sustaining the dualism between the church and the empire, contributed powerfully to impede reaction toward the Asiatic theocracy. But if this dualism was salutary, it showed at the same time that the world of the Middle Ages lacked true and solid organization.

The Renaissance came, and was for the Middle Ages what Christianity was for antiquity—the beginning of another age, the soul of another world. From the abyss of heaven to the abyss of the sea, from the abyss of the sea to that of the conscience, all was enlightened and illumined. The human body rose from the breast of creation and breathed and absorbed a new spirit. At this same moment sprang forth two parties which were to divide modern society—the conservative or reactionary party, which is represented by Jesuitism, and the liberal or progressive party, which is represented by Masonry. And indeed the Reformation has all the historical accessories of other religions. St. Francis of Assisi is its prophet, Savonarola is its Baptist, and Luther its revealer, but Ignatius Loyola is the entire reaction against this work. He was born in Spain, in the country which was soon to sacrifice itself for the preservation of Catholic orthodoxy. He was born in the Basque Province, in the province of the grand defiles and the treeless plains, at the foot of the Pyrenees, called the Mountains of Fire by the ancients, near that untamed Cantabrian sea whose waves are continually inviting to marvelous adventures. He was the compatriot of the sailor Elcano; he was the associate of Magellan, who first circumnavigated the globe. He was born in the last days of chivalry, and grew up in the dawn of modern times—the end of the fifteenth century. War was his occupation, adventures were the employment of his youth. But in the war of Navarre, sustained by the Catholic king, he was wounded by a bullet. A long illness followed, and after the wound and the illness a miraculous exaltation. Ignatius was a cavalier in war and a cavalier in religion. He fought for his king in youth; he was to fight for his God the rest of his life. The only lady of his thoughts was to be the Virgin Mary. He was completely possessed by the national madness—love of the superhuman and the miraculous, of all which is beyond the narrow limits of the possible. *Amadis of Gaul* was his favorite reading, and inspired him no more nor less than Don Quixote himself. He also watches his arms; he also swears to redress all outrages and wrongs done to the Catholic religion. Reading the pages of the life of the cavalier of Guipuzcoa, you might imagine you were reading the pages of the life of the cavalier of La Mancha. Ignatius is also an ascetic. In the cave of Montserrat he gives himself up to fasting, to maceration, to penitence, like those early hermits of Christianity, excited by faith, dispersed in the immensity of the desert. Thence he attempts to go to the Holy Land to imbibe from the fountains of Christianity a faith like that of the Crusaders. He returns from this journey to Montserrat to surrender himself anew to penances. But he needs not only prayers and mortifications to prepare for battle, but ideas as well. How can he fight the battle of ideas, knowing nothing? He betakes himself to study in Alcalá, from Alcalá to Salamanca, from Salamanca to Paris, the universities which contained all the science of that time. In Paris he gathers about him various friends, who are to be hereafter as famous as himself—Xavier, Salmeron—and with them he founds on Montmartre, at the base of the fountain, which is running still, after a communion famous to all time, the new religious society. From Paris Ignatius and his associates go to Venice to take part in a crusade against the Turks. From Venice, preaching in a sort of Lingua Franca, composed of Spanish, French, and Italian, he goes to Rome, where the Pope confirms his statutes, and where arises the most famous and most powerful, the most fervid of all religious orders—the order of the Jesuits.

Never was there founded an institution so openly at war with the spirit of its time. The sixteenth century was the century of renovation, Jesuitism a sect of relapse. The sixteenth century founded the liberty of thought, Jesuitism founded intellectual slavery. The one tended to religious reform, the other to religious reaction; the one celebrated the emancipation of the conscience, the other adored the person of the Pope; the one heard the Divine voice, the Holy Spirit, in the idea of every man, the other saw God only in traditional and ecclesiastical authority; the one wrenched the conscience away from Rome, the other returned to Rome the absolute dominion over time and eternity. Never in human memory has there existed a religious association, regular and secular at once, equally at home in palaces and in deserts, lying in wait for the courtier, the minister, and the monarch, as well as for the savage lost in the pampas of America or the forests of Asia; never, I repeat, was there a religious association like this, founded upon absolute authority and obedience, which with such sovereign command exacted the subjugation of man and his living spirit, his indomitable liberty, his unconquerable inclinations, to the cold apathy of a corpse. It was the sect of authority. In view of these historical teachings, the harmonic school attributes all the principal reactions of our spirit to Jesuitism, and all its principal advances to Masonry. The basis of the modern spirit is found in

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the Renaissance, and the law of the Renaissance in the harmony between the naturalist sentiment of paganism and the spiritualist sentiment of the Middle Ages. To arrive at this synthesis both sentiments were compelled to lose their exclusiveness. To complete and realize it the pagan form entered and exalted the entire Catholic symbolism, and the Christian spirit devoted itself to destroying the external authority of the church through the purification of creed. During a great portion of the Middle Ages the church predominated over the state, and from the Renaissance the state predominated over the church. Thus all social and civil functions became gradually secularized, and all principles became referred to the absolute principle of God, revealed in the pure conscience rather than in the church. Historic religions continued, it is true, to nourish the spirit of the people: Buddhism in extreme Asia, Christianity in Europe and the newly discovered America, Mohammedanism in Western Asia, part of Eastern Europe, and the north of Africa, where it flowed back when expelled from Western Spain. But over these historic religions the philosophic thought elevated the natural religion, the religion of reason, bringing morality into life, and restoring the soul to its origin, to God. And thus as the philosophic thought finds in the pure conscience the natural religion, it finds in life and its laws the great principle of modern policy, the principle of human right.

Between the point where an idea is conceived by reason and that where it is realized by the general will there are periods of disturbance and of anarchy, of wars and of revolutions. But gradually the impure reality is moulded by the pure idea. International right is founded, and while there remain wars between nations, they cease between castle and castle, between street and street, and house and house, as in the turbulent Middle Ages. The philosophic thought courses through the earth like the blood through the body, like the sap through the tree, transforming society and its policy. Germany proclaims the right of the conscience, England and Holland the right of nations, America the right of man, France the right of the citizen. From this point the government of democracies is established. Every citizen participates of his own right in the power, the authority, the sovereignty of the nation. To this social substance the form, the proper organism, is still wanting. But as right was found in the laws of life, the republic and the federation are found in social laws.

Arriving at this epoch, begins a third historic age, the age of maturity and harmony. Society is organized in harmony with nature, each nationality forms a part of the continental federation, and the continents part of the human federation. The ideal is realized without effort, without war, almost without labor, through its own innate virtue. Society is one, and the state its organ. The entire people give the laws, as universal suffrage, made intelligent by education, neither threatens nor disturbs, but directs and enlightens. Each one of the natural faculties of life finds its laws and its institutions, its proper organism. Thus far only the state and the church have been organized in fundamental associations. Art and industry are now to be organized, labor, commerce, science; for all the great social powers should have in society their respective and appropriate organizations. Education begins to be an independent organism, and to enjoy its own authority and its own power in the United States. The new spirit does not come to destroy, but to renovate; does not come to drown life, but to complete it; not to disturb society, but to build it upon the solid basis of right. Every fundamental purpose of life is an organism, and each organism has its own existence, as the planets their central heat. When man has regained his right and association its liberty, every individual can listen to the divine voice of his vocation, as every society may found itself through its own direction in its autonomous government.

This ideal, born of science, realized through successive stages of progress, the rule of life, will restore to every man his priesthood in the universe and his intimate relation with God; will bring together the fundamental institutions which embrace the powers of labor, the results of commerce, the marvels of industry, the hopes of religion, the visions of art, the ideas of science. Humanity will number all its sons as brethren equally free. Every man will feel in his person and his conscience the life, the breath, the spirit, of humanity. All nations will preserve their own character, the independent personalities formed by nature and history, and all will join in the divine plan of right, in the harmony of justice, in the security of democratic government, concurring to form a universal federation. The races, all perfectible, called by the voice of reason and brought together by the progress of industry, which brings continents nearer each other and conquers seas, will enter into the new city of God. The armies of war will dissolve, and the armies of labor will be formed, who will make an end of wrongs, and prepare the planet to be the sanctuary of the new humanity. The lost Eden will be found again at the end of our journey, each man being a compendium of humanity, each planet the compendium of the universe, and humanity and the universe, united by science in immortal love, a sanctuary like the heaven of the Eternal and His divine Providence.

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This philosophy had great influence in Vienna through Ahrens; in Belgium through Tiberghen; in France through Paschal Duprat and Darimon; in Heidelberg through Leonhardi; in Spain through Sans del Rio. As may be observed from the exposition of its first principles and its more universal points of view, the harmonic school, founded by the illustrious Krause, is perhaps, of all the German schools, the one which most profoundly touches the two capital principles of modern policy, the idea of right and the organism of the federation. Perhaps if our function in this work were that of criticism and not of history, we might notice certain tendencies toward confusing the sphere of right with that of morality, giving to virtue a coercive power and character of social law, a support of the state, which would take from it its spontaneity and intrinsic merit. Perhaps, also, its philosophical principles were tinged with a transcendental eclecticism and its political ideas with a certain Utopian socialism. Perhaps, not in morals certainly, nor in the study, the appreciation of the passions, but in the distant consequences of the doctrine, there is some analogy with St. Simon and with Fourier—with the first through the almost mystic idea of humanity; with the second through the hope of a harmony like that of the phalanstery; with both through the social sentiment. But, with the exception of these points, what a living faith in justice, what a great love of humanity, what Christian hope in the accomplishment of our destinies, what force and power in the idea of the universal federation! Thus it is easy to comprehend that wherever men think nobly, live with integrity, believe in justice, prepare the advent of right, and labor for the federation and the republic, the harmonic school, founded and sustained by this illustrious thinker, will always count numerous and brilliant disciples for the development, the extension, the application, of the fundamental principles of the eminent and venerable master.

In every manner the long course we have traversed shows what we said at the beginning, that the republic owes to the German nation the luminous formulas of right, the idea which moves and impels it. We have observed this idea of right in science; next we shall observe it in life. We shall see in other sections of this work right and its natural organism, the republican idea operating in two more practical and more positive spheres, in art and in politics. We shall see the champions of what has been called New Germany, the chiefs of the extreme Hegelian Left, the revolutionists of '48, the deputies of the parliament, sworn enemies of religious traditions, and the propagators of social ideas, the first apostles of the International, the decided partisans of German unity and independence. Next we will see Dr. Strauss proposing to deprive Christ of the crown of his divinity, and to leave to the king the constitutional crown. We shall see Bruno Bauer in the sphere of history illustrating the early ages of the church, and in the sphere of politics defending liberty. We shall follow Ruge in his revolutionary career through Germany, and in his wandering exile through Europe. We shall narrate the labors of Stirner; we shall see how Lasalle and Marx have influenced the social movement of the German race. We shall refer to the *Letters on Paris* of the great republican writer, Börne, the satires of the great humorist, Heine, the democratic national verses which have kindled the blood and the soul of generations. We shall follow that illustrious pleiad of revolutionists who, after shedding their blood in the field of battle and their ideas in the press and the pulpit, in the forum and the tribune of the parliament, have found an honorable asylum in the United States of America, or in the federal cantons of Switzerland, casting an equal lustre on the country of their birth and the country of their adoption. Then we shall see also in what degree the great changes which have taken place in Germany, the two wars, with Austria and with France, the marvelous work of Bismarck, have hastened or impeded the republican movement in modern Germany. We shall observe the influence which the republican idea has had in the work of German unity, and the influence which German unity has had upon the republican idea.

What reason can nations have to be enemies, when the transformation of the spirit is so equally due to them all? Survey the course of events through modern times: Italy exalts the ancient classic form in art, the ancient naturalist sentiment in science, through means of that spring-time in the human spirit which is called the Renaissance. And while Italy was completing art and history, Portugal and Spain were completing the planet, Portugal bringing into modern life the forgotten realm of Asia, the land of the past, and Spain finding the unknown America, the land of the future. The human spirit being prepared by the Renaissance, the earth itself prepared by voyages of discovery, humanity feeling itself strong and sovereign—then comes the Reformation, the revelation of the liberty of conscience in Germany, where had already arrived the idea of individuality, that rude preliminary sketch, the first germ of modern liberty. Immediately the sentiment of the German people attempted to deduce the practical consequences of the Reformation in the Peasants' War, but the excesses of this revolution, exaggerated and vitiated by the Anabaptists, made its triumph impossible, and the political consequences of the Reformation were attained by Holland and by En-

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gland. The first served as an asylum for the freethinkers of Catholic nations, like Bayle and Descartes, and consequently became the principal element in the formation of the modern spirit. The second employed all the resources of observation and experience to compose a practical philosophy which should bring liberal ideas into the common-sense of humanity; and corresponding to this work in the intellect was another analogous work in the world, the marvelous appearance of a free republican federal democracy in the virgin land of America. American liberty set France on fire, and while France was destroying the ancient social organisms, the intolerant church, the absolute monarchy, and replacing them with new organizations, and bringing the tables of the new law from the summits of the revolutionary Sinai, Germany was creating the fundamental idea of modern politics, the mother idea of all our progress, the idea which soon or late must be incarnated in the republic and in the federation—the idea of human right.

I said a few days ago, and I repeat it here, the weak have conquered the strong, the philosophers have conquered the popes, the plebeians the kings. Providence will have it so, to prove the irresistible virtue of ideas. The son of an obscure Athenian sculptor vanquished the pagan gods; the son of a Jewish carpenter the Latin Cæsars; the son of a German miner the theocratic popes; the son of a Geneva watch-maker the absolute kings, as if to demonstrate the inherent virtues of ideas which exalt the humble and abase the proud—thus revealing two principles equally consoling, the existence of human justice on the earth, and the existence of God in the immensity of the heavens.

Editor's Easy Chair.

IT was from Arcadia that the Easy Chair and its company went down the valley to the circus two or three years ago; and it was in Arcadia that it saw the moral panorama of the battle of Bunker Hill and "Heidelberg upon the Nectar," of which due mention was made. In Arcadia also was the wonderful fringed gentian found, one hundred and thirty-six flowers upon a single stalk; and there is the pretty low steeple with arches encircling the sweet-toned bell, graceful and light as those of the Florentine Ponte Trinità. Like Florence, too, Arcadia is a political community. But, unlike the lilied Queen of the Arno, how kindly hospitable to heretics!

But where is Arcadia? It is the very question that the Chief Justice asked as he stood in the door of the rural hotel at the head of another valley. He had crossed the mountain upon his summer circuit, and had stopped at the hotel to dine and rest; and after dinner he stepped to the door and stood tranquilly surveying the lovely landscape. He soon descried the carriage of an Arcadian party, and simultaneously the party descried him. There is no magistrate of more towering uprightness. Indeed, he filled the doorway as if fitted into it, and there could be no doubt in the Arcadian carriage that it was he and no other. But it was amusing to watch the expression of his face as the carriage approached him. There was first the cool, remote gaze of the observer who sees an ordinary carriage coming. Then the greater interest of the perception that the carriage was not a common one, but spacious, many-seated, and filled with a lively company. Then the smiling and complacent curiosity of the citizen in the prospect of studying the oddities of a country party. Then followed the amazed perception that it was not a country party, and suddenly the recognition of familiar friends, laughing gayly, and challenging him with a hundred questions. When silence was restored, the magistrate demanded to know where they came from.

"From Arcadia," responded the chorus of the hills.

"And where is Arcadia?"

"Nobody knows."

"How do you get there?"

"Nobody knows."

Nor could he learn more. Those who know the way thither leave others to find it if they can. He asked in vain. "Nobody knows the way; nobody knows," was all he heard; and as the friendly laugh died away in the distance, and he was left alone in the beautiful, solitary valley, with no sound but the dash of the low river over the stones, Arcadia must have seemed to him an isle of the sunset—no man's land—a sea-coast in Bohemia.

Where, then, is that happy land? In the opening chapter of his book upon the English Constitution Mr. Freeman paints a charming picture of the political life of the old Swiss cantons of Schwytz, Uri, and Appenzell. Whoever remembers Switzerland truly will once more feel, as he reads, the thrill of youth, of exultation, of happiness, with which he inhaled the inspiring morning air of the mountains, and looked out upon the pure, awful Alpine peaks, and heard the avalanches and the *Ranz-des-vaches*. "Give me youth and a day, and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous." There is no delight in travel so electrical as that of the Swiss mornings. Their breath cleanses life. They touch mind and heart with vigor. They renew the loftiest faith. They quicken the best hope. Despondency and gloom roll away, like the dark, heavy clouds which the Finster-Aarhorn and the Jungfrau spurn from their summits. Nowhere else is life such a conscious delight. No elixir is so sure, no cordial so stimulating, as that Alpine air. In the late summer of other years the Easy Chair was walking with an older friend through the noblest parts of the Tyrol. It seemed to tread on air, to run and leap with a finer youth; and the elder friend was evidently impa-

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tient of the obtrusive spirits of that exulting companion. They seemed, perhaps, to emphasize too much the greater age; and at last the elder exclaimed, almost petulantly, "Easy Chair, I hope you understand that I enjoy this as much as you, if I *am* a little older."

It is pleasant to find that this buoyancy and freedom are perennial in the political spirit of the old Swiss cantons. Freeman describes with delightful sympathy the yearly assembly of the people upon some grassy meadow in a secluded valley, and the simple methods of the election of magistrates. The canton is a rural Athens of the best days, but more tranquil and humane than the city of the violet crown. The Alpine purity and silence seem to penetrate the little commonwealth. It is such a state as poets describe in Utopia and Atlantis and Oceana. Rousseau might have dreamed of such simple politics, and of a life so ideal because so natural. The traveler in Switzerland observes the fine roads, the modest houses, the cultivation of the fields, the thrift of the homesteads. He sees a country in which the citizen is plainly careful of the public welfare; and he is glad to believe that this spirit springs from freedom, and that freedom is born of the lofty inspiration of the mountain air, which dilates his lungs with health and fills his soul with delight. Indeed, the hardy and simple virtues are a mountain crop. They are the flower edelweiss, seldom found, and only upon solitary and almost inaccessible heights. "I am the boy of the mountains," sings Uhland's young shepherd, as he leaps from rock to rock, while his cheerful voice rings out from muffling clouds. Will he not of course become a citizen worthy to follow the Bull's Head of Uri to the green valley of assembly, and to vote wisely and well?

This charm which the traveler remembers in the Swiss atmosphere and scenery, and which Freeman describes in the simple politics of the people, belongs also to Arcadia, to which the magistrate vainly asked the way. It is a mountain town, thinly peopled, a sequestered community which shows American life in its best and most hopeful aspect. Indeed, it was a country of such communities that our fathers contemplated when they founded the government; for one such town is the highest result of civilization, and the fairest spectacle that history offers. Grote and the historians are fascinated by Athens in her democratic prime, the Athens of Pericles, "the eye of Greece," when human genius seemed to flower, and the great monuments of art and literature were reared, and political society reached what they think an unrivaled superiority. Yet the most thoughtful of those historians believes that slavery was essential to that superiority, and concedes that patriotism was then a most limited and selfish emotion, while the laws of war were cruelly revolting. Mindful of those great men and beneficent days, and acknowledging the vast debt of the world and of our own time and land to Greece and the Greeks, the American standing to-day in the mountain Arcadia of which we are speaking need not deplore that he is born too late. The little solitary town in which he tills his fields is a finer political community than the Athens he remotely sees.

Yet there is no Marathon, no Thermopylæ, in his landscape, and in the shadowy trout brooks that sing through the green ravines he sees no Salamis. The village church is not a Parthenon, nor in the March town-meeting does he hear Cleon or Demosthenes. But he is one of a community which is self-governed, as a wise man is, and without a constable. There is such an officer, indeed, somewhere among the hills, but he is a name and a form only. All the men of the town yearly assemble, like the men of Uri, Schwytz, and Unterwalden, and elect their rulers for the year. Schools and roads are the chief expenses, and the annual tax of the town before the war, except in emergencies, was not five thousand dollars. During the war no income tax was paid, because the town incomes did not reach the minimum. There are no drunkards, and no intoxicating liquors are sold. The poor-house is a pleasant farm, usually without guests of the town, and evil-doers are sent into exile by an authorized and peremptory mandate of public opinion. Yet nobody was ever causelessly exiled, like Aristides from Athens. Nobody is rich, and each family supplies its own "help." It is a community of workers; yet when the lightning kills a yoke of oxen, or a horse dies which the poor owner could hardly replace, the neighbors — and all the towns-folk are neighbors — subscribe little sums, and the loss is made up to the loser. So the whole town is a mutual insurance company, and upon an insured value of one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars the losses in several years together were not seventy dollars. Arcadia has not Demosthenes and Cleon in the town-house, nor Aristophanes in a theatre, but every day come the newspapers, and all the year the town library is open.

It is rather the Swiss canton, you think, than the Greek city. It is rather a rustic, simple, industrious community than the compact, alert, sovereign Demos dealing with the whole domestic and foreign policy of the state. But that it does also in the modern way, not directly, but through the representative. The appeal to opinion and to the vote is not made, as in the *ecclesia*, by orators orally discussing, but by editors speaking in print. Arcadia is a town impossible except in a country of free institutions, and it is itself the justification of them, and also shows the conditions of their permanence. Above all, and it is this that illustrates most strikingly the actual advance of civilization, Arcadia has what Athens never knew, and what the Alpine cantons imperfectly understood—the sentiment of humanity. It holds no slaves, it makes none, and it sells none; and war is not a glory, but a terrible and reluctant necessity. In the centre of the village stands the modest little monument to the undying memory of the sons of Arcadia who died in the recent struggle. It is a simple low block of granite, and from its base upon four sides trickles a stream of water to refresh man and beast. It commemorates without rhetoric the devotion of the little town to the freedom which made and makes it what it is: a freedom which rests upon the recognition of the equal rights of all men, and which experience shows to be best secured by political equality.

Possibly the magistrate who, to his eager question how to reach Arcadia, heard only the laughing, mocking reply, "Nobody knows, nobody knows," does not believe that any road which

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carriages can traverse leads thither, and that, more than ever, such a little town is but a dream of hope, a lovely and vanishing mountain mirage. Yet if this one eludes him, he may find others more stable. And if some summer morning his horse should bring him through winding, shaded, and ascending roads into the broad and quiet and bowery street of Arcadia, he will not tarry long before he will feel, "I too was born in Arcady." For his ever-haunting question whether our American condition is not a hopeless mediocrity will be answered as he contemplates Arcadia, and asks himself the simple counter-question whether a high general welfare of men and women, even if no more were possible, is not infinitely more pleasing to the conscience and to reason than the thorough cultivation of the few amidst general ignorance and inferiority. If he asks whether a little more intelligence is really higher welfare, and whether there may not be a truer happiness with ignorance and dependence, his inquiry will again be satisfied by the remembrance that it is the question which despotism has always asked, and which the maple-shadowed village answers. And as he mounts again, and slowly turns his horse's head over the hills and far away upon his rural circuit, himself an epitome of the kind of virtue he has found in the mountain town, reflecting that its simple freedom, typical of the country, offers to every inhabitant the opportunity of becoming what Pericles was, Athens will seem to him a lesser glory than Arcadia, and the happy magistrate will but vary the words of Pericles as he invokes heaven's blessing upon his country, and murmurs, "The whole world of freedom is but the school of illustrious men."

THE following interesting intelligence was lately published in the newspapers: "An affair of honor came off yesterday on the banks of the Styx between Sir Lucius O'Trigger and Thomas Noddy, Esquire. Sir Lucius was attended by his friend Major O'Gahagan, and Mr. Noddy by Mr. Aspen Pigeon. The affair grew out of a little incident in which Mr. Noddy's nose and the thumb and forefinger of Sir Lucius's right hand were principal parties. The conditions of the meeting were simple. Upon tossing up a copper, Mr. Noddy, who was the challenger, won the choice of position. The combatants were to fire at any time while Major O'Gahagan counted five. The little preliminaries having been adjusted, the principals were placed, and the major said, in a clear voice, 'Are you ready? Fire!—one, two, three, four, five!' Mr. Noddy fired at the word, and his ball missed Sir Lucius. Sir Lucius covered his opponent without firing, and at the word 'four' discharged his weapon in the air. Mr. Noddy having expressed himself satisfied, the principals shook hands, and the whole party returned to town by the lightning express train from Tartarus, playing a cheerful game of poker, and subsequently they dined together hilariously at Buzzard's. Every thing passed off in the most satisfactory manner, and it will gratify a large circle of friends to know that Mr. Noddy's nose is as uninjured as his honor."

Does any body who reads such a paragraph suppose that Sir Lucius and Mr. Noddy know much about honor? Yet in the clubs and at dinner-tables there are plenty of people who think that this performance was unavoidable. Sir Lucius and Mr. Noddy are merely puppets. They would very much prefer to pop Champagne corks at Buzzard's than fire pistols at each other upon the field of honor. Indeed, their example, and that of the kind of people who fight duels and figure as principals and seconds, is generally of no more importance than that of the brawls of bullies in the slums. The mischief lies behind them. It is in the justification of the duel by society, or by those in society who ought to know better. Respectable men and women read of a duel or hear of it, and say, gravely, "Yes, it seems rather absurd, and yet there are circumstances that make it unavoidable." Sir Lucius and Mr. Noddy are of the same opinion, and they must decide for themselves what the circumstances are. A newspaper exposes the wicked folly, and calls for justice upon those who break the peace by fighting a duel, and the same sentiment in society sneers at the meanness of soul which can not see that honor transcends the law, and is complacently contented to know that "gentlemen" only can understand the duello.

Now in our society Mrs. Grundy, and Mrs. Grundy alone, makes young men fight duels. It is she who erects the false standard to which the sentiment we are considering defers. What is called the honor concerned in a duel is merely the fear of what will be said. If Sir Lucius pulls Tom Noddy's nose, the young fellow trembles to think that "his set" will call him a coward if he does not challenge the offender, and his set in turn are afraid that they would be thought cowardly if they declared that a duel was always and necessarily wrong. It is all Mrs. Grundy. "It is a false sentiment," said General Hamilton, in substance, "but my influence would be impaired if I were thought a coward." Could a duel prove his bravery if his whole career had not proved it? And he fell to please a sentiment that he despised. Certainly the weakest act of his life was the last, nor for any act did he ever offer so futile a plea —a plea which is the most conclusive argument against the deed, because the fact of the defense shows that he was conscious that the deed must be explained, and would not justify itself to the honorable and the wise.

Indeed, there was never any argument urged for the duel which was not amply refuted. The general plea is that there are certain offenses of which the law can take no notice, but which would render society intolerable if suffered, and it is the consciousness of men inclined to offend that they will be called to account which keeps them in order. To state the argument is to expose it. For these offenses are necessarily conventional, and every body who acknowledges the code is immediately at the mercy of any body who chooses to offend, and who is also a good shot. That is, again, to say that society is placed by the code at the pleasure of its most worthless members. If, for instance, pulling your nose, or throwing a glass of wine in your face, or calling you a liar, or posting you as a scoundrel, are offenses only to be condoned by your exposing yourself to be killed by the offender, a man who wishes to dispose of you has only to practice pistol-shooting until he is an expert, and then empty his glass in your face. And to say that un-

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less this is the general understanding of society gentlemen will supplement their colloquial arguments by tweaking each other's noses is merely pleasant trifling.

Graver social offenses than these are included in the index duellarius, but there is none of them, not the most flagrant and exasperating, which can be held to justify the cruel folly of the duel. Lothario, for instance—as in Mrs. Marsh's story of *The Admiral's Daughter*—in the absence of his friend, or in despite of his friend's presence, "ensnares the affections" of his friend's wife. Mrs. Grundy says "Oh!" and "Have you heard?" and shrugs her shoulders and rolls her virtuous eyes to heaven. Suppose that it is all true. If the friend loved his wife, it is a tragedy, and it is easy to fancy him, in a paroxysm of passion, shooting his rival, as men have often done, or blowing out his own brains. But what could be more comical than his going out in a melancholy manner to let his friend shoot at him? And, again, does any body believe, whatever he may say, that men would be constantly "ensnaring the affections" of their friends' wives if they were not conscious that they would be called to account at the pistol's mouth?

As for manly honor, whatever it be, is it something at the mercy of rakes, bullies, and vagabonds? Can the conduct of another affect your honor? It may give you pain, shame, endless regret. It may break your heart and ruin your life. But it can not touch your honor. Of that you alone are the guardian. That you only can stain. Is the honor of Richard Turpin junior injured because his father swung at Tyburn? Is the granddaughter of Dr. Dodd dishonored because the doctor forged and suffered? Or —except in Mrs. Grundy's judgment—is the honor of Menelaus soiled by the preference of Helen for Paris? That preference may dishonor her, may utterly desolate her home, and wreck his life. But how can it dishonor him? Only upon the theory that she is not an equal human being, that she is merged in him: a theory which reason and common-sense repudiate.

This is all obvious enough and reasonable. But the fact that duels are still fought by persons who are received in good society shows that there is an opinion in that society which justifies them. It is the same opinion to which Hamilton deferred seventy years ago. Those who maintain that opinion to-day think that they maintain a sturdy, vigorous manliness against a flabby moral sentimentality. They deceive themselves. Their theory is the ingenious defense of cowardice by sophistication. Many a man within the last ten years has ridden upon the battle-field "into the jaws of death, into the mouth of hell," who can not face Mrs. Grundy in the club or the drawing-room. It is the consciousness of that moral cowardice which inspires his sophistry about the duel, and causes him to say, as he reads of the meeting between Sir Lucius and Tom Noddy, "There are, unhappily, circumstances which leave a man no alternative." The unhappy circumstances are Mrs. Grundy. The hero of a hundred honorable battles in the field makes Mrs. Grundy the judge of his honor in society, and calls his pusillanimous surrender the law of a primitive and original manliness.

The diligent reader of the summer's record of college commencements, university convocations, teachers' institutes, and educational associations will have observed that the most memorable discourse of the year was that of President Eliot, of Harvard College, at the Elmira meeting of the National Educational Association. It was an assembly of the chief teachers in the country, and the subject of the discourse was a national university. If, therefore, the president of the oldest college had urged upon his fellow-presidents the argument for the establishment by the national government of a great university, there would have been a general feeling that he had done something very natural, and something that would have no practical result whatever. Instead of this, however, the Harvard president quietly dealt a blow at the familiar but unsound proposition—a resounding blow from which it will not recover.

The report of President Eliot is an admirable example of clear thought and of vigorous style; but it is especially interesting as an expression of honest conviction. Mr. Eliot says just what he thinks. That, certainly, should be small praise; but it has, in fact, become almost the highest praise of a public speaker. The two chief rostrums in this country are the pulpit and the political platform. How many preachers say just what they honestly think? How many politicians do not skillfully trim when they speak and write? Is not dumbness prayerfully desired of every party candidate? Is not the candidate who writes letters lost? How many venerable Whigs have gone to their graves immutably persuaded that if Henry Clay had not written his Texas letter he would have been President! How many of the same astute gentlemen gave up the election in despair when they heard that General Scott had taken to making speeches! Indeed, the important question is not, What does the candidate think? but, Can he hold his tongue? As for the pulpit, do we never, even in our own happy land, encounter Emerson's English bishop, who, if you push inconvenient inquiries, has no resource but to ask you to take a glass of wine?

It is rather sad to say, therefore, and yet to say it is the best praise, that President Eliot's address is not what might have been expected from a man in his position, upon such a subject, upon such an occasion, and before such an audience, but it is the free delivery of a mind thoroughly informed by reason and experience upon an important subject, which is constantly misrepresented and misunderstood. His report is in three parts. It shows, first, what the association had done about a national university; secondly, it analyzes the two Congressional bills upon the subject; and thirdly, it states the true policy of the government in regard to education.

The first part of the report is a curious exposition of the manner in which important legislation is often carried and heavy taxes are laid. Some honest and energetic enthusiast reads a paper before a representative body upon the national duty of draining the ocean, and moves the appointment of a committee to consider and report at the next annual meeting. The motion is adopted, and the committee—of which the mover is chairman—is appointed, without consultation of those who are named, and without provision for declination to serve. A meeting is called

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some time during the year, which nobody attends except the chairman, or nobody with any sense of responsibility. The chairman prepares a glowing report, which is presented at the next annual meeting, and more time is asked. One year's time is granted, as ten years' would be if it were wished. Another year brings another report, and a permanent committee is appointed to take measures to bring the matter to the attention of Congress. The original enthusiast is again chairman. The members feel no interest, and find it inconvenient to attend meetings. There is no action which can be considered to be authorized by the good-natured association from which the committee is appointed, but the association nevertheless stands behind the committee and its chairman, and is supposed to be responsible for their proceedings. The chairman draws a bill, and addresses letters to all persons interested in ocean drainage, and he adopts as much of their advice as he chooses. Then he places the bill in the hands of some Senator, who confusedly supposes that it is the proposition of the organized body of friends of the cause. He offers it in the Senate, stating that he has not particularly examined it; but before sitting down he eloquently advances noble and patriotic sentiments upon the magnificent idea of a national drainage of the ocean. The imagination of some honorable colleague takes fire. He also corruscates with great brilliancy; and there is an excellent chance that the whole body will burst into a light blaze of enthusiasm, and the drainage of the ocean be ordered. The most ridiculous and extravagant legislation is imminent, and all due to the easy good nature with which well-meaning men play with great responsibilities.

President Eliot proceeds to analyze the two bills for a national university which have been offered in Congress. One of them virtually makes the faculty members of the civil service of the country. The professors' chairs would be political appointments. "There is no reason whatever to suppose," says Mr. Eliot, "that the appointments would be made upon any better method than that which now prevails in United States custom-houses and post-offices." This bill actually provides that after the year 1880 graduates of the national university in medicine and surgery "shall alone be entitled to practice medicine and surgery in any territory over which the United States shall have exclusive jurisdiction"—a provision which, as Mr. Eliot remarks, with grave sarcasm, might, considering that the professors of these branches were to be political appointments, give serious concern to persons who live in the territories, forts, arsenals, navy-yards, and light-houses of the United States. Mr. Eliot's criticism of the details of the organization provided by the bill is relentless and conclusive, and it has the immense force of his own experience, which is that of the most efficient head of a great university. He exposes in the same remorseless way the futility of the scheme in the second bill to detach the management of the university from the government.

In the third place, President Eliot considers the true policy of our government in regard to university education. He holds that the theory that a good government should provide an elaborate organization for teaching, as it maintains an army, a navy, and a post-office, is wholly European, and a legitimate corollary of government by divine right. But our government is not the guardian of the national morals, and is not responsible for the national character. "First of all, we want to breed a race of independent, self-reliant freemen, capable of helping, guiding, and governing themselves." The habit of being helped by the government is fatal to this freedom. The doctrine that the government is to do nothing which any private agency can perform as well is the foundation of our public liberty. The vast sums of money that we spent in the war were spent to secure a government which is the guarantee of this public freedom. It is not instruction, nor railroads, nor telegraphs, with the hand of the government sustaining them, that can perpetuate this freedom and all its blessings. Its only adequate securities are the national habits, traditions, and character, acquired and accumulated in the practice of liberty and self-control; and these, while they show us the vital importance of education, also show us the true way to sustain and diffuse it.

Such are the views of President Eliot substantially in his own words; and he closes his report by an earnest appeal to maintain the American method of public instruction: local taxes voted by the citizens themselves for universal elementary education; local elective boards to spend the money and control the schools; and, for the higher education, permanent endowments administered by incorporated bodies of trustees. This is the method that breeds freemen, provided, we may add, that with equal care they forbid ecclesiastical control of the schools.

The report of Mr. Eliot, if not unanswerable, is certainly worthy of most careful thought. Like all sincere and thorough treatment of great questions, it is a signal public service. It serves indirectly as well as directly. The satisfaction with which it has been received shows that simple and honest speaking may be as popular as the most agile evasion, while its method and spirit, carefully studied by honorable gentlemen in Congress, may stimulate them to scrutinize the magnificently masked bills which are constantly brought before them. And, again, good-natured gentlemen who are appointed upon committees in conventions and institutes and associations will see, as they read this report, that they must either decline the responsibility laid upon them or bear their share of it. When one of the bills was presented in Congress the Commissioner of Education said, "It is the one, as I understand the facts, which was favored by the committee appointed by the National Education Association." It was not favored by that committee, nor by any responsible body, and it would seem that the Senator who presented it should have known that fact. Of course there are many good men who think that the government ought to found and sustain a great national university. They honestly argue for it. In reply Mr. Eliot's report questions no motives; but it gives the honest friends of such a plan very much to consider. The gods help those who help themselves. The proverb glows with the eternal youth of old wisdom. Hercules, says Æsop, helped the carter who put his own shoulder to the wheel. One speaking bas-relief of the fable in each house of Congress would be worth all the decorations of the Capitol.

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Editor's Literary Record.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

The Sixth Oriental Monarchy, by Professor GEORGE RAWLINSON (Scribner, Welford, Armstrong, and Co.), embraces an account of the "geography, history, and antiquities of Parthia." It contains two admirable maps, and a number of wood-cuts, chiefly of coins and sculptures. The history of Parthia affords a curious illustration of the transitory nature of earthly greatness. As an empire it lasted from about B.C. 250 to A.D. 226. In its era of largest prosperity it extended from the Caspian Sea on the north to the Persian Gulf on the south, and from the Mediterranean and the Black Sea on the west to the river Indus on the east. It thus comprised an area of about 450,000 square miles of territory, in size nearly equaling and in productiveness surpassing modern Persia. During its existence it rivaled the Roman empire, and divided with it the sovereignty of the earth. And yet upon its decay and death it sunk into an oblivion so utter that it abides in history as little more than a name. In so complete and comprehensive a manual as Miss Thalheimer's its history is comprised in a couple of pages, except as it is incidentally recorded in the history of other contemporaneous nations. To rescue the life of this really important but comparatively unknown people from oblivion is the object of Professor Rawlinson. That he has done his work well it is hardly necessary to say. His volume makes an admirable companion volume to the *Ancient Monarchies;* reading it is almost like reading a new page in the world's history.

The various elements of interest which combine in the *Life of Alexander von Humboldt* (Lee and Shepard) are sufficient to justify the two large octavo volumes before us. The publishers have acted wisely in omitting the third volume, which completed the original German edition, but constituted no part of the biography, being devoted to a critical investigation of Humboldt's scientific labors. The work is itself the product of three co-laborers, J. LÖWENBERG, ROBERT AVÉ-LALLEMANT, and ALFRED DOVE. The first contributes that portion which relates to Humboldt's youth and early manhood, and his travels in America and Asia; the second, his Paris life (1808–26); the third, the meridian and decline of his life (1827–59), including his court life at Berlin.

The world is full of biographies of self-made men. It is refreshing to read the biography of one man who was not self-made, but who had all the advantages of culture which wealth, position, and birth and education in the most cultured nation of Europe could confer. The French biographies assert of the father of Alexander and his brother William that he was so wealthy that, by lending the whole of his property, he actually bore half the expense of the Seven Years' War. This appears to be a myth; but myths of this description indicate something, and of Alexander and William it may be said that "they were born of rich but honest parents." All the advantages that a noble ancestry, an acquaintance and influence at court, and a full purse can confer were theirs, and they made good use of them. It was this use that made them the men they were; for William was perhaps almost as well known in Germany as his brother, though in a different field. One gave himself to politics, the other to science; the world of one was Germany, of the other was the Cosmos. After all, in the truest sense of the term, these brothers were self-made, as are all men that ever come to any thing. The story of their lives, especially of their early lives, is an inspiration, or ought to be, to lazy men who imagine that they have nothing to do because they inherit wealth and a social status. It is an admirable book for the youthful American Brahmin to read, and its record is an admirable example for him to study. Again, especially in this age of scientific enthusiasm, the life of Alexander von Humboldt possesses a peculiar scientific interest. It is worth studying his life, if only to see how exacting a mistress science is, how devoted must be the love of her chevaliers, and how she awards her crown only to the indefatigable, the assiduous, and the self-denying. Rise at seven; work steadily till eleven; breakfast then, chiefly off a cup of coffee; to work again till seven; half an hour for dinner; till twelve o'clock evening receptions or other phases of social life; from twelve till two in the library—this was the baron's Paris life, and this was surely the life of a hard-working man. If ever one belonged to the working class, it was this wealthy scientist, honored at home and abroad, and even at his restaurant breakfast surrounded by admiring but obtrusive gazers. Nothing but this sort of indomitable industry would or could have given him his fame, or us the fruits of his genius and his culture. And along with this persistent industry was an enthusiasm of devotion to science which at times nearly or quite transgressed the bounds of a reasonable prudence, of which one illustration is so striking that we quote it:

"I can only describe to you here one experiment. I applied two blisters to my back, each the size of a crown piece, and covering respectively the trapezius and deltoid muscles. I lay, meanwhile, flat upon my stomach. When the blisters were cut, and contact made with zinc and silver, I experienced a sharp pain, which was so severe that the trapezius muscle swelled considerably, and the quivering was communicated upward to the base of the skull and the spinous process of the vertebræ. Contact with silver produced three or four single throbbings, which I could clearly separate. Frogs placed upon my back were observed to hop; when the nerve was not in immediate contact with the zinc, but separated from it by half an inch, and the silver only in contact, my wound served as a conductor, and then I felt nothing. Hitherto my right shoulder was the one principally affected. It gave me considerable pain, and the lymphatic serous humor, produced in some quantity by the irritation, was of a red color, and, as in the case of bad sores, was so acrid as to produce excoriation in places where it ran down the back. The phenomenon was of too striking a nature not to be repeated. The wound in my left shoulder was still filled with a colorless, watery discharge, and I caused the nerves to be strongly excited in that wound also by the action of the metals. Four minutes sufficed to produce a similar amount of pain and inflammation, with the same redness and excoriation of the parts. After being washed, the back looked for many hours like that of a man who had been running the gauntlet."

The third element of interest in this biography is its character as a book of travels. Baron Humboldt was, above every thing else, a keen observer, and traveling, not as a recreation, but as a means of study and investigation, was with

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him a passion. The story of his travels is here told largely in his own words in extracts from his letters, which constitute, indeed, a journal of his course rather than a series of independent epistles.

Two defects will strike the reader of these volumes, and we should not be just to our own readers without adverting to them. The biography, being the combined work of three different hands, lacks something of that unity which is always a characteristic of the highest art. Baron Humboldt possessed a horror of biographies, forbade that any *éloge* should be pronounced over him at the Institutes of Paris or Berlin, and by his will requested his relatives and friends to prevent the appearance of any biographical or laudatory articles in the journals, so far as they could do so. In consequence, they issued a protest against the publication of his confidential letters; and before the lapse of time had lessened the weight of these prohibitions much matter had become lost, or at least had passed into an obscurity, if not an oblivion, from which it could not be rescued. The consequence is that this work is lacking in that element of personal disclosure which is always the greatest charm of a true biography. Over his own private and personal life Baron Humboldt drew a veil which this book does but partially withdraw.

Wau-bun, the Early Day in the Northwest (J. B. Lippincott and Co.), is an autobiographical account of the experiences of the authoress, some thirty years ago, on what were then the borders of our Western civilization. Without being remarkable for romance or adventure, it is a plain, simple, and seemingly truthful account of life among and dealings with the Indians in that era and country, to which we should recommend our readers to go for information on the subject rather than to the highly colored romances to which they are sometimes referred for the same purpose.

POETRY.

The attempt to sketch in poetry the life and times of Chrysostom, or even a picture taken from them, is one which requires for success a peculiar combination of powers: a scholar's appreciation of the times, a Christian's appreciation of the character of the great orator, and a poet's power of interpretation of both. In this attempt Rev. Edwin Johnson has achieved a decided though not a brilliant success in *The Mouth of Gold: a Series of Dramatic Sketches illustrating the Life and Times of Chrysostom* (A. S. Barnes and Co.). The language is rhythmical, the construction never forced, unnatural, and tortuous. One has not, as in some works of modern famous poets, to search through half a score of lines, finding here the subject nominative, there the predicate, here the noun, and remote and alone the adjective that should be married to it, living in single blessedness; he has not to recompose the scattered sentence to ascertain its meaning. The sketches of character and the times are founded on a true apprehension of the age, and though certainly the drama does not compel admiration by the exhibition of "properties," it does not provoke ridicule or indignation by anachronisms. The dress and scenery are simply suggestive to the imagination —nothing more. The true test of this poem lies, however, in its rendition of Chrysostom's character; and of this Mr. Johnson has certainly the true conception.

The White Rose and Red (J. R. Osgood and Co.) is certainly sufficiently worthy of existence to merit mention among the books of poetry of the day. It is a long poem—this love-story—running through nearly 250 pages; and it is rarely that an American reads a poem of that length unless he is a book critic, and not often then. But the music, the rapid movement, the picturesque descriptions, and a certain fascination somewhat akin to that of Moore's poetry, which we should judge our author had read and studied, if not accepted as a model, carry the reader who once begins this book rapidly through its pages. The plot is very simple—so simple that we shall not attempt to repeat it, since the reader would declare it to be nothing, and would be substantially correct. It turns upon the love of an Indian girl for Eureka Hart, a man with a splendid physique, which charmed the imagination of Red Rose, but whose

> "nature was as surely
> Soulless and instinctive purely
> As the natures of those others,
> His sedater beaver brothers.
> Nothing brilliant, bright, or frantic,
> Nothing maidens style romantic,
> Flashed his slow brain morn or night
> Into spiritual light.
> As waves run, and as clouds wander,
> With small power to feel or ponder,
> Roamed this thing in human clothing,
> Intellectually—nothing!"

His marriage to her, desertion of her, remarriage to Phœbe Anna of Drowsietown, Red Rose's following and finding of him, and her pathetic death, make up the threads of which the story is woven. They are deftly woven, and the story is well worth the reading, and would give the author a rank among true American poets, though not among the highest, if he were to suffer his name to be known.

Miss Ella Wheeler's collection of poems is better than its name—*Shells* (Hauser and Storey)—and better than we should expect from the school-girlish preface which is attached to it. In her attempts at humor she is not very successful, but her domestic pictures are drawn with a delicate pencil, and in certain of her poems there is a genuine pathos, unmarred by any of that mock-sentimentalism which often destroys the whole effect of even the most careful work of young lady poets.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

Lee and Shephard reproduce in this country, from England, *A General System of Botany, Descriptive and Analytical*, in two parts—1st, outlines of organography, anatomy, and physiology; and 2d, descriptions and illustrations of the orders. The authors of the original work, which is French, are E. Le Maout and J. Decaisne. It has been translated by Mrs. Hooker, and modified to meet the wants of students in Great Britain and the United States by a rearrangement of the orders to correspond with the English method, and by some condensation and some additions; this work has been done by J. D. Hooker, of the Royal Botanical Gardens, Kew. The volume contains over 5000 illustrations of plants and parts of plants. Its size and

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cost will prevent it from becoming to any considerable extent a text-book in our schools, or even colleges, but it will constitute an exceedingly valuable addition to any library, especially for those with whom the study of botany is either a business or a real delight.

Professor J. NORMAN LOCKYER'S latest work, *The Spectroscope and its Analysis* (Macmillan and Co.), is a small book, easily mastered as to size, clear in language, and so abundantly provided with illustrations that nothing but a verbal lecture, with the instruments and experiments themselves, could be better.

The Unity of Natural Phenomena, by M. EMILE SAIGLEY, translated by Professor THOMAS FREEMAN MOSES, is the first in a series of "Science for the People," in publication by Estes and Lauriat. The object of the author is to show in all phenomena a unity, in all force one force, in all forms of matter one, and but one, underlying element. This solitary element, according to M. Saigley, is ether, which as yet, however, is only presumed, not proved, to exist. This ether, which it is supposed fills all space, and makes "the universe a whole, and renders the intercommunication of light and energy between star and star possible," M. Saigley regards as "the constitutive element of all matter," and the exchanges of motion which take place between the atoms of this ether the basis of all varieties of force. "The atom and motion—behold the universe." This is the outline of his scientific hypothesis, concerning which it must suffice here to say, first, that it is only a hypothesis; secondly, that though it may seem to tend toward atheism and materialism, the translator regards it as not only not atheistic, but as leading directly to the study of God in nature. He closes his preface by a quotation of the eloquent words of Agassiz, "Natural history must in good time become the analysis of the thoughts of the Creator of the universe, as manifested in the animal and vegetable kingdoms."

RELIGION AND THEOLOGY.

REV. MORLEY PUNSHON'S *Lectures and Sermons* (Estes and Lauriat) are an exception to the general rule which renders an address, if truly fitted in topic and treatment for the pulpit or the platform, unfit for the printed page. The themes are mainly historical. "Daniel in Babylon," "Macaulay," "John Bunyan," "Wesley and his Times," "Florence and the Florentines," and "The Huguenots," constituting the "lectures," and making up about two-thirds of the book. The lectures are themselves sermons in aim, though with no trace of the traditional dullness of the pulpit address. The author avows his aims on the platform to be identical with his aim in the pulpit: "My chief purpose, I am not ashamed to avow, is to do my listeners good, and though the platform is broader than the pulpit, and may be indulged with wider latitude of range and phrase, I should be recreant to my great, loved life-work if I were not to strive mainly to make my words tell upon that future when eternity shall flash upon the doings of time." From that purpose he never deviates. He is too thoroughly imbued with a moral earnestness to render it necessary to affix a moral to his narrative, or to deduce a moral from it. The religious life, in the truest and best sense of the term, is in every page, and gives to his thoughts their charm, as the pure and noble soul gives to even a homely face a beauty which the finely chiseled marble can not imitate. Dr. Punshon's style tends to inspire a purer, healthier, and more entrancing one in any preacher or lecturer, not too old to learn, who should study it. We are chary of recommending any published lectures or addresses to the reader, since the spoken and the written address differ so radically; but we commend most cordially this volume not only to the student of Christian oratory, but also to the lay reader for his personal inspiration and instruction.

No one would easily guess from its title the character of *The New Life Dawning* (Nelson and Phillips). It is in reality a memorial volume, sacred to the memory of Bernard H. Nadal, D.D., one of the most eminent preachers, editors, and instructors in the Methodist Church, loved by thousands of hearers whom he had instructed by his pulpit ministrations, revered by the Church for his services to her, and through her to the cause of Christ alike in the pulpit, the press, and the professor's chair, and honored in the nation for his services to the cause of liberty and nationality in the intellectual and religious controversies which accompanied and were so intimately connected with the civil war. The volume consists of a brief introduction by Bishop R. S. FOSTER, an exceedingly well-arranged and well-written biography, compact but not dull, appreciative but not fulsome, by Rev. HENRY A. BUTTZ, and nineteen sermons by Dr. NADAL. The first of these sermons, on Jacob's dream and his consequent imperfect and conditional consecration of himself to God, gives its title to the book. This sermon may be taken as a fair sample of the character of all. It is on "the earlier intimations of Christian experience," of which Dr. Nadal regards this experience of Jacob as an illustration. It shows a thorough and sympathetic knowledge of Christian experience, derived from a study not of books, but of men. It is direct, personal, unconventional, almost conversational, in its tone, undogmatic in its treatment, and is infused with the author's personality and the fruits of his own personal experience, which give it almost the interest of an autobiography.

We do not often find in a book which purports to discuss the skeptical problems of the day from the side of Christian faith so much good sense as we find in *Christianity the Science of Manhood*, by MINOT JUDSON SAVAGE (Noyes, Holmes, and Co.). It is written, as all such books must be written to be of any avail, out of the author's personal experience. "The author became a member of the Church at the age of thirteen. Since that time he has fought over the whole ground of modern skepticism, in a hand-to-hand contest with its shadows and its facts. He has found it impossible to rest in tradition, and has felt compelled to seek a reasonable basis on which to stand." That Mr. Savage has found an absolutely new basis on which to rest Christian faith he probably will not pretend. If he had done so, the basis might well be doubted. But his book is valuable because it presents a basis that is not new in a fresh and experimental manner, and because it brings out from the rubbish of illogical argument, under which it has been cov-

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ered up both by the friends and foes of Christianity, that which alone can ever be the true basis of any spiritual religion, viz., the experience of its spiritual results. This argument may be stated in a nutshell: body, mind, heart, and spirit—these all are factors of man as he actually exists; all these need development. In fact Christianity proves itself, first, the science of manhood thus interpreted; second, his best means of development. All other systems prove failures. No matter, then, about historical and scientific arguments, *pro* and *con;* Christianity is what man needs, what man must have. The book deserves a higher rank in the literature of so-called apologetics than many much more pretentious books.

Another volume, written with a very analogous purpose, is *The Absolute Religion*, by Professor T. C. UPHAM (G. P. Putnam's Sons). There is nothing in the book to indicate that Professor Upham had the peculiar experimental schooling in unbelief which constitutes the best preparation for dealing with it; and although his treatise is wholly free from all bitterness of spirit, though it is in no sense controversial or dogmatic, and although its form of argument is certainly novel and forcible, it lacks that peculiar spirit of appreciative apprehension of unbelief which belongs to the work of one who is by nature, or has been by education, himself a skeptic. His avowed object is "not only to announce some of the leading doctrines of the Absolute Religion, but to show their identity with the doctrines of Christ." The very avowal of this purpose will impair the force of the treatise to the mind of the absolutist, who will read it armed to resist its arguments; and some of its positions—that, for example, which undertakes to show that the doctrine of the Trinity is a doctrine of the Absolute Religion—will rather awaken admiration by their ingenuity than conviction by their soundness.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE oft-repeated sneer against the clergy as narrow-minded and intellectually ill-furnished needs no better or more complete refutation than is afforded by *Church and State in the United States*, by Rev. J. P. THOMPSON (J. R. Osgood and Co.). It is characterized throughout by a broad-mindedness indicated in the opening paragraph, which repudiates toleration and demands in its place absolute religious liberty, and in the concise summary at the close, of the radical principle which in the United States measurably does, and finally must fully, determine the relations between church and state. "In the United States religion depends upon the moral power of light and love, and not upon the arm of the law." It is characterized throughout no less by that entire absence of scholasticism which is the best fruit of a ripe and mature scholarship. The author proves himself more familiar with constitutional law on this subject than are most well-educated lawyers, and vastly better grounded in the political principles which constitute the foundation, historically and politically, of the nation than most well-educated politicians. The book grew out of a request preferred to the author, who is now residing in Berlin, to prepare a statement concerning "the ecclesiastical laws and usages of the United States for the use of an officer of the imperial government whose name is no less honored in America than in Germany," and who is understood to be Prince Bismarck. It is issued both in English and German, and a thousand copies of the latter edition have been presented by the liberality of one New York merchant to the author for distribution to leading clergymen, teachers, and members of Parliament in Germany. Dr. Thompson, in his preface, requests the American reader to bear in mind that his treatise "was originally addressed to foreigners, who have little knowledge and perhaps less appreciation of American ideas and institutions." This *quasi* apology for its simplicity is, however, quite unnecessary. That simplicity is its charm; and though it may be that "Americans may be presumed to be familiar" upon the topic, this would be quite too great a presumption, a large majority of even well-read Americans having only very crude and ill-defined notions on the subject. The book, with some slight modifications, would be an admirable one to introduce as a text-book into our public schools. There is neither table of contents nor index—a serious defect, and one which should be remedied in the next edition.

Is it one of the signs of the times that the latest and perhaps the most popular contribution to the literature of the horse is from the pen of a clergyman, and a New England Calvinistic clergyman at that? Such is the fact. The title of the book is this: *The Perfect Horse; how to know him, how to breed him, how to train him, how to shoe him, how to drive him* (J. R. Osgood and Co.). It contains "illustrations of the best trotting stock horses in the United States, done from life, with their pedigrees, records, and full descriptions;" and the book itself is from the pen of Rev. WILLIAM H. H. MURRAY, a Congregational and Calvinistic clergyman, of Boston, and the introduction is from the pen of Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER, another Congregational, but not Calvinistic, clergyman, the two being probably at this time the most popular preachers in the United States in their denomination. The clergy and their organs will doubtless discuss the propriety of turning aside from the direct work of the ministerial profession to what Mr. Beecher tenderly calls a "remote department of it," and to them we shall leave that discussion. The question whether a clergyman can, in the nature of the case, be fitted to instruct the horse-breeding and horse-training community in the mysteries of their profession is a question, however, which belongs directly to the literary critic to consider. Mr. Murray has some admirable qualifications for his task. He has great sympathy not only with men, but also with beasts and with nature. His first appearance before the public was in a book on the Adirondacks, which has led him to be known ever since as Adirondack Murray, which set all amateur hunters and fishers wild with great expectations by its incredible stories—stories that were accepted as solemn truth by a public which delights to be cheated, and which sent into the wilderness hundreds of inexperienced but ambitious Nimrods, who caught nothing but colds and rheumatism, and got no bites but from black-flies. He has since been almost as famous for his horses as for his preaching. Marvelous stories are told of his stock farm and his stables and his stud of horses at Guilford, Connecticut, and this very book con-

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tains advertisements of two of his stallions. He has certainly read and studied the horse in books somewhat, and by personal observation a great deal. He writes in clear, simple, untechnical style. His language is chaste, and in dealing with topics which lie out of the range of most clergymen he writes with a simple directness which is the best kind of true delicacy. His spirit is throughout thoroughly sympathetic, truly Christian. He inveighs with unfeigned indignation against those arts of the jockey which have brought undeserved disrepute upon the business of breeding, training, and selling horses. He sees in the horse something more than a mere brute, looks in him for the mind and soul, so to speak, and truly discerns in him more of both than many perceive in men. He stamps with strong condemnation those methods, more characteristic of old ways of training and treatment than of the present, but too prevalent even now, which undertake to control the horse by mere brute force or through fear, and insists again and again, with pardonable iteration, that he is to be governed by a moral and intellectual control, by the ascendency which a spiritual superiority imparts to man. He can find no language too strong to express his abhorrence of all the methods and instruments of torture which have descended from the Inquisition to the stable. And he appeals throughout his treatise to the common-sense of his reader, requires him to observe, think, study, for himself, and does but give him the incentive to study and the clew to direct him in it.

The one capital defect of his book is its exceedingly limited aim. It should be entitled *The Trotting Horse*. At the close the author gives directions how to lay out a mile track. His whole book appears to be written with the mile track in view. The points of the horse are points that make for speed, the breeding of horses is breeding for speed, the training of the colt is training for speed. How to get, how to train, a race of horses that shall travel their eight, ten, or twelve miles an hour on the road does not seem to occur to him as a matter of any great moment. The supreme question is how to get a horse or breed of horses that can emulate the locomotive on a two-mile race. There is not a word in this volume of over 450 pages as to the proper way to feed, groom, stable, and drive a roadster, and very little, and that only incidentally, as to methods of breeding and training for the road. In short, the fallacy underlies this book, which underlies the whole modern system of horse-breeding and horse-training—that the race-course is the true measure of the horse's value. Hence the book itself is of very small service except to the comparatively small class of men who are professionally engaged in breeding and training horses, and even for them its real utility, though probably not its interest, is lessened by the false measure of the horse which it really, though not avowedly, recognizes and adopts. We ought to add, as a qualification, that Mr. GEORGE B. LORING contributes nearly one-third of the volume in an essay entitled "Agriculture and the Horse," and that this essay, which is unique in form and exceedingly entertaining in style, is far broader in its conception of the use of the horse, and far better adapted to the average want of the average owner, than the book to which it is contributed.

We took up AUGUSTUS HOPPIN'S *Hay Fever* (J. R. Osgood and Co.) with great expectation; we laid it down with great disappointment. American humor, both literary and artistic, seems to tend almost irresistibly to caricature and the grotesque, and Mr. HOPPIN has not been able to resist that tendency. His *Crossing the Atlantic* was a capital series of real character sketches, with only enough of exaggeration to give humor to them. His *Hay Fever* is a series of burlesques, too broad to be funny, and on a topic which even a burlesque can not redeem from the disagreeable. There is unquestionable force in his drawing, and now and then some genuine humor appears even in the burlesque, as in the picture of the boarders startled at Mr. Weeps's frantic efforts at night to catch his breath. But as a volume this does not deserve to be made the companion of the two preceding works by the same author, who, we trust, will dismount from his somewhat rawboned Pegasus, and return as soon as may be to real life, in sketching which in its various phases he really has no superior among American artists.

The Bazar Book of Health (Harper and Brothers) should have its author's name attached, since the value of such a work, at least to the ignorant, for whom it is chiefly intended, depends upon its *authority*, and this, again, depends upon the recognized position of its author. Talks about health by Dio Lewis or Dr. Hall possess a significance which similar productions coming from authors whose medical title has been purchased not by long study, but by a long purse, do not possess. We may, indeed, of our own knowledge assert that the papers which make up this book do come from a medical gentleman of scientific attainments, but this fact should appear more directly in the book itself. It treats of the dwelling, the nursery, the bedroom, the dining-room, the parlor, the library, the kitchen, and the sick-room. It discusses dress, food, and the care and physical culture of children. It is characterized by that native common-sense, that clear, plain, and untechnical English, and that practical wisdom which have rendered its companion volume, *The Bazar Book of Decorum*, so deservedly popular. No book can take the place of the doctor for one who is sick. This book, by teaching how to avoid the causes of sickness, will go far toward dispensing with the necessity for his services.

Political Portraits (J. B. Lippincott and Co.) is a republication from the English. It consists of a series of sketches of leading English politicians, most of which originally appeared in the *Daily News*, and is, we judge, by the same author as a similar volume, recently noticed in these pages, concerning the leaders in France at the present day. The sketches are rather analyses of character than biographies: as such they are admirable. As we have not the means of comparing the sketches with the originals, we can not vouch for their accuracy, but they are brilliant, epigrammatic, terse in style, discriminating in judgment, and appear to be singularly free from partisanship in spirit. The anonymous author has evidently had peculiar facilities for conducting his studies of public men; he as evidently possesses a peculiar faculty of reading men; and he is eminently happy in imparting the results

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of his observations. — A book somewhat similar in form, but very different in real character, is *Monographs, Personal and Social*, by Lord HOUGHTON (Holt and Williams). It is a series of gossipy sketches concerning some prominent personages, the material being chiefly gathered from personal recollections, the construction being fragmentary, the information scanty, and the interest depending on isolated anecdotes rather than on any broad and comprehensive view or acute analysis of character, or any full and satisfactory biography.

Editor's Scientific Record.

SUMMARY OF SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS.

IN reviewing the progress of science during the month of August we find in the *Astronomical* department the discovery of planet number 133, by Professor Watson, of Ann Arbor. This planet was observed by him on the 24th of July, but its extremely slow motion seems, if we may judge from the tenor of his telegraphic dispatch, to have delayed the discovery of its planetary nature until the 16th of August.

The comet discovered by Tempel on the 3d of July has been shown by the computations of Schulhof to be a periodic comet of the very short period of six years. This interesting new member of the solar system passes very near to the orbit of Jupiter, and adds one to the several previous cases in which it may be supposed that comets have been drawn into the solar system and become permanent members thereof through the attraction of this, the largest, planet. Borelly, the observer at the Observatory of Marseilles, France, announces the discovery, on the 19th of August, of the third comet of this year, which was reobserved on the 24th of the month by Henry of Paris.

The investigations in reference to the temperature of the surface of the sun have received an additional advance through a recent publication by Zöllner, who has applied to the spectroscopic observations of the chromosphere the results of Wullner's observations on the spectrum of hydrogen, and arrives at a new determination of the solar temperature, which gives him as the highest possible limit a result of about six thousand degrees centigrade. This result being such as to show a far less temperature than has been previously maintained by Secchi, is in so far a confirmation of the views previously maintained by Zöllner. The investigations of Denar point to a similar conclusion—namely, that the temperature of the sun has been greatly exaggerated, and that at the very highest it is no greater than fourteen thousand degrees centigrade, a conclusion quite in accordance with that obtained by Zöllner some years ago. From investigation of the motions of the protuberances Zöllner's result was thirteen thousand degrees centigrade.

The new method proposed by Secchi for the employment of the spectroscope in the observation of the approaching transit of Venus is apparently a decided improvement upon that which has been used for the past three years by various astronomers. Secchi places a prism in front of the object-glass of the telescope, and obtains a distinct view of the limb of the sun, as well as of the approaching and otherwise invisible planet. His method was applied on the occasion of the recent eclipse of the sun by the moon with very interesting results.

The long-anticipated determination of the constant of nutation, from observations made by Struve between the years 1842 and 1857 with the most accurate instruments that are known to the science of astronomy, has at length been published by the Imperial Observatory at Poulkova. Nyren, the author of the memoir, concludes the value of the nutation to be so nearly that which has been for twenty years generally accepted by astronomers that there is not likely to be any change in this respect, but especial interest attaches to his investigation of the invariability of the latitude of the Poulkova Observatory. His conclusions in this respect agree so nearly with those of Peters that it would seem to be highly probable that that observatory, and, indeed, not that point alone, but *every* point on the earth's surface, is subject to a slight change of latitude, whose period is about ten months.

The nebula of Eta Argus, which has been the object of so many examinations during the past twenty years, has formed the subject of a recent communication by Abbott of Hobart-Town, Tasmania, whose perseverance through many years in the observation of this difficult object seems to be at length rewarded with success, in that he announces with great confidence the annually increasing evidence of a rapid change in the appearance and constitution of this mysterious body. There are at present far more stars visible than there formerly were, and their relative positions have decidedly changed since the year 1837, when the nebula was first accurately drawn by Sir John Herschel.

In closing this record we regret to add the notice of the death, on the 6th of July, of Professor G. Schweizer, the director of the observatory at Moscow, and well known for his investigations into the existence of peculiar cavities within the earth's surface, whose presence became known to him only through the local deviation of the plumb-line from the normal direction.

In *Optical Science* we record an interesting investigation by Bichat on the effect of temperature upon the rotation of the plane of polarization. As is well known, the polarimeter is employed in many large manufactories (especially in the sugar refineries, in order to determine the degree of concentration of the solution of sugar). Bichat demonstrates that the plane of polarization rotates through a greater angle in proportion as the temperature diminishes, and that, on the other hand, when a body is heated to a state of vaporization, the phenomena of rotation entirely disappear.

The science of *Electricity* has met with the loss of one of the veterans in that department, Sir Francis Ronalds, whose death in his eighty-sixth year was recently announced. A work of great labor, including the history of the develop-

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ment of the science of electricity, is announced as having been completed by him shortly before his death, and will be looked for with great interest. He established in 1823 a working electric telegraph through eight miles of wire.

The influence of the electric current on germination and the growth of young plants has been studied with much care and discrimination by Bridgmann, who finds that positive electricity promotes the upward growth of the roots, and leaves the seeds blackened and dried up, while, on the other hand, negative electricity promotes the downward growth of the roots, and maintains the seeds in a fresh and plump condition. Both positive and negative electricity, however, stimulate the growth of the young plant to a degree far surpassing its natural rate of development.

In the theory of *Heat* a very great advance has been made by the investigations of Stefan on the conduction of heat by gases. By applying the heat to the lowest side of a receiver full of a given gas, Stefan was able to separate the effect of convection from that of conduction, and to measure the conducting power of the gases with great accuracy. The theoretical bearing of his investigation will be mentioned in a subsequent section.

A highly interesting, and in every respect an extremely valuable, investigation has been made by Weinhold on the accuracy of the various methods that have been hitherto used in measuring very high temperatures, such as those of the melting-point of the metals and their ores, etc. This investigation was carried on at the mining school of chemistry in Germany, and besides many subsidiary conclusions of great value, such as the variable specific heat of platinum, Weinhold comes finally to the general conclusion that no method of measuring high temperatures can compare with the air thermometer, except the so-called electric pyrometer of Siemens, in which instrument the temperature is indicated by its effect in diminishing the conducting power of a given wire of platinum.

In the ultimate theory of the constitution of bodies, as maintained by Clausius, Maxwell, and others, and which is now generally known as the dynamical theory of gases, a very great progress has been made by Stefan, whose investigations on the conducting power of gases for heat have been mentioned above. The results there referred to have, it seems, afforded a complete verification of the predictions of Maxwell and others, who, from mathematical investigations based on the so-called dynamical theory, were able to predict the relative conducting powers of metals and gases. From observations on the diffusion of gases Stefan has attempted to go a step further, and to deduce the temperature and size of the molecules themselves. He concludes that the diameters of these molecules must diminish as the temperature increases. On the other hand, Maxwell has also applied himself anew to this question, and adopting some general and highly probable hypotheses, concludes that we shall not be far wrong in assigning to a molecule of hydrogen a diameter of about one-five-hundredth part of the length of the wave length of the F ray in the spectrum of hydrogen; and he further concludes that the paths pursued by the molecules of bodies, as they vibrate rapidly to and fro, are about one hundred times as long as the diameters of the molecules themselves.

Under the head of *Meteorology* we may mention the somewhat unusual occurrence, if the statement be true, of a fire in Austria caused by the fall of a meteorite. One of these bodies was seen by some fishermen to strike the roof of a house, from which in a few moments a light blaze issued, resulting in the burning of the building and its contents. A similar occurrence is said to have taken place recently in the United States.

The exchange of astronomical discoveries by cable between the savants of America and the Old World still continues, several comets and asteroids having been added to the list since our last report.

The destruction from strokes of lightning has formed the subject of a valuable investigation in the interest of the insurance companies of Saxony, and it has been shown that in a very large percentage of the cases in which lightning falls upon buildings covered with slate or metal roofs, the buildings are not fired by the stroke, while in the case of shingle or thatched roofs combustion and total destruction of the building are very likely to ensue.

One of the most terrific cyclonic storms that have ever visited the coast of America occurred on the 23d and 24th of August, and spent its fury upon the province of Nova Scotia and Cape Breton. This storm apparently moved from the Gulf Stream, and perhaps across that region, northward toward Halifax, and passed centrally over the Bay of Fundy. If we may judge from the somewhat conflicting accounts that have thus far reached us, the easterly winds that prevailed on the north and east side of the central regions of the storm drove innumerable vessels on the shores of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and forced a very high tidal wave up over the land, and the fierceness of the gale was such as not only to cause the destruction of vessels, but even to break in houses, and in some places to destroy every vestige of civilization. The whole country has suffered to such an extent that it will hardly recover in years, if ever. The records of the vessels that have thus far come to hand are of great interest, especially the record of the steamer *Russia*, which seems, through some fool-hardy daring on the part of the captain, to have steered straight through the centre of the hurricane. Such a risk as was run on this occasion could easily be avoided by a proper attention to the direction of the wind and the state of the barometer, and the procedure has received, as it justly should, severe condemnation. A memoir by Governor Rawson, of Barbadoes, has just come to hand, in which he subjects the meteorology of that region to the most searching investigation in reference to the connection between climate and agriculture. Rawson's special study has been the dependence of the sugar crop upon the rain-fall. After stating the remarkably favorable circumstances that give great value to this study for this island, the author states, among other remarkable conclusions, that the rain-fall affects the crops of the succeeding but not of the current year, and concludes by giving tables for the practical calculation of the crop of the coming year, based merely on the rain-fall of the present year.

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Under the head of *Geology* Professor Meek announces the discovery by Professor F. H. Bradley of primordial fossils in Montana, the specimens collected on Professor Hayden's expedition showing a close relationship to species only known hitherto much further to the east. An epoch in our geological history is furnished by the appearance of the first volume of the final report on the geology of Ohio, by Professor Newberry, superintendent of the survey, to be followed by three or four others at short intervals. The general survey may be considered to have been completed, and the results are now to be presented in systematic form. Not the least valuable of these will be an exhaustive memoir on the invertebrate paleontology of the State, by Professor Meek; on the fossil fishes, by Professor Newberry; and on fossil plants, by Professor Leo Lesquereux. Among the volumes yet to appear are those on economical zoology and botany, to embrace, among other articles, a full history and biography of the fishes of the State.

The period since our last report of the progress of *Exploration and Research* has been marked by great activity, occurring as it did in the most favorable months of the year for such labors. Dates have been received from Professor Hayden down to the 1st of August, showing great success in carrying out the plans of his work. These, as originally formed, were somewhat interfered with by the threatening of Indian hostilities along the northern border of his field of labor; but a readjustment of divisions was readily made, and a new section of the country taken in hand. The collections bid fair to be even greater than those of any previous year, and the additions to our knowledge of the country in all its relationships to be of the utmost moment.

As heretofore, Professor Cope has accompanied Dr. Hayden, and has discovered during the present season some new localities and a large number of new species of fossil mammals and reptiles, of which he has already published numerous diagnoses. Professor William D. Whitney, of New Haven, also accompanies Dr. Hayden, and has written some very interesting letters in reference to the expedition to the New York *Tribune*.

Nothing has been published in regard to the progress of Lieutenant Wheeler's work beyond the fact that one of the parties (that under Lieutenant Hoxie) was seriously inconvenienced by the stealing of the greater part of the stock by one of the employés. This, however, was recovered, and the work experienced only a short delay.

Professor Marsh, in his paleontological work during the present season, is said to have met with the success which his indefatigable industry and perseverance deserve; large numbers of vertebrate fossils having been already added to his extensive collection. His labors have included researches in the Niobrara region and in the vicinity of Fort Bridger; and he proposes to visit some points on the coast.

The great Yellow Stone expedition, under the command of General Stanley, intended for the protection of the working parties of the Northern Pacific Railway, in the location and construction of that line, has at last advices passed safely from Fort Rice to the Yellow Stone River, and expects soon to be returning on the homeward march. The naturalists of the expedition, Mr. J. A. Allen and Dr. Nettre, have been quite successful in their department, and have already forwarded large collections to the National Museum at Washington.

The same may be said in regard to the International Northern Boundary Survey, under command of Archibald Campbell, Esq., and of which the natural history department is under the charge of Dr. Elliott Cones, who has obtained some very rare species of birds and their eggs, some of which have likewise been duly forwarded to Washington.

In our last summary we mentioned the fact that the steamer *Juniata* had been dispatched to Greenland and Upernavik for the purpose of bringing home that portion of the *Polaris* party still remaining in the arctic regions; and that the *Tigress* had left New York, bound for St. Johns, Newfoundland, thence to proceed to Greenland and Upernavik, being also properly provided and equipped to proceed still farther north in search of the *Polaris* and her party, should nothing have been heard from them by the *Juniata* up to the time of her arrival at that point. Both these vessels left St. Johns on their northern journey; and news has been received from the *Juniata*, dated July 19, announcing her departure for Holsteinborg, Greenland; where, however, no tidings from the *Polaris* were to be had, although advices from Disco to July 10 had arrived. A dispatch from London, September 18, announced the arrival at Dundee, Scotland, of the whaling steamer *Arctic*, having on board Captain Buddington and the remainder of the *Polaris* crew. They were picked up, July 20, by the whaling ship *Ravenscraig*, twenty miles to the south of Cape York, in boats constructed from the remnant of the bulwarks of the *Polaris*.

The anxiety which prevailed in regard to the fate of the Swedish expedition under Professor Nordenskjold has been happily relieved by the information that they safely passed through the perils of winter in Mossel Bay, in Spitzbergen, where, by the judicious action of the officers, an epidemic of scurvy was arrested and cured, and without the loss of any member of the large party engaged, with the single exception of one who died of lung-disease. It may be remembered that this expedition was fitted out to prosecute research toward the north of Spitzbergen on sleds, for which reindeer in considerable numbers had been provided. It was found, however, that the ice was too thin to allow this method of travel, for which reason the expedition is to return during the present season.

The crews of the Norwegian fishing vessels that were frozen up in the ice, nearly simultaneously with the Swedish expedition, were less fortunate. A few succeeded in escaping to the coast of Norway, but of those who were imprisoned by the ice the whole number (seventeen) were found dead by the parties who went in search of them.

The *Challenger*, since her last report, has continued to carry out her great mission for scientific research. On the 12th of June she left Bermuda for the Azores, and on the 2d of August sailed from the Cape Verd Islands for Bahia.

Under the head of *Zoology* we have to mention

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the publication of the first part of an important work by Quatrefage on the human races, entitled *Crania Ethnica*, in which he attempts to establish the existence of a "Canstadt" race, to include a certain number of crania of great antiquity, occurring principally in the drift, and found in various parts of Europe and America. This race is characterized by certain prominent features which he thinks are reproduced in some European and Eastern races.

The discovery of lake dwellings near Leipsic is an addition to the list of localities where this peculiar method of construction occurred.

Dr. Coues, in reference to the views of Jeitelles, who finds in the American prairie-wolf the progenitor of the dog of the bronze period, makes a comparison between the former and the modern pointer dog, and thinks that the relationships are extremely close. A natural inference from this would be that the pointer is probably a lineal descendant of the dog of the bronze period.

Professor Owen describes a new fossil bird, under the name of *Odontopteryx*, from the Sheppey clays, characterized by a great extension of the lamellæ of the bill, so as to form well-developed teeth, and in this respect resembling the modern mergansers. The interest attaching to this, however, is very inferior to that connected with the fossil bird of Professor Marsh, since the latter has genuine teeth, planted in sockets, instead of a simple development of the bone of the jaw.

The discovery in Belgium of the fossil bones of the common black duck (*Fulix marila*) has been lately announced.

An illustrated work on Lepidoptera, by Mr. Strecker, of Reading, Pennsylvania, promises to be a valuable addition to the list of systematic works on this group. And in this connection we may also mention the discovery of a new American butterfly (*Danais archippus*) near Melbourne, in Australia, numerous specimens having been taken by Professor M'Coy.

Under the head of *Agriculture* we have to report the offer of a prize, by the Royal Agricultural Society of Great Britain, for the best essay upon the potato-disease, this to be open to all competitors, and the 1st of November, 1873, being the limit of time for the reception of papers.

Much progress has been made in the direction of *Pisciculture* since our last report. Fish commissioners have been appointed by the State of Ohio, who have already entered upon their duties, which consist in erecting fish-ways in certain rivers, and in collecting data for a full report to the next Legislature upon the proper methods to be adopted for improving the food resources of the State.

The efforts on the part of the United States Fish Commissioner and the commissioners of several of the States for the multiplication of shad have been carried on very vigorously, and under the direction of the former over a million of young fish have been placed in the waters of Virginia, Western Pennsylvania, Indiana, Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, Vermont, and Maine. Five thousand fish were also placed in the Jordan River, in Utah, and thirty-five thousand in the Sacramento, in California. The transfers of fish in the Eastern States were principally made by Mr. J. W. Milner, and those in Utah and California by Mr. Livingston Stone, assisted, as far as Omaha, by Mr. Welsher, one of Mr. Seth Green's force. Many millions of fish were hatched out by the Connecticut commissioners, and placed in the Connecticut River at Hadley Falls. Something was also done by the commissioners of Pennsylvania, in stocking the Susquehanna River. A very extensive work was carried on in the Hudson by the fish commissioners of the State of New York, under Mr. Green, while a similar work was conducted by Mr. E. A. Brackett, in the Merrimac River at Andover.

It has been ascertained, to the great satisfaction of sportsmen, that the shad can be readily taken with a fly of peculiar construction and properly manipulated, large numbers having been caught in this way below the Holyoke dam, as well as in other localities. The long-contested question in regard to the construction of fish-ways through the Holyoke dam has been settled in favor of the commissioners of the State, a final decree having been issued by the Supreme Court, requiring the company to construct such a fish-way as shall be satisfactory to the parties in the suit. These gentlemen met in June last, and selected a plan presented by Mr. E. A. Brackett.

The commissioners of Maine are also busily engaged in introducing fish-ways of a similar construction into the waters of that State.

The salmon-hatching establishment of Mr. Atkins, at Bucksport, Maine, carried on at the expense of the United States, with the assistance of certain States, promises satisfactory results for the season, six hundred large salmon being now penned up, waiting for the period when the spawn can be taken and fertilized.

Mr. Livingston Stone has also initiated the same experiment in regard to the salmon of the Sacramento River, having about five hundred captive fish, from which he hopes to obtain over a million eggs. These will be forwarded East as soon as ready, and, after their hatching is completed, will be placed in streams suitable to their maintenance.

Among some recent announcements in the department of *Technology*, we may mention the proposition to substitute manganese in place of nickel in the preparation of German silver, and for other purposes. This is said to be as available as nickel in such cases, and to be much cheaper.

A device has been published by Sortais for detecting the occurrence of leakage in ships, an electrical arrangement being used, which is so constructed as to communicate to the captain, on a dial in the cabin, information of the slightest occurrence of any thing of the kind, and the extent to which it has proceeded.

A new system of explosives has lately been suggested by Sprengel, intended to obviate the danger from keeping large quantities on hand. Instead, as with dynamite, gun-cotton, etc., of preparing such substances in the factory, the components of the explosive are kept distinct until the moment they are to be used, so that the danger resulting from their employment is reduced to a minimum. Increased safety in the use of one well-known explosive (namely, gun-cotton) is also secured by the discovery of Professor Abel, that this substance may be kept

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soaking wet, and thus not liable to accidental combustion, and yet, when exploded by means of a detonating powder, its properties are not in the least impaired; in fact, the force of the explosion is really increased.

Under the department of the *Materia Medica* some interesting announcements have reference to the use of guarauna, or the powdered leaves of the *Paulinia sorbilis*, for nervous headache, and of sulphate of iron in cases of obstinate constipation. The efficacy of propylamine in cases of acute rheumatism in the joints, of which much has lately been written in the journals, is now contested by Dr. Goubler, who has failed to realize in his practice the benefits insisted upon by Beaumetz and others.

Under the head of *Miscellaneous Scientific Intelligence* an interesting fact is the initiation and success of Agassiz's Summer School of Natural History at Penikese, of which mention has already been made in our columns. This opened on the 8th of July, with something over fifty students, and closed on the 22d of August. Professor Agassiz was assisted in his instructions by Dr. A. S. Packard, Jun., Professor Burt Wilder, Professor Arnold Guyot, Dr. T. M. Brewer, and other well-known scientists. The work was carried on under many disadvantages, especially at first, in consequence of the absence of suitable accommodations. Another season, however, will make every thing complete, and the school will doubtless be resumed with still more satisfactory results.

The twenty-second meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science took place, as announced, at Portland, Maine—beginning on the 20th of August, and ending on the 26th. There was a very large attendance, including an unusual proportion of the best scientific talent in the country. No new facts nor generalizations of very great importance were given, but the average in this respect was fairly maintained. The graver features of the meeting were enlivened by an excursion in Casco Bay, a clam-bake at Old Orchard, a visit to the White Mountains, a dredging excursion off the coast, a trip to St. John and Fredericton, New Brunswick, and in other ways. The meeting of 1874 is to be held at Hartford, Connecticut.

The buildings of the great American Museum of Natural History in Central Park, New York, under the immediate direction of Professor Bickmore, have been placed under contract, and will furnish accommodations for a very large collection. The section referred to is but a small portion, however, of the contemplated edifice, which, it is said, when complete, will cover over fifteen acres, being much the largest establishment of the kind in the world.

The State committee appointed to report upon the subject have unanimously favored the purchase and maintenance of the Adirondack region as a park, not merely as a source of enjoyment on the part of visitors, but also to prevent the clearing off of the forests which line the head waters of the Hudson River. The destruction of these would undoubtedly put an end to the navigability of that stream as well as of others which have their source in the Adirondack Mountains.

A new scientific journal has been published in Paris, entitled *La Nature*. It is edited by Tissandier, and is quite similar in general appearance to its well-known predecessor of the same name in London. Its plan, however, appears to be to popularize the known facts in science rather than to announce new views and discoveries.

The list of deaths since our last *Necrological Summary* has been unusually large, and embraces some eminent names both in Europe and America. Among these we may mention Mr. Robert M'Andrew, of Scotland, the conchologist; Professor Hansteen, of Christiania, the ethnologist; Dr. Axel J. Boeck (also of Christiania), the late government zoologist in charge of the herring fisheries of the northern coast, and an able investigator of the crustaceans and other objects which form the principal food of the fishes; Messrs. J. A. Gordon, James Ward, and James Irving, of England, all botanists. In our own country we have lost Dr. F. E. Melsheimer, of Pennsylvania, the Nestor of our entomologists; Father De Smet, the philanthropist and explorer; Colonel J. W. Foster, of Chicago, geologist and ethnologist; Professor Henry James Clarke, of Amherst, the zoologist; and Mr. William S. Sullivant, of Columbus, Ohio, one of our most eminent botanists.

THE ADIRONDACK STATE PARK.

The Commissioners of the State Parks of the State of New York were directed at a recent session of the Legislature to inquire into the expediency of vesting in the State the title to the lands forming the Adirondack wilderness, and converting the same into a public park. After a careful consideration of the subject they report very earnestly in favor of the proposition, their arguments as to its great importance being unanswerable. They show that while the forests may not necessarily increase the amount of rain-fall in the country, they yet equalize the distribution of the water so as to make it more serviceable for the purposes of agriculture, manufactures, and commerce.

The Adirondack region is one particularly important in this respect, being the highest part of Northern New York, the streams of which, starting in the forests, flow to all points of the compass, the most important being the Hudson. The region, it is true, is in many parts very rocky, but these rocks are covered with a dense growth of moss (sometimes to the depth of several feet), and the whole region is heavily timbered, with the exception of the summits of the highest peaks, and the water at the surface is thus held as by a sponge; and hence, however violent the rainfall, the moisture is given off gradually through springs, so as to be equalized to a great extent throughout the year. Under these circumstances freshets in the mountains are of comparatively rare occurrence, while at the same time the level of the water varies much less than would be the case if the opposite conditions prevailed.

If, now, the timber be cut off and the underbrush removed, the surface will be exposed to the action of the sun, and its moisture rapidly exhaled into the atmosphere, instead of draining off in the form of springs and rivulets. The falling rain, too, and the melting snows of spring, would pass off much more rapidly, producing floods and causing great damage, but soon running off, and in a short time leaving the streams below their natural level.

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The amount of wild land in the Adirondack wilderness is estimated at 1,727,000 acres, or about 2703 square miles. The market value of this property is very slight, and in most cases is now represented by the worth of the timber and the chance of getting it to market. The State already owns nearly 400,000 acres, and the remainder can be obtained at a moderate price. It is thought that the mineral wealth of the region, which exists to an enormous extent in the form of iron of the best quality, can be utilized by transportation to points where the smelting can be done by means of coal, and thus avoid the drain of the timber required for charcoal purposes. The country abounds with game, and this would be preserved by the conversion of the region into a park, furnishing a source of pleasure and recreation to summer tourists.

The precedent of the general government in establishing the Yosemite Valley as a national reservation, in charge of the State of California, and in establishing the Yellow Stone Park, for the benefit of the whole nation, is urged as an argument in this case. Although the results of the complete disforesting of the Adirondack region, which would ultimately ensue if unprotected, are presented in a very startling manner, there is no flaw to be found in the reasoning; and as one consequence, there is no little reason to anticipate that the reduction of the Hudson to a stream unfit for purposes of steady water communication would follow, while the streams flowing from the Adirondack region would become insignificant, involving serious consequences to the manufactories now located upon them.

In addition to this, as already remarked, would be associated floods of terrific violence, which would carry destruction and devastation before them. Beyond the mere cost of acquiring this property the expense of keeping it up would be trifling. Wardens to prevent the destruction of the timber, and the improvement or construction of roads at a few points, would be all that would be required. It is suggested, too, that the lease for stated periods of certain favorite localities to parties desirous of forming villas or hunting lodges would form an important source of income, which would probably more than pay the current expenses of maintaining the park.

POEY'S CLASSIFICATION OF CLOUDS.

Poey has presented his classification of clouds to the Paris Academy of Science for their approval. In doing so he says that the honor of classifying the clouds by their types belongs to the naturalist Lamarck (1801), and especially to the English meteorologist Luke Howard (1802). Later writers, in following the classification of Howard, have made some mistakes, which Poey now proposes to explain. He states that the stratus of Howard is confounded with his mist or hoar-frost, his original description of stratus having been first published in 1803 in *Tilloch's Magazine*. The *nimbus*, as defined by Kämtz, and after him by all meteorologists, has no actual existence. In the definitions of cumulus, cumulo-stratus, and strato-cumulus there is a great confusion. Having, for good reasons, omitted the stratus, nimbus, and cumulo-stratus of Howard, and the strato-cumulus of Kämtz, Poey preserves only the two types, cirrus and cumulus, and the two derivatives, cirro-stratus and cirro-cumulus, and replaces the four rejected orders of clouds by the following three derivatives: pallio-cirrus, pallio-cumulus, and fracto-cumulus. The pallium is the sheet cloud, of which two strata are generally present during rain, hail, or snow; the upper cloud (the pallium) is electro-negative; the lower (the pallio-cumulus) is electro-positive. The term nimbus indicates the defective nature of our observations. The cumulus is rare in winter, and abundant on hot summer days. It disappears periodically in the dry winter season in the climate of the City of Mexico. The constitution of clouds is intimately dependent on the intensity of the heat, and there are but two fundamental types, the cold cirrus or cirro-stratus, and the warm rain-clouds, the cirro-cumulus or pallium.

PROTECTION OF SHIPS' COMPASSES.

The possibility of protecting ships' compasses from the disturbing effects of the varying action of the iron on the vessel has led several eminent electricians to devise means to secure this result more or less perfectly, and the latest suggestion is that of Mr. Gloesvenor, member of the Royal Academy of Brussels, who proposes to place the standard compass on a prolongation of the bowsprit of the vessel, in this way securing the advantage of having all the disturbing iron on one side of the needle, and placed symmetrically with reference to it. The necessary length of the prolongation Gloesvenor finds by experiment to be twenty-five or thirty feet. To read the compass conveniently, he puts a mirror above it, in which a person standing on the deck may read the needle or compass card. A small fixed telescope facilitates the accurate observation.

BECQUEREL ON THE NATURE OF ELECTRICITY.

Becquerel, as the conclusion of long research on the electrical forces, says that "in the present state of our knowledge of physics and chemistry, it is scarcely possible to attribute to chemical affinities an electric rather than a calorific origin. What, then, is their origin? Time will answer. They are connected probably with universal ether. Let us study all the causes that exert an influence upon these affinities. This is the only way to effect the removal of the veil that covers this mystery."

DETERMINATION OF ORGANIC IMPURITIES IN WATER.

Water, even though free from color and an appreciable odor and taste, and at the same time furnishing a proper lather with a small proportion of soap, may yet have sewage impurities sufficient to render its use extremely dangerous. The *Pharmaceutical Journal* quotes from Heisch a very simple and important test for determining the quality of drinking water, and especially as to its freedom from sewage contamination. This consists in placing a few grains of the best white lump-sugar in half a pint of the water in a perfectly clean, colorless, glass-stoppered bottle, freely exposed to daylight in the window of a warm room. If the water be perfectly free from sewage contamination, it should not become turbid, even after an exposure of a week or ten days, in which case it is almost certainly safe, otherwise not.

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Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 24th of September.—The Republican State Convention of Wisconsin, at Madison, August 27, renominated Governor Cadwallader C. Washburne, and the other State officers. The resolutions affirmed the Republican party to be the agent to effect speedy reform of abuses; deprecated official frauds and corrupt legislation; opposed grants of public lands and subsidies to railway corporations; denounced the *Crédit Mobilier* and back pay; demanded an amendment of the Constitution to prohibit such legislation in future; and recommended equitable legislation in regard to transportation.

The Republican State Convention of Mississippi met at Jackson August 27, and nominated General Adelbert A. Ames for Governor, A. K. Davis (colored) for Lieutenant-Governor, and James Hill (colored) for Secretary of State. Mr. Alcorn, the other United States Senator, opposed the ticket, and is also in the field for Governor.

The Democratic State Convention of Pennsylvania met at Wilkesbarre August 27, and nominated James R. Ludlow for Chief Judge, and F. M. Hutchinson for State Treasurer. The "Ohio platform" was adopted.

The Democratic State Convention of Massachusetts assembled at Worcester September 3. William Gaston, late Mayor of Boston, was nominated for Governor, and William L. Smith, of Springfield, for Lieutenant-Governor. The Convention adopted the "Ohio platform," with resolutions recommending the ten-hour restriction for women and children employed in factories, and inviting co-operation of disaffected Republicans.

The Democratic State Convention of Texas, at Austin, September 5, nominated Richard Coke for Governor. The platform, reported by ex-Senator J. H. Reagan, embraced equal legislation, an efficient school system, the calling of a Constitutional Convention, and favored grants of land for building of railroads. The Ohio resolutions relative to back salary and affairs in Louisiana were also included.

A State Convention of "farmers" assembled at Owattona, Minnesota, September 3. Asa Barton was nominated for Governor, Ebenezer Ayres for Lieutenant-Governor, and E. W. Dike for Treasurer. The platform denounced both the Republican and Democratic parties, and imposed on all candidates for office the approving of the exercise of power by the Legislature to annul any chartered privilege exercised to the detriment of the people.

The Republican State Convention of Massachusetts met at Worcester September 10. The most intense excitement prevailed. Ex-Governor A. H. Bullock presided. General B. F. Butler withdrew his name from the canvass, and Governor William B. Washburn and the other State officers were renominated by acclamation. The resolutions condemned the retroactive compensation of members of Congress, denounced the interference of Federal office-holders in political matters in Massachusetts, and demanded the removal of those offending, and recommended the reduction of prices for freight on railroads, the ten-hour system for women and minors, the purification of politics, and enforcement of all laws relating to vice and crime.

The Territorial election in New Mexico, September 2, resulted in the choice of Stephen B. Elkins, Republican, as Delegate to Congress. The elections in Wyoming also were favorable to the Republicans.

The State election in California, September 3, resulted in the triumph of the "anti-monopolists," or People's Party. The Legislature is announced as follows: Republicans, 44; independents, 36; Democrats, 40. Several of the Republicans are asserted to be also "anti-monopolists."

The election in Maine, September 8, resulted in the triumph of the Republicans, and the election of Mr. Kingsley, Governor, by over ten thousand majority.

The election in Colorado, September 10, indicates the success of a majority of "citizens' candidates" for local offices and the Territorial Legislature.

The Democratic State Committee of Oregon met at Portland September 9, and nominated J. W. Nesmith, former United States Senator, for Congress. The Republican State Convention at Albany, September 12, nominated Hiram Smith.

The Republican State Convention of Maryland met at Annapolis September 12, and nominated Henry H. Goldsborough for Comptroller, and John H. Price for Clerk of the Court of Appeals. The resolutions demanded reform in taxation, and an efficient system of free schools.

Governor Cooke having resigned the office of Governor of the District of Columbia, Alexander R. Shepherd was appointed by the President to the place, and took the oath of office September 15.

The Constitutional Convention of Pennsylvania reassembled September 16, and elected John A. Walker president, in place of the late W. M. Meredith.

The Republican and Democratic State Conventions of California met at Sacramento, September 16 and 17, to nominate candidates for Judge of the Supreme Court.

On the 18th, 19th, and 20th of September there was a remarkable and significant collapse in the New York stock market. The crisis began with the fall of the Midland Railway securities on the 17th, and resulted in a panic on the suspension of the banking house of Jay Cooke and Co. on the 18th; and on the 19th, through the suspension of Fisk and Hatch and a score of other firms, the stock market was a scene of utter confusion. On the 20th it was found necessary to close the Stock Exchange. Concerted action on the part of the banks on the 22d prevented the impending necessity of their suspension, and the panic was stayed.

The Prohibitionists of New York held a State Convention at Syracuse September 17, and nominated for Secretary of State Rev. Dwight Williams; for Comptroller, D. T. Elliott; for Treasurer, Simon Brownell; for Attorney-General, Walter Farrington.

The Conservative State Convention of Missis-

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sippi met at Meridian September 17, but made no nominations.

Samuel H. Dwinelle was nominated by the Republican State Convention of California for Judge of the Supreme Court, September 16, and S. B. M'Kee by the Democratic State Convention, September 17. A Taxpayers' State Convention has also been called.

The fourth annual convention of the Grand Italian Union of the United States, sitting at St. Louis, in August last, adopted a petition to Congress to restrain the traffic in tender children, carried on by the padrones. The practice has already been the subject of judicial notice in New York and Philadelphia; but the Italian children, in whose behalf complaint has been made, had not the courage or motive to testify, and hence nothing was effected. The petition sets forth that the Italian citizens of this country regard this traffic by their unworthy countrymen as shameful, and desire the utmost rigor of the law to be employed toward those engaged in this diabolical occupation, which it declares is no more than simply a form of white slavery.

The sum of $15,500,000, awarded to the United States by the Geneva Congress, was paid by the British government to the Secretary of State, at Washington, September 9. The money was placed in the Treasury, and invested in the new five per cent. bonds authorized last winter.

The Castelar ministry have tendered friendship to the patriots of Cuba. Several engagements occurred during the month of August, in which the Cubans derived inconsiderable advantages. General Maximo Gomez was appointed commander-in-chief about the middle of August, to succeed General Agramonte.

The Cuban government issued an order, September 4, for the sale of all estates confiscated for participation in the rebellion.

Letters from Madrid dated August 22 speak of negotiations between the republican leaders of Cuba and the Spanish government. The *Ingualdad* prints a letter of Señores Bru and Alcazar, proposing in behalf of the Cubans certain compromises which would effect harmonious relations between them and the mother country.

The Cuban insurgents under Maximo Gomez again occupied Nuevitas, August 25.

A republican club holding a meeting at Havana September 1 was dispersed by the police.

The revolt in the province of Ayacucho, Peru, has been suppressed. Great inconvenience is experienced from scarcity of money. The government has decided not to assume the monopoly of the exportation of nitrate of soda.

The M'Mahon administration are removing from office the prefects and mayors appointed under M. Thiers, and appointing monarchists. The celebration of the anniversary of the republic, September 4, was forbidden. The Comte de Chambord has written a letter agreeing to accept a constitution framed by the National Assembly.

The last installment of the German indemnity was paid September 5, and the final evacuation of the French territory was immediately ordered. The evacuation was completed September 16. Five million dollars were immediately invested in the American five per cent. loan, making seventeen millions in all. A French journalist computes the entire payments, including interest and the ransom of Paris, at $1,141,015,000. The expenses of Germany are stated at $278,000,000, making a profit of $863,000,000. Of these moneys Prussia takes nine parts and the South German states two.

Le Soir, late official organ of M. Thiers, has declared in favor of the monarchy.

A petition was presented, September 16, to the Protestant Deputies in the National Assembly, signed by members of Protestant churches, asking them to vote against monarchy.

M. Thiers was visited at Lucerne, Switzerland, by the French residents, September 3, and declared himself henceforth a republican, and resolved to devote the remainder of his life to the establishment of republican government in France.

The conflict between the Prussian government and the Roman Catholic clergy is carried on actively. Addresses from the clergy of the United States approving of the attitude of their brethren were received September 14. A priest having declared Protestant marriage to be adulterous, was sentenced to imprisonment for two weeks.

The ecclesiastical law passed by the Parliament of Prussia in May last creates a serious controversy, as was anticipated, with the authorities of the Roman Catholic Church. It was favored by Prince Bismarck because of the hostility of the bishops in Alsace, Lorraine, and Polish Prussia. All theological institutions are placed under oversight of the government, and clergymen can not enter upon their duties till their appointments have been submitted to the Minister of Ecclesiastical Affairs. Count Ledochowski, Archbishop of Posen, refused to comply with these provisions. He was immediately notified that students from the seminaries would be ineligible to any benefice in Prussia, and that baptisms and marriages celebrated by unacknowledged priests would be devoid of legal force and effect. He was also fined 400 thalers for contumaciously failing to appear before the tribunal to which he had been summoned. The Catholics declare it a usurpation on the part of the government to deny the efficacy of sacramental rites; and it is evident that a critical contest has been begun.

The subject of emigration has engaged the attention of the Prussian ministry. It appears that from 1844 till 1871 not less than 640,000 persons emigrated to America, of whom three-fourths were adults, and two-thirds of these were of the male sex. As there has not been a complete registration, it is certain that the actual number from Prussia exceeds half a million. About 100,000 of these have returned. The effect is a scarcity of field labor, which it is proposed to ameliorate by granting furloughs to the soldiers; but the ministry, it is said, are conscious that the remedy must be found in the improving of the condition of the peasantry.

Señor Emilio Castelar was elected President of the Spanish Cortes August 26, receiving 134 votes to 73 blanks. He delivered a speech depicting the dangers to the republic from the bad conduct of the opposition, and predicted that the overthrow of the republic would be the grave of liberty, and would render the generation infamous. He paid a glowing tribute to M. Thiers and his services to France.

The government, August 28, affirmed the belief from positive information that the Car-

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lists and Intransigentes were acting in concert. Each party liberate all prisoners belonging to the other; and fugitive Communists enlist in the army of Don Carlos.

The proposition to authorize military executions without requiring the approval of the Cortes having received a majority of votes, President Salmeron and his ministry resigned, September 4. It was immediately proposed to choose Señor Castelar to the place. He made the condition that the Cortes take no recess till the public business is transacted, and that absolute powers be conferred on the government in treating with the insurgents. He was empowered by unanimous vote to increase the army, purchase 500,000 rifles, borrow 500,000,000 reals for war purposes, suspend constitutional guarantees, and deprive ayuntemientos of their powers. The vote was taken September 7, and Señor Castelar elected President, receiving 133 votes to 67 for Señor Pi y Margall. The following ministry were announced: President, Señor Castelar; Foreign Affairs, Señor Carvajal; Justice, Señor Dobrio; Finance, Señor Pedregal; Public Works, Señor Berges; War, Lieutenant-General Sanchez Bregna; Marine, Señor Oreiro; Interior, Señor Malsonane; Colonies, Señor Soler. General Martinez Campos was transferred to the command at Valencia, and General Salcedo made commander of the troops before Cartagena. The new President announced his purpose to take efficient measures to crush the Carlist and Intransigente insurrections; and to place in active service 150,000 of the army reserve and 500,000 of the militia. Señor Salmeron was elected President of the Cortes, September 10, by a unanimous vote. On taking the chair of the Cortes, September 11, he made a speech counseling an undivided support of the administration of Señor Castelar.

General Moriones was announced, September 15, as general-in-chief of the Spanish forces, and proceeded immediately to Vitoria. General Zabala was placed in command of the Army of the North, and General Furon, with 10,000 troops, in Catalonia.

The Intransigentes at Cartagena have carried on the contest with activity, making numerous sorties. September 12 they captured several pieces of artillery.

Admiral Lobos bombarded Cartagena August 22 and 23. The insurgents replied vigorously, finally compelling him to desist.

Señor Galez withdrew from the junta August 28, predicting that Contreras could not succeed.

Sir Hastings Yelverton, the British admiral, having announced his purpose to remove the iron-clads *Vitoria* and *Almanza* to Gibraltar, the insurgent leaders threatened an attack. He gave them forty hours to reconsider, declaring his purpose to bombard the city. Contrerns succumbed, and the vessels were removed August 30.

Don Carlos appears to be prosecuting the war with some vigor. A battle took place August 24, near Estella, between 5000 republican troops and 3000 Carlists. The latter were defeated, and generals Ullo and Triston, and Don Alfonso, brother of Don Carlos, badly wounded. The next day the Carlist troops were again defeated. Since that the military operations were reduced to skirmishing.

Twelve artillerymen were sentenced to death at Barcelona August 28 for mutiny, and thirty to banishment.

A draft was made in old Roman style in the province of Biscay for women to make uniforms for the army of Don Carlos, and the persons so drafted were carried away from Vera September 3.

The Cortes adjourned, September 19, till January 3, 1874.

The number of serfs emancipated in Russia is 6,992,494.

The General Congress of the Internationals opened at Geneva September 1. The federations of England, France, Alsace, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, Italy, and Spain were represented.

A bill for the emancipation of the Jews has been submitted by the government of Croatia to the Diet.

Complaint is made of the treatment of the Jews of Algeria by the Moorish authorities at Fez. As the Jews are French citizens, attention is called to the fact.

Recent arrivals from the South Pacific announce the termination of the civil war in the Samoan Republic, Navigators' Islands. The basis of the peace is the establishment of a federal republic, with Apia, in the island of Upolu, for the capital. These islands lie on the ocean route between San Francisco and Australia, abound in tropical productions, and have excellent harbors. Their area is about 2650 square miles, and they have a population of 60,000. Their trade has been largely carried on with Hamburg, but exhibits a tendency toward the United States. About three hundred vessels visit the islands annually. The people are generally converted to Christianity, and have both Catholic and Protestant churches. They have made remarkable advancement in civilization. The climate is unrivaled for pleasantness, and there is abundant room for colonization. No group in the Pacific probably exceeds the Samoan in attractiveness.

The conquest of Yun-nan, in Western China, was completed, May 25, by the capture of the Pandean city of Momien by the Chinese army. Talifou had been taken in February, the Governor having poisoned himself and family. All the Mohammedan inhabitants, forty or fifty thousand, were massacred. The victorious army, 200,000 strong, then invested Momien, which met a like fate. This re-establishes the imperial sovereignty in the province.

A telegram from London, September 19, announces the death of the Emperor of Morocco, and a civil war between his son and brother over the succession.

LEGISLATION.

The Anglo-Saxon is emphatically a legislating race. A statute is the remedy to every ill. The existence of an abuse is supposed to be terminated when a law has been enacted against it. Every man of enterprise seems to require some special act, some private law or *privi*-lege, to enable him to go on with an undertaking. Hence in this country the multiplication of statutes has been so prodigious as to require the ablest legal talent of the country to comprehend and apply them; and the tendency is still to increase their number.

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In England it has been ascertained that the number of public acts passed by Parliament since the year 1236 was 18,110, filling 36,497 quarto and 2109 octavo pages. Legislation seems to have grown with the growth of civilization; in other words, the complex activities of modern life create new wants in law as well as in literature. The English Parliament passed few acts during the first four hundred years of its existence. Six a year was the average in the reign of Edward I., and one during the reign of Edward IV., of the House of York. The pace of legislation was quickened in the time of Elizabeth, but fell back to two acts per year in the reign of Charles I., and six under his three immediate successors. With the accession of William and Mary began its prodigious development; and during the reign of George III., a period of sixty years, the number of public acts was 7243. Since that time there has been a perceptible falling off; and now the current has set in the opposite direction. During the last three years more than two thousand statutes have been abrogated under the Statute Law Revision act, and a large number of Irish enactments have also fallen. This, however, is only a beginning.

TRANSPORTATION.

In Minnesota the Supreme Court has affirmed the power of the Legislature to fix a maximum price for freights on the railroads. The court takes the ground that the State did not, when the franchises were given to the railway companies, surrender the right to regulate their use. It is probable, however, that this decision will be carried up to the Supreme Court of the United States for review. If that tribunal should sustain the Supreme Court of Minnesota, that a State may prescribe the maximum rates for transportation, it would seem obvious that the Illinois statute would also be sanctioned, prohibiting discrimination.

But if an adverse decision should be rendered, the controversy will hardly be abandoned. The Supreme Court has itself already provided the opportunity to place the companies on trial on issues involving their very existence. In the case of Terrett *v.* Taylor (9 Cranch, 43) the court held as follows: "A private corporation created by the Legislature may lose its franchises by a *misuser* or a *non-user* of them; and they may be resumed by the government under a judicial judgment upon a *quo warranto* to ascertain and enforce the forfeiture. This is the common law of the land, and is a tacit condition annexed to the creation of every such corporation."

Indeed, it would appear that the question whether discriminations prejudicial to the interest of the inhabitants of particular localities, and charges so high as virtually to tax industry out of existence, do not constitute a *misuser* in the sense of the law, is the actual issue involved.

Fourteen years ago the *pro rata* question was agitated in the State of New York, and a bill prescribing the rates for local transportation actually passed the Assembly. The purpose then avowed was the removal of competition with the canals of the State. It did not succeed. Nor have Western forwarders been cordially disposed to patronize the canals. This unfavorable disposition is said to be in a great degree chargeable to the policy pursued by the Canal Board of saddling upon the canal revenues the maintenance of more than three hundred miles of useless and expensive lateral canals, and an increasing army of unnecessary office-holders. It was not to be expected that Western men would sustain cheerfully, even in imagination, the entire expense of the tributary canals of New York, their officials and others making profits from their repairs. Nor will the tax-payers of the State long consent to an extraordinary taxation of two or three millions of dollars annually for the benefit, as they regard it, of people outside of the State.

The tonnage reports of the Canal Department disclose a large falling off in the receipts of freight from the West. Formerly a million barrels of flour used to be shipped by canal yearly from Buffalo. In 1872 the quantity did not reach six thousand barrels. The number of barrels of flour reaching tide-water by the canals was 1,826,509 in 1862, and but 145,431 in 1872. Yet last year the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad brought 757,842 barrels to Baltimore, and Boston received 988,491 barrels by rail. In 1861 the canals of New York transported 2,144,373 tons of Western products, and the three trunk railroads, the New York Central, Erie, and Pennsylvania railroads, 905,521. In 1871 the canals carried only 1,863,868 tons, and the railroads 3,057,168. The Grand Trunk of Canada and the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad must add about 40 per cent. to the latter amounts.

It is obvious that the transportation companies using the canals are unable to compete. When the canals are open the railway companies will carry freight at non-remunerative prices to avoid the necessity of discharging help, making up the difference in the winter. With their immense ramifications, capital, and other advantages, they will occupy the field, leaving little except local business for their rivals.

Indeed, at this very moment the great trunk lines are making every preparation for increase of business. The New York Central is laying down two additional tracks, exclusively for freight, from Buffalo to Albany. The Hoosac Tunnel will soon be ready, to cheapen transportation to Boston. The Erie Railway is completing a double track. The Grand Trunk has perfected arrangements for changing its gauge from Montreal to the West. The Pennsylvania Railroad is devoting its special attention to its terminal facilities at Jersey City, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, and a line of ocean steamers has been established at Philadelphia under its auspices. The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad has steadily enlarged its business, and now the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad is entering the field also as a competitor. From fifty to seventy-five millions of dollars are to be expended for these purposes.

It has been fondly urged that an expenditure upon the trunk lines of canal in this State, enlarging the locks, and deepening if not widening the channel, would enable their restoration to their former importance. In addition, the construction of the Niagara Ship-Canal from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario has been recommended. A proposition was entertained several years ago in Canada to construct a ship-canal from Lake Simcoe to Lake Ontario, and so shorten the distance four hundred miles. The late S. De Witt Bloodgood also suggested the making of ship

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communication from the river St. Lawrence to Lake Champlain and to the Hudson, thus creating water communication without breaking bulk from Lake Superior to the city of New York. But revolutions seldom go backward; and it may reasonably be doubted whether the trade lost by the canals is likely to be regained under any supposable conditions. The people, already chafing under onerous taxation, will be exasperated at the increase of their burdens which such an outlay would require. So far as rivalry by the canals is concerned, the railroad companies have and may keep the advantage.

Other remedies suggested take their form from the peculiar financial theories of publicists. The free-trader can see no propriety in arbitrary obstructions on commerce, such as the granges have attempted. Competition and other agencies, it is insisted, will correct the matter. But those suffering from the present condition of affairs lack the patience as well as confidence for such results.

There are others who prescribe an adverse policy. Instead of sending flour and wheat to market over long routes, they propose that the market shall come to the neighborhood of the producer, by the establishing of manufactories and warehouses in the grain-growing States. They declare, with great plausibility, that if the rates for transportation are reduced, the farmers of the West will receive better prices for only a brief period. The extraordinary stimulus thus given will tend to increase production, and thus reduce the prices below the present figures. It will be as necessary then as now to look for a remedy.

In the present stage of the controversy, therefore, it is not easy to foreshadow the event. When an evil is immediately present, the sufferer will not be turned away by a theory of political economy. But, in the discussions which are inevitable, it is to be hoped that the members of each department of industry will take broader views of their mutual dependence, and appreciate that no one class can long thrive at the expense of another.

LABOR.

The importance of statistical knowledge is becoming more fully appreciated every year, and some of our public journals are discussing the expediency of a national census more frequent and more thorough than is now the rule. As the basis of legislation and enterprise, there is no doubt of its value. Our modern civilization, to an extent before unusual, acknowledges its relations to the industrial population, and therefore all information in respect to labor and the condition of our working-people is the more highly treasured. Their welfare, their comfort and prosperity, are essential to the success of our institutions and governmental system. The Old World designation of "dangerous classes" is applied with a very ill grace to that part of our population to whose labor all our wealth, public as well as personal, owes its existence.

The number of working-people in this country, as exhibited by the census of 1870, pursuing specific occupations was 12,505,923, of whom 10,669,436 were males, and but 1,836,487 were females. It is a little curious that of the women between the ages of sixteen and fifty-nine so many as 8,150,000 do not appear at all upon the table of specific occupations, although the greater portion must have some kind of regular employment. The war has increased the number of our workers. In the census of 1860 they constituted but about one-fourth of the population, whereas in 1870 the ratio is augmented to one-third, and, with a proper addition for female industry, would have constituted a full half. The greatest change has been at the South, where many, women as well as men, who were formerly regarded as beyond the reach of want, now labor for their subsistence.

Of our working force as enumerated, 9,802,038 were born in this country, 949,161 in Ireland, 836,502 in Germany, 301,779 in England and Wales, 189,307 in British North America, 109,681 in the three Scandinavian states, 71,993 in Scotland, 58,197 in France, and 46,300 in China and Japan. These are distributed as follows: Agriculture, 5,992,471; mining, manufactures, and mechanics, 3,707,421; professions, 2,684,793; trade and transportation, 1,119,228. In the minor classification are 56,064 sailors, 8975 steamboat men, and 7388 canal men; 62,382 physicians, 43,874 clergymen, 40,736 lawyers, 136,066 teachers, 67,912 office-holders, 23,935 barbers, 9519 musicians, 5286 journalists, 2286 army and navy officers, 94,170 employed in hotels, and 26,090 in livery-stables.

Complaint has justly been made that the statistics of our laboring and producing population are so imperfect that they can only be elaborated so as to give proximate results. The machinery for taking them is clumsy and antiquated, and should be overhauled and reconstructed. It has been suggested, in view of the approaching Centenary, that an intermediate census be taken in 1875, to exhibit what has been achieved by the United States during a hundred years of national existence. As in most of the States an enumeration is made so as to alternate with the Federal census, we can have substantially the same thing by procuring the adoption by the Legislatures of a uniform system.

The Bureau of Statistics of Labor in Massachusetts has been engaged for four years, under much embarrassment, in obtaining and elaborating the statistics of that State, and exhibiting the condition of the laboring population. The results are not flattering nor acceptable in many quarters, but they have aroused great interest abroad and in other States. It is hardly to be supposed that other States or countries would bear a like scrutiny with more gratifying disclosures. But the condition of the industrial population is now engaging the attention of the civilized world, and workmen in the different countries are taking the matter into hand themselves. Suppression is, therefore, out of the question, and the future statesman must take this subject more earnestly into account in his calculations.

From the tables prepared by the bureau it appears that there were employed in manufactures and handicrafts, in 1870, 279,380 persons, the population of the State being given at 1,457,351. Of that number 179,032 are males over sixteen years of age, 86,229 females over fifteen years, and 14,119 children, whom the law prescribes shall be not less than ten years old. The average number of days of labor for the year was 280, and the total amount of wages paid was

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$118,051,886, the average to each adult male being $536 52, each female $237 22, and to each child $150 76. The average wages per day was $2 42 to males, $1 07 to females, and 68 cents to the children. Total number of establishments giving employment, 13,214; of occupations, 273.

The number of "unskilled laborers" employed in agriculture, manufacturing establishments, at sea and in fisheries, and other pursuits, is 143,563; occupations, 66; average wages per day, $1 70; average number of days employed, 248; average annual earnings, $421 60.

The average expenditure for living for nineteen selected families, in 1872, averaging 5.2 persons, was $697 78 per family, and $132 33 for each person. The following are the items: Groceries and provisions per family, $258 58; vegetables, $26 66; clothing, $134 07; rent, $76 78; fuel, $51 72; light, $6 31; furniture, $29 50; education, $12 80; sickness, $16 33; recreation and travel, $17 79; charity, $7 50; religion, $14 44; societies, $6 50; newspapers, $8 74; sundries, $30 06. It is unnecessary to state that these families lived out of Boston. Among the articles of consumption, the following items are interesting: Flour, per family, 972 pounds; molasses, 10.8 gallons; corn meal, 148 pounds; tea, 9 pounds; coffee, 13 pounds; sugar, 194 pounds; soap, 49.1 pounds; butter, 100.8 pounds; cheese, 31.8 pounds; lard, 64.5 pounds; rice, 9.2 pounds; fresh fish, 66.6 pounds; salt fish, 73.4 pounds; poultry, 34 pounds; milk, 266.3 quarts; eggs, 26.2 dozen; potatoes, 20.9 bushels; roasting beef, 53.7 pounds; beef for soup, 41.6 pounds; beefsteak, 90.1 pounds; corned beef, 124.4 pounds; veal, 35.9 pounds; mutton, 53.7 pounds; fresh pork, 51.1 pounds; salt pork, 106.8 pounds; ham, 44.3 pounds.

The report also gives information of the relations sustained by wage-laborers to savings-banks—a disclosure which seems to have somewhat displeased officers of those institutions. The figures are chiefly prepared from the report of the Bank Commissioner. The summary of returns from fourteen banks showed that three-sevenths of the deposits made in 1871 belonged to persons able to deposit more than $500 at one time, and that thirteen-fourteenths of the whole number of deposits amounted to but $37,249 out of $506,873, the entire amount. The laborers for wages are thus shown to be the most numerous class of depositors; but those who could deposit at one time $300 or more—an amount that a wage-laborer as a general thing could not do—hold by far the largest amounts. An analysis of the Bank Commissioner's reports for a series of years brings to view like results all over the State. By law the depositors are divided into two classes—those depositing $300 or more at one time, and those depositing a less amount. Since 1867 the following has been the average of deposits of the two classes:

	1st Class.	2d Class.		1st Class.	2d Class.
1867....	$475 60....	$58 30	1870....	$573 88....	$55 90
1868....	540 32....	51 58	1871....	590 86....	58 37
1869....	550 06....	48 94			

The total results disclosed the following facts:

In 1867 one-eighteenth of the whole number of deposits amounted to one-third of the whole amount deposited; in 1868 and 1869 one-seventeenth of the whole number comprised two-fifths of the amount; in 1870 one-fourteenth amounted to three-sevenths of the amount, and in 1871 to almost one-half—thus establishing that persons not laborers for wages deposit at least one-half of the amount in savings-banks, that the deposits by those laborers average less than $50 at any one time, and that manufacturers, traders, lawyers, and capitalists use those banks in preference to other banks, or to making other investments.

The ratio of depositors in the State is about thirty-eight in one hundred; but this is offset by the fact that during the five years cited the number of withdrawals, many of them in full, are equal to more than half the number of deposits.

The reduction of hours of daily labor to ten, wherever made, appears to have inured to the advantage of employers as well as of employed. Such has been also the experience in England. In the Pemberton Mills, at Lawrence, a man was employed to take the result daily of every half hour's work, and invariably the last hour was found to be the least productive. The companies that have adopted the new system express unwillingness to return to the longer hours.

These statistics are pregnant with conclusions of vital importance. We could wish that like data were at hand elsewhere. The labor question is agitating the entire community, and the controversy can be adjusted permanently only in accordance with a policy that shall be alike fair to employers and employed. That policy must be the fruit of experience and careful observation. A national census in 1875, taken with a direct view to a full presentation of the subjects here alluded to, would accomplish much toward an elucidation of the problem. Legislation could be more judiciously employed, and those directly concerned would be enabled to act more intelligently.

Dr. Edward Young, Chief of the United States Bureau of Statistics, has addressed a letter to the consuls of the United States in Europe, requesting them to furnish such information as they can gather as to the average rates of wages received by mechanics and others, prices at retail of the principal articles of subsistence, cost of house-rent, and such other statistics of labor as can be procured. In regard to large manufactories, they are requested to give the average weekly wages paid for each kind of labor, and to each employed therein; also, in detail, the weekly expenditures of mechanics and other workmen, and to gather such facts in regard to the health, comfort, education, and morals as can be readily obtained. Dr. Young proposes to submit to Congress next winter a report on the cost and condition of labor in Europe as compared with the United States.

FACTORY LABOR.

Complaint is made in Massachusetts because of the non-enforcement of the law regulating children's labor in factories. The enactment prescribed ten years as the lowest age at which children might be so employed, and limits the day's work to ten hours. But there are no pains taken for its enforcement; and all over the State children from eight to fifteen years of age are kept at work for eleven, twelve, or more hours

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daily the entire year round. By the census of 1870, which but approximates the actual number, there are 14,075 children and youth employed, and their wages average $150 76 per year. Many of them can not read. The law requires that they shall receive three months of schooling in each year; and some attention is given to the matter in Fall River, Salem, Springfield, and a few other towns, but in general it is systematically disregarded. No provision is made to enforce the law, and the neglect seems to be on purpose. Yet whenever a factory is conducted in compliance with the law, the product is said to be maintained without sensible diminution. Less time is lost from occasional sickness when the term of day's labor is shortened. The wasting of human beings that property may be created would thus seem to be as unnecessary as unjustifiable.

Massachusetts almost seems to be becoming somewhat of a step-mother to her population. Despite her school laws, about eight and a half per cent. of her population over ten years of age, 97,742 in all, are unable to read and write; whereas in Würtemberg, having about the same population, every child over six years old can read and use both pen and pencil. In the manufacturing towns of Massachusetts the non-attendance at school is greatest. Connecticut is said to make no better showing than Massachusetts in this matter. A tenth of the children have no schooling at all.

In Denmark a law has lately been passed limiting factory labor to ten hours a day, and prohibiting the employment of children above six hours daily. A similar enactment was made in England twenty-five years ago, and it has been proposed recently in Parliament to make a farther reduction.

The employment of women would seem also to deserve attention. The peculiar nature of mill-work renders it severely taxing to their vitality. There is a higher death-rate of women and children in manufacturing than in agricultural communities. It has accordingly been recommended by the commissioners employed by Parliament to investigate the subject that women and young persons under the age of eighteen employed in all kinds of textile manufactures should be forbidden to work more than fifty-four hours per week, or more than nine and a half hours in any single day. They also recommend that the day's work should not begin till eight o'clock, and that the minimum age at which children should be employed as full-timers and half-timers be raised. It is considered hardly probable that these suggestions, however judicious and humane, will speedily be adopted. As the matter now stands, the principal difference between the legislation of Old England and New England consists in the more careful enforcement of the law on the other side of the Atlantic.

WATERING STOCK.

Not only the railway companies, but other corporations, are called to account by the public press. The *Independent* has noticed the practice of "watering the stock"—issuing shares to stockholders for which nothing has been paid. Banks, insurance companies, and some other corporations are expressly prohibited from doing this, but railroad and other companies exercise a wider liberty. The nominal stock of a corporation affords but an imperfect idea of the amount of capital actually invested. A few years ago Commodore Vanderbilt, it is said, gave up the endeavor to acquire control over the Erie Railroad because he "could not fight a paper-mill." Yet the road over which he presides has indulged in the same practice to which he alluded. The total cost of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad was $63,299,624; but it is represented by and dividends are paid upon stock, bonded debt, and consolidation certificates amounting to $105,924,349—an excess of over forty-two millions. A railroad in Ohio, it is asserted, receives by such hocus-pocus an annual dividend of forty per cent. on its actual cost.

Gas-light companies are also offenders. The Brooklyn Gas-light Company, with only an actual paid capital of $287,000, has issued $2,000,000 of stock, on which the annual dividends range somewhere from ten to twenty per cent. Similar things are true of other gas-light companies; and the endeavor on the part of legislative or local authority to ascertain the facts has been resisted with great energy and ingenuity. Other corporations, at the time of beginning business or subsequently, pursue the same practice, till the artless community suppose it to be a "vested right." It enables stockholders to realize large profits by selling their shares to others, and affords a pretext for requiring from the public a higher rate for service. The practice enters largely into the pending controversy between the railway companies and the farmers of the West, and the new constitution of Illinois provides that "no railroad corporation shall issue any stock or bonds except for money, labor, or property actually received and applied to the purposes for which such corporation was created, and all stock dividends and other fictitious increase of the capital stock or indebtedness of any such corporation shall be void." Such a provision, it would seem, ought to extend to all corporations, and to be adopted every where, to arrest the practice—barring the idea that will intrude, that it is like locking the stable door after the horse was stolen. Other publicists have suggested a law taxing corporations upon their capital and evidences of debt, thus making fictitious stock undesirable. But doubts interpose whether legislation can be had sufficiently summary to accomplish this end. Corporations of large means have ever met with much favor from legislative bodies. The controversy, however, has begun, and is likely to be a long one, involving more questions and issues than is now imagined.

WOMEN AS SCHOOL OFFICERS.

In several of the States women are coming forward to exercise some of the functions which government assumes as belonging to itself. In several of the Western Legislatures they have served acceptably as clerks. In 1867 and 1869 several were employed in the engrossing of bills by the Clerk of the Assembly of New York, the only objection ever made to their formal appointment being that "they could not vote," and therefore were in the way of an advantageous distribution of patronage. The Wyoming Legislature has not yet passed beyond the province

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of experiment. But in several States, Eastern as well as Western, women serve as school officers, and do it well. Massachusetts and Connecticut have had them acting as visitors, and in the latter State the superintendent mentions the subject with approbation. "Women excel as teachers," says the report, and "outside of the family she nowhere seems so truly to occupy her appropriate sphere." Such women, well educated, experienced, in practical sympathy with the work of the school-room, and with leisure and heart for the duties of the office, "may be wisely employed in the supervision of schools." In Kansas women not only hold school offices, but vote for the candidates. The Legislature of Illinois passed a law last winter authorizing women to hold any school office in the State, and the teachers generally seem to approve of the law. The women evidently do likewise, for in many counties women become candidates for the office of county superintendent of schools. Next year some woman may compete for the office of State superintendent.

TOWN BONDING FOR RAILROAD PURPOSES.

After eighteen years the Court of Appeals of the State of New York has declared the legislation unconstitutional authorizing municipal corporations to issue their bonds to aid in the construction of railroads. The judgment of the court was rendered by Associate Justice Martin Grover, and includes a review of the entire subject. It is declared to be within the power of the Legislature to provide that money shall be raised by towns on bonds issued to be paid by taxation to construct and improve its public highways, but it has no such authority over the towns in respect to aiding a private corporation. Legislators can compel towns to issue bonds in aid of railroads if they are public highways in the same sense as common roads. It has been uniformly held that the right of eminent domain may be exercised so far in behalf of railway corporations as is necessary for the construction and operation of the road upon the ground that the road and its operation were for a public purpose, and the real estate condemned for its use was taken for public and not private use. But it is equally clear that the property acquired for the corporation belongs to it exclusively, and its ownership is as absolute as that of any private individual of property belonging to him. Yet the road is operated for the private emolument of its stockholders, and therefore the corporation is private. Municipal corporations are created by the Legislature as instrumentalities of the government, and are absolutely subject to its control so far as legislation for governmental purpose is concerned. If the purpose to be effected is public, a mandatory statute is valid. If it is a private enterprise, it is not within the province of legislation, and is therefore void. A railroad corporation savors of the characteristics of both; it is public as to its franchise, and private as to the ownership of its property and its relations to its stockholders. The Legislature is supreme only as to public purposes. The act of 1870, in respect to bonds by municipal corporations to aid in construction of railroads, relates to private purposes, is to that extent void, and, as the latter feature is inseparable from the former, the entire act must be held to be void.

This decision will give the quietus to a practice which has been carried to an abuse, threatening calamitous results.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The statistics of immigration for 1873 keep about equal pace with those of 1872, in seven months of this year there being 183,992 against 185,673 for the corresponding period last year. There has been a considerable falling off in the arrivals from Bavaria, Baden, Hesse, Mecklenburg, Prussia, Saxony, England, Wales, Scotland, and France; and an increase from Ireland, Austria, Alsace, Holstein, Schleswig, Denmark, Switzerland, Italy, Russia, and other states.

The four American "Bank of England forgers," Austin B. Bidwell, George Bidwell, George Macdonald, and Edwin Noyes, were found guilty at the Central Criminal Court, London, August 26, and were sentenced to penal servitude for life.

DISASTERS.

August 24.—A gale took place off the coast of British North America exceeding any on record for many years. The destruction of life has been terrible. On the coast of the Magdalen Islands more than fifty schooners were wrecked. A bark from Labrador was driven on shore with 200 passengers on board. At Cow Head, when the gale was at its fiercest, a fleet of twenty French fishing vessels were destroyed with all their crews. A large number of vessels were stranded on the northern shore of Prince Edward Island. More than fifty bodies of seamen were washed ashore. Thirty vessels were lost in the North Bay alone. On land the destruction was also prodigious; crops, barns, and houses were swept away by the hurricane. Cape Breton was thoroughly devastated, and now starvation is apprehended. On the Nova Scotia end of the Bay of Canso all the wharves were carried away. The losses amount to several millions of dollars. The ocean steamers encountered the gale in mid-ocean, but no disasters occurred.—An accident happened on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad about four miles from Cameron. The track spread, throwing off the train. Two of the cars were rolled down an embankment, fatally injuring four passengers, immigrants.—A fire broke out at Belfast, Maine, destroying over 125 houses. It destroyed all the wharf buildings except on the two steamboat wharves, and rendered 130 families homeless. One old lady, aged eighty-two, perished by the flames. Loss, $500,000.

August 31.—Charles Harmon and Mary Herbert, while crossing the Schuylkill River near Kissinger's Bridge, in Reading, Pennsylvania, were carried over the falls and drowned. Harmon is said to have purposely accomplished the drowning.

September 5.—An explosion occurred in the Lincoln mine, in Sutter County, California, suffocating eleven persons.

September 8.—Four children playing in a sand pit near Columbus, Wisconsin, were buried by the caving in of the sand, and three of them smothered.

September 10.—A fire broke out in the Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore, a little past midnight, totally destroying the building, and doing much damage to the Baltimore City College, St.

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Nicholas Hotel, and other structures. The loss is about $100,000. This was one of the oldest theatres in the United States.

September 11.—A train of the Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific Railroad encountered an ox, and the locomotive and first passenger car were thrown off the track. The engineer was killed, and five other persons dangerously injured.

September 15.—The propeller *Ironsides*, Engelmann line, left Milwaukee September 14, encountered a violent gale next morning, and foundered. The captain and twenty of the crew and passengers were drowned.

August 24.—A heavy thunder-storm passed over England, resulting in much damage and some loss of life. Childerly Hall, near Cambridge, historically connected with the reign of Charles I., was struck by lightning, and burned to the ground. Other buildings were also set on fire.—A water-spout burst at Guanajuato, in Mexico, destroying much property and several lives.

August 25.—The storm reached Belgium. One of the largest warehouses at Antwerp was struck and set on fire by the lightning. The flames extended to other buildings, doing a damage of $400,000.

August 29.—The boiler of a flax mill at Hilloroed, in Sweden, exploded, destroying several shops, and killing nine persons. The king and queen, being at Fredensburg, hastened to the place, and directed measures for the relief of the injured.

September 6.—A fire broke out simultaneously at the four corners of the Plaza Vapor, in Havana, Cuba, destroying the entire square of buildings. The panic was fearful, parents hurling their children from the balconies to escape the flames. About twenty lives were lost. Damages, $8,000,000, on which the insurance was but $524,000. Upward of twenty-five hundred persons occupying the buildings were made homeless.

September 10.—Three railway accidents are announced as occurring at different points in England.

September 12.—The express train leaving Vitoria for Madrid ran off the track, and was totally wrecked. Seventeen persons were killed, and seventy badly injured.—A schooner sunk in the Mersey, drowning all on board.

September 14.—The American schooner *Addie Osborn*, of Provincetown, Massachusetts, was run down by the British steamer *Precursor*, from Sydney, Cape Breton, and sunk. The captain, Duncan M'Donald, first mate, and two seamen were drowned. Three men were rescued.

September 17.—A fire broke out in Chicago, near the corner of Seventeenth and Halstead streets, and destroyed sixty-four buildings, principally tenements. Total loss, $250,000.—The steam-ship *Panther* was cast ashore at St. Barde, Nova Scotia, and four of the crew drowned.—The Pacific Mail steamer *Costa Rica*, from Honolulu, ran ashore in a fog at Point Diable, near the entrance of the harbor of San Francisco. All the passengers were saved by the boats. Quartermaster Harris was badly injured. Mr. Charles Nordhoff and family were among the passengers.

OBITUARY.

August 26.—At Hartford, Connecticut, of paralysis, John W. Johnson, M.D., late president of the National Eclectic Medical Association, aged fifty-six.—At Waterbury, Connecticut, the Hon. Green Kendrick, former Lieutenant-Governor, aged seventy-five.

August 30.—At Savannah, Georgia, Jacob N. Cardoza, aged eighty-seven. He was the former proprietor of the *Southern Patriot*, and an able advocate of free trade, and at the time of his death was the oldest editor in America.

September 1.—At Washington, D. C., Robert Singleton Hickman, aged sixty. For near thirty years "Beau Hickman" was as noted as his model, Beau Brummel, in London. He was an adept in personal adornment, of facile manners and morals, and, after a career of gayety, became dependent on contributions, which he levied remorselessly upon his acquaintances and strangers, till, becoming a helpless paralytic, he was conveyed to a hospital to die. His family connections are unknown.—At White Sulphur Springs, the Hon. Daniel Moreau Barringer, of North Carolina. He was a prominent politician, and was minister to Spain during the administrations of Presidents Taylor and Fillmore, member of the Peace Congress in 1861, and of the Philadelphia National Union Convention in 1866.

September 4.—At the White Sulphur Springs, Virginia, the Hon. Chester Isham Reed, late judge of the Superior Court of Massachusetts, aged fifty.—At Smyrna, New York, Hon. Demas Hubbard, late Representative in Congress, aged sixty-eight.—At Mystic Bridge, Connecticut, Colonel Hiram Appelman, late Secretary of State. He commanded the Eighth Connecticut regiment, and was wounded at Antietam.—At New Orleans, Christian Roselius, aged seventy. He was a native of Bremen, and held the office of Attorney-General of Louisiana from 1840 to 1843. He was a member of the Constitutional Conventions of 1845, 1852, and 1864.

September 6.—At Hartford, William Hudson. He printed the first Bible ever published in this country.

September 10.—At Portland, Maine, John Asher Ware, late editor of the Portland *Argus*, aged ninety-one.—At Yankton, Dakota Territory, General Edwin S. M'Cook, Secretary of the Territory, was shot by P. P. Wintermute, and died a few hours afterward.

August 24.—At Lima, Peru, Dr. José Simeon Tejerda, Mayor of Lima and President of the Chamber of Deputies.

September 7.—At the rectory of Kirby Mallory, in Leicestershire, England, Elizabeth Mary, dowager Lady Byron, aged seventy-nine. She was the wife of George Anson, the seventh Lord Byron, and mother of the present lord.

September 11.—At Vienna, of suicide, Prince Nicholas Paul Charles Esterhazy de Galantha, aged fifty-six.

September 15.—At Havre, France, Don Ferdinand Munoz, Duke of Rianzares, second husband of the late Queen Christina, mother of Isabella II. of Spain. He married the queen about two months after the death of her first husband, Ferdinand VII., but the alliance was regarded as illegal till authorized by a royal decree, October 13, 1844.

September 17.—At London, Admiral Charles Philip Yorke, Earl of Hardwicke, Lord-Lieutenant of Cambridgeshire, aged seventy-four.—At Paris, N. F. A. Darblay, aged ninety.

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Editor's Drawer.

A CORRESPONDENT at Frederick, Maryland, writes: "Your excellent magazine circulates extensively in our community, but I never see any thing in the Drawer as coming from this place. I send the following, which occurred here, changing the name only:

"Pending the difficulties between the United States and England in 1812, much controversy arose as to how the difficulties could be amicably settled. Old Mrs. Meeker, who took snuff, drawing the back of her hand across the base of her nasal promontory, said, 'Odds, bobs! what a to-do about nothing! why don't they git a couple of old women, and put 'em together in a room, and *let 'em conclude?*'"

The old lady was sound. If those who make war would but think of the conclusion, which sooner or later must come, much blood and bullion would be saved.

ONE of the wittiest as well as one of the most brilliant men Pennsylvania has produced was the late George W. Barton, of Philadelphia, who once occupied a seat on the bench. Trying a case before a judge who was chiefly remarkable for obtuseness, he took occasion to say that he had often seen a great ass in judicial robes. "You speak from experience, I suppose," was the angry retort.

"Not at all," replied Judge Barton, "I am speaking directly from observation."

WHEN the motto, "Let us have peace!" was winning its way to popularity, a picnic party was formed with a view to promote that platform. The excursionists were from a little inland town in Tennessee, and consisted of so-called Confeds, a sprinkling of loyal blue, and colored citizens sufficient to give contrast in color. The elements were duly mixed. Repast and repartee, wine and wit, had contributed to "the general joy of the whole table," as Macbeth said when he had his little picnic. Military matters were ignored, and conversation cut its channel into courses not contraband.

Every body was feeling how delightful a time they were having, when, in a dinner pause preceding the toast, "To the health of the nation," the wife of a Union colonel said to an ex-Confederate captain: "What strange notions the Southern people had of the Yankees! I'm told they actually thought they had horns! What could have induced such a fancy?"

"Oh," replied the captain, with an amiable *naïveté*, "the facility with which they hooked things!"

"How hard it is to write good!" was the commencement of a "composition" on "composition" by a student, some years ago, in one of our first-class seminaries. Something of the same sort must have existed in Rutgers College recently, where the Professor of English Language and Literature, having given the Freshmen of that venerable institution the "Animal kingdom" as the subject of disquisition, received from every member of the class a copy of the following as his composition: "The animul kingdum differs somewhat from the Kingdum of Great Briton, inazmuch that it iz divided into different parts, kalled sub-kingdums. Tha are split up az follows, into the water kind, wich iz klams, and the fishes, and the wale, wich iz the biggest. Then kums the land animulz, them wich kreeps such az the hoss and the man; but the man kreeps on his handz and neez; then kums them wich swims in the air, such az the be and the egle, wich iz the biggest ov birdz. Awl animulz don't have legs, but sum hav mor'an others doo, and sum are a good deel bigger 'an others, az the Elifant, wich iz sum sizes bigger 'an the flee. Awl animulz don't liv in the water, but tha du hav to liv whar thar iz air, sum don't hav no hart, and we heer sum people sa that sum wimin are hartless, but we don't know how that iz, fur we hav never dissected um. Most things what liv, except wiggitables, are kalled animulz. Sum animulz liv by eating each other, and are kalled kanniballs. A grate meny animulz eat anithing tha kan get hold ov, wile others are more choice in their grub."

THE learned and popular Judge B——, now on the Supreme Bench of California, was recently trying a case where a farmer claimed damages against a mining company for blowing vailings on to the farmer's land. A witness testified as to the effect of a stick lying in the stream of water carrying the vailings and obstructing the same.

JUDGE B—— (*to witness*). "How large was this stick you speak of?"

WITNESS. "I don't recollect."

JUDGE B——. "Can't you approximate to the size?"

WITNESS. "Well, no; I didn't measure it."

JUDGE B—— (*growing impatient*). "Well, Sir, was it as thick as my wrist?"

WITNESS. "Well, yes, somewhat larger: from my recollection, now, I should judge it to have been about as thick as your head."

A jocular expression seemed to play upon the features of the audience, the size of the stick having been fairly approximated.

THE late Lord Palmerston, like most men who have become famous in literature or politics, was a capital *raconteur*, and enjoyed keenly the telling of a good anecdote. Lord Shaftesbury, one of the most philanthropic men of England, married Lady Palmerston's eldest daughter by Earl Cowper, her first husband. Lord Palmerston was never weary of telling stories about his son-in-law, whose religious zeal he did not much believe in or care for; and Lord Shaftesbury always took them in good part. Many years ago Lord P. called across the table to Lord John Russell, who sat reading a newspaper at the "Garrick:"

"Russell, have you read Tony's" (the nickname by which he always designated the Earl of Shaftesbury, whose name is Anthony Ashley Cowper) "speech last night before the parsons and paupers at Exeter Hall?"

"I have not, my lord," replied Lord John, whose priggishness never permits him to treat or address any person familiarly.

"Well, read it. It's devilish good, and the

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examination of the children at the close, I am told, was better still."

"How so?"

"Tony was asking the children a variety of questions of a Scriptural nature, to which he had received very satisfactory answers. Just as he was concluding, he addressed a girl somewhat older than the rest, and among other things inquired, 'Who made your vile body?' 'Please, my lord,' responded the unsophisticated girl, 'Betsey Jones made my body, but I made the skirt myself!'"

After all, we must look to the country for true poetry. The city man can sometimes do it, but not as a steady thing, so many other things are always going on in cities. Of the elegiac we have seldom perused a more touching bit than the following, published by request, in a recent number of the Clear Lake *Observer*. It was inspired by the death by drowning of Frankie Brown, at Clear Lake, Iowa, Sunday evening, June 29, 1873, and is the tribute of a friend.

Frankie, the news reached me at eleven
That thy soul had passed from this earth and gone to heaven.
Though I knew thy soul had found its rest,
It caused a sad feeling within my breast.

I knew thee when but a little child,
Gentle, meek, and very mild;
That same gentle spirit you carried to the last,
Until thy body into the lake was cast.

There you sleep in gentle slumber;
The waters now are thy soft cover.
We have looked for you all day in vain,
But to-morrow we will look for you again.

Yes, we'll search until we find thy resting-place,
And can once more see thy gentle face;
And when your friends have you caressed,
We'll try and find for thee a better place to rest.

There are three more verses, but anguish and lack of space prevent our giving them.

We have heard from

Maine, Maine, all honest and true,

as the old Tippecanoe song has it.

In a rural town in that State were seated at Farmer D——'s table some company at breakfast. The meal being nearly finished, the head of the family, having on his slippers, said to his youngest son, "Come, Lot, the dew is pretty heavy, and it's rather wet; you run out and feed the pigs, 'twill save my rigging up." The good son, looking at his father with critical eye, said, "Why, pop, you needn't rig up to feed 'em; you look well enough."

It was a truthful observation. He did look well enough.

One can not fail to admire the fine sense of propriet*y* of the proprietor of the Wisconsin ——, who in a recent number said, "Owing to the death of the editor there won't be any leader on Tuesday, but look out for an old ripper on Wednesday."

We *must* do something for William Johnson. His "Tobacco Salve" is, to use his own deferential way of stating it, "entitled to be triumphantly accorded a loftier altitude among the eventful epochs which have characterized the rise and progress of medical science than any other remedial agent ever attained." Again: "Tobacco Salve needs no acuition. It is the greatest blessing of the century, the panacea of all pain, the El Dorado of valetudinarians, and the synonym of perfection. Its infinite superiority as a pain annihilator over all other remedies has been immutably established beyond the faintest adumbration of the remotest doubt by an imposing avalanche of irrefragable evidence, mountain-high. Many who read this are doubtless skeptical as to its unequaled worth, and will, in their ignorance and bias, pronounce it a humbug; but ere another decade is added to the mighty past, we venture the vaticination that every body will joyfully recognize the glorious truth that Tobacco Salve has victoriously introduced the millennial era of medicine. *Mark the prediction!*"

When we add that this thing can be had for the absurd figure of thirty-five cents, or three boxes for one dollar, we have said enough. It cures cholera, stiff neck (very good for stiff neck), fever and ague, cerebro-spinal meningitis, pimples, lame back, consumption, bunions, felons (strong on them), and cancer. "Buy a box, and relegate all pains from your tenement of clay."

If any thing has taken earnest hold of the American collegian it is boating. Good oaring requires temperance, muscle, and all that sort of thing. A Washington friend sends us the first boating anecdote we have seen, and as the end of its paddle is tipped with a moral, we publish it for the edification of college crews and punt clubs generally:

In the month of April, 1873, the Analostan Boat Club of Washington, D. C., rowed a race with the Chesapeake, of Norfolk, Virginia, on the Potomac, above the Long Bridge, and were badly beaten. One of the reasons alleged for the defeat was the roughness of the water, caused by a fresh breeze, which did not, however, trouble the Norfolk boys, who are accustomed to pulling in the rougher waters of the Chesapeake. The race was followed by a banquet given by the victors, at which the beakers were often filled. Late in the evening one of the Analostan crew was observed to depart from the place of festivity with rather uncertain step, and was hailed by an acquaintance with, "Hello, Jones! what's the matter?"

In the befogged intellect of Jones the question was supposed to refer to the cause of his recent defeat, and he accordingly answered, "Why (hic), r-r-rough water!"

Of course it was, or it may have been the nutmeg.

Many of our judges have during the hot season just passed taken their vacation at the seaside, and experienced the invigorating delights of the surf. None of them, we hope, were pursued or bored while thus occupied as was an English judge by Sir Richard Bethell, before the latter became Lord Chancellor of Great Britain. Sir Richard had applied to one of the judges for a rule, and was put off, delayed, and otherwise trifled with. Happening to be at a sea-side resort soon after, he saw the judge bathing, and at once put off in a boat to renew his application.

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The judge saw him coming, and knowing what a determined fellow he was, cried out, "Take a rule, Bethell, take a rule," and dived out of sight. It was doubtless an admiralty case.

ANCIENT AND HONORABLE.

A GREEK LEGEND.

By E. D. K.

Prometheus fell sick—disease of the liver—
A sudden attack, phlogistic, severe,
And so painful, it set all his flesh in a quiver,
While his moanings and groanings were dreadful to hear.
His family absent, his woful condition
Excited the sympathies, tender and kind,
Of pitying neighbors, who called a physician,
'Honorable,' good-looking, well-mannered, refined.
His name was Apollo, his pedigree famous,
His blood of the oldest and bluest and best—
A "regular" Med., not a quack ignoramus,
And an F.M.M.S., Sir, besides all the rest.
Well, he came; and, taking the hand of poor Prommy,
Drew out his gold Frodsham, and turning his eye
Meditatively toward the vault astronomical, rev'rently gazed at the star-studded sky.
At length he awoke from his reverie solemn,
And opened his mouth. "Tongue!" was just what he said,
As, raising himself on his vertebral column,
He leaned o'er the Titan's unstratified bed.
"Hum—hum. Hepatitis, and probably chronic;
I'll prepare you some pills," he remarked, with a smile
That Prometheus fancied was slightly sardonic,
"And a purgative gentle. You're full, Sir, of bile."
Then he scratched off a Latin prescrip., this Apollo,
For Prom was a Greek, and it never would do
For the fellow to find out what stuff he must swallow—
There were secrets in those days the gods only knew.
But Prom, being wiser in his generation
Than the children of light, when his doctor had gone
Read the cabala through, and, in high indignation,
Vowed he'd pitch his M.D. into fierce Phlegethon
If ever again he came near him; then rending
The writing in twain, it came floating down
To subsequent ages, and, softly descending,
Both pieces—*mirabile!*—fell in a town
Called Boston—you've heard of it. There, a physician,
Earth-born, but "regular," "first-class," and "old,"
A man of undoubted social position,
And holding his M.D. (the truth must be told)
Dei gratia—et Harvard—self-satisfied proctor
Of the morals and methods of medical men
Throughout the Bay State; consociate doctor
Of the great Inquisition, and mighty with pen
As with lancet—well, this man found lying
On Beacon Hill, somewhere, or near Faneuil Hall,
Apollo's old recipe—past all denying
The genuine papyrus; the rude Latin scrawl
As distinct as if yesterday traced; and the potion
Full drams and no scruples; familiar crossed R's,
Showing plainly, in spite of the popular notion,
That the Old School of medicine's old as the stars.
For this was the dose prescribed for Prom's liver—
Not, "Kill off the vulture with Hercules' club!"
Hercules was an upstart—that wouldn't do—never!
Any more upon Caucasus than at the Hub.
For Hercules, though no doubt very skillful
In his way, scorned the well-beaten, time-honored track,
Was vulgar, pretentious, irrev'rent, and willful,
In manners a boor—as to science, a quack.
Kill the vulture? Oh, never! Prometheus must suffer
For the good of the cause. No! here is the squib
Apollo scratched down for the glorious old buffer:
"*Hy.*, ℥ij *per diem*; *Ol. Ricini, ad lib.*"

NOTE TO THE EDITOR.

Mr. Ed.,—
Let the medicos bottle their wrath,
I never belonged to the gods, but am human;
What's more, am a somewhat diminutive woman.
Yours respectfully, Sir,

A Lay Homeopath.

The Drawer is indebted to Mrs. J. H. S—— for the following odd epitaphs, taken from tombstones, mostly in England:

Here lies I and my three daughters,
All from drinking the Cheltenham waters;
If we had kept to the Epsom-salts
We should not have been in these here vaults.

In this grave reposes a dear little dear,
Susie Lee her name, and her age just one year;
She died of drug stuffs in too large a dose,
Which threw her in fits and made her vamose.

Sally Thomas is here, and that's enough;
Her departure from life was certainly rough.
From Sally take warning, when the cholera's around,
To avoid unripe fruit, and eat only the sound.

Here lies a spinster who wouldn't marry;
Didn't care what people said;
She knew herself, which was enough.
She was made of thin and brittle stuff,
And had great spunk, and when aroused
Could give a thump, if 'twere her spouse.
She knew no man would stand her tongue,
Or sit in silence when she flung
Things at his head.
This was the reason, so she said,
Why she never mar-ri-ed.

In one of the cemeteries in Paris may be seen the following:

I am anxiously expecting you.—A.D. 1827.
Here I am.—A.D. 1867.

This one seems to be especially harrowing:

Go, cruel Death! Thou hast cut down
The fairest angel in all this kingdom.
Her virtues and good qualities were such
That surely she deserved a lord or judge;
But her piety and great humility
Made her prefer *me*, a Doctor of Divinity,
Which heroic action, joined to all the rest,
Made her to be esteemed the phenix of her sex.
My grief for her was so sore
That I can utter but two lines more:
For this and all other good women's sake,
Never put blisters on a dying woman's back.

This on Martha Snell:

Poor Martha Snell; her's gone away;
Her would if her could, but her couldn't, stay.
Her'd two sore legs, and a bad-ish cough;
But her legs it was as carried her off.

OUR LONDON SCRAP-BOOK.

CITY MEN.

If, reader, you take up your position on the steps of the Royal Exchange, turning your eyes westward to where the golden cross of St. Paul's glitters in the sunshine, high above the intervening spires of the Cheapside churches, and stand idly as the busy crowd moves across the wide pavement in front, you may haply note one or two characters not unworthy of study. You will see the typical man of business as he hurries to his office, or his dinner, or his appointment on 'Change. Should an investigation of him and of his habits entertain thee not, then watch the gambols of the red-shirted shoe-blacks, noisy and numerous, round the drinking fountain, or reclining beside their brushes under the shadow of the Duke of Wellington's statue. Or note the coster-monger, with his barrow of temptation, in the shape of sliced pine-apple or opened pomegranate, moving on in obedience to the stern

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"THE MONUMENT."

mandate of the stolid policeman. Or observe the scavengers with patent brushes cleansing the asphalt. Or look at the crush of traffic opposite the Mansion-House, where, at the confluence of half a dozen busy thoroughfares, a block of vehicles occurs frequently, amidst much ill language from the drivers of Pickford's vans and the conductors of omnibuses. Or thou mayst—having summoned up thy courage—open a conversation with the splendid beadle of the Exchange, and hear his no doubt valuable and refreshing opinion on men and things.

In the City there remain one or two perfect types of the merchant as he has existed in London from time immemorial. Allowing for the alteration in costume, a merchant of Elizabeth's time would find himself very much at home with a merchant of Victoria's time. The typical British merchant is as true to his traditions as to his interests: unconsciously true to them, for very often he might experience considerable difficulty in giving the meaning of either of these terms. Money is made under somewhat similar conditions in all ages, and the acquisition of money has a somewhat similar effect on all men. Of the old City itself, scarcely one brick has been left standing upon another. But of City *men* many old bricks have seemed to survive the shocks of time and chance, coming down to us from the good old days. It is true that new types have sprung up, called into existence by new channels of enterprise, and novel modes of conducting the same; but the merchant, the *bona fide* citizen, the seeker after civic honors, the lover of civic feasts, has descended to us without the loss of a single peculiarity, and without the diminution of a solitary eccentricity.

Here he comes! With measured step and slow—for gout dictates cautious pedestrianism—the portly alderman marches past. His aspect is sour; his eyes heavy and blood-shot; his chin and cheek fat; his countenance florid—florid being the very mildest term wherewith to describe its purpling tints. It has the color of an angry October sky, and is probably the result of an overapplication to the study of gastronomy. Fifty years ago that portly alderman was wont to have strong misgivings about to-morrow's dinner. He came up to London with the proverbial shilling, and was punctually relieved of it in the proverbial manner; he has risen vastly in the commercial and social scale since then. People talk of him with bated breath. He is a man made of money. Persistent energy has carried him from the bottom to the top of the ladder. He has gone through all the stages of Hogarth's "Industrious Apprentice." While the idler slumbered at the desk he was wide awake. On Sunday he never played pitch-and-toss among the tombstones, but regularly sought the interior of the church, and worshiped demurely by the side of his employer's daughter, for even during his religious intervals he kept his eye upon the main chance. And so gradually but surely he proceeded up the commercial rungs, rudely thrusting down, it may be, some less robust competitor—and look at him now! He has reached the height of his ambition; he has fulfilled his destiny. He wears a furred cloak of office, and beadles bob to him, and his footman wears powder, and he has his arms—his arms, you observe!—emblazoned on the panels of his chariot. The rude health which he laid in during the early stages of his career enables him to enjoy the port and turtle of declining years. Other acquirements of his youth are less valuable. He is invariably gruff to his inferiors, and to those who are intellectually or socially his superiors he is reserved. In conversation with such he is consciously ill at ease. Under a mask of haughty indifference, amounting sometimes to brutal brusqueness, he conceals an extreme nervousness. His notions as to the use of the letter H are of the vaguest possible, and his syntax is simply deplorable. But among his equals he is quite at home. It is a small but charming circle. There are not many millionaires in the world, and the aldermen of the City of London are not numerous; but though not numerous they are liberal, and hold that a man with a million of money may pronounce the Queen's English as he likes. But the alderman



THE ALDERMAN.

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THE PROMOTER.

has passed out of sight. No! You once more catch sight of his white head. See how the policemen order the traffic to stop as the million of money crosses the street!

The next notability that passes us is of a more modern type, and is in many respects a complete contrast to the corpulent old citizen at whom we have just been gazing. He is middle-aged, has a slim, elegant figure, and is fashionably dressed. In manner he resembles Puff in *The Critic*. This gentleman is immensely respected, and yet no one knows positively what he is worth. His banking-book he keeps to himself. But he drives to town in the lightest and most charming brougham ever manufactured in Long Acre. He has a splendid house in Belgravia, and an opera-box in the grand tier. He is a Promoter of public companies. His gains are extraordinary. He will gain the confidence of an individual or of the public at large in schemes from which less daring men turn tremblingly away. His prospectuses are genuine works of art. But his greatest triumphs are those won in personal interview. He can make any one believe in him. He will trap the most wary. Should an intending share-holder seek him out, and put to him questions implying a doubt as to the value of his latest undertaking, his sharp, incisive manner, his frank but business-like disclosures, and, above all, his half-pitying smile at the incredulity of the inquirer, seldom fail to produce their effect, and the inquirer, blushing at his own simplicity in doubting the probity or judgment of the Promoter, invests his money, and feels as safe of the twenty per cent. dividend as if he had just paid the warrant for it into his banker's. He is a believer in the frailty of humanity, and understands how to discover, and then how to take advantage of, the weaknesses of his fellow-creatures. The corpulent alderman lives on capital accumulated for himself by himself—and he looks it. The Promoter lives on capital produced for him by other people, and on credit—and *he* looks it. His rich appearance, his jaunty but gentlemanly manner, his unfailing affability, are worth thousands of pounds annually to him. He is a capital man to meet for half an hour—but beware of his friendship.

Following the Promoter is a man whose face seems furrowed with anxiety, and who walks as though he were walking for a wager. His hair, once brilliantly sandy, is becoming fast tinged with gray. He is a bank manager. He is of Caledonian extraction. The national characteristics of shrewdness and economy have been to him in place of capital. By a strict adherence to the admonitions given by Sir Pertinax Macsycophant to his son he has obtained his present eminence, such as it is. He obtained consideration by lavishing respect. He has spent the greater part of his existence in "booing to the great man." He manages the men he bows to; for, as is frequently the case in London banks, he manages not only the institution itself, but also the directors of it. He has a soft, wheedling, suggestive way with him, and meetings of the board are principally occupied in giving sanction to his schemes.

The children of Israel are numerous and influential in the vicinity of Threadneedle Street. They are of all grades, but have a common object—namely, to administer relief to the necessitous Gentile at rates of interest of varying enormity. That greasy little Hebrew who has just shuffled past in a dirty paper collar, which seems to be fastened to a pimple on the back of his tawny neck, does twenty-five pound bills at three



THE BANK MANAGER.

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THE JEW MONEY-LENDER.

months and fifty per cent. Is it possible for the human eye to see or for the human mind to conceive a more utterly contemptible mortal than this Shadrach, of the firm of Lazarus and Co., bill discounters, Throgmorton Street? Smollett, in one of his novels, has an elaborate defense of the money-lender (Tobias is not in his ironical vein either), wherein he points out the alarming risk that the lender usually incurs, and the wonderful relief that he grants to men who find it impossible to obtain it elsewhere. If a man, he argues, is willing to pay cent. per cent. for accommodation not obtainable elsewhere on any terms whatever, who is to blame another man for granting the loan and charging for the risk? Into these nice moralities we do not care to enter. Our logic is unable to draw these inferences. All we can say is, look carefully at this Jew Shadrach (stop not to consider the nature of his transactions), observe his sneaking, shuffling gait, his hook-nose, his irresolute eyes, that involuntarily engage themselves with your boots and never seek your countenance, and say whether or not he is a discredit to the human species. Hasn't he played the villain in a thousand works of fiction—in dramas old and new, in poems good and bad? And is he not now and then compelled to attend before the presiding magistrate at Bow Street, at which times his shady transactions are dragged into light, and where he is ably defended by his legal friend Abrams of the Old Bailey?

But in the City there are Jews and Jews. The great Jew R——, pillar of the Exchange and dictator to the money market, whose loans are to kings, and whose securities are (who knows?) crown jewels, is certainly not to be confounded with our oleaginous friend Shadrach. That is he who is just passing Wellington's statue. Handsome, isn't he? and carries himself with some dignity, too.

Looking at these men of wealth is apt to make us experience the unchristian feeling of envy. But there approaches us a sight to dispel the evil passion. A gray-headed old man, dressed in the seediest of black, walks painfully up the steps upon which we are standing. His well-darned coat, his trowsers worn into brightness, his hat brushed till the nap has left the edges utterly bare, his gloves through which the white bony fingers protrude to a distressing length—all these signs suggest the sum total which men call shabby gentility. Five years ago that old man was one of the most respected merchants on Change. His name was spoken in every market in the world; he had houses and carriages and servants; his daughter was on the point of marrying a marquis. A sudden panic came; his wealth took to itself wings. Houses, carriages, servants, and marquises disappeared. His name dropped in a year out of the world's memory. Men who once toadied to him now pass him by without a nod of recognition. The beadle of the Exchange, who once bobbed deferentially, now tells in an audible voice the story of his bankruptcy. He haunts the scenes of his former opulence, and hovering about the door of the Jamaica Coffee-House, sometimes intercepts a successful contemporary, whose fortune, perhaps, he made, from whom, with blinking eyes and whining voice, he essays to borrow half a crown. A sad sight. Let us turn away from it.

And now we descend the steps, and trudge westward full of curious reflections. Is it that we can not understand these City men, that we can not value their commercial virtue, that we fail to appreciate their money power? Are we all unskilled in estimating human nature, or is this a phase of it beyond our commonplace comprehension? It may be so. But nevertheless our conclusions were honest, and our feelings unprejudiced. During that interval spent upon the Exchange steps, with the text of Holy Writ above our heads and the golden cross of St. Paul's within our view, we felt as though we were mixing among men whose hearts were crushed out of them, whose most frequent feeling was suspicion, whose object was self, whose honesty was expediency, and whose god was Mammon.



THE BANKRUPT MERCHANT.

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